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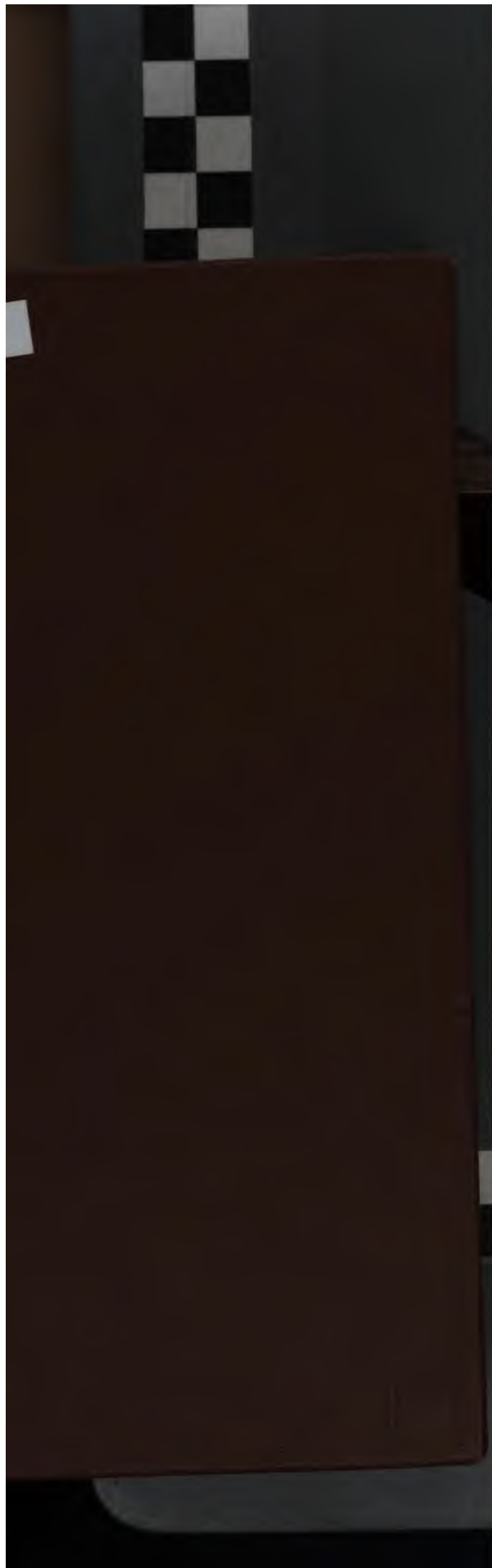
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SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE POWER IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE influence exercised upon each other by England and the United States is already very great; and as the growing intercourse between the two countries enlarges, this influence will proportionately extend. Manners, customs, legislation, policy, and institutions will gradually assimilate more and more. The theoretical good of such assimilation should be, that our age and matured caution should restrain their youth and too hasty inexperience; while their eager energy should push forward our occasionally lagging progress.

But there is a danger, as things are now turning, that the sympathies of the British people with their Transatlantic connections may lead them to an incorrect estimate of the value of American institutions, and thus to an imitation of that which is really faulty. It is of the first importance, therefore, to us, that our people generally should be familiar with the true nature and secret working especially of political institutions in the United States. Such knowledge will not only enable us to plant our feet more safely, but, we are satisfied, will make us all desire to plant them warily, in making those constitutional approximations which are sure to come.

Of the institutions not professedly national or political, that which most peculiarly signalises these States among so-called civilised nations is the institution of slavery, and of a legalised internal slave-trade. The moral, social, and religious character and influence of this institution have been often discussed, and are not unfamiliar to the British public; but its influence upon the political liberties of the American people, and especially the way in which it counterworks their apparently democratic constitution, are neither generally understood nor adequately appreciated among us. In drawing the attention of our readers, therefore, to this subject, as briefly as the largeness of the field will permit, we shall touch more lightly on the social and moral evils which spring from it, and more at length on its political bearings. Indeed, the almost universal circulation of the admirable work of Mrs Beecher Stowe, and of its less attractive follower, *The White Slave*, renders the former in a great measure unnecessary; though even the touching pictures of these books will derive new weight when corroborated by independent testimony from a new quarter.

Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power; a Chapter of American History. Boston, 1852.

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The states in which slavery at present prevails are fifteen in number, and occupy the southern and south-western part of the Union. With the exception of Kentucky and Missouri, they are all south of the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30' N.$, and skirt the shores of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; or (as is the case with Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee) lie along the great rivers which traverse the wide valley of the Mississippi. The free population of those fifteen states is 6,393,758, and the number of slaves they contain 3,175,783.

It is interesting to remark how in this, as in so many other parts of the world, the home of slave labour and of permanent slavery is, in a great degree, determined and limited by climatic, physico-geographical, and geological conditions. It is along the immediate coast-lines of the Atlantic and of the Mexican Gulf, and along the banks and branches of the great Mississippi, that slavery found at first, and still finds, its most congenial abode—we had almost said its natural dwelling-place. A fringe of rich low-land, varying in breadth, skirts these seas and rivers, and yields the rice and sugar and cotton which are the staples of southern culture. Such is the tract of country in South Carolina and Georgia, which produces the famous sea-island cotton. The coast from the Santee river to the Savannah in the former state, and southward into Georgia, consists of

“A series of islands,—the famous sea-islands of the cotton markets. The mainland, which is separated from these islands by innumerable narrow and winding channels, is penetrated, for some distance inland, by a vast number of creeks and inlets. The islands present a bluff shore and a fine beach towards the ocean, but the opposite sides are often low and marshy. They were originally covered with a magnificent growth of the live or evergreen oak, one of the finest trees anywhere to be seen. The soil is light, but it possesses a fertility never yet attained in the dead and barren sands of the interior. These lands are protected by embankments from the tides and floods, and the fields are divided and drained by frequent dikes and ditches. Such of them as can be most conveniently irrigated with fresh water are cultivated as rice fields; the remainder are employed

in the production of the long staple, or sea-island cotton—a species of vegetable wool, which excels every other in the length of its fibre, and almost rivals silk in strength and softness.”—*White Slave*, p. 129.

This fringe extends inland for twenty or thirty miles. To the lower lands the negroes repair at the proper season of the year, and put in, tend, or reap the sea-island cotton and rice, which yield great returns. The white masters, and even the overseers, visit them as rarely as possible, the climate in the hot season being rife with fever, and fatal to the constitution of the white man.

Within this fringe of rich low-land, to which the black skin is only better suited than the white, lies a belt of barren sand, generally unfit for cultivation, and which, for hundreds of miles in length, girdles the flat fertility of the Atlantic coast. Extending inland to a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast, and occupying in South Carolina, for example, one-half of the surface of the state, this region forms, as most American travellers have seen,

“One of the most barren, miserable, uninviting countries in the universe. In general, the soil is nothing but a thirsty sand, covered for miles and miles with forests of the long-leaved pine. These tracts are called, in the expressive phrase of the country, *pine barrens*. For a great distance inland, these barrens preserve almost a perfect level, raised but a few feet above the surface of the sea. The tall, straight, branchless trunks of the scattered pines, rise like slender columns, and are crowned with a tuft of gnarly limbs, and long bristly leaves, through which the breezes murmur with a monotonous sound, much like that of falling waters, or waves breaking on a beach.

“Throughout this extent of country there are only some small tracts, principally along the water-courses, which the costly and thriftless system of slave labour has found capable of improvement. All the rest still remains a primitive wilderness, with scarcely anything to interrupt its desolate and dreary monotony.”

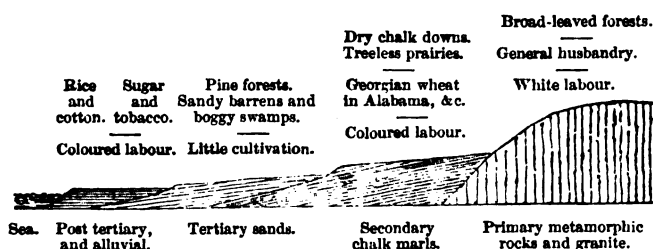
Within this singular sandy zone—between it and the first rise towards the Alleghanies—runs another belt of land, upon which, far as the eye can carry, only natural grasses exist, un-

less where settlements have been made, and the arts of husbandry have introduced a new vegetation. From the endless pine-forest the traveller escapes into a treeless prairie, distinguished by a soil resting on chalk or chalky marl, and, like the soils of our English chalk downs, absorbent of moisture, and naturally dry.

Of these three belts or zones, the low alluvial flat is widest in the southern states, and along the Gulf of Mexico; the pine belt probably in Georgia; and the chalk marl in Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. Coloured labourers alone can cultivate the richest parts of the first; the second is for the most part in a state of nature; the third produces Georgian wheat, and other crops, if occasionally watered, but is naturally unfavourable to slave labour. But in regions where slavery prevails, and field labour is supposed to degrade the white man, the institution of slavery spreads wherever slave labour can be employed without actual loss; so that over the chalk region of Alabama slave plantations are spread, and there is among the natural physical conditions of the country a circumstance

which greatly favours the extension of a wealthy planting proprietary. The country, as we have said, is naturally dry, and, as in our own chalk districts, water is only to be obtained by sinking through the chalk. In 1849 there were already 500 wells in that state, sunk to a depth of from 400 to 600 feet, one being generally sunk on each plantation. Petty farming, and a minute division of the land, becomes, under such conditions, in a new country, all but impossible. Hence the slave culture of the low sea-board has leaped over the pine barrens—narrow in Alabama—and settled itself where free labour in another century, when the virgin freshness of the soil shall have gone, will alone be found remunerative.

The following section across the country, from the sea to the mountains, represents to the eye the substance of the preceding popular description, and exhibits at the same time the close relation which exists between the geological structure of the whole, and the kinds of culture and of human labour which appear at present the best adapted to each of its several parts :—



It will be seen by the letterpress beneath this section, that each change in the agricultural character and value of the surface is coincident with a similar change in the geological character and age of the underlying rocks; so that the existence of slavery and the economy of slave labour appear to be determined by the united influence of physical and geological influences. It was not without a show of broad natural reason, therefore, that Daniel Webster declared his conviction that California and New Mexico were unsuited to the condition of slavery,

so that he would not take the trouble of prohibiting it. "I would not take pains uselessly to re-affirm an ordinance of nature, nor to re-enact the will of God." Yet all experience, ancient and modern, in Europe and America, is opposed to Webster's doctrine. Taking its rise in some more favoured region, it is the tendency of the system to diffuse itself over regions in which it is healthy for the white man to labour, as upon the uplands of Alabama and Georgia, and the inland states of Kentucky and Tennessee. And no one will deny

that the lords of the soil in California and Sonora might as profitably employ slave population in their silver mines and gold-washings, as the conquering Spaniards did the native races whom they successively subdued.

So much on the physical characters of the slave region, and their relation to the institution of slavery. But a not less interesting feature, in connection with these states, is found in the classes of men by whom they are inhabited. We are accustomed to think only of the slaves and the free, as the main divisions of society in the southern states. But the free form two classes—the rich and the poor—which are as distinct from each other as the latter are from the slaves. Manual labour is beneath the dignity of a white man, so that if he is too poor to buy land and slaves, only the lowest and meanest pursuits of life are open to him; and he gradually sinks into a misery and degradation, and his children into a brutal ignorance, which are only less profound than among the mass of the slaves. To this fact one author alludes in the following terms:—

“In Carolina, as in Lower Virginia, the poor whites are extremely rude and ignorant, and acquainted with but few of the comforts of civilised life. They are idle, dissipated, and vicious, and with all that vulgar brutality of vice which poverty and ignorance render so conspicuous and disgusting. Without land, or, at best, possessing some little tract of barren and exhausted soil, which they have neither skill nor industry to render productive; without any trade or handicraft art; and looking upon all manual labour as degrading to freemen, and fit only for a state of servitude—these poor white men have become the jest of the slaves, and are at once feared and hated by the select aristocracy of rich planters. It is only the right of suffrage which they possess that preserves them the show of consideration and respect with which they are yet treated.

“It is this which makes the chief difference between the slaves and these poor whites. In North Carolina, a very great number of them can neither read nor write, nor tell their own age; nor are they, in any intellectual or moral respect, (except that consciousness of their being

their own masters—which goes so far towards making a man,) superior to the generality of the plantation slaves. The system hangs like a millstone about their neck, since it makes almost every kind of manual labour disgraceful; and apart from manual labour, how few other chances have the poor to acquire that capital necessary to give them a start in the world! And yet, with all these impediments in their own way, it is still this class of the poor free whites which forms the substratum and basis of our southern civilisation, such as it is—which insists most strenuously on the natural superiority of the white man, and is most shocked at the idea of allowing freedom to the ‘niggers.’”—*The White Slave.*

Another writer speaks more calmly thus—

“The Southern non-slaveholding white has not money to buy an education, and the public does not provide it for him. Partly from the policy of keeping him ignorant for the purposes of the slaveholder, partly from the essential difficulties of instituting common schools in a country cut up into large tracts for plantations, the common-school system does not exist in the slave states. The non-slaveholding white grows up ignorant, and continues so; and with ignorance come its natural companions—shiftlessness, poverty, love of low vices, want of self-respect, servility. In 1840, according to the census of that year, more than one free person in nine in North Carolina was unable so much as to read and write. In 1830, Governor Campbell of Virginia told his legislature, that of 4614 men, applicants for marriage-licences, 1047 could not write their names.”—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 6.

Struck with these statements, we naturally ask what numerical proportion the poor bear to the rich, or slaveholding whites, in these states; and the answer to this question only adds to our surprise. No general census of the number of slaveholders in the states has ever been taken; but in 1848 such a census was taken in the state of Kentucky. This state possessed then 192,470 slaves, and only 8,743 slave-owners, being an average of more than twenty-two slaves to each master. From this and other data, it has been estimated that the number of slaveholding voters

does not exceed 100,000; and, allowing six to a family, that not more than 600,000 persons are directly interested in and supported by the labour of slaves. But the white population of the slave states amounts to 6,169,387,* so that of this poor and degraded class there are not less than 5,569,387, or they are to the rich and educated as 9 to 1! Whatever temptations the free states may present to our emigrating population, neither the charms of society, nor the love of knowledge, nor the hope of speedily bettering his condition, can lure a man to leave his paternal home for a residence in the southern states.

A knowledge of this condition of things explains why there is so large a number of restless men in these southern states ready for every emergency, and panting after an outlet, just or unjust, for the exercise of their festering energies. It explains also, what at first sight is very inexplicable on this side of the Atlantic, that the whole free population of the slave states is actually decreasing instead of increasing, as we are in the habit of believing to be the case all over the Union. Thus, in the two censuses of 1840 and 1850, the total free population in the free and slave states respectively was as follows:—

	1840.	1850.
Free states,	9,654,865 .	13,533,328
Slave states,	7,290,719 .	6,393,758†

So that, while in the last ten years the population of the free states has increased by nearly four millions, that of the slave states, though Texas has been added to them in the interval, has diminished by nine hundred thousand. And if the condition of the mass of the whites in these states be really such as we have above represented it, there is a vast useless

redundancy of white men. It is not surprising, therefore, that as many of the poor as can find the means should wish to leave the slave states, and that the population should, in consequence, rapidly decrease.

Leaving now the seat of slavery in North America—its physical characteristics, and the classes of men by whom it is occupied—we turn to the institution itself; and the first thing in regard to it that strikes every one not a citizen of the United States, is the inconsistency of its existence with the early history of the commonwealth, and with their famous Declaration of Independence.

On the 4th of July 1776, the delegates of thirteen British colonies in North America—the immortal fifty-six—were solemnly met in Philadelphia, John Hancock, president, in the chair. On the motion of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, one of their number, seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, this assembly declared the said thirteen colonies to be thenceforward *free, sovereign, and independent* states—that the political connection with Great Britain was for ever cut asunder, and that they relied for success on the justice of their cause, *with a strong confidence in the overruling providence of God*. Every year since that famous Declaration, the 4th of July has been held in all corners of the United States as a great national holiday. Amid universal rejoicings, the young are publicly catechised on the events of 1776, while the grown-up are harangued in set speeches in praise of political liberty, in natural commendation of the patriots of the Revolution, and in equally natural exaggeration of the tyranny of Great Britain, and her insufferable oppression.‡ In the preparation of such addresses, the genius

* Deducting from the total free, 6,393,758, the number of free coloured in these states, which is 224,429.

† *American Almanac* for 1852, p. 199.

‡ We quote the following as samples of the catechetical exercises to which the youth of the United States were subjected on the 4th of July 1842, as reported by an eyewitness. The writer was invited to dine with Squire Smith, of the village of Virgil, in Peoria county, Illinois, when, among other proceedings—

“Mr Smith called together his two eldest lads, and his daughter, Pluma Adaliza, and thus examined them:—

Q. When was Independence declared?

A. On the 4th of July 1776.

of the greatest orators of the country has exercised itself; and it is only just to say, that among them are to be found many bursts of brilliant and stirring eloquence.

The Declaration of Independence drawn up by Jefferson commenced with these memorable words—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At the time of the Declaration, the thirteen confederated states contained a free population of about two and a-half millions, and a

slave population of about half a million. And at the very moment when Jefferson penned, and Congress issued to the world, the above sentence, as an excuse for breaking their allegiance, they were taking measures to rivet immovably the chains of slavery on half a million of their own countrymen, whom darker skins and thicker lips rendered unworthy of the liberty which was the inalienable birthright of the white race! Of what a bundle of inconsistencies are we made up!

The two pictures, the ancient and the modern, how strangely do they contrast with each other! In 1776, the Parliament of Great Britain

Q. How many states or colonies were there then?

A. Thirteen.

Q. What were they declared to be?

A. Free, sovereign, and independent states.

Q. By whom was the motion made and seconded?

A. It was made by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts.

Q. Where was Congress then assembled?

A. At Philadelphia.

Q. Who was then President of Congress?

A. John Hancock.

Q. In what were the Americans deficient?

A. In almost everything necessary for carrying on a war?

Q. On what did they rely?

A. On the justice of their cause—with a strong confidence in the overruling providence of God.

These answers were given with much precision; but in the evening another class did not acquit themselves quite so satisfactorily. Mr Smith had driven his guests over to Babylon, a small village on the Spoon river. On the river-side a group of boys, of from nine to fourteen years of age, were collected round one who had a gun, which he was firing off now and then, to the infinite delight of the party. They went up to the boys to interrogate them about the 4th of July.

'Well, boys, what day is this?'

'Independence, sir.'

'What do you mean by Independence?'

One looked to another for an answer. At last the gunner replied, 'Wall, I reckon, sir, it was on the 4th the Declaration was signed by John Hancock and them others. We've got it up to our house, right up thar.'

'Name some of the others?'

'Wall, I forget now. I know John Hancock's the first, (shaking his head knowingly;) his name's written right big—bigger'n any o' the rest. That's what makes me min.'

True enough. The brave Hancock was the first to inscribe his name on the immortal document, and he did it with a full pen and a fearless heart.

'What are you shooting for?'

'For fun.'

'Why do people shoot more on this day than on others?'

'Because it's Independence.'

'Why shoot on Independence?'

'I don't know, sir.' 'Because,' said another, 'they feel happy for whipping the British.'

'And why should they whip the British, and be happy for it?'

None of them, however, could answer this. As one of them said, 'they had never thought clear down to that.'—*Emigrants' Guide to the Western States of America*, by JOHN REGAN. P. 151.

attempted to impose a small tax on the tea consumed by two and a half millions of people, living upon a territory which Great Britain had settled, fostered, and protected for centuries from native and foreign enemies. No one will deny that to this people the mother-country had, during this long period, done many friendly and good offices; yet, for attempting to lay upon them a small fraction of the pecuniary burdens which overloaded the home population, they went to war with her under a firm belief—which they still entertain, and inculcate upon their children—that the struggle was a just and holy one.

We recollect once having been conducted, by a learned New-England professor, well known in Europe, to see the pictures in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, in Connecticut, when, with that delicate taste and tact which other English travellers have admired in their Yankee cousins, he drew my special attention to such of the historical pictures as represented events in the war of the Revolution which were peculiarly unfavourable to the British arms. "Ay, sir," he then added, in concluding his description, "if ever there was a holy war, it was that one!"

We did not then, nor is it necessary to our purpose now, to dispute an opinion, based upon our own constitutional axiom, that no one should be taxed without his own consent, actual or implied, and which many English-born still strenuously hold. But we ask our readers to look at another picture, and to judge it with equal calmness and candour.

In 1852, the descendants of the two and a half millions who revolted in 1776 hold in bondage three and one-third millions of native-born Americans, and retain, in a state of humiliating social and political inferiority, nearly half a million more of free coloured men. To these three and five-sixth millions, to whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ought to be an inalienable birthright, the United States, as a community, have never performed a tithe of the good offices which their own forefathers had received from Great Britain previous to the Revolution. On the contrary, not only has liberty been withheld from

them—the pursuit of earthly happiness in their own way forbidden—even the road to heaven all but closed against them—but it has been declared felony in any citizen of the United States to help on his way an unhappy "fugitive from labour," who may be risking a hazardous flight to a land of freedom. If the war were holy which the two and a half millions waged in 1776, to avoid the imposition of a slight tax without their own consent, can it be either an "unnatural rebellion against just rights," or an interference with a "wise dispensation of Providence," when, in 1852, nearly four millions of men in the same land *consult* about raising themselves above the brute beasts? The American-born was branded as a traitor to his country, who, in the Revolutionary War, did not sympathise with the two and a half millions in their battle for independence; and, strange inconsistency! he is equally a traitor in 1852, who does sympathise with the four millions in their merely moral and intellectual struggles for individual freedom. And while France was lauded as the noblest of friends, and worthy of eternal gratitude, when, to serve her own ends, she sent armed men across the Atlantic to aid in the revolutionary contest, all Europe is now proclaimed the enemy of America, and the fomentor of discord, if she send across the same ocean, to more numerous millions, the merely spiritual sympathy of hopes and wishes for the amelioration of their lot! Look at this picture, candid reader, and at that, and say if man is not everywhere and at all times equally inconsistent. Abstract right yields to circumstances equally in the most absolute autocracy and in the so-called freest democracy. "Might makes right" was pled in England in behalf of the doings of bloody Mary—"Might makes right" re-echoes, three centuries after, from the democratic halls of the Capitol at Washington.

It was a tacit acknowledgment of inconsistency in the framers of the constitution of the United States, that, though so many persons were at the moment held in bondage, the word slave is not once, we believe, applied to them in that most important document. They attempted by this omis-

sion to disguise, or, as it were, to conceal from themselves and the world the existence of a sore, which, like a gnawing cancer, was destined yet to eat into their very vitals. And not only did they exclude all reference to slavery, but all countenance also to the idea that *there could* be property in man. Thus, when it was proposed to the first Congress, by the delegates of North Carolina and Virginia, to pass an enactment that "no *freeman* ought to be deprived of his life, *liberty*, or property, but by the law of the land," the resolution was amended into "No *person* shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." And again, when the continuance of the slave-trade was discussed in the Convention, and it was agreed that until 1808 the trade should be allowed to continue, it was added, "but a tax or duty might be imposed on such importation, not exceeding two dollars on *each person*." Thus, with the word slave, it was attempted to exclude from the federal resolutions all allusion to the idea that, amid their struggles for personal liberty, so many of the Federation were acting on the idea that man could be held as mere property by his fellow. But retribution in various

forms is rapidly overtaking even the noble-hearted and the generous among this growing and gallant people. "The fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

I. The first, and what may ultimately prove the most fatal form of retribution, is gradually developing itself in the growing numbers, strength, and intelligence of the coloured races. Already that slavery, which, by the early Confederation, was so carefully covered from view, has so forced itself into public and prominent notice, as to have become the great American question of the time—controlling cabinets, influencing diplomacy, and determining the public choice for all the great offices of state; and this because, in spite of all drawbacks, the increase of the coloured population of the states has been constant, steady, and tolerably uniform. It has not kept pace, it is true, with that of the whites, but this chiefly because of the extraordinary immigration of white men which is constantly taking place from Europe. Thus, at the seven decennial periods since 1790, when the first census was made, their numbers and rate of increase, compared with that of the free inhabitants, has been as follows:—

	FREE POPULATION.		SLAVE POPULATION.	
	Number.	Rate of Increase.	Number.	Rate of Increase.
1790	3,924,544	...	697,897	...
1800	5,305,941	35.1 per cent.	892,406	27.8 per cent.
1810	7,223,889	36.1 "	1,190,930	33.4 "
1820	9,643,211	33.4 "	1,536,127	28.9 "
1830	12,867,511	33.4 "	2,007,913	30.7 "
1840	17,064,688	32.6 "	2,486,138	23.8 "
1850	23,351,207	36.8 "	3,178,055	29.4 "

Supposing the increase to proceed in the same ratio during the next ten years, the two classes will number respectively, in 1860—

Free.	Slave.
32,000,000	4,180,000

In the same year, 1860, there will be half a million of free coloured people; so that, in the midst of the thirty-two millions of free white men, there

will be nearly five millions of black and coloured people, partially enlightened, and having the "best blood of the states" flowing in their veins—all whose interests, hopes, and aspirations will be opposed to those of the white population. These numbers, it is true, are too disproportioned to cause any fear of dangerous or difficult rebellions, were it not that the slaves are massed together in large

bodies in particular states.* With the most favourable form of distribution, they would be a source of internal weakness—such as Poland is to Russia, Hungary to Austria—or as some have considered Ireland to be to Great Britain, with this momentous difference, that there can be but one opinion as to the oppressed condition of the slave.

But to those states in which, as we have said, the coloured people are massed together, their growing numbers must every year become a source of greater anxiety, and the preservation of peace and order more critical and difficult. This will very clearly appear, if we compare the relative free and slave populations in some of these states, even at the present time. Thus the following states contain respectively:—

	Free whites.	Slaves.
Louisiana, . .	254,271	230,807
Mississippi, . .	291,536	300,419
Alabama, . .	426,515	342,894
Georgia, . .	513,083	362,966
South Carolina, . .	274,775	384,925
	1,760,180	1,622,011

With a slave population in these five states nearly equal in number to the free, and in two of them, South Carolina and Mississippi, actually exceeding the free in number, can we wonder that anxiety should prevail,

and the constant fear of insurrection? or that cruelty, the child of suspicion, should be the frequent produce of such circumstances? And as the current of slave migration is continually tending towards the same states, this condition of uneasiness, uncertainty, and alarm, can only augment with lapse of time. Were these states, therefore, or any one of them, to break off from the Union, and to become independent, the existence of internal peace would become eminently doubtful and hazardous. It is the manifest interest, therefore, of these states to maintain the Union inviolate; and, notwithstanding the threats of secession which some of them may make, we cannot believe they will ever seriously think of doing more than make demonstrations.

In considering the results, immediate and remote, of this increase and massing together of the slave population, our attention has been drawn to two circumstances, in which we seem to perceive the finger of Providence manifestly interfering to maintain for the present and extend this melancholy institution. The first we find in the following quotation:—

“On the very day of the cession by Virginia of her north-western territory to the Confederacy, viz., March 1st, 1781, Mr Jefferson, a delegate from that state,

* The change of location by which this massing together has been produced, will appear by a glance at the following table, which exhibits the number of slaves in each of the several groups of states at the equal successive periods, 1790, 1820, and 1850:—

	Number of Slaves in—		
	1790	1820.	1850.
1. <i>New England States.</i>			
Maine, North Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,	3,886	145	...
2. <i>Middle Atlantic States.</i>			
New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland,	148,407	128,763	92,011
(Of these Maryland alone contained,	105,685	107,398	89,204)
3. <i>Southern Atlantic States.</i>			
Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida,	530,357	1,030,407	1,536,647
4. <i>Southern Cis-Mississippian States.</i>			
Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Kentucky,	15,247	231,532	1,100,753
5. <i>Northern Cis-Mississippian States.</i>			
Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota.	...	...	...
6. <i>Ultra-Mississippi States.</i>			
Iowa, (a free state,) Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana,	...	80,903	382,956
7. <i>Texas,</i>	...	...	62,000
8. <i>Pacific States.</i>			
North Mexico, Utah, California, Oregon.	...	...	...

reported to the Congress of the Confederation a plan for the government of 'all the territory ceded, or to be ceded, by the individual states to the United States.' It provided that it should be from time to time 'formed into distinct states, and that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there should be *neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states*, otherwise than for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty.' Had this plan been adopted, it would have stopped the extension of slavery on the very ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. It failed by one of those *singular accidents* which sometimes give a direction to events for generations and centuries. Of the twenty-three delegates present and voting, sixteen were in favour of the proviso, and seven against it. But in the Congress of the Confederation the vote was taken by states. A majority of the thirteen states was necessary to carry a measure, and no state could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six states voted for the proviso, three against it. One vote more was wanted to carry it. Delaware and Georgia were not represented. The two delegates from North Carolina neutralised each other's vote. New Jersey had but one delegate present. He voted for the plan, but his colleague, who would have voted with him, and carried it, was called away from Congress a day or two before, and detained a day or two after the decision of the question, and so that most salutary measure failed. It was revived by Mr Dane of Massachusetts in 1787, and carried, but then in a more limited form, being made to apply only to the territory north-west of the Ohio."—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 10.

This extract adds another to the many illustrations which history presents of the dependence of great events upon minute, and apparently accidental circumstances. A tooth-ache, or some trivial business, keeps a member of Congress from his post on a particular day, and, in consequence, the blight of slavery spreads over half a continent, and threatens to convulse the world. But this extract teaches us also, that while we express our sense of the inconsistency of the original promoters of the Revolution, in retaining so large a proportion of their own people in bondage, while they proclaimed so loudly the natural rights of man, and for a comparatively slight cause, went to war

to maintain them; we must do them the justice to believe, that they were themselves sensible of this inconsistency, and that a majority of them not only wished to confine the institution of slavery within its existing limits, but hoped also to see a general emancipation speedily brought about. The number of slaves in 1790, fourteen years after the Declaration of Independence, was about 700,000. Of these, Virginia owned 293,000, and Maryland and North Carolina together, 200,000 more; and in these states, as well as in Delaware, emancipation was desired alike by statesmen and by people. Only South Carolina, which owned 107,000, and Georgia, with her 29,000, of all the states manifested, it is said, a desire to prolong and maintain "the odious condition of things." How changed are the sentiments and the wishes, both of the people and of their legislators, in the now approaching manhood of the Republic!

The second circumstance in which we recognise the hand of Providence, is connected with this change in opinions and desires among the American people. Before any serious steps were taken to abolish slavery, the culture of cotton was introduced into the southern states, and secured, we may say, its almost indefinite extension and continuance. In the year 1789, only one million pounds of cotton were grown in the United States; now the produce amounts to about 1,500,000,000 of pounds! How great a stimulus this has proved to the employment of slave labour, by which it is raised, and to the rapid multiplication of the slaves themselves, can easily be imagined. The influence of the potato on the social, moral, and industrial character of the Irish people has been long recognised among us. But the history of the cotton-plant shows how powerful a control an obscure plant may exercise, not only over the social character of a people, but over their general material prosperity, their external political power, and their relations with the world at large. The cotton shrub, which seventy years ago was grown only in gardens as a curiosity, yields now to the United States an amount of exportable produce which, in the year

ending with June 1850, amounted to seventy-two millions of dollars, of which from thirty to forty millions were clear profit to the country. With its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy, which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace, we may say the subsistence of millions, in every manufacturing country in Europe, within the power of an oligarchy of planters.

The effect of this new, growing, and profitable outlet for slave labour was not only to strengthen the attachment of South Carolina and Georgia, and of the new states of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the "peculiar institution," but materially to alter also the emancipation views of North Carolina and Virginia. To these states the sale of slaves became a sudden source of certain wealth, coming in, as it were, providentially, to eke out the failing returns of their ill-managed and exhausted soils. The new and growing commerce soon gave birth, likewise, in the free states themselves, to a large mercantile, manufacturing, and monied party, whom self-interest has constantly inclined to support the views and policy of the southern states.

We mention, as individually important and influential circumstances, though only incidental to our wider question, the discovery of the cotton-gin by Whitney, (in 1793,) and among ourselves of the spinning-roller by Arkwright, (in 1769,) and of the power-loom by Cartwright, (in 1785.) Each of these machines removed obstacles which stood in the way of the increased consumption of cotton, and gave a new impulse to a species of cultivation, by which it is intended that slaves should meanwhile be multiplied, and slavery itself extended over new dominions. For what final purpose, with a view to what mysterious end, are they thus encouraged and multiplied and massed together? Is it that a more sure vengeance may at last be exacted—the increasing coloured outnumbering the decreasing uncoloured

population? Is another Toussaint to arise, more pale-faced than the first, the descendant of a Washington, or inheriting in his mixed blood the spirit of a Jefferson, to vindicate the rights of his race? Or, before this arrives, are the white lords of the South to become at last weary of the meddling benevolence and interfering humanity of the North, and, letting loose their hordes of desperate and unemployed poor, to overrun and subdue the less prepared and less unanimous, if not less brave regions, from which slavery is excluded, and beside the early cradle of American liberty to trample it to death in its early manhood? Into what form or fashion of evil is the final contingency to shape itself? And by what gracious interference has Great Britain been disposed to shake herself wholly free from the vile contamination?

II. A second form of this retribution is seen in the influence which slavery already exercises over the moral and social condition of the people. It is a corrupter of morals, both national and individual; an enemy to knowledge; a barrier to progress; a paralysing of industry; a perverter of religion; a despiser of the restraints of law; an enemy to just social legislation; the mother and nurse of unjust social prejudice.

Of its broader influences on the moral sense of a professedly Christian community, history does not present a more remarkable example than that which is exhibited by the so-called breeding states of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. We cannot pollute our pages by describing the immoral grossness to which the system is said to give rise in every plantation.* The following extract in reference to the state of Virginia alludes to it in the language of one of the representatives to Congress:—

"One of the most melancholy results of the system of slavery in Virginia, especially since slave labour ceased to be profitable within the state itself, is the attention which proprietors have been induced to pay to the breeding and rearing of slaves, and to the regular sale of the human produce to the southern

* For abundant pictures of it, see *Slavery and the Internal Slave Trade in the United States*. London, 1841. P. 33, et seq.

states, as a means of adding to their ordinary farming produce—as a branch, in fact, of common rural industry! One of the representatives to Congress from Virginia, in a pamphlet on the slavery question recently published, says, ‘Virginia has a slave population of near half a million, whose value is chiefly dependent on southern demand;’ and the gentleman who states this fact is a defender of the system! ‘In plain English,’ said Mr Stevens, one of the members for Pennsylvania, when commenting on this statement before the House—‘in plain English, what does it mean? That Virginia is now fit to be the breeder, not the employer, of slaves—that her present chivalry are compelled to turn slave-traders for a livelihood. Instead of attempting to renovate the soil, and, by their own honest labour, compelling the earth to yield her abundance—instead of seeking for the best breeds of cattle and horses to feed on her hills and valleys, and fertilise the land, the sons of the great states must devote their time to selecting and grooming the most lusty sires and the most fruitful wenches to supply the slave barracoons of the South; and the learned gentleman pathetically laments that the profits of this great traffic will be vastly lessened by the circumscription of slavery. This is his picture, not mine.’—*JOHNSON’S Notes on North America*, vol. ii. p. 354.

The temptation to this strange occupation, on the part of the proud old Virginian planters, is thus set forth in another extract from the same author:—

“It seems a very cool thing to calculate the actual profit of such a branch of husbandry, and yet it is necessary to do so, that the reader may see the nature of the hold it is likely to take on the planter’s mind.

“The highest price obtained for Indian corn by the grower in Virginia may be stated at half a dollar a bushel, and the highest allowance of food to a grown slave at 16 bushels of this corn a-year.* Suppose a slave to be reared and fed for each of twenty successive years with this large annual allowance,† when full grown,

he would have consumed less than 300 bushels of corn, and would have cost for keeping less than 150 dollars. His labour, meanwhile, would far more than pay for the little clothing he obtains, and for other small expenses, and his master would sell him for 200 dollars or more. Thus he would obtain the highest price for his corn, work his land with the young slaves, (that is, raise the corn itself as well as his tobacco, cotton, and other produce,) and receive besides a premium of at least 50 dollars a-head, as interest upon his capital invested. Hence, if there be a ready market for slaves, this business will be a most profitable one to the individual breeder.”—*Ibid.* ii. p. 355.

Nor is it merely in its relations to the individual slave-farmer that the system has an enticing aspect. It appears no less important as a branch of the state resources, when contemplated as a whole by Virginian legislators. Another simple calculation will illustrate this. The average annual increase of the slave population during the last ten years has been nearly 3 per cent (correctly, 2.94 per cent) in the whole United States. This is notwithstanding the fatal character of the climate, and the alleged oppressive labour of the southern states. The natural annual increase must be more than 3 per cent in healthy states like Virginia, where the slave is not only not oppressed by hard labour, but is tended carefully, and nourished with a view to the market. Now, during the last twenty years the slave population of Virginia has been virtually stationary, the numbers being in—

1830,	. . .	470,000, and in
1850,	. . .	474,000

Taking the natural and real increase at only 3 per cent upon 470,000, this state has annually exported a crop of slaves numbering 14,100 at least. A healthy male or female slave, of 16 to 20 years, sells at 400

* “The legal allowance of food for slaves in North Carolina is, in the words of the law, a quart of corn per day. In Georgia the quantity allowed by custom is a peck of corn a-week. In Florida, the usual allowance is one quart of corn a-day to a full-task hand, with a modicum of salt. Kind masters allow a peck of corn a-week—some allow no salt.”—*Slavery and the Internal Slave-Trade*.

† A peck of corn a-week is only 15 bushels a-year, while the quotation in the text allows 16 bushels every year from childhood up to full age. This too liberal allowance puts the case too unfavourably for the planter, as does also the low price of 200 dollars, at which the young slave of twenty years is supposed to be sold.

to 600 dollars; but reckoning the average price of the crop at only 320 dollars, this yearly sale will bring in to the state of Virginia the large sum of 4,512,000 dollars. But Virginia produces annually 50,000,000 lb. of tobacco, and 2,500,000 lb. of cotton, the value of which, at an average of 8½ cents a lb., is 4,375,000 dollars. That is to say, the slave-rearing husbandry brings in more money yearly into Virginia, than its main agricultural staples, cotton and tobacco, do. With such a state of things, telling directly upon the pockets of individuals, and upon the statistical calculations of the state financier, can we wonder that the whole population should have become blinded and insensible to the moral atrocity of the system by which they are sustained?

But, besides being a corrupter of morals, slavery is an *enemy to knowledge*. Its existence, indeed, is inconsistent with, because it is constantly endangered by, the unrestricted diffusion of knowledge. We have already seen how true this is, in the description we have given of the poorer whites in the slave states, and how the want of schools renders it impossible that their children of the next generation should be wiser or more enlightened than themselves. Even of Virginia, which is so near the seat of the Federal Government, and open, as one might suppose, to all the civilising influences of the age, it was recently stated in the report of a committee of the New York State Legislature—

“That while in the primary schools of the state of New York there were 500,000 pupils,* in those of Virginia there were only 35,000. And that while of persons who could neither read nor write there were less than 70,000 in the state of New York, there were upwards of 500,000 in Virginia.”

And farther south the restraints on knowledge are increased. The pulpit is restrained, the press is gagged, the book-shop is purged, and even the Federal post-offices are closed

against the introduction of dangerous literature. What a price is this to pay for liberty to hold a fellow-man in bondage!

But it is a *barrier to progress*. In many ways might this be illustrated. Compare again the two old states of Virginia and New York, as to population and produce.

First. In 1790, the population of Virginia (748,000) was double that of New York, (340,000,) while in 1850 the population of New York state (3,000,000) was more than double that of Virginia. Or, stating it otherwise, the population of Virginia in 1800 was in the proportion of 11.9, and in New York of 11.7 persons per square mile; while in 1850 there were in the latter 65½, and in the former only 20 persons to the square mile.

Second. The annual products of the state of New York, in 1840, amounted in value to seventy-nine dollars for each individual of the population; while, in Virginia, they were estimated at only sixty-two dollars. And these great differences have gradually established themselves, although Virginia enjoys a fine climate, possesses a fertile soil, is rich in minerals and timber; has magnificent rivers descending from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Ohio; has harbours rivalling the safest and most capacious in the world; and boasts an extent of territory one-half greater than that of the state of New York.

But new states also, slave and free, even such as closely adjoin each other, present similar differences. Along the northern banks of a large river lies free Ohio; along the southern banks of the same river stretches slaveholding Kentucky. Both are richly favoured in soil, in climate, and in mineral productions; and both have very nearly the same area in square miles.† Now, at the commencement of the century, (in 1800,) Kentucky had already a population of 220,000, while Ohio had only 45,000. But at the end of half a

* In 1850 there were 794,000 children in the primary schools of this state, of whom 735,000 were between five and fifteen years of age.—See *American Almanac* for 1852, p. 253.

† Kentucky 40,500 square miles, and Ohio 39,964 square miles.

century, (in 1850,) the population of Ohio had risen to 1,981,000, while that of Kentucky was only 993,000—including 211,000 slaves. The ordinary revenue of the former amounted, in 1850, to 2,500,000 of dollars, while that of the latter was under 600,000. In Ohio, also, there were in the same year 421,000 children attending 12,000 schools—the average attendance being 387,000; while in Kentucky only 178,000 children were enrolled in the primary schools, with an average attendance of only 73,000. To account for these striking differences in progress between New York and Virginia, and between Ohio and Kentucky, there is only one available cause—the existence of slavery in the one pair of states, and not in the other. And in making these comparisons we have given slavery every advantage, Virginia and Kentucky being decidedly the most forward among the states which possess a large number of slaves—marks of laggardness, we might almost say of retrogression, in the social scale, multiplying upon us as we proceed towards the south and west.

And all this arises from the operation of slavery as a *paralyser of industry*. At the beginning of the present century, slavery still existed in the state of New York; it was not abolished till 1825. In the following picture, by an eyewitness—a friend of our own—of the habits of the white farmers on the Hudson river before the abolition, we have a reproduction of what the traveller still sees as he passes through the slave states in 1853:—

“Those were the times when only the blacks laboured. The white man considered himself above labour. The work of the slaves had to support the white man and his family, besides themselves and their own families. With the useless mouths to feed, and useless backs to clothe, he was considered a successful farmer who could make both ends meet.

“It was then the custom for the white men, both old and young, of a neighbourhood, by eleven o'clock in the morning, to collect at the nearest public-houses. In many townships there were scores of them. Kinderhook (on the Hudson river) had its share. There they remained talking and drinking till early dinner-time, returned again by five in the afternoon, and spent the evening, till probably

midnight, in drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, or perhaps fighting. Idleness led the way to immorality, and to frequent ruin on the part of the whites.”

Another picture from the same pen shows how things changed when slavery came to an end.

“But when the abolition of slavery came, ‘Who will till our farms!’ it was asked. ‘We shall all be ruined.’ But gradually good sense overcame prejudice. The freed blacks were at first hired as labourers, but white labour gradually took its place; and now, ‘the dignity of labour’ is the watchword of a powerful party in the confederation. The sons of the farmer, instead of spending their time in idleness and dissipation, from a kind of necessity, became, first producers, and afterwards intelligent interested improvers. Old uncomfortable houses gave way to new and commodious ones. The outbuildings were enlarged, improved, and made ornamental; waste land has been brought into cultivation; fences erected that will secure the crops; the stock changed into objects of beauty as well as profit; roads, bridges, school-houses and churches completed. All these things are creditable to us, and we are now an industrious, thriving, intelligent, moral, and religious people. Such I have seen to be the fruits of free labour; and whereas, in those days, money to borrow could scarcely be met with, I know that the rural population of four thousand, now living round this place, have at least a million of dollars lent, and at interest.”—*Paper by Dr BECKMAN, of Kinderhook on the Hudson River.*

These two pictures show distinctly the paralysing effect of slavery; how, instead of industry it produces idleness, and instead of economy, thrift, and tidiness, overspreads a land with wastefulness, dissipation, and discomfort.

But slavery is also a *perverter of religion*. Among the actual upholders of slavery, there are thousands who acknowledge it to be a great evil, and long for some available way of abolishing it. And we are willing to believe that there are also among them some who conscientiously believe in the abstract lawfulness of slavery, and uphold it as not inconsistent with any divine command. We base this opinion upon the circumstance—one peculiarly monstrous and abhorrent to our British ideas—

that among the holders of slaves are to be found many churches and clergy, not only of the Roman Catholic, but of nearly every Protestant denomination. During the prevalence of cholera, a Bishop Polk was mentioned as having lost sixty-four slaves. Protestant churches are endowed with property in slaves, and pay the stipends of their clergy out of the proceeds. And we have before us a table, published in 1851 by an American society, which professes to show that, in the Union, there are upwards of 16,000 Protestant clergy who, with their enrolled church members, numbering 1½ millions, are concerned in the holding of not less than 660,000—more than one-fifth of the whole slave population. We suppose it is upon some calculation like this that Mr Hildreth founds his statement that “at least half of those who call themselves ministers of the gospel, sedulously inculcate that the negroes are in nature mere animals, intended to be used as horses, to be kept for ever under the yoke, and not capable of being anything but slaves.” And granting this to be—what we hope and believe that it is—a gross exaggeration—still, how far removed from the pure benevolence of the gospel must their preaching be, when an author can venture to publish, and a wide American public can read and approve of, such statements as these. A celebrated North American divine is said to characterise slavery as one of what he calls the *organic* sins of the community, for which “nobody is individually responsible.”

Guided by such teachers, we can believe that many of the slaveholders may conscientiously maintain the abstract lawfulness of the system, however inconsistent it may be with democratic equality. But are the teachers themselves all mere advocates? Are none of them sincere in what they teach? What are we to think of the person referred to in the following statement published by the Rev. John D. Choules, a pastor in Massachusetts?—

“While attending the Baptist Convention at Richmond, Virginia, in the spring of 1835, as a delegate from Massachusetts, I had a conversation on slavery with an officer of the Baptist Church in that city, at whose house I was a guest. I asked

my host if he did not apprehend that the slaves would eventually rise and exterminate the masters. ‘Why,’ said the gentleman, ‘I used to apprehend such a catastrophe, but God has made a providential opening—a *merciful safety-valve*—and now I do not feel alarmed at the prospect of what is coming.’ ‘What do you mean,’ said I, ‘by Providence opening a *merciful safety-valve*?’ ‘Why, I will tell you. The slave-traders come from the cotton and sugar plantations of the South, and are willing to buy up more slaves than we can part with. We must keep a stock for the purpose of rearing slaves, but we part with the most valuable, and at the same time the most dangerous; and the demand is very constant, and likely to be so, for when they go to these southern states, the *average existence is only five years.*’”—*Slavery, and Internal Slave Trade*, p. 86.

Is this the cant of ignorance, or the cant of hypocrisy? In either case it illustrates how slavery is the perverter of religion.

That it is a *despiser of the restraints of law and order*, is seen in the unsettled condition of society in the newer slave states, and in the occasional ebullitions of individual and popular fury, to which the hatred of abolitionists and the dread of insurrection at intervals give rise. In all the old slave states our English ideas of obedience to the law, and of the possibility of the slave one day becoming a free man, and possibly even a respected citizen, have been inherited from the period of British rule, and influence still in some degree the most absolute of the slave-owners. But in the remote regions over which the new slave states extend, the rights of the master have been the leading consideration since they first began to be peopled by broken-down planters from the north and east, so that the restraints of old civilisation have scarcely found as yet a fixed home in this unfavourable soil. It is natural, indeed, that the farther men are removed from the influences of general civilisation and a really free press, the more should the animal in their constitution predominate over the intellectual and the moral.

As an enemy to just social legislation, slavery exhibits herself in nearly every legal enactment which bears on the condition of the coloured race. The sanctity of the marriage tie is

denied them, the schoolmaster is forbidden to teach them, even the messages of the gospel are in many districts studiously withheld from them. The torture or murder of a slave is rarely visited with punishment; his testimony against his master is inadmissible in a court of justice; and as to his own condition, it has been decided by Chief-Justice Sharpey, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi,—“that, once a slave, he is a slave for ever; and that, whatever the hue of the child, even the slave-owning father has in that state no power to emancipate his own offspring.”*

And that slavery *fosters unjust social prejudices*, is testified by the unhappy position of the free coloured people in the free as well as in the slave states. This class of men, yearly augmenting in numbers and increasing in intelligence, are an additional and growing source of uneasiness, especially to the slave states. Connected with the slave by blood and by sympathy, inheriting the same sense of wrong, suffering in their social position from the same white lords, they become more formidable as their knowledge enlarges; and the imagination of the threatened naturally magnifies the danger manifold. The number of this class of the population in

1790 was	59,466
1830 —	318,733
1850 —	419,173

—all more or less educated and intelligent, and inheriting “the best blood of the United States.” Of these free coloured, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia contain the greatest numbers, and in Virginia especially they have become a source of much disquietude. The following table shows their number in each of the states which contains more than 15,000 :—

Maryland,	.	.	.	74,000
Virginia,	.	.	.	53,000
Pennsylvania,	.	.	.	53,201
New York,	.	.	.	47,448
North Carolina,	.	.	.	27,271
Ohio,	.	.	.	25,930
New Jersey,	.	.	.	23,093
Delaware,	.	.	.	17,957
Louisiana,	.	.	.	15,985

The condition of these free coloured people is unhappy in the extreme. As objects of suspicion in the slave states, they are universally denied the privileges of free citizenship, and the several state legislatures occupy themselves upon proviso after proviso, with the view of not only preventing their increase, but of expelling them in mass from their several territories. One would think the surest way of disarming their hostility would be to grant them the usual privileges of free-born American citizens, and thus to separate them in suffering and in interest from the slaves. Disfranchised and discontented as they are, they represent the grievances of the whole coloured race—their mouthpiece at once, and their natural advisers. In the free states their position is little less galling. It is the due liberty and right of every British or American citizen to choose his own associates, and to make friends of, or to pass by, whomsoever he may choose, and so the pure white may not be compelled to make a companion of the man of mixed blood in America. But this does not justify the withholding of civil rights from the free coloured man, or the inflicting upon him of the many social indignities to which the European traveller is astonished to see him subjected, in cities which boast of the intelligence of metropolitan Boston or New York.

III. But our space reminds us that we must hasten to the third form of retributive justice, by which the United States are now visited for the inconsistency of their paternal legislation. Among the bugbears which assailed the fathers of the Revolution, was the horror of an aristocracy such as existed in, and, according to their idea, tyrannised over England as well as the other states of Europe. All their new institutions were framed with the design of for ever excluding such a dominant body from the States of the Confederation. But though an aristocracy of hereditary honours has been rendered impossible, and the hills of public distinction are by the constitution equally open to all who choose to climb, they have in reality

* It is at once an evidence and result of the state of this law and of feeling in Mississippi, that, though it contained in 1850 upwards of 300,000 slaves, it numbered among its population only 898 free coloured people.

been unable to prevent the growth of a political power in the States more absolute than that of any European aristocracy—almost as uncontrolled by public sentiment as that of an Asiatic potentate—and in the hands of a class of men, the idea of submission to whom is most abhorrent to British feelings. To this ruling authority the name *slave power* has been applied, and the term is meant to express “that control in and over the Government of the United States which is exercised by a comparatively small number of persons, distinguished from the other twenty millions of free citizens, and bound together by a common interest, by *being owners of slaves*.” As the growth and actual dominancy of this power in a professedly republican and democratic country, is the most extraordinary actual result of slavery, the least understood in this country, and yet the most deserving of general consideration, especially by the mass of the British people, we shall as briefly as possible explain its nature, its basis, and the kind of control it exercises equally over the affairs of the separate states, over those of the United Confederation, and over the opinions and proceedings of all public men.

We have already stated some of the grounds on which it has been concluded, that although the number of slaveholders, including men, women, and minors, may probably exceed a hundred thousand, yet that “a hundred thousand for the *slaveholding voters* is unquestionably a large estimate.” But there are in all three millions of other free persons in the United States who are entitled to vote. How, then, can it be said, or by what means is it contrived, that the smaller number should control and direct the larger? To this question it is not difficult to give an answer. The hundred thousand slaveholders, were they equally divided among the fifteen slave states, would give an average of six or seven thousand to each. In the state of Kentucky, as we have seen, the number is nearly nine thousand. By this small body the property of the state is chiefly owned. They are the landholders in the slave states to a greater extent than the nobility and gentry are the owners of land in Great

Britain and Ireland. They and their families are also the best instructed. They alone have the means of generally educating their children—of sending them to distant schools, and of maintaining them till their education is completed. In all countries the possessors of property and knowledge are the most influential. The slaveholders rule the slave states.

Besides, the slaveholders have votes in proportion to the number of their slaves. By the Federal Constitution, five slaves, in the apportionment of representatives, are reckoned equal to three free white persons. Hence, although the free population of the slave states in 1850 was only six and one-third millions, their representative population was eight and one-third millions; so that they send to Congress, in virtue of their slaves, a body of twenty representatives, in addition to the sixty-nine to which their white population entitles them. Then these eighty-nine men, being selected by the slaveholders, are all understood to be true to the claims and supposed interests of the slave power. If not all actual slave-owners, they form a compact and generally unanimous body, who act together in behalf of slavery, and, with the aid of their northern friends, can generally determine every question which concerns the interests of the slaveholding states. And should they fail, then, in the Upper House or Senate, in which each state is represented by two senators, they count thirty out of sixty-two votes, and thus determine, with almost absolute certainty, every question, whether it originate in the higher body, or be sent up to it from the Lower House.

So as to public offices. The President, for example, is elected by a college of two hundred and ninety-six votes, in which the slave states possess one hundred and twenty voices. Whatever the talents, virtues, and services of a public man, it is impossible for him to attain the last object of human ambition in the United States, unless he have the cordial support of this united and formidable body. They always have given, and always will give, their support to the candidate whom they believe they can most rely upon to carry out their peculiar views

of internal and international policy. No matter what court the risen man may pay to the southern goddess, when he begins to fancy the prize of the Presidency not unattainable as the end of his intellectual struggles—no matter what sacrifice of principle he may make to secure the support of the southern lords, what efforts he may put forth in their behalf, measures pass in favour of their views, declarations falsify, opinions recant, or old friends shake off and disgust—when the hour of nomination comes, they will prefer before him a nameless man, whose antecedents bespeak consistency in southern sentiment, and from whose talents or conscientious convictions they have nothing to apprehend. Who laboured longer in their behalf than the popular and beloved Clay? who sacrificed more than the talented and broken-hearted Webster? who deserved more at their hands for his actual doings than brave old General Scott? Yet a Polk or a Pierce were lifted at once from comparative obscurity, and without a struggle placed in the high position to which these men had spent their lives in endeavouring to attain. Thus

“The slave power make Presidents. The President and senators, by mutual concurrence, make heads of departments; presidents, heads of departments, and senators, make collectors, district attorneys, land agents, postmasters, and other salary-receivers. These make all sorts of subordinates, every one of them with a palm to be touched from the public chest, ‘through all the classes of venality,’ and every one of them, from high to low, with a noisy voice for the caucus, and a favour or a rod for some editor of a newspaper in town or village, according as he loudly cries up the creators or creatures of the slave power as patriots and sages, or is recusant enough to keep such words to something like their old-fashioned sense.”—*Slave Power*, p. 8.

Of course, among the masses this secret influence of the slave power is unseen and unfelt; and in the possession of votes, and of a purely democratic form of constitution, the existence of a high degree of universal freedom is believed in, boasted of, and taught to the children in the catechisms of the day of “Independence.” And, as regards state offices, a really liberty-loving and independent man may attain by his talents

to considerable eminence. He may even, like Seward, fill the office of governor of the Empire State: but here he stops. Let him enter the wider arena of Federal ambition, and new influences beset him to whatever walk of life he may belong. Is he a statesman?—then to become a cabinet minister, or head of a department, he must sympathise with the governing power. Is he a diplomatist?—foreign embassies are only open to their creatures. Is he a lawyer?—the seats on the bench of the Supreme Court are reserved for those favourites of the Senate whose past history and career are, in a Southern sense, irreproachable.

The system requires no further development. It is paramount in the slave states. In all that concerns Federal legislation and governmental action, *in reference to the slave interest*, it is paramount over the whole Union. Directly or indirectly, no class—scarcely even an individual—is beyond the reach of its influence, even in the northern states. New York and Boston are the centres of a mercantile and monied aristocracy, which bonds of mutual interest closely connect with the landed and slave aristocracy of the southern states. From these centres a controlling influence radiates through New England and New York, which leaves no body of men untouched. The pulpit, as well as the press, is either converted or silenced by its management.

“In most of our religious societies, a few men of property have their minister’s livelihood very much in their power. If they choose to withdraw their pecuniary support, the burden falls too heavy on those who remain, and the minister must be impoverished or dismissed. Dismissal, besides involving the chance of impoverishment, is to a parish minister a great affliction in other respects. It tears him away from cherished associations of place and friendship, and compels him to leave work, on which he has expended his best efforts, unfinished, and the harvest of usefulness, to which he had looked with sanguine hope, unreaped. Everybody understands that. It comes upon many ministers, whenever such is the will of the wealthy members of their congregation. And it comes in terrible form. To a clergyman, with a wife and children about him, accustomed to a fair share of the comforts, not to say of the proper indulgences, of life—with no means of providing for his family, except by the exer-

cise of his profession — and commonly with an education, tastes, and habits, on his own part and on theirs, which make it more distressing for them than for many other persons to struggle with the hardships of narrow and uncertain means — the threat of being cast upon the wide world, if he stands up for Right and Humanity, has a fearful power.” — *Slave Power*, p. 72.

Notwithstanding the apparent increase of power gained of late years by the free states in the Federal representation, the slave power was probably never more influential than at the present time. The proportion of members sent respectively by the free and slave states to the House of Representatives in Congress was—

	1832.	1852.
Slave States,	101	89
Free States,	142	148
Difference,	41	59

—being a gain of eighteen votes by the free states. Yet the effect has only been to make the lessening body more united, more energetic, and more determined in their exertions to retain their influence, and if possible to regain their lost numbers in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Every passage in the recent political history of the Confederation, whether domestic or foreign, manifests the influence of this energy and persevering determination. The compromise measures at home, the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, are so many special illustrations of their energetic action.

Two reflections will occur to the readers of the above statements. The *first* is, how erroneous have been the opinions generally entertained among us, and the statements put forth as to the amount of actual personal freedom of thought and action within the territory of the United States. The power of registering a vote is no measure of a man's actual liberty. If, notwithstanding all the democratic forms of the United States constitution, and the safeguards with which the fathers of the Revolution hemmed it round, all free action is controlled and prevented by a secretly influential master-power, the name and form of a

Republic avail nothing; and General Pierce, the puppet of the slaveholders, might as well have been elected life Emperor, as quadrennial President, of their wide dominions. The *second* reflection springs up when we think of the character of the governing body—on what basis their power rests. “They are distinguished from their fellow-citizens *only by holding property in slaves.*” An aristocracy of talent, an aristocracy of birth, even an aristocracy of wealth, may be tolerated in a constitutional country; but an aristocracy of slaveholders appears to us the least desirable, and in sentiment the most intolerable form of a governing power to which a civilised community can be subjected. We are not so ignorant of physiology as to join in the popular cry as to the necessary inefficiency of a hereditary aristocracy; but granting all that the most extreme British Radical can affirm upon this point, to what form of power would not even he rather submit, than to one which has its origin only in the possession of absolute property in man?

None of our British parties can really sympathise with either of the leading parties in the United States. The Democracy in America goes for unrestrained progress in thought and action, for free trade, for slavery, for annexation. “Buy where you can cheapest, and sell where you can dearest.” This is General Cass's commercial motto. His Union-extension one is, “Swallow Canada and Cuba.” Others, with still wider swallow, are prepared to gulp down Mexico also, with Central America and the Sandwich Islands, and in the mean time Japan. The Whigs take as their badge, *Things as they are*; or, cautious progress, no more territory, discouragement of slavery by the Federal Government, and the fostering of native industry. In the recent elections in the United States, the Democratic party have triumphed to an extent unprecedented in any previous contest for the supreme power. General Pierce, therefore, will enter into office with an amount of power which no President since the days of General Jackson has been able to boast.*

* Jackson, on his second election in 1832, had a majority in the Electoral College of 152. Harrison, who died, had in 1840 a majority of 174. But Pierce had about 212.

The present demands of the slave power are, *first*, that the so-called compromise measures, carried by Clay and Webster, shall be considered as final settlements of the slavery question, *as far as they go*. And the democratic party, in their conference at Baltimore, in 1852, resolved to "resist all attempts at renewing in Congress, or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made." In this demand, therefore, they are certain of the support of the democratic party, as well as of the section of the Whigs known as the Union party, and who were the special supporters of the late Daniel Webster.

Second, The addition of new slave states to the Union, and through them the restoration of their supremacy in the Senate. With a view to this, it is understood, and was publicly acceded to by Mr Webster, that Texas is to be divided, and at least four new slave states carved out of it. This alone would give them eight new votes in the Senate. Between Texas and Arkansas lies a tract of territory comprising no less than 70,000 square miles, at present in the occupation of the Indians, out of which several new slave states are expected to be formed. And with a view to this, the slave party are now asserting the new doctrine, that all territory—instead of being free till its population is large enough to form a constitution, and pronounce upon the admission of slavery—being the property of all the states alike, is open equally to all citizens for settlement with their property of every description, and that the government is bound to protect them. This doctrine, if received, would virtually annex to the slave states every territory in which slave-owners might choose to settle. It is hoped, also, that New Mexico and Utah will be admitted only as slave states; that Southern California will still be cut off by the line 36° 30', and converted into a slave state; and that at least the province of Sonora, believed to be rich in gold and silver, may soon be detached from Mexico, and added to the States of the Union. But these are all contingencies depending, not so much on their own scrupulosity, as upon the progress of

circumstances, which cannot be forced. Thus the state of Texas, which was inhabited under Mexican rule, was some time an independent country, and has already been upwards of ten years in the Union, has still only a total population of 205,000. Many years must elapse, therefore, before it can become so largely and so generally peopled as to admit of being subdivided into new States. A similar remark applies to Southern California, to the Indian territory, and probably also to Sonora and New Mexico. Hence the anxiety with which the eyes of southern politicians turn to Cuba and St Domingo, in which a large population already exists, and which, therefore, could at once be split up into states, and admitted to all the privileges of the Union. On a review of the whole matter, therefore, we may reiterate the opinion we expressed at the beginning of the present article, that the slavery question is not settled. It is neither settled as a question of internal policy and home quiet, nor as a question affecting foreign relations and external peace.

To such forms of actual and contingent retribution has the first Legislation of the American Confederation led;—to fear, anxiety, and distrust of a growing coloured race; to a widespread lowering of the moral and social character; and to an apparently total subversion of individual political power and liberty. The more we compare our own condition and institutions with those of the United States, the more reason have we to rejoice in our own superior political and constitutional advantages—the more reason to hesitate and inquire, before we modify our own constitutional forms or social habits, with the view of squeezing them to an American pattern.

We add but a single observation more. In treating of this grave subject we have restrained our British feelings, and kept under the expression of political or party sympathies. In discussing a peculiarly American question, we have wished to speak candidly, equally without hard words or home bias—for, the more plainly the institution is seen, and the more calmly considered, the more influential will the study be on both sides of the Atlantic.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XII. CONTINUED—CHAPTER XXXI.

"THERE is a hitch," said Dick pithily, when Randal joined him in the oak copse at ten o'clock. "Life is full of hitches."

RANDAL.—"The art of life is to smoothe them away. What hitch is this, my dear Avenel?"

DICK.—"Leonard has taken huff at certain expressions of Lord L'Estrange's at the nomination to-day, and talks of retiring from the contest."

RANDAL, (with secret glee).—"But his resignation would smoothe a hitch—not create one. The votes promised to him would thus be freed, and go to—"

DICK.—"The Right Honourable Red-Tapist!"

RANDAL.—"Are you serious?"

DICK.—"As an undertaker! The fact is, there are two parties among the Yellows as there are in the Church—High Yellow and Low Yellow. Leonard has made great way with the High Yellows, and has more influence with them than I; and the High Yellows infinitely prefer Egerton to yourself. They say, 'Politics apart, he would be an honour to the borough.' Leonard is of the same opinion; and if he retires, I don't think I could coax either him or the Highflyers to make you any the better by his resignation."

RANDAL.—"But surely your nephew's sense of gratitude to you would induce him not to go against your wishes?"

DICK.—"Unluckily the gratitude is all the other way. It is I who am under obligations to him—not he to me. As for Lord L'Estrange, I can't make head or tail of his real intentions; and why he should have at-

tacked Leonard in that way, puzzles me more than all, for he wished Leonard to stand. And Levy has privately informed me that, in spite of my lord's friendship for the Right Honourable, you are the man he desires to secure."

RANDAL.—"He has certainly shown that desire throughout the whole canvass."

DICK.—"I suspect that the borough-mongers have got a seat for Egerton elsewhere; or, perhaps, should his party come in again, he is to be pitchforked into the Upper House."

RANDAL, (smiling).—"Ah, Avenel, you are so shrewd; you see through everything. I will also add, that Egerton wants some short respite from public life in order to nurse his health and attend to his affairs, otherwise I could not even contemplate the chance of the electors preferring me to him, without a pang."

DICK.—"Pang!—stuff—considerable. The oak trees don't hear us! You want to come into Parliament, and no mistake. If I am the man to retire—as I always proposed, and had got Leonard to agree to, before this confounded speech of L'Estrange's—come into Parliament you will, for the Low Yellows I can twist round my finger, provided the High Yellows will not interfere;—in short, I could transfer to you votes promised to me, but I can't answer for those promised to Leonard. Levy tells me you are to marry a rich girl, and will have lots of money; so, of course, you will pay my expenses if you come in through my votes."

RANDAL.—"My dear Avenel, certainly I will."

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DICK.—“And I have two private bills I want to smuggle through Parliament.”

RANDAL.—“They shall be smuggled, rely on it. Mr Fairfield being on one side the House, and I on the other, we two could prevent all unpleasant opposition. Private bills are easily managed—with that tact which I flatter myself I possess.”

DICK.—“And when the bills are through the House, and you have had time to look about you, I daresay you will see that no man can go against Public Opinion, unless he wants to knock his own head against a stone wall; and that Public Opinion is decidedly Yellow.”

RANDAL, (with candour).—“I cannot deny that Public Opinion is Yellow; and, at my age, it is natural that I should not commit myself to the policy of a former generation. Blue is fast wearing out. But, to return to Mr Fairfield—you do not speak as if you had no hope of keeping him straight to what I understand to be his agreement with yourself. Surely his honour is engaged to it?”

DICK.—“I don't know as to honour; but he has now taken a fancy to public life; at least so he said no later than this morning before we went into the hall; and I trust that matters will come right. Indeed, I left him with Parson Dale, who promised me that he would use all his best exertions to reconcile Leonard and my lord, and that Leonard should do nothing hastily.”

RANDAL.—“But why should Mr Fairfield retire because Lord L'Estrange wounds his feelings? I am sure Mr Fairfield has wounded mine, but that does not make me think of retiring.”

DICK.—“Oh, Leonard is a poet, and poets are quite as crotchety as L'Estrange said they were. And Leonard is under obligations to Lord L'Estrange, and thought that Lord L'Estrange was pleased by his standing; whereas now—in short, it is all Greek to me, except that Leonard has mounted his high horse, and if that throws him, I am afraid it will throw you. But still I have great confidence in Parson Dale—a good fellow, who has much influence with

Leonard. And though I thought it right to be above-board, and let you know where the danger lies, yet one thing I can promise—if I resign, you shall come in; so shake hands on it.”

RANDAL.—“My dear Avenel! And your wish is to resign?”

DICK.—“Certainly. I should do so a little time after noon, contriving to be below Leonard on the poll. You know Emanuel Trout, the captain of the hundred and fifty ‘waiters on Providence,’ as they are called?”

RANDAL.—“To be sure I do.”

DICK.—“When Emanuel Trout comes into the booth, you will know how the election turns. As he votes, all the Hundred and Fifty will vote. Now I must go back. Good-night. You'll not forget that my expenses are to be paid. Point of honour. Still, if they are *not* paid, the election can be upset—petition for bribery and corruption; and if they *are* paid, why, Lansmere may be your seat for life.”

RANDAL.—“Your expenses shall be paid the moment my marriage gives me the means to pay them—and that must be very soon.”

DICK.—“So Levy says. And my little jobs—the private bills?”

RANDAL.—“Consider the bills passed and the jobs done.”

DICK.—“And one must not forget one's country. One must do the best one can for one's principles. Egerton is infernally Blue. You allow Public Opinion—is—”

RANDAL.—“Yellow. Not a doubt of it.”

DICK.—“Good night. Ha—ha—humbug, eh?”

RANDAL.—“Humbug! Between men like us—oh no. Good night, my dear friend—I rely on you.”

DICK.—“Yes; but mind, I promise nothing if Leonard Fairfield does not stand.”

RANDAL.—“He must stand; keep him to it. Your affairs—your business—your mill—”

DICK.—“Very true. He *must* stand. I have great faith in Parson Dale.”

Randal glided back through the park. When he came on the terrace, he suddenly encountered Lord L'Estrange. “I have just been privately into the town, my dear lord,

and heard a strange rumour, that Mr Fairfield was so annoyed by some remarks in your lordship's admirable speech, that he talks of retiring from the contest. That would give a new feature to the election, and perplex all our calculations. And I fear, in that case, there might be some secret coalition between Avenel's friends and our Committee, whom, I am told, I displeased by the moderate speech which your lordship so eloquently defended—a coalition, by which Avenel would come in with Mr Egerton; whereas, if we all four stand, Mr Egerton, I presume, will be quite safe; and I certainly think I have an excellent chance."

LORD L'ESTRANGE.—"So Mr Fairfield would retire in consequence of my remarks! I am going into the town, and I intend to apologise for those remarks, and retract them."

RANDAL, (joyously).—"Noble!"

Lord L'Estrange looked at Leslie's face, upon which the stars gleamed palely. "Mr Egerton has thought more of your success than of his own," said he gravely, and hurried on.

Randal continued on the terrace. Perhaps Harley's last words gave him a twinge of compunction. His head sank musingly on his breast, and he paced to and fro the long gravel walk, summoning up all his intellect to resist every temptation to what could injure his self-interest.

"Skulking knave!" muttered Harley. "At least there will be nothing to repent, if I can do justice on him. That is not revenge. Come, that must be fair retribution. Besides, how else can I deliver Violante?" He laughed gaily, his heart was so light; and his foot bounded on as fleet as the deer that he startled amongst the fern.

A few yards from the turnstile, he overtook Richard Avenel, disguised in a rough greatcoat and spectacles. Nevertheless, Harley's eye detected the Yellow candidate at the first glance. He caught Dick familiarly by the arm. "Well met—I was going to you. We have the election to settle."

"On the terms I mentioned to your lordship?" said Dick, startled. "I will agree to return one of your candidates; but it must not be Audley

Egerton." Harley whispered close in Avenel's ear.

Avenel uttered an exclamation of amazement. The two gentlemen walked on rapidly, and conversing with great eagerness.

"Certainly," said Avenel, at length stopping short, "one would do a great deal to serve a family connection—and a connection that does a man so much credit; and how can one go against one's own brother-in-law?—a gentleman of such high standing—pull up the whole family! How pleased Mrs Richard Avenel will be! Why the devil did not I know it before? And poor—dear—dear Nora. Ah that she were living!" Dick's voice trembled.

"Her name will be righted; and I will explain why it was my fault that Egerton did not before acknowledge his marriage, and claim you as a brother. Come, then, it is all fixed and settled."

"No, my lord; I am pledged the other way. I don't see how I can get off my word—to Randal Leslie;—I'm not over nice, nor what is called Quixotic, but still my word is given, that if I retire from the election, I will do my best to return Leslie instead of Egerton."

"I know that through Baron Levy. But if your nephew retires?"

"Oh, that would solve all difficulties. But the poor boy has now a wish to come into Parliament; and he has done me a service in the hour of need."

"Leave it to me. And as to Randal Leslie, he shall have an occasion himself to acquit you and redeem himself; and happy, indeed, will it be for him if he has yet one spark of gratitude, or one particle of honour." The two continued to converse for a few moments—Dick seeming to forget the election itself, and ask questions of more interest to his heart, which Harley answered so, that Dick wrung L'Estrange's hand with great emotion—and muttered, "My poor mother! I understand now why she would never talk to me of Nora? When may I tell her the truth?"

"To-morrow evening, after the election, Egerton shall embrace you all."

Dick started, and, saying—"See Leonard as soon as you can—there

is no time to lose," plunged into a lane that led towards the obscurer recesses of the town. Harley continued his way with the same light elastic tread which (lost during his abnegation of his own nature) was now restored to the foot, that seemed loath to leave a print upon the mire.

At the commencement of the High Street he encountered Mr Dale and Fairfield, walking slowly, arm in arm.

HARLEY.—"Leonard, I was coming to you. Give me your hand. Forget for the present the words that justly stung and offended you. I will do more than apologise—I will repair the wrong. Excuse me, Mr Dale—I have one word to say in private to Leonard." He drew Fairfield aside.

"Avenel tells me that if you were to retire from this contest, it would be a sacrifice of inclination. Is it so?"

"My lord, I have sorrows that I would fain forget; and, though I at first shrunk from the strife in which I have been since engaged, yet now a literary career seems to me to have lost its old charm; and I find that, in public life, there is a distraction to the thoughts which embitter solitude, that books fail to bestow. Therefore, if you still wish me to continue this contest, though I know not your motive, it will not be as it was to begin it—a reluctant and a painful obedience to your request."

"I understand. It was a sacrifice of inclination to begin the contest—it would be now a sacrifice of inclination to withdraw?"

"Honestly—yes, my lord."

"I rejoice to hear it, for I ask that sacrifice; a sacrifice which you will recall hereafter with delight and pride; a sacrifice sweeter, if I read your nature aright—oh, sweeter far, than all which commonplace ambition could bestow! And when you learn why I make this demand, you will say, 'This, indeed, is reparation for the words that wounded my affections, and wronged my heart.'"

"My lord, my lord!" exclaimed Leonard, "the injury is repaired already. You give me back your esteem, when you so well anticipate my answer. Your esteem!—life smiles again. I can return to my

more legitimate career without a sigh. I have no need of distraction from thought now. You will believe that, whatever my past presumption, I can pray sincerely for your happiness."

"Poet!—you adorn your career; you fulfil your mission, even at this moment; you beautify the world; you give to the harsh form of Duty the cestus of the Graces," said Harley, trying to force a smile to his quivering lips. "But we must hasten back to the prose of existence. I accept your sacrifice. As for the time and mode I must select, in order to insure its result, I will ask you to abide by such instructions as I shall have occasion to convey through your uncle. Till then, no word of your intentions—not even to Mr Dale. Forgive me if I would rather secure Mr Egerton's election than yours. Let that explanation suffice for the present. What think you, by the way, of Audley Egerton?"

"I thought when I heard him speak, and when he closed with those touching words—implying that he left all of his life not devoted to his country—to the charity of his friends—how proudly, even as his opponent, I could have clasped his hand; and if he had wronged me in private life, I should have thought it ingratitude to the country he had so served, to have remembered the offence."

Harley turned away abruptly, and joined Mr Dale.

"Leave Leonard to go home by himself; you see that I have healed whatever wounds I inflicted on him."

PARSON.—"And your better nature thus awakened, I trust, my dear lord, that you have altogether abandoned the idea of—"

HARLEY.—"Revenge—no. And if you do not approve that revenge to-morrow, I will never rest till I have seen you—a bishop!"

MR DALE, (much shocked).—"My lord, for shame!"

HARLEY, (seriously).—"My levity is but lip-deep, my dear Mr Dale. But sometimes the froth on the wave shows the change in the tide."

The Parson looked at him earnestly, and then seized him by both hands with holy gladness and affection.

"Return to the Park now," said

Harley, smiling; "and tell Violante, if it be not too late to see her, that she was even more eloquent than you."

Lord L'Estrange bounded forward.

Mr Dale walked back through the park to Lansmere House. On the terrace he found Randal, who was still pacing to and fro, sometimes in the starlight, sometimes in the shadow.

Leslie looked up, and seeing Mr Dale, the close astuteness of his aspect returned; and stepping out of the twilight deep into the shadow, he said—

"I was sorry to learn that Mr Fairfield had been so hurt by Lord L'Estrange's severe allusions. Pity that political differences should interfere with private friendships; but I hear that you have been to Mr Fairfield—and, doubtless, as the peace-maker. Perhaps you met Lord L'Estrange by the way? He promised me that he would apologise and retract."

"Good young man," said the unsuspecting Parson, "he has done so."

"And Mr Leonard Fairfield will therefore, I presume, continue the contest?"

"Contest—ah, this election! I suppose so, of course. But I grieve that he should stand against you, who seem to be disposed towards him so kindly."

"Oh," said Randal, with a benevolent smile, "we have fought before, you know, and I beat him then. I may do so again!"

And he walked into the house, arm in arm with the Parson. Mr Dale sought Violante—Leslie retired to his own room, and felt his election was secured.

Lord L'Estrange had gained the thick of the streets—passing groups of roaring enthusiasts—Blue and Yellow—now met with a cheer—now followed by a groan. Just by a public-house that formed the angle of a lane with the High Street, and which was all a-blaze with light, and all alive with clamour, he beheld the graceful Baron leaning against the threshold, smoking his cigar, too refined to associate its divine vapour with the wreaths of shag within, and chatting agreeably with a knot of females,

who were either attracted by the general excitement, or waiting to see husband, brother, father, or son, who were now joining in the chorus of "Blue for ever!" that rang from tap-room to attic of the illumined hostelry. Levy, seeing Lord L'Estrange, withdrew his cigar from his lips, and hastened to join him. "All the Hundred and Fifty are in there," said the Baron, with a backward significant jerk of his thumb towards the inn. "I have seen them all privately, in tens at a time; and I have been telling the ladies without, that it will be best for the interest of their families to go home, and let us lock up the Hundred and Fifty safe from the Yellows, till we bring them to the poll. But I am afraid," continued Levy, "that the rascals are not to be relied upon unless I actually pay them beforehand; and that would be disreputable, immoral—and, what is more, it would upset the election. Besides, if they are paid beforehand, query, is it quite sure how they will vote afterwards?"

"Mr Avenel, I daresay, can manage them," said Harley. "Pray do nothing immoral, and nothing that will upset the election. I think you might as well go home."

"Home! No, pardon me, my lord; there must be some head to direct the committee, and keep our captains at their posts upon the doubtful electors. A great deal of mischief may be done between this and the morrow; and I would sit up all night—ay, six nights a-week for the next three months—to prevent any awkward mistake by which Audley Egerton can be returned."

"His return would really grieve you so much?" said Harley.

"You may judge of that by the zeal with which I enter into all your designs."

Here there was a sudden and wondrously loud shout from another inn—a Yellow inn, far down the lane, not so luminous as the Blue hostelry; on the contrary, looking rather dark and sinister, more like a place for conspirators or felons than honest independent electors—"Avenel for ever!—Avenel and the Yellows!"

"Excuse me, my lord, I must go back and watch over my black sheep,

if I would have them Blue!" said Levy, and he retreated towards the threshold. But at that shout of "Avenel for ever!" as if at a signal, various electors of the redoubted Hundred and Fifty rushed from the Blue hostelry, sweeping past Levy, and hurrying down the lane to the dark little Yellow inn, followed by the female stragglers, as small birds follow an owl. It was not, however, very easy to get into that Yellow inn. Yellow Reformers, eminent for their zeal on behalf of purity of election, were stationed outside the door, and only strained in one candidate for admittance at a time. "After all," thought the Baron, as he passed into the principal room of the Blue tavern, and proposed the national song of 'Rule Britannia'—"after all, Avenel hates Egerton as much as I do, and both sides work to the same end." And thrumming on the table, he joined, with a fine bass, in the famous line,

"For Britons never will be slaves!"

In the interim, Harley had disappeared within the "Lansmere Arms," which was the headquarters of the Blue committee. Not, however, mounting to the room in which a few of the more indefatigable were continuing their labours, receiving reports from scouts, giving orders, laying wagers, and very muzzy with British principles and spirits, Harley called aside the landlord, and inquired if the stranger, for whom rooms had been prepared, was yet arrived. An affirmative answer was given, and Harley followed the host up a private stair, to a part of the house remote from the rooms devoted to the purposes of the election. He remained with this stranger about half an hour, and then walked

into the committee-room, got rid of the more excited, conferred with the more sober, issued a few brief directions to such of the leaders as he felt he could most rely upon, and returned home as rapidly as he had quitted it.

Dawn was grey in the skies when Harley sought his own chamber. To gain it, he passed by the door of Violante's. His heart suffused with grateful ineffable tenderness, he paused and kissed the threshold. When he stood within his room, (the same that he had occupied in his early youth,) he felt as if the load of years were lifted from his bosom. The joyous divine elasticity of spirit, that in the morning of life springs towards the Future as a bird soars into heaven, pervaded his whole sense of being. A Greek poet implies, that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain: there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought. By the bedside at which he had knelt in boyhood, Harley paused to kneel once more. The luxury of prayer, interrupted since he had nourished schemes of which his passions had blinded him to the sin, but which, nevertheless, he dared not confess to the All-Merciful, was restored to him. And yet, as he bowed his knee, the elation of spirits he had before felt forsook him. The sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision; he shuddered in horror of himself. And he who but a few hours before had deemed it so impossible to pardon his fellow-man, now felt as if years of useful and beneficent deeds could alone purify his own repentant soul from the memory of one hateful passion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But while Harley had thus occupied the hours of night with cares for the living, Audley Egerton had been in commune with the dead. He had taken from the pile of papers amidst which it had fallen, the record of Nora's silenced heart. With a sad wonder he saw how he had once been loved. What had all which suc-

cessful ambition had bestowed on the lonely statesman to compensate for the glorious empire he had lost—such realms of lovely fancy; such worlds of exquisite emotion; that infinite which lies within the divine sphere that unites spiritual genius with human love? His own positive and earthly nature attained, for the first

time, and as if for its own punishment, the comprehension of that loftier and more ethereal visitant from the heavens, who had once looked with a seraph's smile through the prison bars of his iron life ;—that celestial refinement of affection, that exuberance of feeling which warms into such varieties of beautiful idea, under the breath of the earth-beautifier, Imagination ;—all from which, when it was all his own, he had turned half weary and impatient, and termed the exaggerations of a visionary romance ;—now that the world had lost them evermore, he interpreted aright as truths. Truths they were, although illusions. Even as the philosopher tells us that the splendour of colours which deck the universe is not on the surface whereon we think to behold them, but in our own vision ; yet, take the colours from the universe, and what philosophy can assure us that the universe has sustained no loss ?

But when Audley came to that passage in the fragment which, though but imperfectly, explained the true cause of Nora's flight ;—when he saw how Levy, for what purpose he was unable to conjecture, had suggested to his bride the doubts that had offended him—asserted the marriage to be a fraud—drawn from Audley's own brief resentful letters to Nora, proof of the assertion—misled so naturally the young wife's scanty experience of actual life, and maddened one so sensitively pure into the conviction of dishonour—his brow darkened, and his hand clenched. He rose and went at once to Levy's room. He found it deserted—inquired—learned that Levy was gone forth, and had left word he might not be at home for the night. Fortunate, perhaps, for Audley—fortunate for the Baron—that they did not then meet. Revenge, in spite of his friend's admonition, might at that hour have been as potent an influence on Egerton as it had been on Harley, and not, as with the latter, to be turned aside.

Audley came back to his room and finished the tragic record. He traced the tremor of that beloved hand through the last tortures of doubt and despair ;—he saw where the hot tears had fallen ;—he saw where the hand had passed, the very sentence not con-

cluded ;—mentally he accompanied his fated bride in the dismal journey to her maiden home, and beheld her before him as he had last seen, more beautiful even in death than the face of living woman had ever since appeared to him ;—and as he bent over the last words, the blank that they left on the leaf, stretching pale beyond the quiver of the characters and the blister of the tears—pale and blank as the void which departed love leaves behind it—he felt his heart suddenly stand still, its course arrested as the record closed. It beat again, but feebly—so feebly ! His breath became labour and pain, his sight grew dizzy. But the constitutional firmness and fortitude of the man clung to him in the stubborn mechanism of habit—his will yet fought against his disease—life rallied as the light flickers up in the waning taper.

The next morning, when Harley came into his friend's room, Egerton was asleep. But the sleep seemed much disturbed ; the breathing was hard and difficult ; the bed-clothes were partially thrown off, as if in the tossing of disturbed dreams ; the sinewy strong arm, the broad athletic breast, were partly bare. Strange that so deadly a disease within should leave the frame such apparent power that, to the ordinary eye, the sleeping sufferer seemed a model of healthful vigour. One hand was thrust with uneasy straining under the pillows—it had its hold on the fatal papers ; a portion of the leaves was visible ; and where the characters had been blurred by Nora's tears, were the traces, yet moist, of tears perhaps more bitter.

Harley felt deeply affected ; and while he still stood by the bed, Egerton sighed heavily and woke. He stared round him, as if perplexed and confused—till his eyes resting on Harley, he smiled and said—

"So early ! Ah—I remember, it is the day for our great boat-race. We shall have the current against us ; but you and I together—when did we ever lose ?"

Audley's mind was wandering ; it had gone back to the old Eton days. But Harley thought that he spoke in metaphorical allusion to the present more important contest.

"True, my Audley—you and I together—when did we ever lose? But will you rise? I wish you would be at the polling-place to shake hands with your voters as they come up. By four o'clock you will be released, and the election won."

"The election! How!—what!" said Egerton, recovering himself. "I recollect now. Yes—I accept this last kindness from you. I always said I would die in harness. Public life—I have no other. Ah, I dream again! Oh, Harley!—my son—my son!"

"You shall see him after four o'clock. You will be proud of each other. But make haste and dress. Shall I ring the bell for your servant?"

"Do," said Egerton briefly, and sinking back. Harley quitted the room, and joined Randal and some of the more important members of the Blue Committee, who were already hurrying over their breakfast.

All were anxious and nervous except Harley, who dipped his dry toast into his coffee, according to his ordinary abstemious Italian habit, with serene composure. Randal in vain tried for an equal tranquillity. But though sure of his election, there would necessarily follow a scene trying to the nerve of his hypocrisy. He would have to affect profound chagrin in the midst of vile joy; have to act the part of decorous high-minded sorrow, that by some untoward chance—some unaccountable cross-splitting, Randal Leslie's gain should be Audley Egerton's loss. Besides, he was flurried in the expectation of seeing the Squire, and of appropriating the money which was to secure the dearest object of his ambition. Breakfast was soon despatched. The committee-men, bustling for their hats, and looking at their watches, gave the signal for departure; yet no Squire Hazeldean had made his appearance. Harley, stepping from the window upon the terrace, beckoned to Randal, who took his hat and followed.

"Mr Leslie," said Harley, leaning against the balustrade, and carelessly patting Nero's rough, honest head, "you remember that you were good enough to volunteer to me the expla-

nation of certain circumstances in connection with the Count di Peschiera, which you gave to the Duke di Serrano; and I replied that my thoughts were at present engaged on the election, but as soon as that was over, I should be very willing to listen to any communications affecting yourself and my old friend the Duke with which you might be pleased to favour me."

This address took Randal by surprise, and did not tend to calm his nerves. However, he replied readily.

"Upon that, as upon any other matter that may influence the judgment you form of me, I shall be but too eager to remove a single doubt that, in your eyes, can rest upon my honour."

"You speak exceedingly well, Mr Leslie; no man can express himself more handsomely; and I will claim your promise with the less scruple, because the Duke is powerfully affected by the reluctance of his daughter to ratify the engagement that binds his honour, in case your own is indisputably cleared. I may boast of some influence over the young lady, since I assisted to save her from the infamous plot of Peschiera; and the Duke urges me to receive your explanation, in the belief that, if it satisfy me, as it has satisfied him, I may conciliate his child in favour of the addresses of a suitor who would have hazarded his very life against so redoubted a duellist as Peschiera."

"Lord L'Estrange," replied Randal, bowing, "I shall indeed owe you much if you can remove that reluctance on the part of my betrothed bride, which alone clouds my happiness, and which would at once put an end to my suit, did I not ascribe it to an imperfect knowledge of myself, which I shall devote my life to improve into confidence and affection."

"No man *can* speak more handsomely," reiterated Harley, as if with profound admiration; and indeed he did eye Randal as we eye some rare curiosity. "I am happy to inform you too," continued L'Estrange, "that if your marriage with the Duke of Serrano's daughter take place—"

"If!" echoed Randal.

"I beg pardon for making an

hypothesis of what you claim the right to esteem a certainty—I correct my expression: *when* your marriage with that young lady takes place, you will at least escape the rock on which many young men of ardent affections have split at the onset of the grand voyage. You will form no imprudent connection. In a word, I received yesterday a despatch from Vienna, which contains the full pardon and formal restoration of Alphonso Duke di Serrano. And I may add, that the Austrian government (sometimes misunderstood in this country) is bound by the laws it administers, and can in no way dictate to the Duke, once restored, as to the choice of his son-in-law, or as to the heritage that may devolve on his child.”

“And does the Duke yet know of his recall?” exclaimed Randal, his cheek flushed and his eyes sparkling.

“No. I reserve that good news, with other matters, till after the election is over. But Egerton keeps us waiting sadly. Ah, here comes his valet.”

Audley’s servant approached. “Mr Egerton feels himself rather more poorly than usual, my lord; he begs you will excuse his going with you into the town at present. He will come later, if his presence is absolutely necessary.”

“No. Pray tell him to rest and nurse himself. I should have liked him to witness his own triumph—that is all. Say I will represent him at the polling place. Gentlemen, are you ready? We will go on.”

The polling booth was erected in the centre of the market-place. The voting had already commenced; and Mr Avenel and Leonard were already at their posts, in order to salute and thank the voters in their cause who passed before them. Randal and L’Estrange entered the booth amidst loud hurrahs, and to the national air of “See the Conquering Hero comes.” The voters defiled in quick succession. Those who voted entirely according to principle or colour—which came to much the same thing—and were therefore above what is termed “management,” flocked in first, voting straightforwardly for both Blues or both Yellows. At the end of the first half-hour, the Yellows were about ten ahead of

the Blues. Then sundry split votes began to perplex conjecture of the result; and Randal, at the end of the first hour, had fifteen majority over Audley Egerton, two over Dick Avenel—Leonard Fairfield heading the poll by five. Randal owed his place in the lists to the voters that Harley’s personal efforts had procured for him; and he was well pleased to see that Lord L’Estrange had not withdrawn from him a single promise so obtained. This augured well for Harley’s ready belief in his appointed “explanations.” In short, the whole election seemed going just as he had calculated. But by twelve o’clock there were some changes in the relative position of the candidates. Dick Avenel had gradually gained ground—passing Randal, passing even Leonard. He stood at the head of the poll by a majority of ten. Randal came next. Audley was twenty behind Randal, and Leonard four behind Audley.

More than half the constituency had polled, but none of the committee on either side, nor one of the redoubted corps of a Hundred and Fifty.

The poll now slackened sensibly. Randal, looking round, and longing for an opportunity to ask Dick whether he really meant to stand himself instead of his nephew, saw that Harley had disappeared; and presently a note was brought to him requesting his presence in the Committee-Room. Thither he hastened.

As he forced his way through the bystanders in the lobby, towards the threshold of the room, Levy caught hold of him, and whispered—“They begin to fear for Egerton. They want a compromise in order to secure him. They will propose to you to resign, if Avenel will withdraw Leonard. Don’t be entrapped. L’Estrange may put the question to you; but—a word in your ear—he would be glad enough to throw over Egerton. Rely upon this, and stand firm.”

Randal made no answer, but, the crowd giving way for him, entered the room. Levy followed. The doors were instantly closed. All the Blue Committee were assembled. They looked heated, anxious, eager. Lord L’Estrange, alone calm and cool, stood at the head of the long table. Despite

his composure, Harley's brow was thoughtful. "Yes, I will give this young man," said he to himself, "the fair occasion to prove gratitude to his benefactor; and if he here acquit himself, I will spare him at least public exposure of his deceit to others. So young, he must have some good in him—at least towards the man to whom he owes all."

"Mr Leslie," said L'Estrange, aloud, "you see the state of the poll. Our Committee believe that, if you continue to stand, Egerton must be beaten. They fear that, Leonard Fairfield having little chance, the Yellows will not waste their second votes on him, but will transfer them to you, in order to keep out Egerton. If you retire, Egerton will be safe. There is reason to suppose that Leonard would, in that case, also be withdrawn."

"You can hope and fear nothing more from Egerton," whispered Levy. "He is utterly ruined; and, if he lose, will sleep in a prison. The bailiffs are waiting for him."

Randal was still silent, and at that silence an indignant murmur ran through the more influential members of the Committee. For, though Audley was not personally very popular, still a candidate so eminent was necessarily their first object, and they would seem very small to the Yellows if their great man was defeated by the very candidate introduced to aid him—a youth unknown. Vanity and patriotism both swelled that murmur. "You see, young sir," cried a rich blunt master-butcher, "that it was an honourable understanding that Mr Egerton was to be safe. You had no claim on us, except as fighting second to him. And we are all astonished that you don't say at once, 'Save Egerton, of course.' Excuse my freedom, sir. No time for palaver."

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, turning mildly from the butcher, "do you, as the first here in rank and influence, and as Mr Egerton's especial friend, call upon me to sacrifice my election, and what appear to be the inclinations of the majority of the constituents, in order to obtain what is, after all, a doubtful chance of returning Mr Egerton in my room?"

"I do not call upon you, Mr Leslie. It is a matter of feeling or of honour, which a gentleman can very well decide for himself."

"Was any such compact made between your lordship and myself, when you first gave me your interest and canvassed for me in person?"

"Certainly not. Gentlemen, be silent. No such compact was mentioned by me."

"Neither was it by Mr Egerton. Whatever might be the understanding spoken of by the respected elector who addressed me, I was no party to it. I am persuaded that Mr Egerton is the last person who would wish to owe his election to a trick upon the electors in the midst of the polling, and to what the world would consider a very unhandsome treatment of myself, upon whom all the toil of the canvass has devolved."

Again the murmur rose; but Randal had an air so determined, that it quelled resentment, and obtained a continued, though most chilling and half-contemptuous hearing.

"Nevertheless," resumed Randal, "I would at once retire were I not under the firm persuasion that I shall convince all present, who now seem to condemn me, that I act precisely according to Mr Egerton's own private inclinations. That gentleman, in fact, has never been amongst you—has not canvassed in person—has taken no trouble, beyond a speech, that was evidently meant to be but a general defence of his past political career. What does this mean? Simply that his standing has been merely a form, to comply with the wish of his party, against his own desire."

The committee-men looked at each other amazed and doubtful. Randal saw he had gained an advantage; he pursued it with a tact and ability which showed that, in spite of his mere oratorical deficiencies, he had in him the elements of a dexterous debater. "I will be plain with you, gentlemen. My character, my desire to stand well with you all, oblige me to be so. Mr Egerton does not wish to come into Parliament at present. His health is much broken; his private affairs need all his time and attention. I am, I may say, as a son to him. He is most anxious for my

success; Lord L'Estrange told me but last night, very truly, 'more anxious for my success than his own.' Nothing could please him more than to think I were serving in Parliament, however humbly, those great interests which neither health nor leisure will, in this momentous crisis, allow himself to defend with his wonted energy. Later, indeed, no doubt he will seek return to an arena in which he is so distinguished; and when the popular excitement, which produces the popular injustice of the day, is over, what constituency will not be proud to return such a man? In support and proof of what I have thus said, I now appeal to Mr Egerton's own agent—a gentleman who, in spite of his vast fortune and the rank he holds in society, has consented to act gratuitously on behalf of that great statesman. I ask you, then, respectfully, Baron Levy—Is not Mr Egerton's health much broken, and in need of rest?"

"It is," said Levy.

"And do not his affairs necessitate his serious and undivided attention?"

"They do, indeed," quoth the Baron. "Gentlemen, I have nothing to urge in behalf of my distinguished friend as against the statement of his adopted son, Mr Leslie."

"Then all I can say," cried the butcher, striking his huge fist on the table, "is, that Mr Egerton has behaved d——d unhandsome to us, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the borough."

"Softly, softly," said Harley. "There is a knock at the door behind. Excuse me."

Harley quitted the room, but only for a minute or two. On his return he addressed himself to Randal.

"Are we then to understand, Mr Leslie, that your intention is not to resign?"

"Unless your lordship actually urge me to the contrary, I should say, 'Let the election go on, and all take our chance.' That seems to me the fair, manly, ENGLISH (great emphasis on the last adjective) honourable course."

"Be it so," replied Harley; "'let all take their chance.' Mr Leslie, we will no longer detain you. Go back to the polling place—one of the can-

didates should be present; and you, Baron Levy, be good enough to go also, and return thanks to those who may yet vote for Mr Egerton."

Levy bowed, and went out arm in arm with Randal.

"Capital, capital," said the Baron. "You have a wonderful head."

"I did not like L'Estrange's look, nevertheless. But he can't hurt me now; the votes he got for me instead of for Egerton have already polled. The Committee, indeed, may refuse to vote for me; but then there is Avenel's body of reserve. Yes, the election is virtually over. When we get back, Hazeldean will have arrived with the money for the purchase of my ancestral property;—Dr Riccabocca is already restored to the estates and titles of Serrano;—what do I care farther for Lord L'Estrange? Still, I did not like his look."

"Pooh, you have done just what he wished. I am forbidden to say more. Here we are at the booth. A new placard since we left. How are the numbers? Avenel forty ahead of you; you thirty above Egerton; and Leonard Fairfield still last on the poll. But where are Avenel and Fairfield?"

Both those candidates had disappeared, perhaps gone to their own Committee-Room.

Meanwhile, as soon as the doors had closed on Randal and the Baron, in the midst of the angry hubbub succeeding to their departure, Lord L'Estrange sprang upon the table. The action and his look stilled every sound.

"Gentlemen, it is in our hands to return one of our candidates, and to make our own choice between the two. You have heard Mr Leslie and Baron Levy. To their statement I make but this reply—Mr Egerton is needed by the country; and whatever his health or his affairs, he is ready to respond to that call. If he has not canvassed—if he does not appear before you at this moment, the services of more than twenty years plead for him in his stead. Which, then, of the two candidates do you choose as your member—a renowned statesman, or a beardless boy? Both have ambition and ability;—the one has identified those qualities with the history

of a country, and (as it is now alleged to his prejudice) with a devotion that has broken a vigorous frame and injured a princely fortune. The other evinces his ambition by inviting you to prefer him to his benefactor; and proves his ability by the excuses he makes for ingratitude. Choose between the two—an Egerton or a Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried all the assembly, as 'with a single voice, followed by a hiss for Leslie.

"But," said a grave and prudent Committee-man, "have we really the choice?—does not that rest with the Yellows? Is not your lordship too sanguine?"

"Open that door behind; a deputation from our opponents waits in the room on the other side the passage. Admit them."

The Committee were hushed in breathless silence while Harley's order was obeyed. And soon, to their great surprise, Leonard Fairfield himself, attended by six of the principal members of the Yellow party, entered the room.

LORD L'ESTRANGE.—"You have a proposition to make to us, Mr Fairfield, on behalf of yourself and Mr Avenel, and with the approval of your committee?"

LEONARD, (advancing to the table.)—"I have. We are convinced that neither party can carry both its candidates. Mr Avenel is safe. The only question is, which of the two candidates on your side it best becomes the honour of this constituency to select. My resignation, which I am about to tender, will free sufficient votes to give the triumph either to Mr Egerton or to Mr Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried once more the excited Blues.

"Yes—Egerton for ever!" said Leonard, with a glow upon his cheek. "We may differ from his politics, but who can tell us those of Mr Leslie? We may differ from the politician, but who would not feel proud of the senator? A great and incalculable advantage is bestowed on that constituency which returns to Parliament a distinguished man. His distinction ennobles the place he represents—it sustains public spirit—it augments the manly interest in all

that affects the nation. Every time his voice hushes the assembled Parliament, it reminds us of our common country; and even the discussion amongst his constituents which his voice provokes—clears their perceptions of the public interest, and enlightens themselves, from the intellect which commands their interest and compels their attention. Egerton, then, for ever! If our party must subscribe to the return of one opponent, let all unite to select the worthiest. My Lord L'Estrange, when I quit this room, it will be to announce my resignation, and to solicit those who have promised me their votes to transfer them to Mr Audley Egerton."

Amidst the uproarious huzzas which followed this speech, Leonard drew near to Harley: "My lord, I have obeyed your wishes, as conveyed to me by my uncle, who is engaged at this moment elsewhere in carrying them into effect."

"Leonard," said Harley, in the same under-tone, "you have evinced to Audley Egerton what you alone could do—the triumph over a perfidious dependent—the continuance of the sole career in which he has hitherto found the solace or the zest of life. He must thank you with his own lips. Come to the Park after the close of the poll. There and then shall the explanations yet needful to both be given and received."

Here Harley bowed to the assembly and raised his voice: "Gentlemen, yesterday, at the nomination of the candidates, I uttered remarks that have justly pained Mr Fairfield. In your presence I wholly retract and frankly apologise for them. In your presence I entreat his forgiveness, and say, that if he will accord me his friendship, I will place him in my esteem and affection side by side with the statesman whom he has given to his country."

Leonard grasped the hand extended to him with both his own, and then, overcome by his emotions, hurried from the room; while Blues and Yellows exchanged greetings, rejoiced in the compromise that would dispel all party irritation, secure the peace of the borough, and allow quiet men, who had detested

each other the day before, and vowed reciprocal injuries to trade and custom, the indulgence of all amiable and fraternal feelings—until the next general election.

In the meanwhile the polling had gone on slowly as before, still to the advantage of Randal. "Not two-thirds of the constituency will poll," murmured Levy, looking at his watch. "The thing is decided. Aha, Audley Egerton! you who once tortured me with the unspeakable jealousy that bequeathes such implacable hate—you who scorned my society and called me 'scoundrel'—disdainful of the very power your folly placed within my hands—aha, your time is up!—and the spirit that administered to your own destruction strides within the circle to seize its prey."

"You shall have my first frank, Levy," said Randal, "to enclose your letter to Mr Thornhill's solicitor. This affair of the election is over; we must now look to what else rests on our hands."

"What the devil is that placard?" cried Levy, turning pale.

Randal looked, and, right up the market-place, followed by an immense throng, moved, high over the heads of all, a Yellow Board, that seemed marching through the air, comet-like:—

Two o'clock, p.m.

RESIGNATION OF FAIRFIELD!

—
YELLOWS!

VOTE FOR

AVENEL AND EGERTON!

(Signed) TIMOTHY ALLJACK.

Yellow Committee-Room.

"What infernal treachery is this?" cried Randal, livid with honest indignation.

"Wait a moment; there is Avenel!" exclaimed Levy; and at the head of another procession that emerged from the obscurer lanes of the town, walked with grave majesty the surviving Yellow candidate. Dick disappeared for a moment within a grocer's shop in the broadest part of the place, and then culminated, at the height of a balcony on the first story, just above an enormous yellow canister, significant of the profession and the politics

of the householder. No sooner did Dick, hat in hand, appear on this rostrum, than the two processions halted below, bands ceased, flags drooped round their staves, crowds rushed within hearing, and even the poll-clerks sprang from the booth. Randal and Levy themselves pressed into the throng. Dick on the balcony was the *Deus ex Machinâ*.

"Freemen and electors!" said Dick, with his most sonorous accents—"finding that the public opinion of this independent and enlightened constituency is so evenly divided, that only one Yellow candidate can be returned, and only one Blue has a chance, it was my intention last night to retire from the contest, and thus put an end to all bickerings and ill blood—(Hold your tongues there, can't you!)—I say honestly, I should have preferred the return of my distinguished and talented young nephew—honourable relation—to my own; but he would not hear of it; and talked all our Committee into the erroneous but high-minded notion, that the town would cry shame if the nephew rode into Parliament by breaking the back of the uncle." (Loud cheers from the mob, and partial cries of "We'll have you both!")

"You'll do no such thing, and you know it; hold your jaw," resumed Dick, with imperious good-humour. "Let me go on, can't you?—time presses. In a word, my nephew resolved to retire, if, at two o'clock this day, there was no chance of returning both of us; and there is none. Now, then, the next thing for the Yellows, who have not yet voted, is to consider how they will give their second votes. If I had been the man to retire, why, for certain reasons, I should have recommended them to split with Leslie—a clever chap, and pretty considerable sharp."

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried the Baron lustily.

"But I'm bound to say that my nephew has an opinion of his own—as an independent Britisher, let him be twice your nephew, ought to have; and his opinion goes the other way, and so does that of our Committee."

"Sold!" cried the Baron, and some of the crowd shook their heads, and

looked grave—especially those suspected of a wish to be bought.

"Sold!—Pretty fellow you with the nosegay in your button-hole to talk of selling! You who wanted to sell your own client—and you know it. (Levy recoiled.) Why, gentlemen, that's Levy the Jew who talks of selling! And if he asperses the character of this constituency, I stand here to defend it:—And there stands the parish pump, with a handle for the arm of Honesty, and a spout for the lips of Falsehood!"

At the close of this magniloquent period, borrowed, no doubt, from some great American orator, Baron Levy involuntarily retreated towards the shelter of the polling booth, followed by some frowning Yellows with very menacing gestures.

"But the calumniator sneaks away; leave him to the reproach of his conscience," resumed Dick, with generous magnanimity.

"SOLD!—(the word rang through the place like the blast of a trumpet)—Sold! No, believe me, not a man who votes for Egerton instead of Fairfield will, so far as I am concerned, be a penny the better—(chilling silence)—or (with a scarce perceptible wink towards the anxious faces of the Hundred and Fifty who filled the background) or a penny the worse. (Loud cheers from the Hundred and Fifty, and cries of 'noble!') I don't like the politics of Mr Egerton. But I am not only a politician—I am a MAN! The arguments of our respected Committee—persons in business, tender husbands, and devoted fathers—have weight with me. I myself am a husband and a father. If a needless contest be prolonged to the last, with all the irritations it engenders, who suffer?—why, the tradesman and the operative. Partiality, loss of custom, tyrannical demands for house rent, notices to quit—in a word, the screw!"

"Hear, hear!" and "Give us the Ballot!"

"The Ballot—with all my heart, if I had it about me! And if we had the Ballot, I should like to see a man dare to vote Blue. (Loud cheers from the Yellows.) But, as we have not got it, we must think of our families. And I may add, that though Mr Eger-

ton may come again into office, yet (added Dick, solemnly) I will do my best as his colleague to keep him straight; and your own enlightenment (for the schoolmaster is abroad) will show him that no minister can brave public opinion, nor quarrel with his own bread and butter. (Much cheering.) In these times the aristocracy must endear themselves to the middle and working class; and a member in office has much to give away in the Stamps and Excise, in the Customs, the Post Office, and other State departments in this rotten old—I mean this magnificent empire—by which he can benefit his constituents, and reconcile the prerogatives of aristocracy with the claims of the people—more especially in this case, the people of the Borough of *Lansmere*." (Hear, hear.)

"And therefore, sacrificing party inclinations (since it seems that I can in no way promote them) on the Altar of General Good Feeling, I cannot oppose the resignation of my nephew—honourable relation—nor blind my eyes to the advantages that may result to a borough so important to the nation at large, if the electors think fit to choose my right honourable brother—I mean the right honourable Blue candidate—as my brother colleague. Not that I presume to dictate, or express a wish one way or the other—only, as a Family Man, I say to you, Electors and Freeman, having served your country in returning me, you have nobly won the right to think of the little ones at home."

Dick put his hand to his heart, bowed gracefully, and retired from the balcony amidst unanimous applause.

In three minutes more, Dick had resumed his place in the booth in his quality of candidate. A rush of Yellow electors poured in, hot and fast. Up came Emanuel Trout, and, in a firm voice, recorded his vote—"Avenel and Egerton." Every man of the Hundred and Fifty so polled. To each question, "Whom do you vote for?" "Avenel and Egerton" knelled on the ears of Randal Leslie with "damnable iteration." The young man folded his arms across his breast in dogged despair. Levy had to shake hands for Mr Egerton, with a rapidity

that took away his breath. He longed to slink away—longed to get at L'Estrange, whom he supposed would be as wroth at this turn in the wheel of fortune as himself. But how, as Egerton's representative, escape from the continuous gripes of those horny hands? Besides, there stood the parish pump, right in face of the booth, and some huge truculent-looking Yellows loitered round it, as if ready to pounce on him the instant he quitted his present sanctuary. Suddenly the crowd round the booth receded—Lord L'Estrange's carriage drove up to the spot, and Harley, stepping from it, assisted out of the vehicle an old grey-haired, paralytic man. The old man stared round him, and nodded smilingly to the mob. "I'm here—I'm come; I'm but a poor creature, but I'm a good Blue to the last!"

"Old John Avenel—fine old John!" cried many a voice.

And John Avenel, still leaning on Harley's arm, tottered into the booth, and plumped for "Egerton."

"Shake hands, father," said Dick, bending forward, "though you'll not vote for me."

"I was a Blue before you were born," answered the old man, tremulously. "But I wish you success all the same, and God bless you, my boy."

Even the poll-clerks were touched; and when Dick, leaving his place, was seen by the crowd assisting Lord L'Estrange to place poor John again in the carriage—that picture of family love in the midst of political difference—of the prosperous, wealthy, energetic son, who, as a boy, had played at marbles in the very kennel, and who had risen in life by his own exertions, and was now virtually M.P. for his native town—tending on the broken-down aged father, whom even the interests of a son he was so proud of could not win from the colours which he associated with truth and

rectitude—had such an effect upon the rudest of the mob there present, that you might have heard a pin fall—till the carriage drove away back to John's humble home, and then there rose such a tempest of huzzas! John Avenel's vote for Egerton gave another turn to the vicissitudes of that memorable election. As yet Avenel was ahead of Audley; but a plumper in favour of Egerton from Avenel's own father, set an example and gave an excuse to many a Blue who had not yet voted, and could not prevail on himself to split his vote between Dick and Audley; and, therefore, several leading tradesmen, who, seeing that Egerton was safe, had previously resolved not to vote at all, came up in the last hour, plumped for Egerton, and carried him to the head of the poll; so that poor John, whose vote, involving that of Mark Fairfield, had secured the first opening in public life to the young ambition of the unknown son-in-law, still contributed to connect with success and triumph, but also with sorrow, and, it may be, with death, the names of the high-born Egerton and the humble Avenel.

The great town-clock strikes the hour of four; the returning officer declares the poll closed; the formal announcement of the result will be made later. But all the town knows that Audley Egerton and Richard Avenel are the members for Lansmere. And flags stream, and drums beat, and men shake each other by the hand heartily; and there is talk of the chairing to-morrow; and the public-houses are crowded; and there is an indistinct hubbub in street and alley, with sudden bursts of uproarious shouting; and the clouds to the west look red and lurid round the sun, which has gone down behind the church tower—behind the yew trees that overshadow the quiet grave of Nora Avenel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Amidst the darkening shadows of twilight, Randal Leslie walked through Lansmere Park towards the house. He had slunk away before the poll was closed—crept through by-lanes, and plunged amidst the leafless copses

of the Earl's stately pasture-grounds. Amidst the bewilderment of his thoughts—at a loss to conjecture how this strange mischance had befallen him—inclined to ascribe it to Leonard's influence over Avenel—but

suspecting Harley, and half doubtful of Baron Levy, he sought to ascertain what fault of judgment he himself had committed—what wile he had forgotten—what thread in his web had he left ragged and incomplete. He could discover none. His ability seemed to him unimpeachable—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*. And then there came across his breast a sharp pang—sharper than that of baffled ambition—the feeling that he had been deceived and bubbled, and betrayed. For so vital a necessity to all living men is TRUTH, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken, when treason recoils on himself. “That Richard Avenel, whom I trusted, could so deceive me!” murmured Randal, and his lip quivered.

He was still in the midst of the park, when a man with a yellow cockade in his hat, and running fast from the direction of the town, overtook him with a letter, on delivering which, the messenger, waiting for no answer, hastened back the way he had come. Randal recognised Avenel’s hand on the address—broke the seal, and read as follows:—

(“*Private and Confidential.*”)

“DEAR LESLIE,—Don’t be downhearted—you will know to-night or to-morrow why I have had cause to alter my opinion as to the Right Honourable; and you will see that I could not, as a Family Man, act otherwise than I have done. Though I have not broken my word to you—for you remember that all the help I promised was dependent on my own resignation, and would go for nothing if Leonard resigned instead—yet I feel you must think yourself rather bamboozled. But I have been obliged to sacrifice you, from a sense of Family Duty, as you will soon acknowledge. My own nephew is sacrificed also; and I have sacrificed my own concerns, which require the whole man of me for the next year or two at Screwtown. So we are all in the same boat, though you may think you are set adrift by yourself. But I don’t mean to stay in Parliament. I shall take the Chiltern Hundreds, pretty considerable soon. And if you keep well with the Blues, I’ll do my

best with the Yellows to let you walk over the course in my stead. For I don’t think Leonard will want to stand again. And so a word to the wise—and you may yet be member for Lansmere.—R. A.”

In this letter, Randal, despite all his acuteness, could not detect the honest compunction of the writer. He could at first only look at the worst side of human nature, and fancy that it was a paltry attempt to stifle his just anger and insure his discretion. But on second thoughts, it struck him that Dick might very naturally be glad to be released to his mill, and get a *quid pro quo* out of Randal, under the comprehensive title—“repayment of expenses.” Perhaps Dick was not sorry to wait until Randal’s marriage gave him the means to make the repayment. Nay, perhaps Randal had been thrown over for the present, in order to wring from him better terms in a single election. Thus reasoning, he took comfort from his belief in the mercenary motives of another. True, it might be but a short disappointment. Before the next Parliament was a month old, he might yet take his seat in it as member for Lansmere. But all would depend on his marriage with the heiress; he must hasten that.

Meanwhile, it was necessary to knit and gather up all his thought, courage, and presence of mind. How he shrunk from return to Lansmere House—from facing Egerton, Harley—all. But there was no choice. He would have to make it up with the Blues—to defend the course he had adopted in the Committee-Room. There, no doubt, was Squire Hazledean awaiting him with the purchase-money for the lands of Rood—there was the Duke di Serrano restored to wealth and honour—there was his promised bride, the great heiress, on whom depended all that could raise the needy gentleman into wealth and position. Gradually, with the elastic temper that is essential to a systematic schemer, Randal Leslie plucked himself from the pain of brooding over a plot that was defeated, to prepare himself for consummating those that yet seemed so near success. After all, should he fail in regaining

Egerton's favour, Egerton was of use no more. He might rear his head, and face out what some might call "ingratitude," provided he could but satisfy the Blue Committee. Dull dogs, how could he fail to do that! He could easily talk over the Machiavellian sage. He should have small difficulty in explaining all to the content of Audley's distant brother, the Squire. Harley alone—but Levy had so positively assured him that Harley was not sincerely anxious for Egerton; and as to the more important explanation relative to Peschiera, surely what had satisfied Violante's father, ought to satisfy a man who had no peculiar right to demand explanations at all; and if these explanations did not satisfy, the onus to disprove them must rest with Harley; and who or what could contradict Randal's plausible assertions—assertions, in support of which he himself could summon a witness, in Baron Levy? Thus nerving himself to all that could task his powers, Randal Leslie crossed the threshold of Lansmere House, and in the hall he found the Baron awaiting him.

LEVY.—"I can't account for what has gone so cross in this confounded election. It is L'Estrange that puzzles me; but I know that he hates Egerton. I know that he will prove that hate by one mode of revenge, if he has lost it in another. But it is well, Randal, that you are secure of Hazeldean's money and the rich heiress's hand; otherwise—"

"Otherwise, what?"

"I should wash my hands of you, *mon cher*; for in spite of all your cleverness, and all I have tried to do for you, somehow or other I begin to suspect that your talents will never secure your fortune. A carpenter's son beats you in public speaking, and a vulgar mill-owner tricks you in private negotiation. Decidedly, as yet, Randal Leslie, you are—a failure. And, as you so admirably said, 'a man from whom we have nothing to hope or fear, we must blot out of the map of the future.'"

Randal's answer was cut short by the appearance of the groom of the chambers.

"My lord is in the saloon, and requests you and Mr Leslie will do

him the honour to join him there." The two gentlemen followed the servant up the broad stairs.

The saloon formed the centre room of the suite of apartments. From its size, it was rarely used save on state occasions. It had the chilly and formal aspect of rooms reserved for ceremony.

Riccabocca, Violante, Helen, Mr Dale, Squire Hazeldean, and Lord L'Estrange were grouped together by the cold Florentine marble table, not littered with books and female work, and the endearing signs of habitation, that give a living smile to the face of home; nothing thereon save a great silver candelabrum, that scarce lighted the spacious room, and brought out the portraits on the walls as a part of the assembly, looking, as portraits do look, with searching curious eyes upon every eye that turns to them.

But as soon as Randal entered, the Squire detached himself from the group, and, coming to the defeated candidate, shook hands with him heartily.

"Cheer up, my boy, 'tis no shame to be beaten. Lord L'Estrange says you did your best to win, and man can do no more. And I'm glad, Leslie, that we don't meet for our little business till the election is over; for after annoyance, something pleasant is twice as acceptable. I've the money in my pocket. Hush—and I say, my dear, dear boy, I cannot find out where Frank is, but it is really all off with that foreign woman—eh?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, I hope so. I'll talk to you about it when we can be alone. We may slip away presently, I trust."

"I'll tell you a secret scheme of mine and Harry's," said the Squire, in a still lower whisper. "We must drive that marchioness, or whatever she is, out of the boy's head, and put a pretty English girl into it instead. That will settle him in life too. And I must try and swallow that bitter pill of the *post-obit*. Harry makes worse of it than I do, and is so hard on the poor fellow, that I've been obliged to take his part. I've no idea of being under petticoat government—it is not the way with the Hazeldeans. Well, but to come back to the point—whom do you think I mean by the pretty girl?"

"Miss Sticktorights!"

"Zounds, no!—your own little sister, Randal. Sweet pretty face. Harry liked her from the first, and then you'll be Frank's brother, and your sound head and good heart will keep him right. And as you are going to be married too, (you must tell me all about that later,) why, we shall have two marriages, perhaps, in the family in the same day."

Randal's hand grasped the Squire's, and with an emotion of human gratitude—for we know that, hard to all else, he had natural feelings for his fallen family; and his neglected sister was the one being on earth whom he might almost be said to love. With all his intellectual disdain for honest simple Frank, he knew no one in the world with whom his young sister could be more secure and happy. Transferred to the roof, and improved by the active kindness, of Mrs Hazeldean—blest in the manly affection of one not too refined to censure her own deficiencies of education—what more could he ask for his sister, as he pictured her to himself, with her hair hanging over her ears, and her mind running into seed over some trashy novel. But before he could reply, Violante's father came to add his own philosophical consolations to the Squire's downright comfortings.

"Who could ever count on popular caprice? The wise of all ages had despised it. In that respect, Horace and Machiavel were of the same mind," &c. &c. "But," said the Duke, with emphatic kindness, "perhaps your very misfortune here may serve you elsewhere. The female heart is prone to pity, and ever eager to comfort. Besides, if I am recalled to Italy, you will have leisure to come with us, and see the land where of all others ambition can be most readily forgotten, even (added the Italian with a sigh) even by her own sons!"

Thus addressed by both Hazeldean and the Duke, Randal recovered his spirits. It was clear that Lord L'Estrange had not conveyed to them any unfavourable impression of his conduct in the Committee-Room. While Randal had been thus engaged, Levy had made his way to Harley, who retreated with the Baron into the bay of the great window.

"Well, my lord, do you comprehend this conduct on the part of Richard Avenel? He secures Egerton's return!—he!"

"What so natural, Baron Levy—his own brother-in-law?"

The Baron started, and turned very pale.

"But how did he know that? I never told him. I meant, indeed—"

"Meant, perhaps, to shame Egerton's pride at the last, by publicly declaring his marriage with a shop-keeper's daughter. A very good revenge still left to you; but revenge for what? A word with you, now, Baron, that our acquaintance is about to close for ever. You know why I have cause for resentment against Egerton. I do but suspect yours; will you make it clear to me?"

"My lord, my lord," faltered Baron Levy, "I too wooed Nora Avenel as my wife; I too had a happier rival in the haughty worldling who did not appreciate his own felicity; I too—in a word, some women inspire an affection that mingles with the entire being of a man, and is fused with all the currents of his life-blood. Nora Avenel was one of those women."

Harley was startled. This burst of emotion from a man so corrupt and cynical, arrested even the scorn he felt for the usurer. Levy soon recovered himself. "But our revenge is not baffled yet. Egerton, if not already in my power, is still in yours. His election may save him from arrest, but the law has other modes of public exposure and effectual ruin."

"For the knave, yes—as I intimated to you in your own house—you who boast of your love to Nora Avenel, and know in your heart that you were her destroyer—you who witnessed her marriage, and yet dared to tell her that she was dishonoured!"

"My lord—I—how could you know—I mean, how think that—that"—faltered Levy, aghast.

"Nora Avenel has spoken from her grave," replied Harley, solemnly. "Learn, that wherever man commits a crime, Heaven finds a witness!"

"It is on me, then," said Levy, wrestling against a superstitious thrill at his heart—"on me that you now concentrate your vengeance; and I must meet it as I may. But I have

fulfilled my part of our compact. I have obeyed you implicitly—and—”

“I will fulfil my part of our bond, and leave you undisturbed in your wealth.”

“I knew I might trust to your Lordship’s honour,” exclaimed the usurer, in servile glee.

“And this vile creature nursed the same passions as myself; and but yesterday we were partners in the same purpose, and influenced by the same thought,” muttered Harley to himself. “Yes,” he said aloud, “I dare not, Baron Levy, constitute myself your judge. Pursue your own path—all roads meet at last before the common tribunal. But you are not yet released from our compact; you must do some good in spite of yourself. Look yonder, where Randal Leslie stands, smiling secure, between the two dangers he has raised up for himself. And as Randal Leslie himself has invited me to be his judge, and you are aware that he cited yourself this very day as his witness, here I must expose the guilty—for here the innocent still live, and need defence.”

Harley turned away, and took his place by the table. “I have wished,” said he, raising his voice, “to connect with the triumph of my earliest and dearest friend the happiness of others in whose welfare I feel an interest. To you, Alphonso, Duke of Serrano, I now give this despatch, received last evening by a special messenger from the Prince Von —, announcing your restoration to your lands and honours.”

The Squire stared with open mouth. “Rickeybockey a duke? Why, Jemima’s a duchess! Bless me, she is actually crying!” And his good heart prompted him to run to his cousin and cheer her up a bit.

Violante glanced at Harley, and flung herself on her father’s breast. Randal involuntarily rose, and moved to the Duke’s chair.

“And you, Mr Randal Leslie,” continued Harley, “though you have lost your election, see before you at this moment such prospects of wealth and happiness, that I shall only have to offer you congratulations to which those that greet Mr Audley Egerton would appear lukewarm and

insipid, provided you prove that you have not forfeited the right to claim that promise which the Duke di Serrano has accorded to the suitor of his daughter’s hand. Some doubts resting on my mind, you have volunteered to dispel them. I have the Duke’s permission to address to you a few questions, and I now avail myself of your offer to reply to them.”

“Now—and here, my lord?” said Randal, glancing round the room, as if deprecating the presence of so many witnesses.

“Now—and here. Nor are those present so strange to your explanations as your question would imply. Mr Hazeldean, it so happens that much of what I shall say to Mr Leslie concerns your son.”

Randal’s countenance fell. An uneasy tremor now seized him.

“My son!—Frank? Oh then, of course Randal will speak out. Speak, my boy!”

Randal remained silent. The Duke looked at his working face, and drew away his chair.

“Young man, can you hesitate?” said he. “A doubt is expressed which involves your honour.”

“S’death!” cried the Squire, also gazing on Randal’s cowering eye and quivering lip—“What are you afraid of?”

“Afraid!” said Randal, forced into speech, and with a hollow laugh—“Afraid?—I? What of? I was only wondering what Lord L’Estrange could mean.”

“I will dispel that wonder at once. Mr Hazeldean, your son displeased you first by his proposals of marriage to the Marchesa di Negra against your consent; secondly, by a *post-obit* bond granted to Baron Levy. Did you understand from Mr Randal Leslie that he had opposed or favoured the said marriage—that he had countenanced or blamed the said *post-obit*?”

“Why, of course,” cried the Squire, “that he had opposed both the one and the other.”

“Is it so, Mr Leslie?”

“My lord—I—I—my affection for Frank, and my esteem for his respected father—I—I—” (He nerved himself, and went on with firm voice.) “Of course, I did all I could to dis-

suade Frank; and as to the *post-obit*, I know nothing about it."

"So much at present for this matter. I pass on to the graver one, that affects your engagement with the Duke di Serrano's daughter. I understand from you, Duke, that to save your daughter from the snares of Count di Peschiera, and in the belief that Mr Leslie shared in your dread of the Count's designs, you, while in exile and in poverty, promised to that gentleman your daughter's hand? When the probabilities of restoration to your principalities seemed well-nigh certain, you confirmed that promise on learning from Mr Leslie that he had, however ineffectively, struggled to preserve your heiress from a perfidious snare. Is it not so?"

"Certainly, had I succeeded to a throne, I could not recall the promise that I had given in penury and banishment—I could not refuse to him who would have sacrificed worldly ambition in wedding a penniless bride, the reward of his own generosity. My daughter subscribes to my views."

Violante trembled, and her hands were locked together, but her gaze was fixed on Harley.

Mr Dale wiped his eyes, and thought of the poor refugee feeding on minnows, and preserving himself from debt amongst the shades of the Casino.

"Your answer becomes you, Duke," resumed Harley. "But should it be proved that Mr Leslie, instead of wooing the Princess for herself, actually calculated on the receipt of money for transferring her to Count Peschiera—instead of saving her from the dangers you dreaded, actually suggested the snare from which she was delivered—would you still deem your honour engaged to—"

"Such a villain! No, surely not!" exclaimed the Duke. "But this is a groundless hypothesis! Speak, Randal."

"Lord L'Estrange cannot insult me by deeming it otherwise than a groundless hypothesis," said Randal, striving to rear his head.

"I understand, then, Mr Leslie, that you scornfully reject such a supposition?"

"Scornfully—yes. And," continued

Randal, advancing a step, "since the supposition has been made, I demand from Lord L'Estrange, as his equal, (for all gentlemen are equals where honour is to be defended at the cost of life,) either instant retraction or instant proof."

"That's the first word you have spoken like a man," cried the Squire. "I have stood my ground myself for a less cause. I have had a ball through my right shoulder."

"Your demand is just," said Harley, unmoved. "I cannot give the retraction—I will produce the proof."

He rose, and rang the bell;—the servant entered, received his whispered order, and retired. There was a pause painful to all. Randal, however, ran over in his fearful mind what evidence could be brought against him—and foresaw none. The folding-doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the servant announced—

THE COUNT DI PESCHIERA.

A bombshell descending through the roof could not have produced a more startling sensation. Erect, bold, with all the imposing effect of his form and bearing, the Count strode into the centre of the ring; and, after a slight bend of haughty courtesy, which comprehended all present, reared up his lofty head, and looked round, with calm in his eye and a curve on his lip—the self-assured, magnificent, highbred Daredevil.

"Monsieur le Duc," said the Count in English, turning towards his astounded kinsman, and in a voice that, slow, clear, and firm, seemed to fill the room, "I returned to England on the receipt of a letter from my Lord L'Estrange, and with a view, it is true, of claiming at his hands the satisfaction which men of our birth accord to each other, where affront, from what cause soever, has been given or received. Nay, fair kinswoman"—and the Count, with a slight but grave smile, bowed to Violante, who had uttered a faint cry—"that intention is abandoned. If I have adopted too lightly the old courtly maxim, that 'all stratagems are fair in love,' I am bound also to yield to my Lord L'Estrange's arguments,

that the counter stratagems must be fair also. And, after all, it becomes me better to laugh at my own sorry figure in defeat, than to confess myself gravely mortified by an ingenuity more successful than my own." The Count paused, and his eye lightened with sinister fire, which ill suited the raillery of his tone and the polished ease of his bearing. "*Ma foi!*" he continued, "it is permitted me to speak thus, since at least I have given proofs of my indifference to danger, and my good fortune when exposed to it. Within the last six years, I have had the honour to fight nine duels, and the regret to wound five, and dismiss from the world four, as gallant and worthy gentlemen as ever the sun shone upon."

"Monster!" faltered the Parson.

The Squire stared aghast, and mechanically rubbed the shoulder which had been lacerated by Captain Dashmore's bullet. Randal's pale face grew yet more pale, and the eye he had fixed upon the Count's hardy visage quailed and fell.

"But," resumed the Count, with a graceful wave of the hand, "I have to thank my Lord L'Estrange for reminding me that a man whose courage is above suspicion is privileged not only to apologise if he has injured another, but to accompany apology with atonement. Duke of Serrano, it is for that purpose that I am here. My lord, you have signified your wish to ask me some questions of serious import as regards the Duke and his daughter—I will answer them without reserve."

"Monsieur le Comte," said Harley, "availing myself of your courtesy, I presume to inquire who informed you that this young lady was a guest under my father's roof?"

"My informant stands yonder—Mr Randal Leslie. And I call upon Baron Levy to confirm my statement."

"It is true," said the Baron, slowly, and as if overmastered by the tone and mien of an imperious chieftain.

There came a low sound like a hiss from Randal's livid lips.

"And was Mr Leslie acquainted with your project for securing the person and hand of your young kinswoman?"

"Certainly—and Baron Levy knows it." The Baron bowed assent. "Permit me to add—for it is due to a lady nearly related to myself—that it was, as I have since learned, certain erroneous representations made to her by Mr Leslie, which alone induced that lady, after my own arguments had failed, to lend her aid to a project which otherwise she would have condemned as strongly as, Duke di Serrano, I now with unfeigned sincerity do myself condemn it."

There was about the Count, as he thus spoke, so much of that personal dignity which, whether natural or artificial, imposes for the moment upon human judgment—a dignity so supported by the singular advantages of his superb stature, his handsome countenance, his patrician air, that the Duke, moved by his good heart, extended his hand to the perfidious kinsman, and forgot all the Machiavellian wisdom which should have told him how little a man of the Count's hardened profligacy was likely to be influenced by any purer motives, whether to frank confession or to manly repentance. The Count took the hand thus extended to him, and bowed his face, perhaps to conceal the smile which would have betrayed his secret soul. Randal still remained mute and pale as death. His tongue clove to his mouth. He felt that all present were shrinking from his side. At last, with a violent effort, he faltered out, in broken sentences—

"A charge so sudden may well—may well confound me. But—but—who can credit it? Both the law and common sense presupposesome motive for a criminal action; what could be my motive here? I—myself the suitor for the hand of the Duke's daughter—I betray her! Absurd—absurd. Duke—Duke, I put it to your own knowledge of mankind—who ever goes thus against his own interest—and—his own heart?"

This appeal, however feebly made, was not without effect on the philosopher. "That is true," said the Duke, dropping his kinsman's hand; "I see no motive."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "Baron Levy may here enlighten us. Do you know of any motive of self-interest that could have actuated Mr

Leslie in assisting the Count's schemes?"

Levy hesitated. The Count took up the word. "*Pardieu!*" said he, in his clear tone of determination and will—" *Pardieu!* I can have no doubt thrown on my assertion, least of all by those who know of its truth; and I call upon you, Baron Levy, to state whether, in case of my marriage with the Duke's daughter, I had not agreed to present my sister with a sum, to which she alleged some ancient claim, which would have passed through your hands?"

"Certainly, that is true," said the Baron.

"And would Mr Leslie have benefited by any portion of that sum?"

Levy paused again.

"Speak, sir," said the Count, frowning.

"The fact is," said the Baron, "that Mr Leslie was anxious to complete a purchase of certain estates that had once belonged to his family, and that the Count's marriage with the Signora, and his sister's marriage with Mr Hazeldean, would have enabled me to accommodate Mr Leslie with a loan to effect that purchase."

"What! what!" exclaimed the Squire, hastily buttoning his breast pocket with one hand, while he seized Randal's arm with the other—"my son's marriage! You lent yourself to that, too? Don't look so like a lashed hound! Speak out like a man, if man you be!"

"Lent himself to that, my good sir!" said the Count. "Do you suppose that the Marchesa di Negra could have condescended to an alliance with a Mr Hazeldean—"

"Condescended!—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean!" exclaimed the Squire, turning fiercely, and half choked with indignation.

"Unless," continued the Count, imperturbably, "she had been compelled by circumstances to do that said Mr Hazeldean the honour to accept a pecuniary accommodation, which she had no other mode to discharge. And here, sir, the family of Hazeldean, I am bound to say, owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr Leslie; for it was he who most forcibly represented to her the necessity for this *mesalliance*; and it was he, I believe,

who suggested to my friend, the Baron, the mode by which Mr Hazeldean was best enabled to afford the accommodation my sister deigned to accept."

"Mode!—the *post-obit!*" ejaculated the Squire, relinquishing his hold of Randal, to lay his gripe upon Levy.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "Any friend of Mr Frank Hazeldean's would have recommended the same, as the most economical mode of raising money."

Parson Dale, who had at first been more shocked than any one present at these gradual revelations of Randal's treachery, now turning his eyes towards the young man, was so seized with commiseration at Randal's face, that he laid his hand on Harley's arm, and whispered him—"Look, look at that countenance!—and one so young! Spare him, spare him!"

"Mr Leslie," said Harley, in softened tones, "believe me, that nothing short of justice to the Duke di Serrano—justice even to my young friend, Mr Hazeldean, has compelled me to this painful duty. Here let all inquiry terminate."

"And," said the Count with exquisite blandness, "since I have been informed by my Lord L'Estrange, that Mr Leslie has represented as a serious act on his part, that personal challenge to myself, which I understood was but a pleasant and amicable arrangement in a part of our baffled scheme—let me assure Mr Leslie, that if he be not satisfied with the regret that I now express for the leading share I have taken in these disclosures, I am wholly at Mr Leslie's service."

"Peace, homicide," cried the Parson, shuddering; and he glided to the side of the detected sinner, from whom all else had recoiled in loathing.

Craft against craft, talent against talent, treason against treason—in all this Randal Leslie would have risen superior to Giulio di Peschiera. But what now crushed him, was not the superior intellect—it was the sheer brute power of audacity and nerve. Here stood the careless, unblushing villain, making light of his guilt, carrying it away from disgust itself, with resolute look, and front erect. There

stood the abler, subtler, profounder criminal—cowering, abject, pitiful; the power of mere intellectual knowledge shivered into pieces against the brazen metal with which the accident of constitution often arms some ignobler nature.

The contrast was striking, and implied that truth so universally felt, yet so little acknowledged in actual life, that men with superior force of character can subdue and paralyse those far superior to themselves in ability and intelligence. It was that force which made Peschiera Randal's master—nay, the very physical attributes of the Count, his very voice and form, his bold front and unshrinking eye, overpowered the acuter mind of the refining schemer, as in a popular assembly some burly clown crows into timorous silence every dissentient sage. But Randal turned in sullen impatience from the Parson's whisper, that breathed comfort or urged repentance; and at length said, with clearer tones than he had yet mustered—

"It is not a personal conflict with the Count di Peschiera that can vindicate my honour; and I disdain to defend myself against the accusations of a usurer, and of a man who—"

"Monsieur!" said the Count, drawing himself up.

"A man who," persisted Randal, though he trembled visibly, "by his own confession, was himself guilty of all the schemes in which he would represent me as his accomplice, and who now, not clearing himself, would yet convict another—"

"*Cher petit Monsieur!*" said the Count, with his grand air of disdain, "when men like me make use of men like you, we reward them for a service if rendered, or discard them if the service be not done; and, if I condescend to confess and apologise for any act I have committed, surely Mr Randal Leslie might do the same without disparagement to his dignity. But I should never, sir, have taken the trouble to appear against you, had you not, as I learn, pretended to the hand of the lady whom I had hoped, with less presumption, to call my bride; and in this, how can I tell that you have not tricked and betrayed me? Is there anything in our

past acquaintance that warrants me to believe that, instead of serving me, you sought but to serve yourself? Be that as it may, I had but one mode of repairing to the head of my house the wrongs I have done him—and that was by saving his daughter from a derogatory alliance with an impostor who had abetted my schemes for hire, and who now would filch for himself their fruit."

"Duke!" exclaimed Randal.

The Duke turned his back. Randal extended his hands to the Squire. "Mr Hazeldean—what? you, too, condemn me, and unheard!"

"Unheard!—zounds, no! If you have anything to say, speak truth, and shame the devil."

"I abet Frank's marriage!—I sanction the *post-obit!*—Oh!" cried Randal, clinging to a straw, "if Frank himself were but here!"

Harley's compassion vanished before this sustained hypocrisy. "You wish for the presence of Frank Hazeldean. It is just. Mr Dale, you may now leave that young man's side, and in your stead place there Frank Hazeldean himself. He waits in the next room—summon him."

At these words, the Squire cried out with a loud voice—"Frank! Frank!—my son! my poor son!"—and rushed from the apartment through the door towards which Harley had pointed.

This cry and this action gave a sudden change to the feelings of the audience, and for a moment Randal himself was forgotten. The young man seized that moment. Reprieved, as it were, from the glare of contemptuous, accusing eyes—slowly he crept to the door, slowly and noiselessly as the viper, when it is wounded, drops its crest and glides writhing through the grass. Levy followed him to the threshold, and whispered in his ear—

"I could not help it—you would have done the same by me. You see you have failed in everything; and when a man fails completely, we both agreed that we must give him up altogether."

Randal said not a word, and the Baron marked his shadow fall on the broad stairs, stealing down, down, step after step, till it faded from the stones.

"But he was of some use," muttered Levy. "His treachery and his exposure will gall the childless Egerton. Some little revenge still!"

The Count touched the arm of the musing usurer—

"*J'ai bien joué mon rôle, n'est ce pas ?*"—(I have well played my part, have I not?)

"Your part! Ah! but, my dear Count, I do not quite understand it."

"*Ma foi*—you are passably dull. I had just been landed in France, when a letter from L'Estrange reached me. It was couched as an invitation, which I interpreted to—the duello. Such invitations I never refuse. I replied. I came hither—took my lodgings at an inn. My lord seeks me last night. I begin in the tone you may suppose. *Pardieu!* he is clever, *milord!* He shows me a letter from the Prince Von —, Alphonso's recall, my own banishment. He places before me, but with admirable suavity, the option of beggary and ruin, or an honourable claim on Alphonso's gratitude. And as for that *petit Monsieur*, do you think I could quietly contemplate my own tool's enjoyment of all I had lost myself? Nay, more, if that young Harpagon were Alphonso's son-in-law, could the Duke have a whisperer at his ear more fatal to my own interests? To be brief, I saw at a glance my best course. I have adopted it. The difficulty was—to extricate myself as became a man '*de sang et de feu.*' If I have done so, congratulate me. Alphonso has taken my hand, and I now leave it to him—to attend to my fortunes, and clear up my repute."

"If you are going to London," said Levy, "my carriage, ere this, must be at the door, and I shall be proud to offer you a seat, and converse with you on your prospects. But, *peste!* *mon cher*, your fall has been from a great height, and any other man would have broken his bones."

"Strength is ever light," said the Count, smiling; "and it does not fall; it leaps down, and rebounds."

Levy looked at the Count, and blamed himself for having disparaged Peschiera and overrated Randal.

While this conference went on, Harley was by Violante's side.

"I have kept my promise to you,"

said he, with a kind of tender humility. "Are you still so severe on me?"

"Ah!" answered Violante, gazing on his noble brow, with all a woman's pride in her eloquent, admiring eyes—"I have heard from Mr Dale that you have achieved a conquest over yourself, which makes me ashamed to think that I presumed to doubt how your heart would speak when a moment of wrath (though of wrath so just) had passed away."

"No, Violante—do not acquit me yet; witness my revenge, (for I have not forgone it,) and then let my heart speak, and breathe its prayer that the angel voice, which it now beats to hear, may still be its guardian monitor."

"What is this!" cried an amazed voice; and Harley, turning round, saw that the Duke was by his side; and, glancing with ludicrous surprise, now to Harley, now to Violante, "Am I to understand that you——"

"Have freed you from one suitor for this dear hand, to become, myself, your petitioner!"

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" cried the sage, almost embracing Harley, "this, indeed, is joyful news. But I must not again make a rash pledge—not again force my child's inclinations. And Violante, you see, is running away." The Duke stretched out his arm, and detained his child. He drew her to his breast, and whispered in her ear. Violante blushed crimson, and rested her head on his shoulder. Harley eagerly pressed forward.

"There," said the Duke, joining Harley's hand with his daughter's—"I don't think I shall hear any more of the convent; but anything of this sort I never suspected. If there be a language in the world for which there is no lexicon or grammar, it is that which a woman thinks in, but never speaks."

"It is all that is left of the language spoken in Paradise," said Harley.

"In the dialogue between Eve and the serpent—yes," quoth the incorrigible sage. "But who comes here?—our friend Leonard."

Leonard now entered the room; but Harley could scarcely greet him, before he was interrupted by the Count.

"*Milord*," said Peschiera, beckoning him aside, "I have fulfilled my promise, and I will now leave your roof. Baron Levy returns to London, and offers me a seat in his carriage, which is already, I believe, at your door. The Duke and his daughter will readily forgive me, if I do not ceremoniously bid them farewell. In our altered positions, it does not become me too intrusively to claim kindred; it became me only to remove, as I trust I have done, a barrier against the claim; if you approve my conduct, you will state your own opinion to the Duke." With a profound salutation the Count turned to depart; nor did Harley attempt to stay him, but attended him down the stairs with polite formality.

"Remember only, my lord, that I solicit nothing. I may allow myself to accept. *Voilà tout*." He bowed again, with the inimitable grace of the old *regime*, and stepped into the Baron's travelling-carriage.

Levy, who had lingered behind, paused to accost L'Estrange.

"Your lordship will explain to Mr Egerton how his adopted son deserved his esteem, and repaid his kindness. For the rest, though you have bought up the more pressing and immediate demands on Mr Egerton, I fear that even your fortune will not enable you to clear those liabilities, which will leave him perhaps a pauper!"

"Baron Levy," said Harley abruptly, "if I have forgiven Mr Egerton, cannot you too forgive? Me he has wronged—you have wronged him, and more foully."

"No, my lord, I cannot forgive him. You he has never humiliated—you he has never employed for his wants, and scorned as his companion. You have never known what it is to start in life with one whose fortunes were equal to your own, whose talents were not superior. Look you, Lord L'Estrange—in spite of this difference between me and Egerton, that he has squandered the wealth that he gained without effort, while I have converted the follies of others into my own

ample revenues,—the spendthrift in his penury has the respect and position which millions cannot bestow upon me. You would say that I am an usurer, and he is a statesman. But do you know what I should have been, had I not been born the natural son of a peer? Can you guess what I should have been if Nora Avenel had been my wife? The blot on my birth, and the blight on my youth—and the knowledge that he who was rising every year into the rank which entitled him to reject me as a guest at his table—he whom the world called the model of gentlemen—was a coward and a liar to the friend of his youth: all this made me look on the world with contempt; and, despising Audley Egerton, I yet hated him and envied. You, whom he wronged, stretch your hand as before to the great statesman; from my touch you would shrink as pollution. My lord, you may forgive him whom you love and pity; I cannot forgive him whom I scorn and envy. Pardon my prolixity. I now quit your house."

The Baron moved a step—then, turning back, said with a withering sneer—

"But you will tell Mr Egerton how I helped to expose the son he adopted! I thought of the childless man when your lordship imagined I was but in fear of your threats. Ha! ha!—that will sting."

The Baron gnashed his teeth as, hastily entering the carriage, he drew down the blinds. The post-boys cracked their whips, and the wheels rolled away.

"Who can judge," thought Harley, "through what modes retribution comes home to the breast? That man is chastised in his wealth—ever gnawed by desire for that which his wealth cannot buy!" He roused himself, cleared his brow, as from a thought that darkened and troubled; and, entering the saloon, passed his hand upon Leonard's shoulder, and looked, rejoicing, into the poet's mild, honest, lustrous eyes. "Leonard," said he gently, "your hour is come at last."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Audley Egerton was alone in his apartment. A heavy sleep had come over him, shortly after Harley and Randal had left the house in the early morning; and that sleep continued till late in the day. All the while the town of Lansmere had been distracted in his cause—all the while so many tumultuous passions had run riot in the contest that was to close or reopen, for the statesman's ambition, the Janus gates of political war—the object of so many fears and hopes, schemes and counter schemes, had slumbered heavily as an infant in the cradle. He woke but in time to receive Harley's despatch, announcing the success of his election; and adding, "Before the night you shall embrace your son. Do not join us below when I return. Keep calm—we will come to you."

In fact, though not aware of the dread nature of Audley's complaint, with its warning symptoms, Lord L'Estrange wished to spare to his friend the scene of Randal's exposure.

On the receipt of that letter Egerton rose. At the prospect of seeing his son—Nora's son—the very memory of his disease vanished. The poor, weary, over-laboured heart indeed beat loud, and with many a jerk and spasm. He heeded it not. The victory, that restored him to the sole life for which he had hitherto cared to live, was clean forgotten. Nature claimed her own—claimed it in scorn of death, and in oblivion of renown.

There sat the man, dressed with his habitual precision; the black coat, buttoned across the broad breast; his countenance, so mechanically habituated to calm self-control, still revealing little of emotion, though the sickly flush came and went on the bronzed cheek, and the eye watched the hand of the clock, and the ear hungered for a foot-tread along the corridor. At length the sound was heard—steps—many steps. He sprang to his feet—he stood on the hearth. Was the hearth to be solitary no more? Harley entered first. Egerton's eyes rested on him eagerly for a moment, and strained onward across the threshold.

Leonard came next—Leonard Fairfield, whom he had seen as his opponent! He began to suspect—to conjecture—to see the mother's tender eyes in the son's manly face. Involuntarily he opened his arms; but, Leonard remaining still, let them fall with a deep sigh, and fancied himself deceived.

"Friend," said Harley, "I give to you a son proved in adversity, and who has fought his own way to fame. Leonard, in the man to whom I prayed you to sacrifice your own ambition—of whom you have spoken with such worthy praise—whose career of honour you have promoted—and whose life, unsatisfied by those honours, you will soothe with your filial love—behold the husband of Nora Avenel! Kneel to your father! O Audley, embrace your son!"

"Here—here," exclaimed Egerton, as Leonard bowed his knee—"here to my heart! Look at me with those eyes!—kindly, forgivingly: they are your mother's!" His proud head sunk on his son's shoulder.

"But this is not enough," said Harley, leading Helen, and placing her by Leonard's side. "You must open your heart for more. Take into its folds my sweet ward and daughter. What is a home without the smile of woman? They have loved each other from children. Audley, yours be the hand to join—yours be the lips that bless."

Leonard started anxiously. "Oh, sir!—oh, my father!—this generous sacrifice may not be; for he—he who has saved me for this surpassing joy—he too loves her!"

"Nay, Leonard," said Harley, smiling, "I am not so neglectful of myself. Another homewoods you, Audley. He whom you long so vainly sought to reconcile to life, exchanging mournful dreams for happy duties—he, too, presents you to his bride. Love her for my sake—for your own. She it is, not I, who presides over this hallowed re-union. But for her, I should have been a blinded, vindictive, guilty, repentant man; and—" Violante's soft hand was on his lips.

"Thus," said the Parson, with mild solemnity, "Man finds that the Saviour's precepts, 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath,' and 'Love one another,' are clues that conduct us through the labyrinth of human life, when the schemes of fraud and hate snap asunder, and leave us lost amidst the maze."

Egerton reared his head, as if to answer; and all present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sunk on the seat beside him. The left hand rested drooping upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden dying sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard near and nearer. Alas! that blissful PRIVATE LIFE—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it reappeared; hurried away, as the circle on the

ocean, which is scarce seen ere it vanishes amidst infinity. Suddenly both hands were still; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments, so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy bells were pealing triumph; mobs roaring out huzzas; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was borne on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honoured, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave, for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amidst promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame, Death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; lofty hopes fluttering upward; Love kneeling at its feet; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.

FINAL CHAPTER

SCENE—*The Hall in the Old Tower of CAPTAIN ROLAND CAXTON.*

"But you have not done?" said Augustine Caxton.

PISISTRATUS—"What remains to do?"

MR CAXTON—"What!—why, the *Final Chapter*!—the last news you can give us of those whom you have introduced to our liking or dislike."

PISISTRATUS—"Surely it is more dramatic to close the work with a scene that completes the main design of the plot, and leave it to the prophetic imagination of all whose flattering curiosity is still not wholly satisfied, to trace the streams of each several existence, when they branch off again from the lake in which their waters converge, and by which the sibyl has confirmed and made clear the decree, that 'Conduct is Fate.'"

MR CAXTON—"More dramatic, I

grant; but you have not written a drama. A novelist should be a comfortable, garrulous, communicative, gossiping fortune-teller; not a grim, laconical, oracular sibyl. I like a novel that adopts all the old-fashioned customs prescribed to its art by the rules of the Masters, more especially a novel which you style '*My Novel*' *par* emphasis."

CAPTAIN ROLAND—"A most vague and impracticable title '*My Novel*.' It must really be changed before the work goes in due form to the public."

MR SQUILLS—"Certainly the present title cannot be even pronounced by many without inflicting a shock upon their nervous system. Do you think, for instance, that my friend Lady Priscilla Graves—who is a great novel-reader indeed, but holds all female

writers unfeminine deserters to the standard of man—could ever come out with, 'Pray, sir, have you had time to look at—*My Novel*?' She would rather die first. And yet to besilent altogether on the latest acquisition to the circulating libraries, would bring on a functional derangement of her ladyship's organs of speech. Or how could pretty Miss Dulcet—all sentiment, it is true, but all bashful timidity—appal Captain Smirke from proposing, with, 'Did not you think the Parson's sermon a little too dry in *My Novel*?' It will require a face of brass, or at least a long course of citrate of iron, before a respectable lady or unassuming young gentleman, with a proper dread of being taken for scribblers, could electrify a social circle with, 'The reviewers don't do justice to the excellent things in—*My Novel*.'"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Awful consequences, indeed, may arise from the mistakes such a title gives rise to. Counsellor Digwell, for instance—a lawyer of literary tastes, but whose career at the bar was long delayed by an unjust suspicion amongst the attorneys that he had written a 'Philosophical Essay'—imagine such a man excusing himself for being late at a dinner of big-wigs, with, 'I could not get away from—*My Novel*.' It would be his professional ruin! I am not fond of lawyers in general, but still I would not be a party to taking the bread out of the mouth of those with a family; and Digwell has children—the tenth an innocent baby in arms."

MR CAXTON. — "As to Digwell in particular, and lawyers in general, they are too accustomed to circumlocution, to expose themselves to the danger your kind heart apprehends; but I allow that a shy scholar like myself, or a grave college tutor, might be a little put to the blush if he were to blurt forth inadvertently with, 'Don't waste your time over trash like—*My Novel*.' And that thought presents to us another and more pleasing view of this critical question. The title you condemn places the work under universal protection. Lives there a man or a woman, so dead to self-love as to say, 'What contemptible stuff is—*My Novel*?' Would he or she not rather be impelled by that strong impulse of

an honourable and virtuous heart, which moves us to stand as well as we can with our friends, to say—'Allow that there is really a good thing now and then in—*My Novel*.' Moreover, as a novel aspires to embrace most of the interests or the passions that agitate mankind—to generalise, as it were, the details of life that come home to us all—so, in reality, the title denotes that if it be such as the author may not unworthily call his *Novel*, it must also be such as the reader, whoever he be, may appropriate in part to himself—representing his own ideas—expressing his own experience—reflecting, if not in full, at least in profile, his own personal identity. Thus, when we glance at the looking-glass in another man's room, our likeness for the moment appropriates the mirror; and according to the humour in which we are, or the state of our spirits and health, we say to ourselves, 'Bilious and yellow!—I might as well take care of my diet!' Or, 'Well, I've half a mind to propose to dear Jane; I'm not such an ill-looking dog as I thought for!' Still, whatever result from that glance at the mirror, we never doubt that 'tis our likeness we see; and each says to the phantom reflection, 'Thou art myself,' though the mere article of furniture that gives the reflection belongs to another. It is my likeness if it be his glass. And a narrative that is true to the *Varieties of Life*, is every Man's *Novel*, no matter from what shores, by what rivers, by what bays, in what pits were extracted the sands, and the silix, the pearl-ash, the nitre and quicksilver which form its materials; no matter who the craftsman who fashioned its form; no matter who the vendor that sold, or the customer who bought; still, if I but recognise some trait of myself, 'tis my likeness that makes it '*My Novel*.'"

MR SQUILLS, (puzzled, and therefore admiring.)—"Subtle, sir—very subtle. Fine organ of comparison in Mr Caxton's head, and much called into play this evening."

MR CAXTON, (benignly.)—"Finally, the author, by this most admirable and much signifying title, dispenses with all necessity of preface. He need insinuate no merits—he need

extenuate no faults; for by calling his work thus curtly 'My Novel,' he doth delicately imply that it is no use wasting talk about faults or merits."

PISISTRATUS, (amazed.)—"How is that, sir?"

MR CAXTON.—"What so clear? You imply that, though a better novel may be written by others, you do not expect to write a novel to which, taken as a novel, you would more decisively and unblushingly prefix that voucher of personal authorship and identity conveyed in the monosyllable 'My.' And if you have written your best, let it be ever so bad, what can any man of candour and integrity require more from you? Perhaps you will say that, if you had lived two thousand years ago, you might have called it *The Novel*, or the *Golden Novel*, as Lucius called his story 'The Ass;' and Apuleius, to distinguish his own more elaborate ass from all asses preceding it, called his tale 'The Golden Ass.' But living in the present day, such a designation—implying a merit in general, not the partial and limited merit corresponding only with your individual abilities—would be presumptuous and offensive. True—I here anticipate the observation I see Squills is about to make."

SQUILLS.—"I, sir!"

MR CAXTON.—"You would say that, as Scarron called his work of fiction 'The Comic Novel,' so Pisistratus might have called his 'The Serious Novel,' or 'The Tragic Novel.' But, Squills, that title would not have been inviting nor appropriate, and would have been exposed to comparison with Scarron, who being dead is inimitable. Wherefore—to put the question on the irrefragable basis of mathematics—wherefore, as A B 'My Novel' is not equal to B C 'The Golden Novel,' nor to D E the Serious or Tragic Novel, it follows, that A B 'My Novel' is equal to P C 'Pisistratus Caxton,' and P C 'Pisistratus Caxton' must therefore be just equal, neither more nor less, to A B 'My Novel'—Which was to be demonstrated." My father looked round triumphantly, and observing that Squills was dumbfounded, and the rest of his audience posed, he added mildly—

"And so now, *non quæta movere*, proceed with the Final Chapter, and

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tell us first what became of that youthful Giles Overreach, who was himself his own Marrall?"

"Ay!" said the Captain, "what became of Randal Leslie? Did he repent and reform?"

"Nay," quoth my father with a mournful shake of the head, "you can regulate the warm tide of wild passion—you can light into virtue the dark errors of ignorance; but where the force of the brain does but clog the free action of the heart—where you have to deal, not with ignorance misled, but intelligence corrupted—small hope of reform; for reform here will need reorganisation. I have somewhere read (perhaps in Hebrew tradition) that of the two orders of fallen spirits—the Angels of Love, and the Angels of Knowledge—the first missed the stars they had lost, and wandered back through the darkness, one by one into heaven; but the last, lighted on by their own lurid splendours, said, 'Wherever we go, there is heaven!' And deeper and lower descending, lost their shape and their nature, till, deformed and obscene, the bottomless pit closed around them."

MR SQUILLS.—"I should not have thought, Mr Caxton, that a book-man like you would be thus severe upon knowledge."

MR CAXTON, (in wrath.)—"Severe upon knowledge! O Squills—Squills—Squills! Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, which, exposed to the sun, breeds small serpents, or at best slimy eels, not comestible, once was wine. If I say to my grandchildren, 'Don't drink that sour stuff, which the sun itself fills with reptiles;' does that prove me a foe to sound sherry? Squills, if you had but received a scholastic education, you would know the wise maxim that saith, 'All things the worst are corruptions from things originally designed as the best.' Has not freedom bred anarchy, and religion fanaticism? And if I blame Marat calling for blood, or Dominic racking a heretic, am I severe on the religion that canonised Francis de Sales, or the freedom that immortalised Thrasylulus?"

Mr Squills, dreading a catalogue of all the saints in the Calendar, and

an epitome of Ancient History, exclaimed eagerly — “Enough, sir — I am convinced!”

MR CAXTON. — “Moreover, I have thought it a natural stroke of art in Pisistratus, to keep Randal Leslie, in his progress towards the rot of the intellect unwholesomely refined, free from all the salutary influences that keep ambition from settling into egotism. Neither in his slovenly home, nor from his classic tutor at his preparatory school, does he seem to have learned any truths, religious or moral, that might give sap to fresh shoots when the first rank growth was cut down by the knife; and I especially noted, as illustrative of Egerton, no less than of Randal, that though the statesman’s occasional hints of advice to his *protégé* are worldly wise in their way, and suggestive of honour as befitting the creed of a gentleman, they are not such as much influence a shrewd reasoner like Randal, whom the example of the playground at Eton had not served to correct of the arid self-seeking, which looked to knowledge for no object but power. A man tempted by passions like Audley, or seduced into fraud by a cold subtle spirit like Leslie, will find poor defence in the elegant precepts, ‘Remember to act as a gentleman.’ Such moral embroidery adds a beautiful scarf to one’s armour; but it is not the armour itself! Ten o’clock — as I live — Push on, O Pisistratus! and finish the chapter.”

MRS CAXTON, (benevolently.) — “Don’t hurry. Begin with that odious Randal Leslie, to oblige your father; but there are others whom Blanche and I care much more to hear about.”

Pisistratus, seeing there is no help for it, produces a supplementary manuscript, which proves that, whatever his doubt as to the artistic effect of a Final Chapter, he had foreseen that his audience would not be contented without one.

Randal Leslie, late at noon the day after he quitted Lansmere Park, arrived on foot at his father’s house. He had walked all the way, and through the solitudes of the winter night; but he was not sensible of fatigue till the dismal home closed

round him, with its air of hopeless ignoble poverty; and then he sunk upon the floor, feeling himself a ruin amidst the ruins. He made no disclosure of what had passed to his relations. Miserable man, there was not one to whom he could confide, or from whom he might hear the truths that connect repentance with consolation! After some weeks past in sullen and almost unbroken silence, he left as abruptly as he had appeared, and returned to London. The sudden death of a man like Egerton had even in those excited times created intense, though brief sensation. The particulars of the election, that had been given in detail in the provincial papers, were copied into the London journals; — among those details, Randal Leslie’s conduct in the Committee-Room, with many an indignant comment on selfishness and ingratitude. The political world of all parties formed one of those judgments on the great man’s poor dependant, which fix a stain upon the character, and place a barrier in the career, of ambitious youth. The important personages who had once noticed Randal for Audley’s sake, and who, on their subsequent and not long deferred restoration to power, could have made his fortune, passed him in the streets without a nod. He did not venture to remind Avenel of the promise to aid him in another election for Lansmere, nor dream of filling up the vacancy which Egerton’s death had created. He was too shrewd not to see that all hope of that borough was over; — he would have been hooted in the streets and pelted from the hustings. Forlorn in the vast metropolis as Leonard had once been, in his turn he loitered on the bridge, and gazed on the remorseless river. He had neither money nor connections — nothing save talents and knowledge to force his way back into the lofty world in which all had smiled on him before; and talents and knowledge, that had been exerted to injure a benefactor, made him but the more despised. But even now, Fortune, that had bestowed on the pauper heir of Rood advantages so numerous and so dazzling, out of which he had cheated himself, gave him a chance, at least, of present in-

dependence, by which, with patient toil, he might have won, if not to the highest places, at least to a position in which he could have forced the world to listen to his explanations, and perhaps receive his excuses. The £5000 that Audley designed for him, and which, in a private memorandum, the statesman had intreated Harley to see safely rescued from the fangs of the law, was made over to Randal by Lord L'Estrange's solicitor; but this sum seemed to him so small after the loss of such gorgeous hopes, and the up-hill path seemed so slow after such short cuts to power, that Randal looked upon the unexpected bequest simply as an apology for adopting no profession. Stung to the quick by the contrast between his past and his present place in the English world, he hastened abroad. There, whether in distraction from thought, or from the curiosity of a restless intellect to explore the worth of things yet untried, Randal Leslie, who had hitherto been so dead to the ordinary amusements of youth, plunged into the society of damaged gamesters and third-rate *roués*. In this companionship his very talents gradually degenerated, and their exercise upon low intrigues and miserable projects but abased his social character, till, sinking step after step as his funds decayed, he finally vanished out of the sphere in which even profligates still retain the habits, and cling to the *caste*, of gentlemen. His father died; the neglected property of Rood devolved on Randal, but out of its scanty proceeds he had to pay the portions of his brother and sister, and his mother's jointure; the surplus left was scarcely visible in the executors' account. The hope of restoring the home and fortunes of his forefathers had long ceased. What were the ruined hall and its bleak wastes, without that hope which had once dignified the wreck and the desert? He wrote from St Petersburg ordering the sale of the property. No one great proprietor was a candidate for the unpromising investment; it was sold in lots among small freeholders and retired traders. A builder bought the Hall for its materials. Hall, lands, and name were blotted out of the map and the history of the county.

The widow, Oliver, and Juliet removed to a provincial town in another shire. Juliet married an ensign in a marching regiment, and died of neglect after childbirth. Mrs Leslie did not long survive her. Oliver added to his little fortune by marriage with the daughter of a retail tradesman, who had amassed a few thousand pounds. He set up a brewery, and contrived to live without debt, though a large family, and his own constitutional inertness, extracted from his business small profits and no savings. Nothing of Randal had been heard of for years after the sale of Rood, except that he had taken up his residence either in Australia or the United States; it was not known which, but presumed to be the latter. Still, Oliver had been brought up with so high a veneration of his brother's talents, that he cherished the sanguine belief that Randal would some day appear, wealthy and potent, like the uncle in a comedy; lift up the sunken family, and rear into graceful ladies and accomplished gentlemen the clumsy little boys and the vulgar little girls who now crowded round Oliver's dinner-table, with appetites altogether disproportioned to the size of the joints.

One winter day, when from the said dinner-table wife and children had retired, and Oliver sate sipping his half-pint of bad port, and looking over unsatisfactory accounts, a thin terrier, lying on the threadbare rug by the niggard fire, sprang up and barked fiercely. Oliver lifted his dull blue eyes, and saw opposite to him, at the window, a human face. The face was pressed close to the panes, and was obscured by the haze which the breath of its lips drew forth from the frosty rime that had gathered on the glass.

Oliver, alarmed and indignant, supposing this intrusive spectator of his privacy to be some bold and lawless trumper, stepped out of the room, opened the front door, and bade the stranger go about his business; while the terrier still more inhospitably yelped and snapped at the stranger's heels. Then a hoarse voice said, "Don't you know me, Oliver? I am your brother Randal! Call away your dog, and let me in."

Oliver stared aghast—he could not believe his slow senses—he could not recognise his brother in the gaunt grim apparition before him. But at length he came forward, gazed into Randal's face, and, grasping his hand in amazed silence, led him into the little parlour. Not a trace of the well-bred refinement which had once characterised Randal's air and person was visible. His dress bespoke the last stage of that terrible decay which is significantly called the "shabby genteel." His mien was that of the skulking, timorous, famished vagabond. As he took off his greasy tattered hat, he exhibited, though still young in years, the signs of premature old age. His hair, once so fine and silken, was of a harsh iron grey, bald in ragged patches; his forehead and visage were ploughed into furrows; intelligence was still in the aspect, but an intelligence that instinctively set you on your guard—sinister—gloomy—menacing.

Randal stopped short all questioning. He seized the small modicum of wine on the table, and drained it at a draught. "Pooh," said he, "have you nothing that warms a man better than this?" Oliver, who felt as if under the influence of a frightful dream, went to a cupboard and took out a bottle of brandy three-parts full. Randal snatched at it eagerly, and put his lips to the neck of the bottle. "Ah," said he, after a short pause, "this comforts; now, give me food." Oliver hastened himself to serve his brother; in fact, he felt ashamed that even the slipshod maid-servant should see his visitor. When he returned with such provisions as he could extract from the larder, Randal was seated by the fire, spreading over the embers emaciated bony hands, like the talons of a vulture.

He devoured the cold meat set before him with terrible voracity, and nearly finished the spirits left in the bottle; but the last had no effect in dispersing his gloom. Oliver stared at him in fear—the terrier continued to utter a low suspicious growl.

"You would know my history?" at length said Randal, bluntly. "It is short. I have tried for fortune and failed—I am without a penny and without a hope. You seem poor—I

suppose you cannot much help me. Let me at least stay with you for a time—I know not where else to look for bread and for shelter."

Oliver burst into tears, and cordially bade his brother welcome. Randal remained some weeks at Oliver's house, never stirring out of the doors, and not seeming to notice, though he did not scruple to use, the new habiliments which Oliver procured ready-made, and placed, without remark, in his room. But his presence soon became intolerable to the mistress of the house, and oppressive even to its master. Randal, who had once been so abstemious that he had even regarded the most moderate use of wine as incompatible with clear judgment and vigilant observation, had contracted the habit of drinking spirits at all hours of the day; but though they sometimes intoxicated him into stupor, they never unlocked his heart nor enlivened his sullen mood. If he observed less acutely than of old, he could still conceal just as closely. Mrs Oliver Leslie, at first rather awed and taciturn, grew cold and repelling, then pert and sarcastic, at last undisguisedly and vulgarly rude. Randal made no retort; but his sneer was so galling that the wife flew at once to her husband, and declared that either she or his brother must leave the house. Oliver tried to pacify and compromise, with partial success; and, a few days afterwards, he came to Randal and said, timidly, "You see, my wife brought me nearly all I possess, and you don't condescend to make friends with her. Your residence here must be as painful to you as to me. But I wish to see you provided for; and I could offer you something—only it seems, at first glance, so beneath—"

"Beneath what?" interrupted Randal, witheringly. "What I was—or what I am? Speak out!"

"To be sure you are a scholar; and I've heard you say fine things about knowledge and so forth; and you'll have plenty of books at your disposal, no doubt; and you are still young, and may rise—and—"

"Hell and torments! Be quick—say the worst or the best!" cried Randal, fiercely.

"Well, then," said poor Oliver,

still trying to soften the intended proposal, "you must know that our sister's husband was nephew to Dr Felpem, who keeps a very respectable school. He is not learned himself, and attends chiefly to arithmetic and book-keeping, and such matters—but he wants an usher to teach the classics; for some of the boys go to college. And I have written to him, just to sound—I did not mention your name till I knew if you would like it; but he will take my recommendation. Board—lodging—fifty pounds a-year; in short, the place is yours if you like it."

Randal shivered from head to foot, and was long before he answered. "Well, be it so; I have come to that. Ha, ha! yes, knowledge is power!" He paused a few moments. "So the old Hall is rased to the ground, and you are a tradesman in a small country town, and my sister is dead, and I henceforth am—John Smith! You say that you did not mention my name to the school-master—still keep it concealed; forget that I once was a Leslie. Our tie of brotherhood ceases when I go from your hearth. Write, then, to your head master, who attends to arithmetic, and secure the rank of his usher in Latin and Greek for—John Smith."

Not many days afterwards, the *protégé* of Audley Egerton entered on his duties as usher in one of those large, cheap schools, which comprise a sprinkling of the sons of gentry and clergymen designed for the learned professions, with a far larger proportion of the sons of traders, intended, some for the counting-house, some for the shop and the till. There, to this day, under the name of John Smith, lives Randal Leslie.

It is probably not pride alone that induces him to persist in that change of name, and makes him regard as perpetual the abandonment of the one that he took from his forefathers, and with which he had once identified his vaulting ambition; for shortly after he had quitted his brother's house, Oliver read in the weekly newspaper, to which he bound his lore of the times in which he lived, an extract from an American journal, wherein certain mention

was made of an English adventurer who, amongst other aliases, had assumed the name of Leslie—that extract caused Oliver to start, turn pale, look round, and thrust the paper into the fire. From that time he never attempted to violate the condition Randal had imposed on him—never sought to renew their intercourse, nor to claim a brother. Doubtless, if the adventurer thus signalised was the man Oliver suspected, whatever might be imputed to Randal's charge that could have paled a brother's cheek, it was none of the more violent crimes to which law is inexorable, but rather, (in that progress made by ingratitude and duplicity, with Need and Necessity urging them on,) some act of dishonesty, which may just escape from the law, to sink, without redemption, the name. However this be, there is nothing in Randal's present course of life which forebodes any deeper fall. He has known what it is to want bread, and his former restlessness subsides into cynic apathy.

He lodges in the town near the school, and thus the debasing habit of unsocial besotment is not brought under the eyes of his superior. The dram is his sole luxury—if it be suspected, it is thought to be his sole vice. He goes through the ordinary routine of tuition with average credit; his spirit of intrigue occasionally shows itself in attempts to conciliate the favour of the boys whose fathers are wealthy—who are born to higher rank than the rest; and he lays complicated schemes to be asked home for the holidays. But when the schemes succeed, and the invitation comes, he recoils and shrinks back—he does not dare to show himself on the borders of the brighter world he once hoped to sway; he fears that he may be discovered to be—a Leslie! On such days, when his taskwork is over, he shuts himself up in his room, locks the door, and drags himself into insensibility.

Once he found a well-worn volume running the round of delighted school-boys—took it up, and recognised Leonard's earliest popular work, which had once seduced himself into pleasant thoughts and gentle emotions. He carried the book to his own lodgings—read it again; and when he returned

it to its young owner, some of the leaves were stained with tears. Alas! perhaps but the maudlin tears of broken nerves, not of the awakened soul—for the leaves smelt strongly of whisky. Yet, after that reperusal, Randal Leslie turned suddenly to deeper studies than his habitual drudgeries required. He revived and increased his early scholarship; he chalked the outline of a work of great erudition, in which the subtlety of his intellect found field in learned and acute criticism. But he has never proceeded far in this work. After each irregular and spasmodic effort, the pen drops from his hand, and he mutters, "But to what end? I can never *now* raise a name. Why give reputation to—John Smith!"

Thus he drags on his life; and perhaps, when he dies, the fragments of his learned work may be discovered in the desk of the usher, and serve as hints to some crafty student, who may filch ideas and repnte from the dead Leslie, as Leslie had filched them from the living Burley.

While what may be called poetical justice has thus evolved itself from the schemes in which Randal Leslie had wasted rare intellect in baffling his own fortunes, no outward signs of adversity evince the punishment of Providence on the head of the more powerful offender, Baron Levy. No fall in the Funds has shaken the sumptuous fabric, built from the ruined houses of other men. Baron Levy is still Baron Levy the *millionaire*; but I doubt if at heart he be not more acutely miserable than Randal Leslie, the usher. For Levy is a man who has admitted the fiercer passions into his philosophy of life; he has not the pale blood and torpid heart which allow the scotched adder to doze away its sense of pain. Just as old age began to creep upon the fashionable usurer, he fell in love with a young opera-dancer, whose light heels had turned the lighter heads of half the *élégans* of Paris and London. The craft of the dancer was proof against all lesser bribes than that of marriage; and Levy married her. From that moment his house, *Louis Quinze*, was more crowded than ever by the high-born dandies whose society he had long so eagerly courted.

That society became his curse. The Baroness was an accomplished *coquette*; and Levy—with whom, as we have seen, jealousy was the predominant passion—was stretched on an eternal rack. His low estimate of human nature—his disbelief in the possibility of virtue—added strength to the agony of his suspicions, and provoked the very dangers he dreaded. His sole self-torturing task was that of the spy upon his own hearth. His banquets were haunted by a spectre; the attributes of his wealth were as the goad and the scourge of Nemesis. His gay cynic smile changed into a sullen scowl—his hair blanched into white—his eyes were hollow with one consuming care. Suddenly he left his costly house—left London; abjured all the society which it had been the joy of his wealth to purchase; buried himself and his wife in a remote corner of the provinces; and there he still lives. He seeks in vain to occupy his days with rural pursuits; he to whom the excitements of a metropolis, with all its corruption and its vices, were the sole sources of the turbid stream that he called 'pleasure!' There, too, the fiend of jealousy still pursues him; he prowls round his demeanes with the baggard eye and furtive step of a thief; he guards his wife as a prisoner, for she threatens every day to escape. The life of the man who had opened the prison to so many is the life of a jailer. His wife abhors him, and does not conceal it; and still slavishly he dotes on her. Accustomed to the freest liberty—demanding applause and admiration as her rights—wholly uneducated, vulgar in mind, coarse in language, violent in temper—the beautiful Fury he has brought to his home, makes that home a hell. Thus, what might seem to the superficial most enviable, is to their possessor most hateful. He dares not ask a soul to see how he spends his gold—he has shrunk into a mean and niggardly expenditure, and complains of reverse and poverty, in order to excuse himself to his wife for debarring her of the enjoyments which she anticipated from the Money-Bags she had married. A vague consciousness of retribution has awakened remorse, to add to his other stings. And the

remorse coming from superstition, not religion—sent from below, not descending from above—brings with it none of the consolations of a genuine repentance. He never seeks to atone—never dreams of some redeeming good action. His riches flow around him, spreading wider and wider—out of his own reach.

The Count di Peschiera was not deceived in the calculations which had induced him to affect repentance, and establish a claim upon his kinsman. He received from the generosity of the Duke di Serrano an annuity not disproportioned to his rank, and no order from his court forbade his return to Vienna. But, in the very summer that followed his visit to Lansmere, his career came to an abrupt close. At Baden-Baden he paid court to a wealthy and accomplished Polish widow; and his fine person and terrible reputation awed away all rivals save a young Frenchman, as daring as himself, and much more in love. A challenge was given and accepted. Peschiera appeared on the fatal ground, with his customary *sang-froid*, humming an opera air, and looking so diabolically gay that the Frenchman's nerves were affected in spite of his courage. And, the trigger going off before he had even taken aim, to his own ineffable astonishment, he shot the Count through the heart, dead.

Beatrice di Negra lived for some years after her brother's death in strict seclusion, lodging within a convent—though she did not take the veil, as she at first proposed. In fact, the more she saw of the sisterhood, the more she found that human regrets and human passions (save in some rarely gifted natures) find their way through the barred gates and over the lofty walls. Finally, she took up her abode in Rome, where she is esteemed for a life not only marked by strict propriety, but active benevolence. She cannot be prevailed on to accept from the Duke more than a fourth of the annuity that had been bestowed on her brother; but she has few wants, save those of charity; and when charity is really active, it can do so much with so little gold! She is not known in the gayer circles of the city; but she gathers around

her a small society, composed chiefly of artists and scholars, and is never so happy as when she can aid some child of genius—more especially if his country be England.

The Squire and his wife still flourish at Hazeldean, where Captain Barnabas Higginbotham has taken up his permanent abode. The Captain is a confirmed hypochondriac, but he brightens up now and then when he hears of any illness in the family of Mr Sharpe Currie, and is then heard to murmur, "If those seven sickly children should go off, I might still have very great—EXPECTATIONS." For the which he has been roundly scolded by the Squire, and gravely preached at by the Parson. Upon both, however, he takes his revenge in a fair and gentlemanlike way three times a-week at the whist-table, the Parson no longer having the Captain as his constant partner, since a fifth now generally cuts in at the table—in the person of that old enemy and neighbour, Mr Sticktorights. The Parson, thus fighting his own battles unallied to the Captain, observes with melancholy surprise that there is a long run of luck against him, and that he does not win so much as he used to do. Fortunately that is the sole trouble—except Mrs Dale's little tempers, to the which he is accustomed—that ever disturbs the serene tenor of the Parson's life. We must now explain how Mr Sticktorights came to cut in at the Hazeldean whist-table. Frank has settled at the Casino with a wife who suits him exactly, and that wife was Miss Sticktorights. It was two years before Frank recovered the disappointment with which the loss of Beatrice saddened his spirits, but sobered his habits and awoke his reflection. An affection, however misplaced and ill requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man. Frank became steady and serious; and, on a visit to Hazeldean, met at a county ball Miss Sticktorights, and the two young persons were instantly attracted towards each other, perhaps by the very feud that had so long existed between their houses. The marriage settlements were nearly abandoned, at the last moment, by a discussion between

the parents as to the Right of Way. But the dispute was happily appeased by Mr Dale's suggestion, that as both properties would be united in the children of the proposed marriage, all cause for litigation would naturally cease, since no man would go to law with himself. Mr Sticktorights and Mr Hazeldean, however, agreed in the precaution of inserting a clause in the settlements, (though all the lawyers declared that it could not be of any legal avail,) by which it was declared that if, in default of heritable issue by the said marriage, the Sticktorights' estate devolved on some distant scion of the Sticktorights family, the right of way from the wood across the waste land would still remain in the same state of delectable dispute in which it then stood. There seems, however, little chance of a lawsuit thus providently bequeathed to the misery of distant generations—since two sons and two daughters are already playing at hide-and-seek on the terrace where Jackeymo once watered the orange-trees, and in the Belvidere where Riccabocca had studied his Machiavel.

Riccabocca was long before he reconciled himself to the pomp of his principalities and his title of Duke. Jemima accommodated herself much more readily to greatness, but she retained all her native Hazeldean simplicity at heart, and is adored by the villagers around her, especially by the young of both sexes, whom she is always ready to marry and to portion—convinced, long ere this, of the redeemable qualities of the male sex by her reverence for the Duke, who continues to satirise women and wedlock, and deem himself—thanks to his profound experience of the one, and his philosophical endurance of the other—the only happy husband in the world. His chief amusement of late has been in educating the son with whom, according to his scientific prognostics, Jemima presented him shortly after his return to his native land. The sage began betimes with his Italian proverbs full of hard-hearted worldly wisdom, and the boy was scarce out of the hornbook before he was introduced to Machiavel. But somehow or other the simple goodness of the philosopher's actual life, with

his high-wrought patrician sentiments of integrity and honour, so counteract the theoretical lessons, that the Heir of Serrano is little likely to be made more wise by the proverbs, or more wicked by the Machiavel, than those studies have practically made the progenitor, whose opinions his countrymen still shame with the title of "Alphonso the Good."

The Duke long cherished a strong curiosity to know what had become of Randal. He never traced the adventurer to his closing scene. But once (years before Randal had crept into his present shelter) in a visit of inspection to the hospital at Genoa, the Duke, with his peculiar shrewdness of observation in all matters except those which concerned himself, was remarking to the officer in attendance, "that for one dull honest man, whom fortune drove to the hospital or the jail, he had found, on investigation of their antecedents, three sharp-witted knaves who had thereto reduced themselves"—when his eye fell upon a man asleep in one of the sick wards, and recognising the face, not then so changed as Oliver had seen it, he walked straight up, and gazed upon Randal Leslie.

"An Englishman," said the official. "He was brought hither insensible, from a severe wound on the head, inflicted, as we discovered, by a well-known *chevalier d'industrie*, who declared that the Englishman had outwitted and cheated him. That was not very likely, for a few crowns were all we could find on the Englishman's person, and he had been obliged to leave his lodgings for debt. He is recovering—but there is fever still."

The Duke gazed silently on the sleeper, who was tossing restlessly on his pallet, and muttering to himself; then he placed his purse in the official's hand. "Give this to the Englishman," said he; "but conceal my name. It is true—it is true—the proverb is very true"—resumed the Duke, descending the stairs—" *Più pelli di volpi che di asini vanno in Pellicciaria*." (More hides of foxes than of asses find their way to the tanner's.)

Dr Morgan continues to prescribe globules for grief, and to minister infinitesimally to a mind diseased. Practising what he prescribes, he

swallows a globule of “*caustic*” whenever the sight of a distressed fellow-creature moves him to compassion—a constitutional tendency which, he is at last convinced, admits of no radical cure. For the rest, his range of patients has notably expanded; and under his sage care his patients unquestionably live as long—as Providence pleases. No allopathist can say more.

The death of poor John Burley found due place in the obituary of “*literary men*.” Admirers, unknown before, came forward, and subscribed for a handsome monument to his memory in Kensall Green. They would have subscribed for the relief of his widow and children if he had left any. Writers in magazines thrived for some months on collections of his humorous sayings, anecdotes of his eccentricities, and specimens of the eloquence that had lightened through the tobacco-reek of tavern and club-room. Leonard ultimately made a selection from his scattered writings, which found place in standard libraries, though their subjects were either of too fugitive an interest, or treated in too capricious a manner, to do more than indicate the value of the ore had it been purified from its dross and subjected to the art of the mint. These specimens could not maintain their circulation as the coined money of Thought, but they were hoarded by collectors as rare curiosities. Alas, poor Burley!

The Pompleys sustained a pecuniary loss by the crash of a railway company, in which the Colonel had been induced to take several shares by one of his wife’s most boasted “*connections*,” whose estate the said railway proposed to traverse, on paying £400 an acre, in that golden age when railway companies respected the rights of property. The Colonel was no longer able, in his own country, to make both ends meet at Christmas. He is now straining hard to achieve that feat in Boulogne, and has in the process grown so red in the face, that those who meet him in his morning walk on the pier, bargaining for fish, shake their heads and say, “*Old Pompley will go off in a fit of apoplexy; a great loss to our*

society; genteel people the Pompleys! and very highly ‘*connected*.’”

The vacancy created in the borough of Lansmere by Audley Egerton’s death, was filled up by our old acquaintance Haveril Dashmore, who had unsuccessfully contested that seat on Egerton’s first election. The naval officer was now an admiral, and perfectly reconciled to the constitution, with all its alloy of aristocracy.

Dick Avenel did not retire from Parliament so soon as he had anticipated. He was not able to persuade Leonard, whose brief fever of political ambition was now quenched in the calm fountain of the Muse, to supply his place in the senate; and he felt that the house of Avenel needed one representative. He contrived, however, to devote, for the first year or two, much more of his time to his interests at Screwtown than to the affairs of his country, and succeeded in baffling the over-competition to which he had been subjected, by taking the competitor into partnership. Having thus secured a monopoly at Screwtown, Dick, of course, returned with great ardour to his former enlightened opinions in favour of free trade. He remained some years in Parliament; and though far too shrewd to venture out of his depth as an orator, distinguished himself so much by his exposure of “*humbug*” on an important Committee, that he acquired a very high reputation as a man of business, and gradually became so in request amongst all members who moved for “*Select Committees*,” that he rose into consequence; and Mrs Avenel, courted for his sake, more than her own, obtained the wish of her heart, and was received as an acknowledged *habituée* into the circles of fashion. Amidst these circles, however, Dick found that his home entirely vanished; and when he came from the House of Commons, tired to death, at two in the morning, disgusted at hearing for ever that Mrs Avenel was not yet returned from some fine lady’s ball, he formed a sudden resolution of cutting Parliament, Fashion, and London altogether; withdrew his capital, now very large, from his business; bought the remaining estates of Squire Thornhill; and his chief object of ambition is in endeavouring to coax or bully

out of their holdings all the small freeholders round, who had subdivided amongst them, into poles and furlongs, the fated inheritance of Randal Leslie. An excellent justice of the peace, though more severe than your old family proprietors generally are;—a spirited landlord, as to encouraging and making, at a proper per-centage, all permanent improvements on the soil, but formidable to meet if the rent be not paid to the day, or the least breach of covenant be heedlessly incurred on a farm that he could let for more money;—employing a great many hands in productive labour, but exacting rigorously from all the utmost degree of work at the smallest rate of wages which competition and the poor-rate permit;—the young and robust in his neighbourhood never stinted in work, and the aged and infirm, as lumber worn out, stowed away in the work-house;—Richard Avenel holds himself an example to the old race of landlords; and, taken altogether, is no very bad specimen of the rural civilisers whom the application of spirit and capital raise up in the new.

From the wrecks of Egerton's fortune, Harley, with the aid of his father's experience in business, could not succeed in saving, for the statesman's sole child and heir, more than a few thousand pounds; and but for the bonds and bills which, when meditating revenge, he had bought from Levy, and afterwards thrown into the fire,—paying dear for that detestable whistle—even this surplus would not have been forthcoming.

Harley privately paid out of his own fortune the £5000 Egerton had bequeathed to Leslie; perhaps not sorry, now that the stern duty of exposing the false wiles of the schemer was fulfilled, to afford some compensation even to the victim who had so richly deserved his fate; and pleased, though mournfully, to comply with the solemn request of the friend whose offence was forgotten in the remorseful memory of his own projects of revenge.

Leonard's birth and identity were easily proved, and no one appeared to dispute them. The balance due to him as his father's heir, together with the sum Avenel ultimately paid to him for the patent of his invention,

and the dowry which Harley insisted upon bestowing on Helen, amounted to that happy competence which escapes alike the anxieties of poverty and (what to one of contemplative tastes and retired habits are often more irksome to bear) the show and responsibilities of wealth. His father's death made a deep impression upon Leonard's mind; but the discovery that he owed his birth to a statesman of so great a repute, and occupying a position in society so conspicuous, contributed not to confirm, but to still, the ambition which had for a short time diverted him from his more serene aspirations. He had no longer to win a rank which might equal Helen's. He had no longer a parent, whose affections might be best won through pride. The memories of his earlier peasant-life, and his love for retirement—in which habit confirmed the constitutional tendency—made him shrink from what a more worldly nature would have considered the enviable advantages of a name that secured the entrance into the loftiest sphere of our social world. He wanted not that name to assist his own path to a rank far more durable than that which kings can confer. And still he retained in the works he had published, and still he proposed to bestow on the works more ambitious than he had, in leisure and competence, the facilities to design with care, and complete with patience, the name he had himself invented, and linked with the memory of the low-born mother. Therefore, though there was some wonder, in drawing-rooms and clubs, at the news of Egerton's first unacknowledged marriage, and some curiosity expressed as to what the son of that marriage might do—and great men were prepared to welcome, and fine ladies to invite and bring out, the heir to the statesman's grave repute—yet wonder and curiosity soon died away; the repute soon passed out of date, and its heir was soon forgotten. Politicians who fall short of the highest renown are like actors; no applause is so vivid while they are on the stage—no oblivion so complete when the curtain falls on the last farewell.

Leonard saw a fair tomb rise above Nora's grave, and on the tomb was

engraved the word of *wife*, which vindicated her beloved memory. He felt the warm embrace of Nora's mother, no longer ashamed to own her grandchild; and even old John was made sensible that a secret weight of sorrow was taken from his wife's stern silent heart. Leaning on Leonard's arm, the old man gazed wistfully on Nora's tomb, and muttering—"Egerton! Egerton! 'Leonora the first wife of the Right Honourable Audley Egerton!' Ha! I voted for him. She married the right colour. Is that the date? Is it so long since she died? Well, well! I miss her sadly. But wife says we shall both now see her soon; and wife once thought we should never see her again—never; but I always knew better. Thank you, sir. I'm a poor creature, but these tears don't pain me—quite otherwise. I don't know why, but I'm very happy. Where's my old woman? She does not mind how much I talk about Nora now. Oh, there she is! Thank you, sir, humbly; but I'd rather lean on my old woman—I'm more used to it; and—wife, when shall we go to Nora?"

Leonard had brought Mrs Fairfield to see her parents, and Mrs Avenel welcomed her with unlooked-for kindness. The name inscribed upon Nora's tomb softened the mother's heart to her surviving daughter. As poor John had said—'She could *now* talk about Nora;' and in that talk, she and the child she had so long neglected discovered how much they had in common. So when, shortly after his marriage with Helen, Leonard went abroad, Jane Fairfield remained with the old couple. After their death, which was within a day of each other, she refused, perhaps from pride, to take up her residence with Leonard, but she settled near the home which he subsequently found in England. Leonard remained abroad for some years. A quiet observer of the various manners and intellectual development of living races—a rapt and musing student of the monuments that revive the dead—his experience of mankind grew large in silence, and his perceptions of the Sublime and Beautiful brightened into tranquil art under their native skies.

On his return to England he pur-

chased a small house amidst the most beautiful scenes of Devonshire, and there patiently commenced a work in which he designed to bequeath to his country his noblest thoughts in their fairest forms. Some men best develop their ideas by constant exercise; their thoughts spring from their brain ready-armed, and seek, like the fabled goddess, to take constant part in the wars of men. And such are, perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and lofty writers; but Leonard did not belong to this class. Sweetness and serenity were the main characteristics of his genius; and these were deepened by his profound sense of his domestic happiness. To wander alone with Helen by the banks of the murmurous river—to gaze with her on the deep still sea—to feel that his thoughts, even when most silent, were comprehended by the intuition of love, and reflected on that translucent sympathy so yearned for and so rarely found by poets—these were the Sabbaths of his soul, necessary to fit him for its labours: for the Writer has this advantage over other men, that his repose is not indolence. His duties, rightly fulfilled, are discharged to earth and men in other capacities than those of action. If he is not seen among those who act, he is all the while maturing some noiseless influence, which will guide or illumine, civilise or elevate, the restless men whose noblest actions are but the obedient agencies of the thoughts of writers. Call not, then, the Poet whom we place amidst the Varieties of Life, the sybarite of literary ease, if, returning on summer eves, with Helen's light footstep by his musing side, he greets his sequestered home, with its trellised flowers smiling out from amidst the lonely cliffs in which it was embedded;—while, lovers still, though wedded long, they turn to each other, with such deep joy in their speaking eyes, grateful that the world, with its various distractions and noisy conflicts, lay so far from their actual existence—only united to them by the happy link that the writer weaves invisibly with the hearts that he moves and the souls that he inspires. No! Character and circumstance alike unfitted Leonard for the strife of the thronged

literary democracy; they led towards the development of the gentler and purer portions of his nature—to the gradual suppression of the more combative and turbulent. The influence of the happy light under which his genius so silently and calmly grew, was seen in the exquisite harmony of its colours, rather than the gorgeous diversities of their glow. His contemplation, intent upon objects of peaceful beauty, and undisturbed by rude anxieties and vehement passions, suggested only kindred reproductions to the creative faculty by which it was vivified; so that the whole man was not only a poet, but, as it were, a poem—a living idyl, calling into pastoral music every reed that sighed and trembled along the stream of life. And Helen was so suited to a nature of this kind, she so guarded the ideal existence in which it breathes! All the little cares and troubles of the common practical life she appropriated so quietly to herself—the stronger of the two, as should be a poet's wife, in the necessary household virtues of prudence and forethought. Thus, if the man's genius made the home a temple, the woman's wisdom gave to the temple the security of the fortress. They have only one child—a girl; they call her Nora. She has the father's soul-lit eyes, and the mother's warm human smile. She assists Helen in the morning's noiseless domestic duties; she sits in the evening at Leonard's feet, while he reads or writes. In each light grief of childhood she steals to the mother's knee, but in each young impulse of delight, or each brighter flash of progressive reason, she springs to the father's breast. Sweet Helen, thou hast taught her this, taking to thyself the shadows even of thine infant's life, and leaving to thy partner's eyes only its rosy light!

But not here shall this picture of Helen close. Even the Ideal can only complete its purpose by connection with the Real. Even in solitude the writer must depend upon Mankind.

Leonard at last has completed the work, which has been the joy and the labour of so many years—the work which he regards as the flower of all his spiritual being, and to which he has committed all the hopes that

unite the creature of to-day with the generations of the future. The work has gone through the press, each line lingered over with the elaborate patience of the artist, loath to part with the thought he has sculptured into form while an improving touch can be imparted by the chisel. He has accepted an invitation from Norreys. In the restless excitement, (strange to him since his first happy maiden effort,) he has gone to London. Unrecognised in the huge metropolis, he has watched to see if the world acknowledge the new tie he has woven between its busy life and his secluded toil. And the work came out in an unpropitious hour; other things were occupying the public; the world was not at leisure to heed him, and the book did not penetrate into the great circle of readers. But a savage critic has seized on it, and mangled, distorted, deformed it, confounding together defect and beauty in one mocking ridicule; and the beauties have not yet found an exponent, nor the defects a defender; and the publisher shakes his head, points to groaning shelves, and delicately hints that the work which was to be the epitome of the sacred life within life, does not hit the taste of the day. Leonard thinks over the years that his still labour has cost him, and knows that he has exhausted the richest mines of his intellect, and that long years will elapse before he can recruit that capital of ideas which is necessary to sink new shafts and bring to light fresh ore; and the deep despondency of intellect, frustrated in its highest aims, has seized him, and all he has before done is involved in failure by the defeat of the crowning effort. Failure, and irrecoverable, seems his whole ambition as writer; his whole existence in the fair Ideal seems to have been a profitless dream, and the face of the Ideal itself is obscured. And even Norreys frankly, though kindly, intimates that the life of a metropolis is essential to the healthful intuition of a writer in the intellectual wants of his age. For every great writer supplies a want in his own generation, for some feeling to be announced, some truth to be revealed; and as this maxim is generally sound, as most great writers have lived in cities, Leonard dares not dwell on the

exceptions; it is only success that justifies the attempt to be an exception to the common rule; and with the blunt manhood of his nature, which is not a poet's, Norreys sums up with "What then? One experiment has failed; fit your life to your genius, and try again." Try again! Easy counsel enough to the man of ready resource and quick combative mind; but to Leonard, how hard and how harsh! "Fit his life to his genius!"—renounce Contemplation and Nature for the jostle of Oxford Street!—would that life not scare away the genius for ever? Perplexed and despondent, though still struggling for fortitude, he returns to his home, and there at his hearth awaits the Soother, and there is the voice that repeats the passages most beloved, and prophecies so confidently of future fame; and gradually all around smiles from the smile of Helen. And the profound conviction that Heaven places human happiness beyond the reach of the world's contempt or praise, circulates through his system and restores its serene calm. And he feels that the duty of the intellect is to accomplish and perfect itself—to harmonise its sounds into music that may be heard in heaven, though it wake not an echo on the earth. If this be done, as with some men, best amidst the din and the discord, be it so; if, as with him, best in silence, be it so too. And the next day he reclines with Helen by the sea-shore, gazing calmly as before on the measureless sunlit ocean; and Helen, looking into his face, sees that it is sunlit as the deep. His hand steals within her own, in the gratitude that endears beyond the power of passion, and he murmurs gently, "Blessed be the woman who consoles."

The work found its way at length into fame, and the fame sent its voices loud to the poet's home. But the applause of the world had not a sound so sweet to his ear, as when, in doubt, humiliation, and sadness, the lips of his Helen had whispered "Hope! and believe."

Side by side with this picture of Woman the Consoler, let me place the companion sketch. Harley L'Es-trange, shortly after his marriage with Violante, had been induced,

whether at his bride's persuasions, or to dissipate the shadow with which Egerton's death still clouded his wedded felicity, to accept a temporary mission, half military, half civil, to one of our colonies. On this mission he had evinced so much ability, and achieved so signal a success, that on his return to England he was raised to the peerage, while his father yet lived to rejoice that the son who would succeed to his honours had achieved the nobler dignity of honours not inherited, but won. High expectations were formed of Harley's parliamentary success; but he saw that such success, to be durable, must found itself on the knowledge of wearisome details, and the study of that practical business, which jarred on his tastes, though it suited his talents. Harley had been indolent for so many years—and there is so much to make indolence captivating to a man whose rank is secured, who has nothing to ask from fortune, and who finds at his home no cares from which he seeks a distraction;—so he laughed at ambition in the whim of his delightful humours, and the expectations formed from his diplomatic triumph died away. But then came one of those political crises, in which men ordinarily indifferent to politics rouse themselves to the recollection, that the experiment of legislation is not made upon dead matter, but on the living form of a noble country. And in both Houses of Parliament the strength of party is put forth. It was a lovely day in spring, and Harley was seated by the window of his old room at Knightsbridge—now glancing to the lively green of the budding trees—now idling with Nero, who, though in canine old age, enjoys the sun like his master—now repeating to himself, as he turns over the leaves of his favourite Horace, some of those lines that make the shortness of life the excuse for seizing its pleasures and eluding its fatigues, which form the staple morality of the polished epicurean—and Violante (into what glorious beauty her maiden bloom has matured!) comes softly into the room, seats herself on a low stool beside him, leaning her face on her hands, and looking up at him through her dark, clear, spiritual eyes; and, as she continues to speak, gradually a

change comes over Harley's aspect—gradually the brow grows thoughtful, and the lips lose their playful smile. There is no hateful assumption of the would-be "superior woman"—no formal remonstrance, no lecture, no homily which grates upon masculine pride, but the high theme and the eloquent words elevate unconsciously of themselves, and the Horace is laid aside—a Parliamentary Blue Book has been, by some marvel or other, conjured there in its stead—and Violante now moves away as softly as she entered. Harley's hand detains her.

"Not so. Share the task, or I quit it. Here is an extract I condemn you to copy. Do you think I would go through this labour if you were not to halve the success?—halve the labour as well!"

And Violante, overjoyed, kisses away the implied rebuke, and sits down to work, so demure and so proud, by his side. I do not know if Harley made much way in the Blue Book that morning; but a little time after, he spoke in the Lords, and surpassed all that the most sanguine had hoped from his talents. The sweetness of fame and the consciousness of utility once fully tasted, Harley's consummation of his proper destinies was secure. A year later, and his voice was one of the influences of England. His boyish love of glory revived; no longer vague and dreamy, but ennobled into patriotism, and strengthened into purpose. And one evening, after a signal triumph, when his father returned home with him, and Violante—who, all lovely, all brilliant though she was, never went forth in her lord's absence, to lower, among fops and flatterers, the dignity of the name she so aspired to raise—sprang to meet him. Harley's eldest son—a boy yet in the nursery—had been kept up later than usual; perhaps Violante had anticipated her husband's triumph, and wished the son to share it. The old Earl beckoned the child to him, and, laying his hand on the infant's curly locks, said, with unusual seriousness—

"My boy, you may see troubled times in England before these hairs are as grey as mine; and your stake in England's honour and peace will be great. Heed this hint from an old man who had no talents to make a

noise in the world, but who yet has been of some use in his generation. Neither sounding titles, nor wide lands, nor fine abilities will give you real joy, unless you hold yourself responsible for all to your God and to your country; and when you are tempted to believe that the gifts you may inherit from both entail no duties, or that duties are at war with true pleasure, remember how I placed you in your father's arms, and said, 'Let him be as proud of you some day, as I at this hour am of him.'"

The boy clung to his father's breast, and said manfully, "I will try!" Harley bent his fair smooth brow over the young earnest face, and said softly, "Your mother speaks in you!"

Then the old Countess, who had remained silent and listening on her elbow chair, rose and kissed the Earl's hand reverently. Perhaps in that kiss there was the repentant consciousness how far the active goodness she had often secretly undervalued had exceeded, in its fruits, her own cold unproductive powers of will and mind. Then passing on to Harley, her brow grew elate, and the pride returned to her eye.

"At last," she said, laying on his shoulder that light firm hand, from which he no longer shrunk—"at last, O my noble son, you have fulfilled all the promise of your youth!"

"If so," answered Harley, "it is because I have found what I then sought in vain." He drew his arm around Violante, and added, with half tender, half solemn smile—"Blessed is the woman who exalts!"

So, symbolled forth in these twin and fair flowers which Eve saved for Earth out of Paradise, each with the virtue to heal or to strengthen, stored under the leaves that give sweets to the air;—here, soothing the heart when the world brings the trouble—here recruiting the soul which our sloth or our senses enervate, leave we Woman, at least, in the place Heaven assigns to her amidst the multiform "*Varieties of Life.*"

Farewell to thee, gentle Reader; and go forth to the world, O MY NOVEL!

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS ABOUT MANY THINGS.

MY DEAR EUSEBIUS,—I was sorry to hear of your accident, and should ere this have been with you, had not your cheering letter been put into my hands as I was making preparation to reach you. I therefore determined to prosecute my prior intention, and keep my promise to our old friend, and my old schoolfellow, the philosopher, by visiting him at his ancestral residence amid the autumnal glories of the Quantock Hills. We conversed of you, and I need not say how affectionately; and drew such a picture of you, so pleasant that, as your accident gives you now but little pain, and I trust only confines you to your house for a week, I really begin to think it worth while that you should be as you are—that you should thus, as it were, sit for your portrait, and depict upon the retina of our minds' eye the happy scene, shall I call it, of your sick-room, the busy virtues of your household, and your own patience. There you are, on your ancient peacock-pattern quilted sofa, the which you say you love because it was the stick-work of your grandmother's fingers, and never lie on it but under a sense that her hands are supporting you; and you have wondered at the lack of proper mother affection in the pride of the expression of the permanent rest, that men "sleep with their fathers." The second infancy, you would say, should have reminded them of their mothers' arms and bosoms, and thus you have scoffed at furniture fashions; and however heterogeneous the medley may have become, when modern requirements and inventions battled for locality with older family memorials, your mother's, your grandmother's, and one or two of your old-maiden aunts' samplers and filigree-work have pertinaciously retained their places. So scrupulously exact were we in taking your portrait, Eusebius, that we rubbed out of the canvass many times your attitude, for lack of materials more than of skill. As there may be a scarcity of pigments, so is there often of words. Neither "reclined," nor "incumbent," nor "lying," would in any

degree represent it. Your habitual pliancy and litheness of limb is totally negligent of the hints sent out from your sensorium, that you are not so young as you were; and age is obliged to give you not unfrequently a sudden check, which you resist like a colt who had first felt that sharp curb, and your attitudes of repose are at best eccentric. Yet, somehow or other, they have an awkward grace that makes one doubt the dogmas about the "line of beauty."

We could only say, therefore, that we saw you on your sofa, and you were as a "monarch of all you survey," proudly looking round at your treasures, and borrowing a grave thought from one, a mirthful one from another, and a benevolent satire from a third, something fanciful from a fourth, of the old print-portraits of the wise and intellectual of other days. Here you nod your head to Jeremy Taylor. Here you take a pinch of snuff with Sterne; there you smile familiarly upon the large smooth forehead of Shakspeare, whether genuine or not. You reason with Montaigne till you laugh; you ruminate with Locke; you wonder with Newton, for you look as if you would not interrupt the course of his speculations.

There is your collection of statesmen's heads under one frame, as if you would attempt to exhibit a happy family of dissentients. But there is William Pitt, in large, over your fireplace, separating those who have tossed about and jumbled the old world by their politics, from those captains, on the other side of your fireplace, who have navigated unknown seas, to discover new worlds, as playthings for statesmen whom you have not yet framed. Captain Cook occupies the centre station, because he was most humane. With these before you, you "run the great circuit, and are still at home," if that be the line; and this reminds me of the omission of poor Cowper's face, which you have put by in a more obscure corner, by the side of the window, because you only like to look at him in certain moods of melancholy reflection. You

love his satire rather as an index of his amiability, which you say is the property of all true satirists, than for its tone, and the impressions it leaves. You have but one of the Cæsars, the great Julius, as worth all the rest, and he is in a medallion; and, strange association, his companion is Prince Le Boo. Why, you only can tell; and over them is Washington, for whose presence you have often apologised, by confessing your predilection for a large prominent chin. Your books opposite your comfortable fire are receiving from it a kindly glow upon their russets, for you have no gay bindings. You like to think your books, which are not of the newest, have been in the hands of their contemporaries, and are still living thoughts, bound up in death's dust, whose dry antiquity is of immortality, and defies corruption—embrowned, indeed, but preserved by their own solid sterling substance within. You know what your books in this room are, for they are only a portion of your library. They are as characteristic of your taste and your feelings, as is your collection of portraits. Above these, you look along the range of your shelf, which also runs along the other side of your room, on which are casts, of a reduced size, of some of the finest statues of antiquity.

Nor are these dead humanities, that you never think to be dead, all to take your eye. You have your interruptions; there is your old faithful, unloquacious Thomas, who comes in to report his mission of charity on which you have sent him, or on which he has gone on his own accord, because he knew you would have him do so—this original Thomas, whom, five-and-twenty years ago, you brought into your service so strangely. "Well, Mr Thomas," you said, "I will inquire into your character; and in a fortnight you may come again."—"Very well," replied the simple, truthful man; "very well, sir; and in the meanwhile I will inquire into yours." Doubtless he did so; and you have lived together ever since, for you are as much his servant as he is yours, for you both think more of each other's comforts than of your own. You neither of you make inquiry now, you have long ago under-

stood each other; but I doubt if you would have taken him if he had not so tickled you, and hit your own humour, by inquiring into *your* character. Then there is sedulous Susan, more frequently than your fire needs her service, making her appearance, really to see how master looks, and if he is better, and to suggest some little thing or other for his comfort. There is old Don still wagging his tail on your hearth, and looking up in your face, as much as to tell you, you have read that book long enough. So you obey, lay it aside, pat his honest head, put your finger on the reflecting knob on your forehead, and think awhile, and then your Book of Thoughts is before you, and you put Wisdom in her black-and-white livery; and your pen runs the vagaries of odd fancies, to be worked one of these days into good tissue. And where is now your animated talk, your open outburst of indignant eloquence? for you are a good hater of characters and of things, as all lovers of true men and true things are; you are shut out, in this your room, from conflicting contact, and you have no controversial conversation with amiably provoking friend to draw you out: and old Thomas and sedulous Susan don't quite like all this silent patience, and fear it portends ill, and that, notwithstanding what the doctor says, master is not so well as he should be. We can see that Thomas has half a mind to feel the pulse of your disposition, by telling you something a little unpleasant—a little anecdote of hypocrisy or knavery. He is hesitating, and, after all, won't vex master, now he's ill. Who knows what may happen, and he should have to repent of it? Consider now how much happiness you will suck out of this your temporary ailment. You are sensible of being the object of unceasing tenderness; the pillow is shaken up, and laid for you with studied attention to your ease. You think with satisfaction of the petted days of your earliest childhood; you feel that you are not the nonentity of a sage among those who care not for your philosophy; there is an additional ounce of domestic affection seasoning your porridge, and it is sweetly palatable, and it warms your heart. I should not

at all wonder if you were to be a voluntary experimentalist in these sympathies, and protract your illness a week or two beyond its legitimate date. You will coax your little debility into your imagination, and cheat yourself into a belief that you are weary of travel; you will voyage with Cook, you will look a lion in the face with Mungo Park in Africa, or you will go campaigning with Marlborough, or your favourite Prince Rupert. Happy, in all extremities, that you can shift your scene of action to any quarter of the globe you please, and when you are bodily weary, as you will be from your constrained position, you will fancy the fatigue of travel, and go to your own accustomed bed, with the words of Catullus—

“Vix mi ipse credens, Thyniam atque Bithynos
Liquisse campos
O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larom ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.”

And now, Eusebius, having seen you fairly a-bed, I have only to wish you pleasant dreams. O the blessedness of imagination! it keeps up life, even under that image of death—sleep; it proves, as you have asserted, that sleep is not death, or that death itself is a more perfect living sleep—mind independent of bodily substance. You are right in your tirades against those education-mongers, in whose absurd system imagination is to be quenched, and all their arguments upon the subject are false. They prate of realities, and know not what reality is; and cannot know, if they leave imagination out of the ingredient. There is more of the ideal in everything than such wot of. Let them build ever so thick and high their wall of reality, to shut out images of beauty and visions unterrestrial, the mind of living men, in scorn of their absurd endeavour, will assume wings, and fly over it, and be far better the other side of it.

You would say, and vehemently, that it is an irreligious madness to reject, to check the growth, and deny the use of our Creator's gift imagination, whence arise, or at least whence

take their embellishment and vigour, the virtues which make the great men of all ages and nations—statesmen, poets, painters, philosophers, and even that class of highest utilitarians, our inventors, our discoverers in science. Sentiment is a portion in true reality; all without it is dross and a *caput mortuum*. Let not your child, say the would-be wise educationists, read works of fiction; they enervate, they unfit them for life's realities. You and I, Eusebius, deny it *in toto*. They fit them for everything; they feed the heart with noble sentiment; they show that there are things, ideal or not, worth all patience, all fortitude. They thus strengthen, not enervate, excepting by a base abuse; and a high responsibility is theirs who have the commanding gift and do abuse it. But it is a coward's part to argue from the abuse. There is nothing more degrading to our nature than a low utilitarianism. And why here I throw out my indignation against those who would daub humanity over with the mud of their own thoughts, my Eusebius, will be apparent enough when I give you some account of my excursion, my conversation with our poet-philosopher, amiably vehement, as a true, good, prejudiced man should be, in all things, and when I tell you of my seeings and my doings after I left him. A prejudiced man! and would you admire a prejudiced man? will be the suggestion of the first common acquaintance who impertinently looks over your shoulder, Eusebius, while you read this. Yes, sir, I more than admire, I love a prejudiced man. Eusebius himself is a very prejudiced man; and if you shun such a character, pray be so good as to find the way to the door, and go out into the streets, and through the whole village proclaim it, and vilify your neighbour at the next township meeting; and though you boast yourself an unprejudiced man, you will never show half so bold and open a forehead as my friend Eusebius.

Now, Eusebius, you see you have, as I told you, sat for your portrait; how do you like the features and their character? We will be shy, my friend, of a man who has no prejudices. Take them off from some of

us, and we shall be naked indeed. In this busy world, where there is so much to learn, and so little time to learn, and where positive truth is every moment slipping through our fingers, it is well to cherish a few prejudices, especially those which we have drawn in with our mother's milk, or inherited from worthy fathers.

You and I have not the same prejudices as our friend the philosopher, my delightful host, my old school-fellow; and both of us would be sorry indeed to uproot his, and graft our own in their stead. Prejudices make up identities. Without them we should be like only pease in a bag, and like them only fit for being boiled, and the worst of us thrown to fatten pigs. What are called "strong-minded women," and men without prejudices, are my abhorrence; and having said this say, I look over my diary, and send you such extracts as may serve to amuse you. You are fairly down upon your haunches, a ruminating animal; take the nutritive grass out of my journal, and chew the cud at your leisure.

Oct. —, 5 o'clock.—Just come in from a walk with the philosopher and our mutual friend ———; and before I dress for dinner, sit down to realise on paper this place and its improvements since I last saw it. It is a situation of singular retirement, amid the hills, yet at the head of a valley lengthening into some distance, sufficient for those various atmospheric perspectives which are the breath of beauty. Its character is pastoral. There is nothing dressed here, not even immediately about the house; but there are beautiful trees. The beeches prevail, whose silver stems so gracefully make a light in the deep wood-shades. The large pond above the house has now an accessible path, where before there was a hedge; and as you ascend to it, the trees look very high, and their large stems imposing. This is an improvement. I could wish that solitary swan had a companion. Poor bird, he has lost his mate, and sails now gracefully up to greet every visitor. Philosopher should do as he would be done by; he is happily now no solitary bird; blessed be his nest. As we

skirted the valley by the upland, the extent opened before us. The long hill-sides, heathery and of wood, not continuous, but with outstretching and receding patches, that slightly broke without destroying the unity, give a great air of a wild untouched freedom to the whole valley. As far as I have seen, these Quantock Hills have no large, barren, dreary table-land, but are made up of slopes and dips; so that, the moment you are at the top of one, you are close upon the descent into another. I have come to this conclusion, that, even close to a house, in some situations, such as this well-shorn grass lawn is not so pleasing to the eye as the ground covered with heather and fern, if beautiful trees grow among them; for how graceful is the fan-like fern! and there is a variety which the smooth-shorn lawn does not present. But in such a case there must be nothing trim; and I think also, the house should be large, as this is, and by its consequence show that beauty, not economy, is the object. Were I philosopher, I should be tempted to let the lawn ground be wilder. We see at this time of year the advantage of this; for the red and orange-colour leaves, strewed upon the ground, variegating the green, assimilate the ground below with the trees above, and take off the abruptness which is too visible where they are swept off. Nature loves not this abruptness, and strews the ground for a purpose. I have often heard of places being badly kept, because unswept; whereas, to the eye of the painter, they are better so; for the colour with which the ground is strewed is beautiful, and certainly is in accordance with the sentiment to which autumn gives rise.

It was a right pleasant meeting to-day, when four old schoolfellows sat down to dinner. How many years have passed since we were young and jocund in the same play-ground, and saddened over the same books! Our master was a good, ripe scholar, and made scholars. I must pay a tribute of gratitude to his memory; for, though I left him earlier than my companions for a public school, he laid such a foundation, that I feel sure I have to thank him for those literary tastes which have been my comfort

and pleasure during a not very short life. One of the four I have not often met, but three of us (and many of some mark from the same school I could mention) have cultivated literature ardently, and the Philosopher the sciences also. Schools in our days were a little rough, it must be owned—perhaps in the end not the worse; some, I am quite sure, are too fine, and bring up boys too delicately. I had occasion lately to put a boy to school—he was required to bring a “dressing-case.” A youth thus brought up in the cotton and perfume of education, will hardly pack up his all at an hour’s notice, and rough it over the world where fortune may chance to call him. He may miss good chances in life by this early delicacy. A “dressing-case!” and perhaps warm water to wash his precious face, and honey-soap for his hands. For some years I had to get out of my warm bed on winter mornings at early dawn, and be out in the open air to wash and unfreeze the cock of the conduit before I could get water, and not do all this for myself only. I do not know that the hardship was so great, and I often think I am the stronger for that hardy bringing-up. At the college of St Mary, at Winton, we had a stream running through the play-ground. I fell in one morning, in trying to leap across it. I sent to the master, requesting the key of my room, and permission to change my clothes. The answer was, that I might run about and dry them on. A “dressing-case” schoolmaster would have sent for a nurse and hot blankets, and perhaps the apothecary! Even now, pretty well advanced in years, I astonish people by walking out day or night without a hat. It is only custom makes me wear one—early habit! Eusebius will say that the peace societies will do little good at schools; he used to abominate good Dr Watts for vilifying the canine race, and teaching children to dislike them for their fighting propensities, which, after all, they learn of us. The goody children of Dr Watts’ maxims are not a whit less cruel, for they who take Dr Watts as a teacher, think it very amiable bringing-up to teach their young ones to abstain from bloody noses, but send them out

upon the pious mission of catching God’s innocent creatures in their pleasant fields, and sticking pins through them, on the pretence that they are learning entomology. Some years ago, I knew a piously-brought-up Methodist child caught spinning a cockchafer, and flipping him with his finger to make him spin, saying at every flip, “I’ll make thee preach the gospel!” Some people say that all children are cruel. I doubt the fact; but, if they are so by nature, how is it they grow out of it? The fighting of boys is not cruel, and, in its results, it settles little wrongs that would, if totally forbidden, rankle within, and perhaps to the permanent injury of the disposition. When the combat is over, they shake hands, and are very good friends. I know not if I ought to be grateful or otherwise to my old master’s memory for one lesson I learnt, however ill learnt the others were. Perhaps it was quite necessary that I should acquire some knowledge of injustice, to prepare me for the world in which I was to live. A petted boy will not learn it at his own hearth. I was sent to my Orbitius at a very early age; we slept each in his little bed in a long room dignified as our dormitory. The bigger boys took it into their mischievous heads to toss me morning after morning in a blanket, because they said I resembled Sancho Panza in the print. Prayers, entreaties, bribes, (for I bribed them with all my worldly goods—I believe fourpence halfpenny,) were in vain; they took the bribe, but nevertheless tossed me in the blanket. Now, did I not here learn also a lesson—the inutility of bribes? One morning there was a great noise in our dormitory; most were, as they termed it, bolstering; weary of that, they resorted to the victimising me in the blanket. I had been up several times, and tried the hardness of the ceiling, but was destined also to feel the hardness of the floor. The noise attracted our master. He was a thin, active man, and could come and go as noiseless as a cat. He must have had felt shoes for the purpose. As I was midway between the ceiling and the blanket, he rushed in. Rather short-sighted, he did not see my unfortunate position. All the

other boys had scrambled into bed—I was the only one out, and a hard bump I had on the floor; and my little shirt was not, with all this agitation and tossing, quite as smoothed down as I could have wished it. I certainly, therefore, must have presented a very tempting mark, and our Orbitius was not one "*parcere subjectis*." He was armed with one of those thin, pliant canes, somewhat less in thickness than one's little finger. There was no escaping it—it would find its way round our limbs like an eel. It was with this he rushed upon me; for, as I said, I was the only one out of bed, and smarting from my fall. The cane did its work, and I must have had full as many strokes of it as there were boys in the school, and a few over; the punishment—that is, for other's doings—was most severe. I was in a sad state. This was such an example of injustice, that I learnt what I was to expect in the world. I was prepared, and the world kept the promise of the lesson. But Orbitius was a good master, and for the bottom of sound learning he laid in me I freely forgive him. I knew him intimately in after life, and liked him much. He is gone; I am sorry I did not give him an opportunity to repent of his little hasty injustice. Vicarious punishment was, however, the rule of old-school discipline; for whenever the head was in fault, the other end was sure to suffer. Hence, perhaps, the expression, being backward in learning. Corporal punishments are, however, now quite out of date—I am sorry for it. There was many a man did his duty at Waterloo that had been well flogged in his youth. Flogging was a kind of smart-money, deposited as surety for future good behaviour. We four that met together to-day had had Orbitius's stamp upon the coin—we have no reason to complain of the interest it has paid us.

I had a delightful walk this morning with the Philosopher. Something or other touched a string that indignantly vibrated; and he broke forth in a strain of poetic satire that quite fascinated me. He must have repeated hundreds of his lines; and then, to undo the work of wrath, he went off into continuous volubility of playful rhymes, then again to strains

of tenderness. I did not think he had possessed such a poetic vein, addicted, as he has ever been, to science. He would publish them, but he is aware that this is not a poetic age. What is the cause of this? Is it that the magnitude of the realities of science is a great and overwhelming poetry? The probabilities of fabulous tales are left far behind. Let me make a confession, rather than blame the age for this. Do I read poetry myself?—alas! no—nor attempt to write it now. Had my friend's admirable verses been in print, it is a great chance if I should have read them; and yet, when I do take up a scrap of old poetry, dipping into some old volume, I am so delighted that I vow to pursue that kind of reading; but I do not. Really the world, with all its exciting busy doings, is too much for us. There is no leisure, no slow movement; it is all railway pace, or, infinitely more, telegraphic. With all these rapid movements, every man that had anything to do has now double work. Trade turns its capital thereby over and over again; and is not this the cause of the increase of our and of all other countries' prosperity? For ourselves the ratio of progression is less than with others.

We went to-day to see the church, which is almost within the grounds. It is quite a rural church, and of good architecture. There is an avenue of limes along the north side, and on the west and south are one or two very ancient yew trees, and a graceful old cross. The dark yews throw a solemn shade on the ground and building, just admitting the flickering sunlight that plays about the walls and the tombs. The church is very old; I am not architect enough to speak of its age. Like other churches, it has sadly suffered. There is a plastered ceiling, which evidently conceals an elaborate timber roof, for the cornice which remains is highly worked in wood, and over every arch is a carved angel. Every seat, excepting some modern ones, is exquisitely carved—in a great variety of patterns and monograms. The carving is quite sharp now, excepting where worn by the hand at the top. I have often wondered at the bad taste, which is now so common, of varnish-

ing oak carving; besides that by the flickering lights which this practice produces, really injurious to the simplicity or rather unity of the design, it destroys the sentiment of veneration—that ancient dust-like look, that grey and dry antiquity which old oak acquires, and which is so much in keeping with the sentiment of the whole building. Generations who have occupied those seats are but dust; and the dry dust, like colour of the wood, seems given by hands that, in the solitude of midnight, have come out of their graves and gone fondly over the monograms and devices of their race.

I left yesterday the agreeable hospitalities of my friend the Philosopher, to pay a visit to the beautiful place, H—e. To-day I went to the neighbouring church, of which my worthy friend C— is the recently appointed vicar. His church is a beautiful structure; the interior is sadly mutilated; it shows what it has been. Religious indifference of past times, inoculated with bad taste, has left its scar everywhere upon the face of the beautiful. The *beautifiers* have been at work here. The worthy vicar thought (and he is a good judge) the carving of the open seats the best he had ever seen; but he had not seen the other church. Here, however, the work is deteriorated by varnish. I must write a letter to builders and architects against the varnishing oak. In these days of happier taste, and of restoration, it is well to turn attention to this subject. I must interest my able friend N—, or the architect who has so much zeal in his profession, and so much knowledge. I think in a conversation I did convince him that the dry grey look which old oak acquires is the perfection of the material. I must see this church again before I leave the neighbourhood.

I wrote in my diary yesterday a few lines respecting K— church; to-day being a wet day, I have occupied myself not unusefully. I have been over many parts of the mansion, to look out old family portraits, in rooms and galleries. The occupation was amusing; for, having great fondness for the art, and some little knowledge, I was able to restore one or two, which looked in worse condition than they

actually are. I mean to renew my search. I had an opportunity of examining closely some by Sir Peter Lely. I had no idea he was so good a colourist. There is a slight portrait of a boy-child by him that is perfectly fascinating, so pulpy, so flesh-like, and so soft and tender the expression. There are three portraits of the same person in the house, of different ages; the last, not, I think, by Sir Peter Lely, has a look as if it was taken after death: the youth, the only son of the celebrated Lord Rochester, died at seventeen. In seeing a great number of family portraits of different periods, every eye must perceive a great change in the style of the more modern. May I not say that portrait-painting has democratised? Even Sir Joshua has lost much of the aristocratic air; Gainsborough still more. This is partly owing to the change in dress. The costume of the time of Charles II., even to the flowing wig, was much more favourable to the painter. In a family mansion, I do not dislike those feminines with crooks and sheep, an Arcadian background, and a fountain with dolphin spouting out water. I cannot praise them much for the excellence of the painting; but they have a considerable degree of merit in that respect, and I find them much better in colour than I expected to find them. The backgrounds, though they indicate and affect the Arcadian, are but subordinate, as they should be, and have a brownish-green, yet rather cool tone, that is pleasing. In most of these the dress is objectionable, and the style of dressing the hair very tasteless, and without any reference to the shape of the face. The men of that period are better. I know not who were the artists. I wish some one would write a good treatise—how well the writer of some articles in the *Quarterly* would do it!—on hair-dressing. How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humoured that the deficiency shall not be perceived. No-

thing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large below, made look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie “*ὡς ὕληες*,” as they like; the Greek gives them life, and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you always suspect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's head-dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not be seen too clearly, and hard all round; should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles II.'s time had at least that one merit of floating into the background, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of the dress about them. I found a quaint old picture of a child, well painted, and the colour quite fresh on pannel, which the family tradition says is the portrait of Charles I. I have an old seal, which is, I think, the very face, and the dress corresponds. More recent portrait-painting, in its conventional backgrounds, shows great poverty of invention, (I am not alluding to any of the present day.) They are of two kinds—either too conspicuous, or too monotonous and flat, affecting too much, or meaning nothing—the pillar, and a fleshy sky beyond it, and a red curtain, and perhaps a gorgeous chair—or a blank drab wall, hard, and of one solid colour throughout. Portraits of the good times come out from a mystery of shade, and combinations of various subdued hues. The figure comes forth from an antiquity, an obscure space, as of a foregone history. It comes out of the depth of time, as one who had ancestry, called out of

the shadows that accompany it; he is not isolated, as a “*terra filius*.”

Taking down a few portraits this morning from a gallery which crosses the great hall, I found compartments in panel underneath, in which were family coats-of-arms in marquetry work. I do not pretend to skill in heraldry; but there is something like pushing aside one's reverence for our progenitors in neglecting or hiding these memorials of them. I propose restoring some that are injured; and I hope to see the restoration performed.

The parish church at K—has within it memorials of this family, which indicate that it was built wholly or in part by the owners or owner of this place. There is a large monumental tomb, in ancient Gothic style, quite by itself, in the south aisle, which is probably a family aisle; it bears marks of having been painted; it has in its sides Gothic entablatures—I daresay I am using the wrong word—in which were coats-of-arms; but they are much obliterated. I know what they were, for I have seen a copy of them, and have proposed to have them restored. I must find out a good material with which to paint them in upon the stone. In the east window are coats-of-arms, rather conspicuous; they were taken, I learn, from a family chapel which stood in front of this house, and was pulled down more than a century ago. They do not seem quite to belong to a church. Perhaps the position may be defended in such a parish as this, on the ground that they show the poorer population that greater in a worldly sense than themselves, from generation to generation, pay this homage to religion, by bringing their heraldic emblems under its protective sanction. I believe at least such would be the feeling among those who would think at all about the matter.

Often, when I have witnessed the habitual gloom introduced as a principle in some of our churches, I have thought of one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, wherein he describes the examination of a youth at our University of Oxford, after the Puritan inroad. The examiners were all in black; the room was lined with black; the youth felt his soul sink

within him, when he is suddenly asked by the principal examiner if he is prepared for death. I forget if he was rejected, or if he fainted; but I think such a youth must have left such an assembly, unless helped and guided by a better hand, with irreligious sentiments. There are some certainly who seem to think that whoever is serious must be doleful. It is the propensity of an atrabilious nature; it is rather of an insane state than of health; and, worst of all, it is a condition that may be—nay, this is—largely propagated; and it has become so legitimatised by practice, that to tell this truth may be considered profane. Is it not Fuller who says, "Who thinks truth is a lawful thing, will displease the cruel tyrant Custom"? . . .

There is something pleasant in identifying one's self with celebrated events of past history, and more so if the events be of our own country. I took down and examined to-day the sword of King John of France, obtained, when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, by an ancestor of this family, in the year 1356, Sept. 19. The French King and his son, the Earl of Tankerville, Sir Jacques de Bombon, the Earls of Ponthieu and Eue, with many other noblemen, were then captured. The ancestor of this family was one of those knights who challenged the French king as their prisoner, and had a crampette of that monarch's sword assigned him for his share in that exploit; and it was afterwards borne as an honourable augmentation in their armorial bearings.

The sword has I. H. S. stamped on the blade, with the cross. The blade measures three feet four inches in length, and its hilt is one foot. It is two-edged, the guard and hilt are black. It bears this inscription:—

EN GLADIUM IOHANNIS GALLIE R.

There are utilitarian people who affect to despise these things, and pretend to value it no more than so much old iron; but it is a foolish affectation. If they had it, and handed down as this is, they would cherish it, if they have—whichever they please to call them—human failings or human vir-

tues. Men cannot positively, and from their hearts, deny their nature. The feeling is so common in favour of ancestry, that, from the highest to the lowest, it is affected or assumed, or the want of it regretted, sometimes with a vexation that originates an enmity to aristocracy. The Radical Hunt paid homage to it when writing his own life; he commences with saying that his ancestor was a "*colonel*!" in William the Conqueror's army." For my own part, while I had the veritable sword in my hand, wielded by King John of France at the battle of Poitiers, I tried to picture the combat; for lack of antiquarian knowledge of costume, and manner of battling, the picture was vague enough; but by degrees, the capture coming within the range of canvass, the images became more distinct. The moment in which I imagined myself a spectator arrested my whole mind; I was a living being of Sept. 19, 1356. I received the sword—there could be no mistake; for here it is. Such was the momentary antiquarian dream. The reflections which followed were these:—Let people say what they will, the mind is ever colouring past things with a different hue from that in which present things are beheld. Of personages, we invariably give the men more manliness, the women more beauty, and both higher characters. Viewing them as individuals, or in masses, they walk into the picture perfect humanities; their beggary, their deformity is gone; there is an air of greater responsibility about them than we now see walking our streets. True is the saying—" *Ignotum pro mirifico*." Nor is this feeling confined to our imagination, as it affects the race of men alone; it fastens itself upon all bygone nature. The trees, the hills, the rocks, are to the mind's eye something different from what we now see them. In fact, every son of Adam is more or less a poet, and creates. Where is the absurd painter, who would take for his subject a scene of ancient fable—say Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—and would go out into the fields, half a mile from his own door, for the scene? The great painters generalised, because they magnified; they saw the characteristics of the events they had to

represent, and omitted the accidents as not wanted. When I walk through some city, and see the fine cathedral rising above the houses, and then enter, and see all the wonderful grandeur of the whole, and the exquisite workmanship, I think of the man who conceived the great idea, who built it, and of them who lived in all those times; and at my exit, I seem to be suddenly thrust out of the regions of men of magnitude among a race of pigmies. I believe almost every living person has something of this feeling. We are more idealists than we acknowledge. If we were not so, a man would really think there never was any other man better than himself, and he would be made at once inferior, and lower himself by the thought. Without this ideality we cannot rise above our gross nature; but all have aspirations. Now, ancestry is one of the idealities which connects with grandeur. True, indeed, the personages in the pedigree may have been, probably were, very ordinary—some ugly, perhaps mean; just such persons as are every day met with; but when the man who has ancestry thinks of them, he pictures them to his mind far other; he is the flattering painter, and paints *con amore*, because he is flattering himself also; not that any pride is the cause of this, but that innate propensity to idealise. What is any constitution, with all the institutions of a country—what are nobility, parliaments, monarchy?—very ideal things. What is the Great Duke's pageant funeral but an idea? and ideas are necessary to keep men from grovelling; without them, like lands run to bush, we should be choked up with the vegetation of ill growth, and run back to barbarism.

When a great family falls, through folly or imprudence, I always think the country has lost an "idea," and is so much the poorer. Kings thought themselves very wise when they depressed their nobility, and that it was a great stroke to enable them to sell their estates; but they were more cunning than wise, and cunning is apt to overshoot its mark; it is like the boomerang, which, unskilfully thrown, comes back on the head of the thrower. Destroy in the slightest degree the idea of an aristocracy, and so surely

does the contempt go beyond—it ascends to monarchy itself. For that is an idea. It is very well to scoff at the barbarities of feudal times; but they had something good in them; and those countries, among us, which yet retain something of the feeling, have not the worst population. It is a great thing for our amelioration in manners and morals, that we should have in our sight persons above us; and even if that "above us" is a mere idea, we are the better for it. Is not the general feeling, howsoever in modern times deteriorated, produced by England's parks and mansions, and refined men and women, the titled and the gentry, a blessing bestowed upon the people at large? These things are not of our making; they are the growth of time, by the gift of Providence. What does France now groan for?—an aristocracy. Whence is her insecurity?—the want of a large landed proprietary. Once gone, how hard to build up again. The wild fanaticism of democracy in France demolished that fabric, and divided the lands. What remains for the court of an empire—what field for the noblest arts—where, by law, a man is compelled to divide his property equally amongst all?—Who will build a mansion, and ornament an estate, even if he could purchase the land for a perpetuity? You travel widely in France, and what a contrast to England, as yet possessing noble residences and perpetuated families! The democratic spirit is at work to destroy them here; the laws of the last fifty or sixty years have done much to destroy all this, our visible greatness bringing with it other greatness. Democracy says, pride of ancestry shall become extinct—families shall sink—we will entirely abrogate primogeniture—we have virtually done so, by enabling tenants in possession and tenants in tail to alienate. The operation is going on surely, and let monarchy itself look to it, if it can stand safe, left as a mark upon the naked hill, with all the shelter of ancestral trees levelled to the earth. Is there not now a disinclination to establish a family? The man of wealth, who would gladly do so, knows he cannot secure it to his posterity for two generations. Hence expenditure,

which might be making a permanent, a beautiful reality, will be thrown upon mere temporary things; it will not be the mansion and the park, but the furniture—all those things which may be most easily divided, or turned into ready money, be chalked, and numbered, and packed off to the readiest auction-room. The upholsterer will supersede the architect. It is a subject well worth the attention of our legislature; some check should be given to these facilities of ruin and of injustice to posterities, or we are running too fast into a democracy from which there is no return. "Shall I sell the inheritance of my fathers?" was an old shame. The ruin of a house affects more than the present possessors—it affects the nation. I venerate the feeling of the author of *North's Lives*, (the Hon. Roger North,) who, in his preface to his book, thus forcibly and somewhat quaintly says—

"And if there be any persons of such upstart principles, that with them antiquity of family is rather matter of ridicule than of honour, let them enjoy their Epicurean prospect, and see their posterity run riot into destruction, before the earth covers the corruptible ingredients of their (own) corruption."

I have given an example of the homage paid to descent in the instance of the Radical Hunt; a far more presumptuous, and, to us English, not less ridiculous one, occurs in the *Secret History of the Court of St Cloud*. If Louis Buonaparte should be so absurd as to invade England, what will the non-resisting peace societies think of a new claim which he may set up, without any other *casus belli*—no less than a claim, by genealogy, to the Crown of England!! Here let me pause a moment to admire the quaint wit of Lord St Vincent, who used to say, in other days, when the invasion was talked of—"I don't say they can't come; I only say they can't come by sea." But to this genealogical claim. Spaniceti, an Italian, and Billerstein, a German, two authors who were paid large sums by Buonaparte (as we must call him) the First, pretended to prove as follows: That the Buonaparte family, before their emigration from Tuscany to Corsica, 400 years and more ago, were

allied to the most ancient Tuscan families, even to that of the house of the Medici; and as this house has given two queens to France, the Buonapartes are, therefore, relatives of the Bourbons; and the *sceptre*, therefore, of the French empire is still, under Buonaparte the First, in the *same family*, though in a *more worthy branch*. Spaniceti received 1000 Louis-d'ors in gold, a pension of 6000 livres for life, and the place of Chef de Bureaux in the ministry of the home department of the kingdom of Italy, producing yearly 18,000 livres, or £750. The Bourbons would surely use the proverb, "Call me cozen, but cozen me not." I wonder if *this* genealogy will flourish in the pageant on the crowning the Emperor. But here is the further claim, which he may, when he thinks fit, present with his compliments to Queen Victoria: for Billerstein, the Bavarian genealogist, proved the pedigree of the Buonapartes as far back as the first Crusades, and that the name of the friend of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was not Blondel, but Buonaparte; that he changed the latter for the former only to marry into the Plantagenet family, the last branch of which has since been extinguished by its intermarriage and incorporation with the house of Stuart; and that, therefore, Napoleon Buonaparte is not only related to most sovereign princes of Europe, but has more right to the throne of Great Britain than had George the Third, then reigning when this precious genealogy was composed, being descended from the male branch of the Stuarts, while George the Third was only descended from the female branch of the same royal house!! This is going it pretty strong, and is quite fit for emblazoning, by the sound of trumpets, on the coming day. Billerstein was presented with a snuff-box, with Buonaparte's portrait, set with diamonds, valued at 12,000 livres, and received 24,000 livres ready money, together with a pension of 9000 livres, or £375 per annum, till he should be better provided for. He was, besides, nominated a Knight of the Legion of Honour. It cannot, therefore, be denied that Napoleon rewarded like an emperor—a great encouragement to

genealogists to try the liberality of the nephew. By this genealogical arithmetic we may learn the relative value of the two crowns. Of that of England, there is scarcely a genealogist of any country, we should think, out of France, who would indorse the table with "I wish he may get it." Well, let every man ride his own hobby, and take care that his foot is firm in the stirrup. The new Emperor has *hired* his mule, but dare not sleep under its shadow, as Demosthenes told the Athenians, for he has hired his pace but not his shadow.

I send you, my dear Eusebius, these extracts from my diary, finding a ready amanuensis to copy them—a strange medley, enough to serve you to think better thoughts than any you will find. I shall now return; and if I do not hear of your perfect recovery, and that you are able to come to me, I shall summon resolution to leave my home again, and be with you. But you know how I love to stick like a limpet, not courting locomotion. This little excursion has done me much good. The fresh air and exercise, and converse with dear old school-fellows among heathery hills, have dissipated humours gathering about my brain. That room of mine, amid pictures and books, is too great an indulgence. Not that I am yet of the opinion of the old King of Prussia, who said that, having seen much of men, and reflected upon them, he thought the life most fitted for their health, and therefore intended for them, was that of a post-boy. I suppose there must be reason in it; for, whatever be the age, he is a *boy* all his life. Until I took this excursion, I confess I was breeding fancies, and did not sufficiently know what the out-of-door world was, till I took courage, and stepped into it. And not then very well at first; for I found people acting and thinking not quite as I did. They who live too much to themselves, and within their own walls, are apt to generate maggots in their brain, which will not bear the air; so, when they go beyond their own doors, the maggots die, and the poor hypochondriacs are sensible of void in the seat of their intelligence, which ought to have been filled up with better stuff than the worms they

have themselves engendered. We should always take in, and keep up, a fair stock of the outer world's ideas. This last "outing" has, however, brought me to the conviction that it was well said, I think by Lady Mary Wortley—"Air, exercise, and company, are the best medicines; and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and destroy constitutions." It does not savour of much kindness to tell you of a good which you are incapacitated to enjoy just at present; but I foresee you will be fascinated with the comforts, the attentions, the reveries, and dreams of your sick-room, and you must be driven out of it: a self-indulgent invalid is but an opium-eater without the drug. You will laugh, Eusebius, at my earnest recommendation. You know the zeal of converts. In your present condition you may do what you please, think what you please, without the burthen of the least responsibility. You may revel in the freedom of your fancies. There will be no rough elbow-rub in your sides to waken you even to common duties. You are an invalid, and that is enough. It is as much as to say, Monarch of the pillow and cushion, and must not be disturbed. You are a satrap, and all the world are waiting without, with bowed heads, to salute you, when you shall please to awaken and show yourself. Say as you will, it requires some courage to give up this absolutism. Your nights are as fantastical as the celebrated Arabian Nights, yet you make your visions all true. Now, this mention of those excellent tales puts a strange thought or question into my head, which I offer to you as a riddle to solve—a nut to crack. Did it ever strike you how perfectly Eastern they are; and though perfectly Eastern, how we never see their improbabilities, though we have nothing in our own habits and manners in the least analogous to anything we find in them? They could not have been written by any of our Europeans, and most certainly not in England. Suppose one of our novelists should venture to pick up a poor boy in the streets, and convert him into a prince, with more than the magic wealth of California and Australia; should make him build another and far

finer Crystal Palace, and leave a window unfinished, and politely beg Prince Albert to try his hand at it; that his Royal Highness should give it up in despair; wake one morning, and look out of Windsor Tower, and see the blazing miracle performed; and the upshot of the whole be a marriage with the Princess-Royal, the conquest of France, &c. &c. The thing would be stupid. There is no Aladdin in "Tom-all-alone's." Yet the poor boy Aladdin became a prince and a gentleman, and fills the station with a commanding air, as if he was born to it. There is a philosophy in this, Eusebius, if we could but gather it. Ruminant upon it. Are certain peoples and nations essentially gentlemen, or so much so in their natures as to be convertible into the fine character? And are other nations what, for want of a better phrase, we must call vulgar, and only arrive at that acme of humanity by extraordinary culture, aristocratic institutions, clubs, Almacks, and perpetual levées? In Eastern countries, a cattle-driver or water-carrier may become, in six months, a caliph—a pasha. In six months? Yes, in six days. Those nations are, in fact, naturally polite considerate gentlemen. Not all the Manchester School that ever was, or ever will be, will turn out a Haroun Alraschid! I fear to pronounce my suspicion, Eusebius—you are bolder, and perhaps will utter it—that there may be something in the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon a little vulgar. Tell it not in the Ascalon of Trade. The word would be an inflammable gas that would set even the Thames on fire, burn down the Egyptian Hall, and the golden paraphernalia of a thousand mayoralities. I am afraid this our Anglo-Saxon blood, boiling and energetic though it be, does want a little purifying. We swagger and boast of some of its good qualities with reason, and without reason. We are proud of it, and think we do other countries the greatest favour and kindness when we export to them a little of it. But it is not purified in the passage; not even the wide Atlantic changes it. It is rich and thick, makes strong bone and muscle, and tolerably wholesome countenances; a trifle, perhaps, too self-

confident, and a little insolent, with the nose turned up at all other people's faces.

Shall I speak of the Anglo-Saxons only, and except the other of our good Queen's subjects? Well, I fear it must be so. The Celts, Milesians, or whoever they were and are, though inferior as a race, yet somehow or other do adorn the Emerald Isle with a presence of a better grace. True, we have a suspicion that they are very false and ferocious when instigated; but their air, their manners, have an open kindly bearing—a familiarity without obsequiousness—an apparent heartiness. I speak of the mass, not of those corrupted into demagogues. They will break your head just to indulge a national propensity, but that done, will give you a plaster with the greatest pleasure. I will not say you will pick up an Aladdin in the worst streets in Dublin, but many have come from such purliens, and cut very decent figures at our watering-places, and wooed and won English heiresses, and carried them off with a very becoming air of defiance, or perhaps sending very complimentary cards to their slumbering rivals. You have often heard me speak, Eusebius, of the many hours I used to spend beside the easel of the Royal Academician Bird, years before he acquired that honourable distinction. I remember once a very off-hand yet sweet-mannered Irishman, with rather a strong brogue, calling upon him in his painting-room. I was there, and can thus detail the interview, but I cannot give the richness of the accent. "Sir," said he, "you're an eminent artist." The modest painter bowed. "I want you to make a picture; it may be a drawing; it will do as well as one of your paintings in oil; it is more convenient, you see, a picture of my place in Ireland." "I shall be happy to do my best," replied the artist; "will you be so good as to show me what picture you wish me to paint it from?" "Ah," quoth he, "that's not it at all at all: you see I've no picture, but I can describe it exactly, so that, with your great skill, you cannot fail." The artist looked surprised, but bowed. The gentleman continued. "Well, then, sir, you see, there is, on a rising

ground, with wood and all that behind it, a large mansion—we call them castles in Ireland. It is, you see, in the midst of a large demesne—a kind of park—and there is a lake, and a river at the end of it, over which is an elegant bridge, of fine stone, and ———”

“But the house?” said the painter. “Oh—ah! the house, that is the mansion, the castle, d’ye see?—it is very handsome: it has a centre, with a large impediment, and columns, and a couple of wings, and all with a great many windows. Ah, you see the sort of thing”—and he then numbered the visible rooms and windows. “Now, be so good, sir, as to make me a picture of this in colour, and make it look handsome, and I’ll pay you your price down when I get it.” The artist smiled, but assented, and the gentleman made his exit. Within the week he returned; I was then also present. The drawing was made *secundum artem*. “Sir,” said he with a look of astonished approbation, “if you had been there, and taken it on the spot, you could not have made it more like.” Now, Eusebius, this anecdote, perfectly true, is very significant

of what I would say. This man was a kind of, certainly an inferior, Aladdin. By the magic of his mere tongue, without aid of any black African magician, he had conjured up a very fair palace, a noble mansion, a castle, with all its windows, and not one unfinished, and added a park, and a demesne, and a lake, and a bridge; and I will leave it to you, Eusebius, to say if it was not *quite* as substantial as Aladdin’s. An Anglo-Saxon could not have done this. There is not one of our race but will now even stupidly stare, and inquire if this fine property is, or is likely to be soon, in the hands of the “Commissioners for Encumbered Estates.”

I am sure, Eusebius, you have now nothing better to do than to solve this question. It will lead your active fancy into a maze of wonders, which will be amusing to you to wonder, and to me to hear, though Truth should never come out of them, with a “plomb” to execute her rude “*pas-seul*” on the stage of the world, before the prosaic intelligence of us Anglo-Saxons. *Vive vaeque*. Yours ever,

A. Q. S.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

ONE of the most charming features of a fairy tale is the vagueness of the date of its events and characters. There is a magic about the phrase "Once upon a time," investing subsequent ogres, genii, fairies, flying chariots, moralising mice, and booted cats, with a delightful harmony and probability. For this reason I have always considered the reign of Haroun Al-raschid, gorgeous and romantic as it is, infinitely less interesting than that of the young king of the Black Isles, whose royal body was half of flesh, half of marble; and not to be compared for a moment with the histories of those other misty potentates Prince Camaralzaman and King Beder; while the glory of King Pippin faded from my infant mind, like the unsubstantial pageant of a vision, the moment he was discovered to have been an authentic monarch of France.

This early predilection for what may be called the No-man's-Land, or Tom Tidler's ground, of chronology, has caused me to regard those authors who commence their narratives with such phrases as "towards the close of the last century," or "about the middle of George the Second's reign," as acting on a mistaken principle. It is not only unnecessary, but is also impolitic, as wilfully depriving the production of what might have been its solitary charm. It is as if a rejuvenated spinster were voluntarily to pull off her wig, spit out her false teeth, walk out of her crinoline, and, standing before the world, bald, toothless, and shameless, proclaim herself fifty-five.

Once upon a time, then, (to guard against this error,) there was assembled in a room at the Heronry, the residence of Lady Lee, a goodly company—goodly, not so much in point of numbers as in personal appearance. Three ladies were there, all young, and none of them plain.

Lady Lee was a young widow, the handsomest since Dido. Her face was pale and oval, her eyes magnificent, but somewhat languid. Her

hair formed a splendid framework to her face, being of the richest and darkest chestnut, scattered with ruddy, golden gleams, dancing on its innumerable ripples. It formed a sort of natural diadem, but was now, unfortunately, hidden by a close-crimped widow's cap.

Orelia Payne was a tall dark beauty, with a nose strongly arched, a curved and somewhat severe mouth, a cleft chin, and straight dark eyebrows surmounting black sparkling eyes.

Rosa Young was a plump fair little thing, with a face of a quaint and somewhat comic cast. Her nose turned up slightly, and was obsequiously followed by her upper lip, thus displaying the least glimpse in the world of very white teeth. Her complexion was very fresh, and would, perhaps, have been too ruddy, if the red had not been of such a delicious colour that you decided, at a glance, it was impossible to have too much of such a good thing; besides, if your eye wanted relief, there was the white of her neck or the blue of her eyes to turn to. Her hair was carried off above her ears and dressed plain, or at least intended to be so; but stray tresses were perpetually breaking out of bounds, and wandering in libertine curls about her cheeks, ears, and neck, requiring to be caught and pinned up in a supplementary fashion, till the number of these truants increased to such an extent that the whole structure had to be remodelled. Only two little curls, like those on a drake's tail, were authorised to appear, one on each cheek, near the ears.

Orelia was standing with palette and brush before an easel. She had already chalked on the canvass the proportions of Lady Lee's face and figure. Her ladyship sat at a little distance, and by her side stood her little son, Julius Lee, about four years old.

"I am puzzled as to what characters to draw you in," said Orelia. "Venus and Cupid—there's that

plaguy Rubens and Titian have used up the mythology; then, for a Scriptural subject, Hagar and Ishmael wouldn't suit you—you are too English, and Juley's too fair."

"Why can't you paint them in their own characters?" said Rosa. "They're not such bad characters, are they?"

"It's so flat and prosaic," returned Orelia, "to paint things just as they are. No; we'll have something classical. What do you think of Virgilia and the young Coriolanus?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Rosa. "Virgilia in a widow's cap! Why, Coriolanus was all alive, wasn't he? We must take it off," said Rosa, stealing behind Lady Lee and loosening the strings, "and I wish you'd never put it on again."

"Yes; pull it off," said Orelia. "A horrid thing it is. She would look four years younger without it—yes, five. It gives her a respectable look that's quite frightful. A widow's cap," continued the grand Orelia, sententiously, "is a species of suttee."

Lady Lee, after an unsuccessful attempt to catch the cap with both hands as it was being plucked off, glanced at it with a sigh.

"Poor Sir Joseph!" she said.

"Oh, you fright!" shrieked Rosa, who, having put the cap on her own head, had got on a chair to look at herself in a mirror over the mantelpiece. "O you ugly little thing!" holding up both her hands at her own reflection. "I'll die a maid," continued Rosa, descending from the chair; "for I never could live a widow—at least, not with this thing on my head."

"I'd rather have 'sacred to the memory' printed on my forehead in capital letters," said Orelia.

"I'd rather be married again in the first week of my widowhood than wear it," said Rosa, positively.

"Madcap *versus* mobcap," said her ladyship, smiling at Rosa. "Come, give it me."

"Never!" cried Rosa, who, having hung the cap on a chandelier, was now performing a sort of Indian scalp-dance round it. "She's got a dozen of 'em in a box up stairs, Orelia, but we'll burn 'em all."

"I believe I should be more com-

fortable without it," said Lady Lee, smoothing her hair; "but what would the world say?"

"I thought you didn't care a pin what the world said," Rosa replied. "Aren't you always boasting of your independence?"

"True," said her ladyship; "I don't know why I should care. Well, I'll think about leaving off the cap."

"And you had better think of leaving off some other things at the same time," said Rosa. "For instance, you might leave off shutting yourself up in this house, like an old hermit with a beard and a hair shirt; and you might leave off treating young men so coldly, who want to love you, and to come and visit you—that is, you may do so when Orelia and I are not here, for we don't want them; and we're all very happy at present, aren't we, Reley? and it's only for your good I'm speaking."

"You ought to mix in society, and to travel, and see the world," said Orelia. "O heavens! if I were as rich as you," ("She's as rich as a Jew," muttered Rosa,) "I'd see everything that was grand and excellent in nature and art. I'd go," said Orelia, flourishing her portcrayon, "to all the great cities of Europe; I'd make studies in the Vatican and the Pitti Palace—I'd sit on the Bridge of Sighs and read 'Childe Harold'—I'd go to Constantinople and fall in love with a Giaour—I'd see Palestine—I'd cross the Desert on a dromedary—I'd visit the bright East and the far West—and, when these were exhausted, I'd come back to the Heronry again, to sit on the daisies and think of all I had seen."

"Dear me," said Lady Lee, "you remind me, my dear, of fancies of my own that I used to have before I was married. You remember, Orelia, how romantic I was in my maiden days. I used to sit in the porch of that old parsonage reading a novel or a play, and every now and then dropping the book on my lap, while I would follow out a romance of my own, conjured up by some passage that struck me—visions of charming friendships, where I, a female Damon, underwent unheard-of sacrifices for a Pythias of my own sex—of love, too, where I was wooed by an infinity of lovers, all

made after the same perfect pattern, until these ended in Sir Joseph Lee."

"Sir Joseph wasn't romantic, was he?" asked Rosa. "At least, I should think not, judging from his picture in the library."

"He was better than romantic, Rosa," said Lady Lee, gravely; "he had a kind heart. But no—you are right, my dear; he was not romantic. Ah, heavens! to think of the difference between the ideal and the real! Not but that Sir Joseph was an excellent and kind man, but it was very hard to learn to look upon him as a lover."

"How *did* you manage it?" asked Orelia.

"To say the truth, my dear," said her ladyship, "I did not surrender my cherished visions either easily or suddenly. But you, Orelia, know what were the unfortunate circumstances of my family at that time, though you can scarcely imagine the full extent of our trials; however, a fond father, suffering at once from disease and debt, the entreaties of relatives, and the promptings of gratitude, (for Sir Joseph had assisted my father most generously,)—these motives, joined to a due sense of Sir Joseph's good and liberal nature, will perhaps account sufficiently for my marriage."

Tears of pity came into Rosa's eyes—she was a very sympathetic little thing. She went to seat herself on the sofa by Lady Lee, and squeezed her hand.

"But, now," said Rosa presently—"now that you've been free to follow your own fancies these three years, why don't you do so?"

Lady Lee laughed. "I have not yet met with my ideal hero," she said; "and if I did, I really don't think I should admire him. My taste for romance is dreadfully impaired. A Byronic hero at my feet would excite ridicule rather than sympathy. And so, seeing that love without romance is a very humdrum affair, and that I have lost my capacity for seeing things in 'the light that never was on sea or shore,' the thought of love or matrimony never enters my head."

"If I were a man," said Orelia, "I'd make you love me. I'd do

something chivalrous that should compel your admiration in spite of yourself; and then, after dragging you at my chariot-wheels for a while, till you were completely subdued, I'd run away with you."

"And if I were a man," said Rosa, "I'd beg and entreat you to love me. I'd follow you about, telling you how beautiful, how clever you were, (for you are, and you know it,) and how all your beauty and cleverness is running to waste from mere don't-careishness; and how, by loving me, they would both of them suddenly bloom and brighten, till they were as bright as—as bright as anything," said Rosa, not finding any more brilliant or exact simile after her pause; "and I'd never leave telling you, and begging you, till you yielded, half from pity for me, half from consideration to yourself."

Lady Lee smiled, and called her a foolish little thing, and for that time the conversation dropped; but it was renewed again that night by Orelia and Rosa. They slept, by their own desire, in the same room. Orelia, who used rather to tyrannise over her companion in this dormitory, inhabited a large square four-poster, with a heavy carved tester, and curtains which she would let down all round her at night, and become invisible as the man in a Punch's show; while Rosa occupied a little French bed that fitted into an alcove at the end of the room, and was covered by a chintz curtain hanging from a pole that stuck out of the wall, in which nest she would chirp herself to sleep like any wren.

Rosa had been delivering some sentiments respecting Lady Lee similar to those in her last speech, just recorded.

"Bless me!" cried Orelia, "and how did you get so learned in matters of the heart, you pert absurdity? Has anybody been teaching you? Just let me catch you having a lover without letting me know."

"No, no," said Rosa, blushing in the dark like her namesake of Lancaster; "I haven't got one, and I don't want one. I couldn't be more brilliant than I am."

"Oh, quite impossible!" quoth the sarcastic Orelia.

"I don't mean that I'm particularly bright, but that a lover wouldn't make me any brighter. But there's Lady Lee withering away like—like anything," said Rosa, recurring to her favourite simile of all-work, "and all for want of watering. She don't care much about anything. She's the best-natured dear creature in the world when her good-nature's woke up; but it goes to sleep again in a minute. So does her cleverness, which just keeps awake long enough to show us what it could do if it wasn't such a sluggard. It's my belief she could write a beautiful novel or poem whenever she chose—just see what letters and charades and songs she writes—but she don't choose. She could have any clever man at her feet if she chose, but she don't choose. And she'll go on wasting herself," said Rosa, "till she's a stupid old dowager, and then nobody will care about her."

"Don't you know she can't marry, except under conditions?" said Orelia. "Just listen, and as I'm not particularly sleepy, I'll tell you about it."

"Do," said Rosa, throwing back the curtain over the head of her bed for the convenience of hearing better.

"You must know, then," said Orelia, "that the late Sir Joseph, though very fond of his wife, was very much ruled by his uncle, Colonel Bagot Lee, who is expected here in a day or two. Sir Joseph was, I believe, a good sort of weak man, and easily ruled, and Colonel Lee is a knowing, and, as I've heard, somewhat overbearing man of the world. He was a great oracle with Sir Joseph on all points, and had some hand, I fancy, in the concoction of his will, by which Lady Lee is to have a handsome income so long as she remains unmarried, or, afterwards, if—if, mind you—she marries with Colonel Lee's consent. If she marries without it, she forfeits most of her income, part of which goes to Julius, part to Bagot, who also, in that case, becomes guardian to the child."

"Dear me!" said Rosa, "how stupid of Sir Joseph! What did he do that for?"

"Partly, I believe, because of the superlative idea he entertained of

Bagot's judgment and discretion, which he thought might be useful to such a young widow, for she was only twenty when he died—partly, perhaps, from a sort of posthumous jealousy of his successor."

"A wretch!" cried Rosa; "I always suspected him of being a stupid useless sort of creature, and now I positively hate him."

"So do I," said Orelia, yawning. "But I'm getting sleepy now. By the by," she resumed, after a pause, during which Rosa was pondering what she had just heard, "you're quite sure nobody's been making love to you?"

"Oh, quite!" said Rosa, hastily.

"And—you don't know—you don't know of anybody you like better than the rest?" said Orelia, sleepily.

"Nobody, upon my word," said Rosa; but I don't think Orelia heard the reply, having just dropt off into a slumber.

And here we will take the opportunity to add a few general particulars to Orelia's information.

Lady Lee had been, when Hester Broome, a poor clergyman's daughter, full, as she described herself, of feeling, of sentiment, of romance, and of bright hopes for the future; but these did not make up her character, for her dreams were dreamt amidst the realities of household occupations, and the acquisition of various accomplishments, and much solid information. Unfortunately for Hester, she had a dash of genius in her composition—she was not merely imaginative, but original and spirited in her imaginations. A talent for summoning up charming reveries of angels with wings, lovers with beautiful black whiskers, and life all sunshine and no clouds, is very abundant in boarding-schools, watering-places, and elsewhere, ending, sometimes consistently, in Gretna Green and the divorce courts; sometimes inconsistently, in corpulent content with humdrum connubiality. But Hester's visions were the results of her own fancy, guided only by her own tastes, and it was proportionably hard to abandon them.

Sir Joseph Lee was a baronet of good property—good-natured, as she said, but also, as she did not say,

though she must often have thought it, a very weak man. He was so exceedingly inane, that when, during his courtship, he left off spectacles, and took to an eye-glass, it was positively a new feature in his character, and, conjoined with his abandonment of a white hat and gaiters, hitherto his constant wear, produced such a change, that you would hardly have known him for the same man. His family seat, his property, his baronetcy, had been to him what office was to the late Whig ministry—giving him, as their occupant, a casual identity and reputation.

Bagot Lee, his uncle, formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, was about eight-and-forty; very knowing, very dissipated, and very extravagant. He had impressed his nephew with a wonderful respect for him. Sir Joseph saw him plunging familiarly into horse-racing, chicken-hazard, acquaintance with opera-dancers, and other vortices, floating and revelling there as if he enjoyed it, while the baronet shivered, and feebly shouted on the brink. He saw him, when he came down into the country, treat the magnates of the county with a coolness which he tried in vain to imitate, and to which they seemed obliged to submit. He had seen him whisper before the race to the jockey who rode the winner of the Derby. He had seen him terrify a steward of whom Sir Joseph stood in great awe, and cause him to prove himself a cheat.

In fact, Sir Joseph's estimate of Bagot's capacity was formed on a principle that half the world unconsciously adopt. Seeing Bagot's superiority in matters of which he (the baronet) was capable of judging, he gave him credit for the same superiority in other matters of which he was not capable of judging. How could a man who could make such a capital betting-book—who was so skilful a billiard-player—be otherwise than a safe guide in the affairs of life—be surpassed as an adviser on all difficult points? Bagot's sharpness seemed to Sir Joseph to include all excellence whatsoever. He would not have been at all surprised (though many other people might) had Bagot showed himself a great general, a great

author, or a great statesman, nor would his respect for him have been thereby at all increased. And pray, sir, do you never judge of your acquaintances in this way? Nay, more—do you never carry the principle farther, and conclude that all those, with whose reported merits you cannot sympathise, must necessarily be impostors? Ah, heavens!—how often does one see, and hear of, genius clipped and pared and shorn down to the mental standard of some Procrustes with an inch of intellect—some pert or solemn owl, who thanks God for his ignorance, and, as the most hard-hitting of doctors said, “has a great deal to be thankful for.”

About a year after his marriage, Sir Joseph found himself dying of a consumption. Of course, he could not depart comfortably from the world, nor make his final arrangements, without the assistance of Bagot.

“Bagot,” said the sick man, “I’m off. I shan’t last long. I’ve done what I thought you would like about the—the document, you know, with regard to Lady Lee and the boy; take care of him—take care of both of ’em, Bagot; I’ve put you down for ten thousand.”

“You were always a good fellow, Joe,” said Bagot, “and if you were really going to give us the slip, I should be confoundedly grieved. I should, by gad,” (which was true enough, for the baronet was a comfortable annuity to him.) “But I hope to see you at Ascot yet.”

“No,” said Sir Joseph, “no more Ascot for me. They’ve as good as told me it’s all up with me. The rector’s been over here praying with me. Do you think it’s any good, Bagot?”

Bagot was rather puzzled at being consulted as a spiritual adviser. “Why,” said he, “putting the case, you see, that a fellow was really going off the hooks—not that I believe it, you know, for you’re looking twice the man you did yesterday—but just supposing it, for the sake of argument, the thing might be decent and comfortable. If I found myself the easier for it, of course I’d do it.”

“Hester brought him,” said Sir

Joseph. "Poor Hester! I've been very fond of that girl, Bagot—fonder than I ever was of anything, I think. She was too good for me; but I think she liked me, too. Nobody seems so sorry about me as she does."

"Have you put any restriction," said Bagot, "on her marrying again? I mean in case of anything happening, you know?"

"No," said Sir Joseph; "I never thought about it. I have left her the income and the use of the house unconditionally."

"Ah," said Bagot, musingly, "she's young—devilish young—and women take strange fancies sometimes. There will be no end of fellows after her. I shouldn't like, Joe, my boy, to see her making a fool of herself with some infernal nincompoop, after your — in case of anything happening, you know."

"Do you think it's likely?" said Sir Joseph, eagerly. "Do you know of anybody that?— Bagot! if I thought that, I'd—"

"No, no," replied Bagot; "I don't know anything of the sort. I was merely talking of what might be. It would be deuced painful to me, you know; and it's a sort of thing I might easily stop, if I was authorised; if not, of course I shouldn't meddle."

Bagot's idea was, that, in the event of his nephew's melancholy anticipations being fulfilled, the young widow's next choice might possibly fall on one very unlike Sir Joseph. It might fall on a man totally averse to Bagot's pursuits—nay, even to his society; and thus (the Colonel reflected) that pleasant retreat, the Heronry, might be closed to him altogether, or, at any rate, rendered a much less eligible abode; and these contingencies he now exerted himself to guard against.

Sir Joseph's was a mind in which, when an idea did enter, it got plenty of elbow-room, and was in no danger of being jostled by other ideas. All that night he beheld nincompoop successors ruling at the Heronry, and effacing his image from the memory of Lady Lee. The next morning he again spoke to Bagot on the subject.

"I've been considering what you said," Sir Joseph began. "But don't you think 't would be hard to tie her

down in any way?—she's been a good wife to me. Wouldn't it be fair to let her please herself next time? Perhaps she didn't last time, when she married me. I've sometimes thought so."

"Do as you like," said Bagot; "I merely advised what would be best, in my opinion, for the interest of all parties. 'Tis no more than other husbands—fond husbands, too, Joe—constantly do; and it's natural, too. I can only say, (as a bachelor,) it seems to me that the thought of my wife talking over my errors, in confidence with another fellow who mightn't understand me the least—ripping up my peccadilloes—revealing little nonsensical connubial secrets that had no great harm in 'em, perhaps, though the idea of anybody else knowing 'em makes a fellow feel deucedly foolish—like having your letters read to the court in a breach-of-promise case—by gad, Joe, I can only say, the thought of it would keep me walking till the day of judgment."

"Yes, true—there's a good deal in that," said Sir Joseph. "It would make me feel more comfortable to know that was prevented. But then it seems wrong, Bagot, that I should be giving myself comfort at the expense, perhaps, of her wishes."

"But it won't be at her expense," said Bagot—"how the deuce will it? She would be much happier with a proper person—such as you would yourself approve of—and you'll be happier in the thought of it."

"Besides," pursued Sir Joseph, "I doubt if Hester, in case of her taking a fancy to anybody, would be much influenced in her attachment by money considerations. Hester's not mercenary, Bagot."

"Try another dodge, then," said Bagot, (who was beginning to forget that he ought to appear feeling, and talked as coolly as if Sir Joseph were a third person, not particularly interested in the question of his own decease.) "In case of her marrying without my approval, make over the guardianship of Juley to somebody else."

"But it would seem so distrustful—so cruel," urged Sir Joseph.

"Cruel only to be kind," said

Bagot. "It's all for her good. But this is but dismal talk, Joe. I shall live to see you burn the will yet. Begad! you shall burn it on the day Juley comes of age."

Sir Joseph shook his head. Some feeling, more powerful even than his confidence in Bagot, thrust aside the hope which his words sought to convey. That day he sent for his man of law, and altered his will, which eventually ordered matters in accordance with Bagot's advice, as Orelia had told Rosa.

Sir Joseph prophesied truly that there was to be no more Ascot for him. A few days afterwards he died quite calmly, as people generally do, notwithstanding the quantity of descriptive power that has been lavished on death-bed scenes. As Mrs Quickly would say, "'A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christom child." Holding Bagot's hand, as if he might thus keep himself *en rapport* with the busy, club-going, betting world in which he had lived, Sir Joseph's feeble spark went out.

CHAPTER II.

Rosa, constitutionally an early riser, used to be always up before Orelia in the morning, until the latter took it into her head to have a shower-bath fitted up in the closet that opened from their room. Into this she would enter every morning with great majesty, and pull the string with no more hesitation than if she had been ringing the bell for her maid, and would subsequently emerge, all calm and fresh and shining. But not content with indulging in this luxury herself, she would also insist upon getting it filled again for Rosa; and that was the reason why Rosa, who preferred performing her ablutions in a less terrible manner, began to be lazy of a morning—pretending to be sleepy—to be interested in a book—and other devices to wile away the time, till Orelia would come and pull her out of bed. Then the little thing, all shrinking and shivering, with her hair drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head, would be driven, in a sort of tottering run, towards the dreaded deluge by her imperious task-mistress—balancing herself on the rim of the bath before entering—and then, tremblingly, would stretch her hand towards the cord, in which one might suppose, from her trepidation, she had been ordered to hang herself. Then she would beg to be allowed to draw the curtains of the bath, which Orelia would by no means permit, suspecting she might in some way evade the ordeal, unless strictly watched. Then she would pretend to recollect something particular to tell Orelia, who, not to

be baffled in that way, would sternly order her to tell her by and by, and to pull the string without further nonsense; and poor Rosa, thus detected, would get up a little shivering laugh, broken short off by the prospect of her impending and inevitable doom; and, shutting her eyes and mouth so tight that those features became mere threads in her comical little face, and putting her plump little shoulders considerably above her ears, she would hold her breath, and fumble blindly for the string, till Orelia, out of all patience, would give the fatal twitch, when a strangled shriek might be heard in the descending rush like that of a caught mouse, and Rosa would emerge all pink and palpitating, and glad it was over.

The maid, Kitty Fillett, who came in next morning to assist at their toilet, asked if they had any objection to her taking a holiday. Dod-dington Fair—a fair famous throughout the country—was to take place that day, and Harry Noble the groom had offered to drive her and two other fortunate domestics to see the shows, and to eat gingerbread. Rosa Young thought she would like to go too.

"What low tastes you have, Rosalinda," said the grand Orelia. (Rosa, by the by, was known by some fifteen or twenty appellations—Rosa-munda, Rosalia, Rosetta—answering, in fact, to almost anything beginning with an R.) "I suppose you would like to play thimble-rig too, and to see the dwarf and giant, and follow Punch, and to ride in the roundabout."

Rosa confessed a desire to see the giant and dwarf, and Punch she acknowledged to be quite a passion with her.

"And there's the soldiers, Miss Rosa," said Fillett, "with the beautifullest regimentals!—gold hats with horse tails, handsomer than the Fire Brigade's; and coats—oh, such coats!—they say the officers' cost hundreds of pounds!" Fillett was enthusiastic on the subject of the military.

Here was an additional inducement for Rosa, who had never seen dragoons in her life; and accordingly, in spite of the certainty of undergoing Orelia's contempt, she resolved, as she left the apartment on her way to the breakfast-room, to be present at the fair, if she could possibly manage it.

Rosa Young's mode of perambulating the house and grounds was will-o'-the-wispish—eccentric as if in pursuit of an imaginary butterfly—bringing her sometimes into contact with staid persons—butlers, housekeepers, clergymen, and the like, coming composedly and unsuspectingly round corners, from whose bodies she would rebound violently; and she had been carrying about with her, for some days, a plain impression of a heron with a fish in his claw (the device of the Lees) on her left temple, in consequence of rushing with her head right into the footman's waistcoat, as he was coming out of the room with the breakfast things, sending the contents of the sugar-basin into his open mouth, and those of the cream-jug into his waistcoat pocket. Also, she had more than once in the garden, when appearing unexpectedly and swiftly from behind apple-trees, knocked the gardener into his own wheelbarrow.

These accidents never occurred to Orelia, whose style of progression was stately and imposing, as if she had two pursuivants, a gold stick in waiting, and a great nobleman carrying her crown, all marching in procession in front of her; so that, though they left their chamber together, Rosa danced into Lady Lee's presence in the breakfast-room at least seventeen seconds and a half before Orelia entered.

The room was one of the prettiest

breakfast-rooms in England, so that, besides breakfasting, one would have had no objection to lunch, dine, and sup there also. It was octagonal, being situated in one of the turrets. Three sides of the octagon were occupied by fresco designs of a comic and graceful character;—fairies fled before Bottom with his ass's head, danced before Titania, made merry with Puck. This latter personage, indeed, was positively ubiquitous, flying along the wall on royal errands, popping his quaint ugly face out from behind oak-leaves, lurking under mushrooms, and subsequently performing summersets on the ceiling. Two sides were occupied by the door and fireplace, two by a double-faced bow-window, filled with diamond panes of glass set in stone. Through these panes you looked on a landscape outlined by a different hand—Dame Nature's own, with the design filled up by some happy touches of her scholar man. A few paces from the house, the ground sloped so rapidly, that the descent was marked only by the diminishing tops of the pine-trees which clothed it, sinking fast, one below another, till they disappeared; then far below—so far that many a broad acre intervened—a grassy meadow came out beyond the crest of the pine wood, the cows that grazed there looking quite small in the distance as they lay among the daisies, or walked out into the clear brown water of the river, which ran there in a semicircle, dividing this from another lawn, where stood the old country-house of Monkstone. Behind this house ran a road losing itself among trees, but whose course was marked by a village that peeped shadily from amidst openings in the foliage—the parsonage-house standing prim and white in the midst of the green glebe, with a quickset round it, like a duenna, to keep the other houses from being too familiar. By this time the eye ceased to take in any more details, seeing only gentle slopes flowing upwards from each other, till the sky rose blue behind.

But to come in-doors again. Lady Lee was generally attired in some light-coloured muslin of a morning, and accompanied, while she arranged

the bouquets on the breakfast-table, by Blanco, a white pointer, to which she had taken a fancy when he was a pup in Sir Joseph's time, and by Julius, either seated in an arm-chair of suitable dimensions, with his cat Pick in his lap, or in pursuit of that associate—for the boy and his cat were seldom far apart. Pick, though in the main a good-tempered animal, would sometimes be exasperated out of all bounds by being lugged about with his head and fore-paws under Julius's arm, and his tail dragging on the ground, till he was half-strangled; and, extricating himself with a violent struggle, would make off, waving his tail in a wrathful and majestic manner as he sat grimly under chairs, sofas, ladies' dresses, and other places of retirement, into which Julius would follow on all fours, and, seizing him by a leg, ear, or any other prominent part of his person that came to hand, bear him growling away, with his fur and his temper alike ruffled and rubbed against the grain.

When Orelia and Rosa appeared, Pick's wrongs, however, were presently avenged. They would make at Julius, and hug him like a pair of boa-constrictors that had made prey of a young antelope. Between them, this wretched child led a terrible life of it. Besides those kisses which he was bribed to give with sugar-plums, promises of having fairy tales told to him, of being allowed to see picture-books, and the like allurements, he was incessantly snatched from the ground, and caressed into a state of high floridity, without any assignable cause whatsoever. The ordinary feminine propensity to lavish endearments on all available young children seemed to flourish greatly in the bosoms of these young ladies, and to be all concentrated on Julius. They wouldn't have dared to treat one of their size so. It was really enough to excite the sympathy of any man, with a human heart in his breast, to see Rosa fling him down among the sofa cushions, with his head in Orelia's lap, and, while the legs of the little victim kicked convulsively in the air, and his hands pulled down the tresses of his tormentor, so as to screen the two faces beneath it, then and there,

deliberately proceed to bite his chin, pinch his ears and his nose, and practise many other cruelties; while Orelia, by insidious ticklings, would convert his shrieks into laughter. I can only say, I wouldn't have been in his place myself on any account.

Lady Lee kissed Rosa, and asked her how she had slept; repeated the greeting to Orelia, and they sat down to breakfast.

At this meal, it was edifying to see the accuracy with which Miss Payne would cut her muffin into little squares, salting each carefully before putting it in her mouth; while Rosa Young fed on a great breakfast-cupful of bread and milk and an egg, giving Julius (who was supposed to have breakfasted before) alternate spoonfuls of the former, and afterwards administering to him the top of her egg, which he always expected as his lawful perquisite. Then he would post himself at Orelia's side, watching till she had finished; for she always plastered the last square of muffin thickly with jam, as if it were a brick which she was going to build into a muffin wall, and, bidding Julius shut his eyes and open his mouth, which he did with blind confidence, would therewith choke him.

Now, this morning Julius's imagination had been greatly excited by Kitty Fillett, who had come to visit Juley's personal retainer (an elderly personage whom he called Wifey) while he was undergoing, at her hands, the operation of dressing, and had delivered a glowing and exulting account of the delights she anticipated in Harry Noble's society at the fair. Julius's ideas of fairs were picked up from the illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work he was greatly devoted to from the number and appalling character of the prints it contained, among which was that of Vanity Fair. He had no doubt whatever that Christian and Hopeful would be present on this occasion in person—together with Pickthank, Mr Facingbothways, and many other personages of that famous allegory; nay, he was by no means free from an awful misgiving that Giant Despair, and even Apollyon himself might be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood of the festive

This had, at first, caused him to beg Fillett, for whom he had a great regard, very earnestly not to go—and, finally, to cry so pathetically at the idea of her being entrapped and eaten by Pagan and Pope, or shut up in Doubting Castle by the formidable giant, (both which fates have of late befallen many more noted persons than Kitty,) that she was at length obliged to dispel his fears by some assurances more substantial than such generalities as “No, no, Master Julius, they won’t eat Kitty;” and became, in pacifying him, so minute in her description of the shows, caravans, and other charms of the fair, that Julius was now as anxious to accompany as he had before been to prevent her.

Accordingly, on finding that his mamma, to whom he first broached the matter, entirely disapproved of his going, he began to ascertain the sentiments of Orelia and Rosa on the subject, as soon as those young ladies had done pulling him about.

“Miss Payne,” said he, as Lady Lee was pouring out the tea, “do you know any giants?”

“No,” answered Orelia; “not one.”

“Nor dwarfs, that live in little wee houses, with holes to ring bells out of?” said Julius.

Miss Payne assured him that no such persons were among her acquaintance.

“Nor elephants with noses ever so long that they can pick up shillings with?—nor lions with great teeth?—nor blue monkeys?—nor white bears that live in snow houses?—nor Peruvian nightingales?—nor flying griffins?” pursued Julius, adding his own fabulous recollections to Kitty’s catalogue of wonders in his eagerness to inspire Orelia with desires similar to his own.

“None of these were entered on her list of friends,” Orelia said.

“Ah,” said Julius, nodding his head, “but you’d like to know ’em, Miss Payne; and so would Rosa—wouldn’t you, Rosa?”

“Yes, my darling emperor Julius,” said Rosa; “Rosa would like to see them very much, and she would like her Juleypuley to see them too.”

“Don’t be putting nonsense in the child’s head,” said Lady Lee: “Julius knows he’s not to go.”

“But it’s not nonsense, mamma,” said Julius; “and all Kitty’s cousins are going; and there are beautiful spangled jugglers, and yellow caravans with people living in them, and—and—please, mamma, I do so want to go,” said poor Juley, abandoning argument for entreaty with a suddenness that was quite pathetic. But his hard-hearted parent desired him to be quiet, threatening him at the same time with the sugar-tongs; and this rebuff, combined with the long-expected instalment of muffin from Orelia, stopt his mouth for that time.

However, neither he nor Rosa had the least intention of so patiently abandoning their point. Rosa, as before said, wished to go on her own account; but, even if she had not, the sight of Julius’s anxiety would have been sufficient to make her his warm advocate. Accordingly, the two spent the morning in practising a number of devices for melting Lady Lee’s heart. For instance, after one or two rehearsals in the lobby, the door was flung open, and Julius rushed, or rather toddled, with distracted aspect, into the apartment. Taking with his short legs such strides that it was a wonder he didn’t split in two, and rapping his palm against his jutting forehead, he went up to where his mother sat, and, clasping his hands and kneeling down, said, “Great queen, listen to my prayer!” And when Lady Lee, calling him a plaguy monkey, asked him what he wanted, he said pathetically, “Take, oh, take me to the fair!” after which a suppressed laugh from the inventor of the drama was heard behind the scenes. Then Rosa, entering, took him on her lap to tell him a story—how there was once a little boy, who was a very good little boy, and had a young female friend who loved him very much, and how they lived together in great felicity—at least they would have lived so, only the little boy had a cruel mamma, who never let them do anything they wanted; and how they gradually pined away and died, and were covered with leaves by robin red-breasts, while the cruel mamma, who was sorry for her conduct when it was too late, was borne away by a flying dragon; and that the name of this unnatural parent,

who received this signal punishment, was Lee—at which interesting point the sublime allegory was interrupted by Lady Lee laughing and calling them two silly creatures, while Orelia threw a magazine she was trying to read at Rosa, and asked her how she could be so absurd?

The confederates ended, as they usually did, in gaining their point. It was at length agreed that the party should attire themselves in the very worst clothes they had, in order to appear as little conspicuous as possible in a scene not probably remarkable for refinement; and that they should call upon Dr Blossom, the chief physician of Doddington,

either to escort them himself into the scene, or to provide a substitute—as if the Doctor had been a militia-man; and to Doddington accordingly they drove.

Rosa, in a straw bonnet and blue muslin frock, looked very like a pretty villager out for a holiday; and the character was further sustained by a little basket intended to hold fairings for Julius. But Lady Lee, also in a straw bonnet and plain dove-coloured shawl, looked as much like a fine lady as ever; while, as for Orelia, the only difference in her was that you would now have taken her for a potentate in disguise.

CHAPTER III.

They had a pleasant drive to Doddington. The lower part of the quiet country town seemed more deserted than ever, as they walked up the street accompanied by the doctor. The few people whose business tied them down to their shops looked as if they would gladly have forsaken them to partake the pleasures of the fair; with the exception of a Methodist draper, who stood at his door with his arms straight down his sides and his nose in the air, revelling in the idea that he was not as other men are, fair-goers and sinners, and occasionally casting a stern glance up the street leading to the busy scene, as if he considered it the broad way that led to destruction. The stationer's shop, which Julius always entered with delighted expectation, and wandered with rapture through the treasures of toys and picture-books it contained, seemed a doleful every-day affair to him compared with the delight he anticipated in the region of the fair, whither he was now all eagerness to arrive.

This was a broad macadamised portion of the main street, having houses on one side only, the other being bordered by a field known as Luxon's Meadow, from the name of the proprietor of it, who kept a public-house hard by. None—not even the oldest inhabitant—could possibly, without having previously been present at a Whitsun Fair in Doddington,

have recognised the street and meadow for the same. Both were glorified. The street contained within itself a smaller street made by covered stalls, whose proprietors invited the attention of passengers to heaps of toys, confectionary, and the like congenial wares, intermingled with more utilitarian stalls, where boots and shoes (for the manufacture of which Doddington was famous all over the country) were sold, hanging in strings like onions, and so numerous, that you would have fancied the people of that region must have been centipedes at the very least. Looking through the space left between one of these stalls, and another containing an inviting display of sweetmeats, Luxon's Meadow was seen—no longer the barren, somewhat dismal-looking field, more remarkable for the flourishing crop of dockleaves and nettles it exhibited than for anything else; but a gorgeous pleasure-ground, where, amid wheelbarrows of nuts, families of jugglers, painted swings, and yellow peep-shows, rose proudly a travelling theatre, known as Powell's Pavilion, where the actors, after appearing inside in melodramas which occupied about a quarter of an hour in the performance, came out upon the stage in front, in their magnificent dresses, and dazzled the populace by walking about there in pairs. Julius beheld with great wonder a drunken countryman, who had stuck fast in

a crevice of the stage, assisted down the ladder to *terra firma* by a courteous warrior in a brass scaly surcoat of proof and a tin helmet.

In the street, opposite the meadow, was a long low show made of canvass, with an ornamental front and stage, whereon a merryandrew was delighting the populace. This merryandrew was the very Methusaleh of merryandrews: he was so old that he had long since lost his teeth; and his mouth, having fallen in, left so little space between his nose and chin for the painting of his lips, that the lower one extended some little distance down his throat. Notwithstanding his advanced age, this patriarch showed some considerable agility, elevating occasionally in the air a pair of legs that seemed the very abode and stronghold of rheumatism, and walking on his hands. He wore a ruff round his neck, and rosettes in his shoes; and one might almost have fancied that, having adopted these articles of costume when a youth in Elizabeth's time, he had stuck to them ever since. Besides being a green old age, his was also a motley old age, for he wore a particoloured doublet and tight hose, painted in squares, so that, if he had been put in a mangle, and rolled out flat, you might have played chess on his thighs. And so, with many quips, conjuring tricks, and comical grimaces, this old gentleman was literally tumbling into his grave. On this stage extremes seemed to meet, for a child about Julius's age and size, dressed in a spangled doublet and white drawers, tumbled thereon, with a sad and serious aspect, in imitation of his aged associate.

Passing through these enchanted regions, a hoarse voice saluted the visitor—and a fat, red-faced, and red-whiskered man might be seen, standing on the front of his wooden van, which, turning down on hinges and resting on props, formed a stage whereon he exhibited hardwares of every description, produced from the interior of the vehicle, which was fitted up like a shop. This was the celebrated Cheap John, a man who, besides his character for brilliant imagination and wit—faculties patent to any observer who chose to stand

within hearing of his jokes for a minute—enjoyed a shadowy but vast reputation as a pugilist, though it was evident, from his corpulence, that a single tap on the stomach from an antagonist must have caused him to burst like an egg. Like Orpheus, he charmed the very clods. Bumpkins who merely went to enjoy his facetiousness, found themselves, on departing, hampered with various sorts of hardware, which they didn't exactly know what to do with, and which they certainly never intended to buy. Few were proof against the magic of his eloquence, which drew, if not golden, yet copper, and occasionally silver opinions, from most of his listeners.

From the spot occupied by this orator, a glimpse might be caught of the greater splendours of the fair. Music from the brass-band of the wild beast show broke upon the ear, and the fluttering of vast pictures, elevated, like sails, on masts, caught the eye—indistinct, yet still imposing in the distance, and revealing, on closer view, wonders that presently deprived the spectator of all hope of peace of mind, till he had satiated his curiosity with a survey of the internal marvels of which they were the outward sign. In these works of art the lion Wallace fought the six dogs at Warwick; a white bear devoured a hapless polar navigator, whose tarpaulin hat was visible between the animal's stupendous and inexorable jaws; the authentic portrait of the wonderful Fat Boy smiled, in bland obesity, on that of the French Giant in the opposite caravan, who was represented as looking down from a great altitude on a wondering gentleman in a blue surtout and brass buttons, whose shirt-frill reached about the giant's knee, and who was supposed to be a person of fashion who had paid his money for the pleasure of seeing him. The swelling of the canvass of these great pictures in the breeze imparted to the objects painted thereon a slow and solemn motion, which, giving a sort of unearthly life to their grim faces and steadfast attitudes, made them appear to Julius very awful.

Everything was charming to Julius. If the fairies he was so fond of hear-

ing about had carried him in a winged chariot to their own country, he could scarcely have been more delighted. His friend Rosa had provided him with an immense painted trumpet, which had taken his fancy, and had also held him up to look in at the glass of a peepshow. This had merely whetted his appetite for sight-seeing; and immediately on arriving in front of the rows of caravans where the wild beasts were stationed, he became clamorous for a sight of them.

They did not, perhaps, come up to his ideal. He was a little disappointed at finding the lion so placable, for he merely winked at them as they passed in front of his den; the polar bear also declined showing any more than the rear of his person; while the Peruvian nightingale remained mythic as the phoenix, although Julius applied earnestly to a keeper in corduroy shorts and ankle boots to help him to a sight of that singular bird. The man laughed, and, saying "Look here, master!" pointed to a pelican; but Julius knew all about pelicans, and not only convicted the keeper of the attempted imposition, but gave him a short digest of pelican history from Buffon. Here we will leave him, making acquaintance with the monkeys, charmed at recognising the ostriches, and outrageous at not being permitted to ride on the zebra, while we look after other characters of our history.

Kitty Fillett, after being introduced by Mr Noble to all the shows, was refreshing herself, in that gentleman's society, in a neighbouring booth. Mr Noble, after having been very agreeable and attentive all the day, was now in a most unchristian and desperate state of mind. This was caused by the presence of a good-looking corporal of dragoons, who had lounged in, after frequently passing and repassing before them, apparently thinking much more of the too favourable and admiring glances which Kitty cast on him, than of the ire that was flashed to wither him from the eyes of Noble. The corporal was a tall, slender fellow, of a somewhat *roué* and dissipated aspect; his forage-cap was set jauntily on one side of his wavy black hair, his mustache

was evidently nurtured like some rare exotic, and he had a waist, as Kitty said, like an hour-glass.

Miss Fillett's conduct was certainly aggravating. She had begun by whispering to Noble remarks on the uniform and general appearance of the object of his wrath, and, totally regardless of the gruff and short replies vouchsafed, had taken occasion to enlarge on the charms of military people in general and dragoons in particular.

"There's a hair about thim," said Kitty, mincing her words to suit the subject—"there's a hair about thim not met with out of the army. Their manners is generally exquisite, and their—oh, did you ever see such a white hand, now he's took his gloves off?"

"D—n his hand!" muttered Noble.

"No gentleman's is whiter," pursued Kitty; "and his eyes—law, how they do sparkle!—don't they, Harry?"

"Do they!" said Harry, shortly; then, *sotto voce*, "I should like to bung 'em up."

"And isn't his jacket beautiful?" whispered the enthusiastic Fillett. "Look at the lace on the front."

"P'raps you may see it laced on the back presently," growled Noble, savagely grasping his stick, and unable longer to repress his displeasure. But Kitty pretended to think he was joking. She made nonsensical remarks, and then laughed loudly at them, to attract the attention of the Corporal, and establish an understanding with him; while he, switching his boot with his cane, glanced at her with a coolly critical air, as if he was used to that sort of thing.

How long Harry Noble's wrath might have taken to boil over, under these circumstances, is doubtful. Just as he was revolving in his mind some plausible reason for stepping up to the Corporal, and inviting him into the next field to settle their claims, Lady Lee's party came in front of the booth, stopt for a moment, in their way down the street, by the crowd gathered round a huge bumpkin, who, incited thereto by ale and approbation, was performing a hornpipe in hobnailed shoes, leaving deep impressions of the nails in the road at every step.

This disciple of Terpsichore, finding his efforts well received, had procured a partner whom he had danced into breathless exhaustion, and he was now looking round for a suitable fair one to supply her place. In his exalted mood, Orelia's style of beauty appeared to him most likely to do him credit, and he accordingly pranced up, with the grace and vigour of one of his own plough-horses, and seized her hand. Orelia snatched it away.

"Wretch!" cried she, looking at him like an insulted queen—"Begone!"

"The fellow's mad!" cried Doctor Blossom—"get away, sir! Call a constable!" quoth the Doctor, authoritatively, to the crowd in general, on seeing the man persist in his design.

The dragoon Corporal, leaving his contemplation of Miss Fillett, had lounged to the front of the booth, where he stood coolly scanning the ladies. He now stepped forward, and, interposing between the flushed and angry Orelia and her pertinacious assailant, seized the man by the collar, and hurled him violently back.

The countryman was fully three stone heavier than the trim soldier, and, recovering himself, rushed at him in full confidence of utterly annihilating him with one swashing blow of his great fist. His brother bumpkins, unanimously indulging the same expectation, encouraged him by crying out, "Gi' ut un, Joe; d—n thee, gi' ut un!" and were proportionably astonished when the Corporal threw himself into an easy attitude, and, by what appeared to their unscientific eyes the mere straightening of his right arm, sent his big antagonist to the earth like a slaughtered ox.

A tremendous row ensued. Some comrades of the Corporal's, who were near, set to at once with a corresponding number of the countryman's friends, all actuated by a unanimous impulse. Two or three officers, seeing the red jackets gleaming fitfully amidst overpowering masses of corduroy and fustian, cast themselves into the fray, and were reinforced by a couple of Oxford men on a visit to their friends in the town, who, expecting to be ordained shortly, and to be debarred from the comfort of

combating bargemen in future, embraced the present opportunity with grateful promptitude. Amateurs of Doddington were equally ready to exert their prowess—showmen were affected by the contagious example—harlequins, descending from their stages, ranged themselves against rival Pantaloons, while Columbines screamed after them in vain; and the proprietor of the French Giant took the opportunity of settling a private and long-festering grudge with the owner of the Albino Lady.

The Corporal showed himself a paladin in courtesy no less than in valour. He carefully interposed his person as a shield to the ladies, and the fray streamed away on each side as from a rock. Still, they might have been sadly jostled, had not the venerable merryandrew before mentioned hurried down his ladder, at the imminent risk of snapping his unfortunate old legs, and handed them up to his stage, out of harm's way.

Harry Noble, burning to avenge his wrongs on the dragoon, was meanwhile forcing his way through the crowd towards that redoubted personage, intending forthwith to disfigure permanently, by the bunging-up of eyes, loss of fore-teeth, and flattening of nose, the face that Kitty Fillett had found so charming. Whether these fell designs would have been executed, or whether Harry, coming for wool, might have gone home shorn, is not known, for the duel did not take place. Just as Harry's furious face, glaring on the Corporal within a couple of yards, met the eye of the latter, and admonished him to look out for a fresh foe, a couple of horses' heads came between them.

"Hi! hi!" shouted the corpulent coachman, who drove the Lightning royal mail. "By your leave there!—make a lane, will ye? Give 'em a note, Jim," (to the guard.)

The guard sounded his horn, and then flourished it, shouting, "Room for the mail!—make way there!" evidently lost in wonder at the effrontery of any person or persons daring to delay for an instant his Majesty's mail; while a passenger, who sat on the box-seat, said, "Drive into the infernal scoundrels!"

The coachman was by nature a

choleric person, and his choler had been fed for many years with brandy and water, like a lamp. He could ill brook hindrances of any kind, and was scarcely to be stopt even by such decisive impediments as loss of linchpins, impassable snow-drifts, and the like dispensations of Providence. Accordingly, having to choose between suppressing his wrath (which would certainly, by inducing apoplexy, have caused him to drop off his perch like an over-fed goldfinch) and venting it forthwith, he chose the less fatal alternative, and touched up his leaders. Those noble animals, sidling and curvetting, with the traces over their backs, pushed on, and did great execution, terminating several pugilistic encounters with a suddenness that the most active Middlesex magistrate, assisted by the rural police, might have tried in vain to emulate. The warrior in the tin helmet, before alluded to, and a pugnacious Harlequin who had attacked him, were prostrated in opposite directions. Harry Noble was sent reeling into the very arms of Kitty Fillett, who was shedding tears like a watering-pot; and other less eager belligerents quietly agreed to a cessation of hostilities, and cleared the way for the mail.

The Lightning was beginning to exchange its slow walk through the crowd for a slow trot, and the coachman's face was returning from deep ultra-marine to its natural lake tint, when Lady Lee, casting her eyes upon the coach, called aloud, "Oh, Colonel Lee! Colonel Lee!"

The passenger on the coach-box turned, and, instantly recognising her ladyship perched on a stage within a yard or two of him, in company with her son, two young ladies, a merryandrew, and a juvenile tumbler, he did what all the people in the fair probably couldn't have done, for, by a word and a touch on the arm, he caused the coachman to pull up while he descended; and, further, that impetuous charioteer, before proceeding on his way, respectfully touched his hat to him, as did the guard.

Bagot's first exclamation, on ascending the stage, was "God bless my soul!" Then, shaking Lady Lee's hand, and motioning with his head towards the aged merryandrew, he

said, "You haven't joined the profession, have you, Hester?"—for Bagot was a man who could be pleasantly facetious with ladies.

"I'm so glad you're come," said Lady Lee; "you can take care of us as far as the hotel, and go home in the carriage. My dears, this is Colonel Lee; and these are my friends, Miss Payne and Rosa Young."

The Colonel, taking off his white felt hat, made a bow—rather a slang bow—to each, and then shook hands, first with Orelia, who gave him hers as if she expected him to go down on his knees and kiss it, and then with Rosa. He diffused round him a palpable halo, as it were, of brandy and water. He was dressed in the white hat just mentioned, a green neckcloth with white squares, a Newmarket cutaway, with a white greatcoat over it, and trousers buttoned at the ankles over drab gaiters. He had evidently been a good-looking man before his nose grew so swollen, his forehead so flushed, his eyes so open and watery, and his under lip so protruding and tremulous. His hair was somewhat long at the sides and back, and grizzled to iron grey, as were his voluminous whiskers and the tuft on his under lip.

The Colonel, having shaken hands with them as aforesaid, and also with Julius, who plucked him by the skirts, and called him "Uncle Bag," said, "Suppose we imitate Miss O'Neil, and retire from the stage"—which they accordingly did, after acknowledging substantially the civility of the ancient merryandrew, who stood bowing before them, while the fixed smile painted on his spotted face entirely contradicted his deferential attitude, and gave to the spectators the idea that he was openly making fun of the whole party.

As they passed down the street to the hotel, Bagot frequently stopt to shake hands with people of all classes who came up to greet him—farmers, whose grounds he sometimes shot over, held out their horny hands; Peter Pearce, a drunken shoemaker, left his stall, and danced a short distance down the street in front of them, to testify his satisfaction at the Colonel's arrival; Tom Jago, a woolcomber, who cared more for field-

sports than for his trade, came up, touching his hat, to tell of some trampers having lately been seen netting the river for salmon; and Mrs Susan Golightly, the buxom wife of an innkeeper, cast a merry glance

from her black eyes as she welcomed the Colonel back to Doddington—all of whom Bagot treated with a gracious and jocular familiarity, that fully maintained for him his position in the popular esteem.

CHAPTER IV.

Bagot's visits to the Heronry were, for the most part, regulated by sporting events. He was a regular attendant at all great race meetings, and spent here the intervals, especially if his funds were low. The state of these funds was almost entirely dependent on his adroitness or good fortune in betting or at play, for Sir Joseph's legacy had dwindled down to a minute fraction on the settling day of the very first Derby after the testator's death.

On the occasions of these visits, he and Lady Lee had always been entirely independent of each other. He had his own rooms, where he entertained his own companions, ordered his own meals, and led a free-and-easy bachelor life of it. He made himself useful by regulating the stable economy, and bringing the steward to book, as he termed it.

On the evening of his arrival, Bagot walked over to Monkstone, the house already described as standing across the river, within view of the windows of the Heronry; and, as Bagot was not accustomed to pay visits of ceremony or friendship, we may state at once that he had an object in view.

Monkstone had been purchased by an old gentleman, who, rising from low beginnings to considerable wealth, had conceived a wish, in his old age, to become the founder of a family. As he was an old bachelor, and had no intention of marrying, he cast about among his relatives for a suitable heir. Having selected a nephew, he took him into his house, and brought him up to consider himself the future successor to Monkstone; and, dying a few years after, left him his sole heir.

Mr Jonathan Dubbley, this fortunate inheritor, had been considerably neglected both by nature and education. He was far from bright originally, and the dull surface of his mind was covered, when his uncle adopted

him, with many years' rust. At his uncle's death, his estate and income were such as to give him consideration in the county, and he suddenly found himself a prominent character in scenes to which he was totally unaccustomed. He was a grand juryman—he was a magistrate and J. P. His tenantry made him a man of consequence at elections; and, to crown his greatness, he had this year been chosen High Sheriff.

On one point he now began to feel his deficiency more strongly than all the rest—he wanted a well-bred wife—he wanted to marry a woman who should possess qualities to form a light agreeable background to his own solid merits—one who should, as Mr Tennyson expresses it, set herself to him “as perfect music unto noble words”—the noble words being, in his case, four thousand a-year. After casting about among the eligible spinsters of his acquaintance, and taking counsel with the landlord of the Dubbley Arms and his own gamekeeper, he at length fixed upon Lady Lee as the most suitable match he could discover. She was known to be a woman of talent and striking address; anybody who had eyes could see she was handsome; and, moreover, she would be by no means a dowerless bride, a circumstance that weighed powerfully in the calculations of Squire Dubbley, who had been taught fully to appreciate the value of money, and who was both tolerably acute and very obstinate where his own interests were concerned. The grand obstacle to a declaration of his wishes was an insuperable bashfulness with which the Squire became afflicted when in the company of ladies of high degree, but which did not, however, affect him in his intercourse with the sex generally.

Squire Dubbley had a very great respect for Colonel Bagot Lee—greater, perhaps, than for any other

person—not altogether because Bagot was a sharp fellow, for there were fellows sharper than Bagot, of whom the Squire thought but little. In general, Mr Dubbley disliked people who showed any superiority to himself, which had the effect of narrowing his circle of esteemed friends considerably. When men shone, in his company, on subjects which he did not understand, he would abuse them dreadfully behind their backs—say to his intimates that people might call such-a-one clever, but he was a cursed bad shot—couldn't hit a hay-stack; or that he had no hand on a horse, and rode like a tailor; with divers other slanders. But Bagot's sharpness evinced itself in pursuits congenial to the Squire's tastes—in field-sports, in skill on the turf, and in knowledge of the dark corners of London life, to which he had last year introduced Dubbley, piloting him into various haunts, where the inexperienced Squire would probably have fared but ill in purse, person, and reputation, but for the protection of Bagot, who walked through all these fiery furnaces like a moral salamander. Bagot, too, had furnished him with many valuable hints for his conduct in his new sphere, and for the management of his property. These merits, added to a sort of jovial overbearing good-humour of Bagot's, caused the Squire, as before said, to regard him with a much greater respect than he would have felt for a more respectable person.

He had not failed to hint to this potent ally (though in a somewhat distant and sheepish way) his admiration for Lady Lee. Bagot had at first laughed at him, but, finding the Squire's affections to be more seriously engaged than he had imagined, he began to consider in his own mind how he could best turn the circumstance to account. It was with the view of executing the result of his meditations that he now visited Monkstone, on the first day of his coming down into the country.

He found Mr Dubbley, just returned from rabbit-shooting, taking off his half-boots and gaiters in the hall. He was a good-looking man, about five-and-thirty, rather bald, with a cunning eye and an imbecile half-smile. On seeing Bagot come up the steps, the

Squire ran towards him in his worsted stockings, with the knee-strings of his corduroy breeches dangling about his calves.

"'Pon my life, Colonel," said Mr Dubbley, "I never was so glad to see anybody. I was just thinking how the devil I was to get through the evening. Your presence quite survives me." The Squire meant *revives*, but his language was sometimes even less clear than his ideas.

"Dubbley, my boy, how goes it?" said Bagot. "Been working the rabbits, eh? You look sound, wind and limb."

"Sound as a bell," said Squire Dubbley, "and most particular hungry. Just you go into the dining-room, Colonel, and wait while I wash my hands. I'll order another plate to be laid."

Bagot accordingly entered the dining-room. He did not fail to remark several alterations in the apartment. Some French (very French) prints had been removed. The extremely plain furniture of old Mr Dubbley's time was replaced by the productions of a London upholsterer. Some books, too—rare objects at Monkstone—in very grand bindings, lay scattered about. Bagot took up one—it was an illustrated *Life of Napoleon*. Presently the Squire entered at another door, bearing a cobwebbed bottle in each hand, and another under his arm.

"I stick to my old rule," said the Squire—"always go to the cellar myself. Why, a tippling butler might knock off the head of a bottle, and drink it up any time, if he had the keys, Colonel; and how should I be the wiser?—unless," added the Squire, thoughtfully, "unless I was counting the bottles all day long."

"You're a sharp fellow, Dubbley," said Bagot, who wanted to put him in good humour. "'Twould be a clever butler that could do you."

The Squire chuckled. "Yes," said he, "I'm pretty sharp. Yes, yes, sharp enough, by George! I get done sometimes, though. Ah, Colonel, I wish you had been here a little while ago. 'Pon my life, I never wished so much for anybody. Do you remember Sally Perkins?"

"What—the good-looking house-

maid!" said Bagot. "Yes—deuced fine girl; you rather admired her, didn't you?"

"I gave her warning," said Mr Dubbley, "because, instead of minding her work, she spent most of her time going about to fairs and merry-makings; and I told her I should only give her half the wages we'd agreed upon, because she'd turned out so good-for-nothing. What do you think she said to that, now?"

"Don't know," said Bagot. "What did she say?"

"Why, she said," returned the Squire, "that if I didn't pay her double, she'd summon me, and swear that I had refused her her money out of revenge because she wouldn't let me make love to her."

"Oh!" said Bagot, drily.

"And I told her to go to the devil; but she went to a lawyer—"

"Quite a different course," said Bagot.

"And, by George," said the Squire, "she made him believe her story. I'd have kicked against it—yes, I'd have gone to jail first—for the jade used to skylark with half the parish, though she'd have nothing to say to me; but I wanted to keep the thing quiet, and I gave in. Certain people," said the Squire, laying his finger on his nose, and winking at Bagot, "might have heard of it."

"Certain people?" said Bagot, interrogatively.

"Ah," said the Squire, "these things sound queer to ladies. I might have felt ashamed before somebody we know—somebody you and I know," said the Squire, looking idiotically wise.

"Where did these books come from?" inquired Bagot, pretending not to notice the Squire's drift. "You don't mean to say you ever read anything now. What made you get that *Life of Napoleon*?"

"Ah," said Mr Dubbley, "great traveller, Napoleon! Yes, I've begun to read. I felt my deficiency. I've felt it a good while, but it has come clearer upon me lately. Last time I was in town I gave a bookseller an order to fill my shelves."

"Who selected your library?" asked Bagot. "Had the gamekeeper anything to do with it?"

"I left it to the bookseller," replied Dubbley. "I gave him the size of the shelves to an inch, and you'll find 'em quite full. They're all bound alike, too."

"Why, it must have been rather expensive," said Bagot, looking towards the volume. "All bound in Russia, eh?"

"Russia! No, d—n it, no," said the Squire, "they were all bound in London, every one of 'em; and I had to come down for 'em handsomely, as you say. You see," said the Squire, as they sat down to dinner, "one must read to have something to say in ladies' society. If 'twasn't for that, curse me if I'd ever look at a book."

"Which are you reading up for?" asked Bagot—"the housemaid or the cook? By gad, I expect, Dubbley, to see you marry the scullery-maid yet!"

"Eh—what?" said the Squire, changing colour, (for he had much more confidence in Bagot's opinion than his own, even on such a point.) "No, hang it, don't say that! Scullery-maid!—no, by George! nor dairy-maid neither," he muttered. "No, no, I thought you knew my mind better than that."

"I'll tell you what it is, Dubbley, my boy," said the Colonel, laying down his knife and fork, and looking at him, "if you don't mind what you're at, some sharp woman or other will take you in—some pretty servant-maid, whose sense of propriety is proof against a five-pound note. I'd engage to make any good-looking girl in the parish marry you before Christmas, if she'd only follow my instructions."

"For God's sake don't talk like that!—the thing's beyond a joke! Come, Colonel, you wouldn't be so unfriendly?" said Mr Dubbley, pushing away his plate, and rubbing his bald forehead nervously with his napkin, as he thought of the Colonel's unbounded resources, all brought to bear upon his unfortunate self.

Bagot laughed. "If you're such a confounded spoon that you can't trust yourself, Dubbley," said he, "why don't you put yourself out of harm's way? Why don't you marry some respectable woman that would do you credit and keep you out of scrapes?"

"The very thing," said Dubbley, "the very thing I intend. I've been thinking of it this long while. What d'ye think now of a certain person—a certain person not very far off? Any chance for me, eh?"

"The very thing," said the Colonel; "nothing could be better. Handsome, accomplished, rich—what could be better? But there go two words to that bargain. You know that, don't you?"

"What—mine and hers, eh?" said the Squire, looking wise.

"Mine, I fancy, is more important than either," said Bagot, gravely.

"Why, I know you've great influence with her, Colonel. But, then, I always thought you a friend of mine."

"Well," said the Colonel, "you're not a bad fellow, Dubbley, I believe—though you did refuse to lend me that two hundred I wanted the last time I was down."

"Hadn't got it, upon my soul—couldn't have raised it without a mortgage, I'll take my solemn oath," said Mr Dubbley, with great warmth and some confusion; for he lied, and Bagot knew it.

"Pooh," said the Colonel, "I know, to a penny, the amount of the rents you had then lying in Doddington bank. But never mind; you're right to be sharp. Every man for himself, and God for us all! But I've something more to say to her ladyship's marriage than my mere relationship gives me a right to say. You know, if she marries without my consent, she forfeits her income and the place."

"But it won't do you any good to say no," said the Squire.

"Won't it, indeed! If she marries without my consent, part of what she forfeits comes to me," said the Colonel. "And you don't think me such a confounded fool as to give all this away to a man who looks so close after his own, and cares so little about his friends, as you!"

The Squire looked blank. He really didn't know what argument to set against these forcible ones. Bagot helped him to one.

"Now, on the other hand, there's this to be said: If she never marries, I shall be no better off than I am.

I may keep her single, but that will do me no good. We shall be obliging each other."

Mr Dubbley, after a minute's intense thought, got into this new position.

"And therefore," Bagot went on, "if I could find a man who would make it worth my while to say yes, why, perhaps yes would be said."

"What do you call worth your while?" asked the Squire.

"Ah," said Bagot, "that would be a point for future consideration. There are a good many preliminaries to be gone through before we come to that. For instance, I suppose her ladyship doesn't dream of you as a suitor yet. What d'ye think, now?—does she?"

"Why, no," said the Squire, "no—that is, I can't say. I call there now and then. I've sent her a good deal of game."

"You won't get on very fast without a little help, I suspect," said Bagot. "If Lady Lee was a chambermaid, now—but she's a devilish well-bred, exclusive, superior sort of person, with deuced high notions."

"Yes, by George!" said the Squire. "I know that; I'm as moute as a muce—I mean as mute as a mouse—in her company. But I should get over that. However, give me a lift, and—and we'll see about the two hundred, Colonel," he added.

Bagot shook his head.

"Two hundred might have been all very well when I asked you," said he, "but twice two hundred wouldn't serve me now. The fact is, I'm infernally dipped—let in at that cursed Spring Meeting."

The Squire fidgeted in his chair, and glanced nervously at him. Presently he rose, and, unlocking his writing-desk, took out some slips of paper—promissory notes of Bagot's—and began to enumerate them.

"Fifty last December twelvemonth," said he—"a hundred more in April—a hundred and seventy-five more, up to last Christmas—making, with interest—"

"Interest, be hanged!" roared Bagot. "Put up your paper! I vow to heaven, you look like some infernal Jew money-lender preparing to foreclose. As to the other five hundred,

Dubbley, I wouldn't trouble you on any account. Young Crackenthorpe of Rosemead will lend it me in a minute. He's a trump, that fellow, when he can serve a friend."

"Ah," said the Squire, packing up his bills, much relieved, "I'm sure he will, with pleasure. He's a rich fellow, Crackenthorpe; and if he says he hasn't the money, don't you believe him. I heard him bragging the other day that he had a loose thousand or two to invest."

"Yes," said Bagot, "a regular trump; a devilish creditable sort of fellow, too, to be connected with. I hear he's been casting his eyes in a certain direction lately. Her ladyship might do worse than take a fine gentlemanly young fellow like that, with good expectations."

Verbum sapientibus sufficit. If Mr Dubbley had been the wisest of men, a word could not have better sufficed him. He felt that Bagot had a screw on him, and was turning it.

"By the by," he stuttered, "now

I think of it, I wouldn't advise you to have any dealings with Crackenthorpe. No, no, Colonel, don't go to him for money; they say he's got cursed stingy lately — no getting a sixpence out of him. Why, 'pon my soul, I'd rather lend you the money myself, if I possibly could, than let you go to the fellow. Just wait while I look at my banker's book" — which he pretended to consult accordingly.

"Good, by Jove!" said Bagot to himself, rolling his red eye after him, with an inward chuckle. "If he parts with five hundred so easily, I foresee he will be a very pretty annuity to me. Good, indeed! — better than I expected."

And as he rode homeward that night, slapping the pocket that contained Mr Dubbley's check for the five hundred, (in exchange for which another promissory note had been added to the little roll of them already in the Squire's writing-desk,) he repeated to himself, "Better than I expected."

THOMAS MOORE.

MOORE was, *par excellence*, the poet of Ireland. His country had already produced poets entitled to take a high rank among the most distinguished names of literature. But there was no "poet of the nation." Irish by nature, they were English by habit. Their ideas, imbibed in Ireland, were shaped by the feelings of another country. Like migratory birds, forsaking the wintry soil where they learned their original notes, they came to sunnier climes for the display of their plumage, and the full sweetness of their melody.

But Moore never forgot Ireland; even when he left its shore, its green hills never sank on his horizon. Her inexplicable rights and imaginary wrongs, her daring errors and her sportive eccentricities—the *shot-silk* of her heart, varying at every light that touched it, and the *romance* of her understanding, had an irresistible charm for him to the end of his days. No poet of any country, Burns alone excepted, exhibits an imagination so deeply dyed with the colouring of his native land. This was the natural tendency of Moore's mind; and this was also one of the chief secrets of his success. The man who would obtain a triumphant stand in literature, must be content with the conquest of a single kingdom. In the phrase of Johnson,

"Extended empire, like extended gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour."

The character of genius is enthusiasm, and enthusiasm knows but a *first love*. One object engrosses all its *passion*; and that passion perishes as it spreads. Great talents always despise, or have reason to repent, the ambition of universality. Milton himself, in his Sonnets, is Milton no more. There can be no *division* of poetic power. The *two* pinnacles of Parnassus lower its sublimity. Moore's good fortune prompted him to make *one* subject the *foundation* of his fame; and while he laboured to restore the fallen character of his country, he accomplished

a pedestal for the perpetuity of his own fame.

The perusal of these volumes has satisfied us, that every man should write his own biography, if he is able to write anything. He owes it as a tribute to the experience of society; for, among the incidents of life, there is no man whose successes may not give encouragement, or whose failures may not give warning. He owes it to his own character; for there is no man whose character may not be mistaken by ignorance, or distorted by malignity. He owes it to the feelings of his family and friends, to protect them against those shadowy rumours, or floating calumnies, of the dead, which the world is so willing to receive.

And in these precautions we are not limiting the use of the protective pen to the conspicuous names of society. Gossip is on the perpetual wing, and it flies low as well as high. Every man who had anything to tell, or to be told of him, is sure to be swooped on. The indiscriminate taste for anecdote pounces on the humblest prey; there is a jackal ready to dig up every grave. But on the man of literature this task of rescuing his own reputation is especially incumbent. No other man makes so many *unknown* enemies: his unconscious sallies are registered in bosoms of which he has no cognisance; his simplest pleasantries sting where he had no thoughts of striking; his successes excite envy, and his failures triumph,—equally kept in silence until the period when they can find a voice, and clamour with impunity round his tomb.

Whether Moore felt the prudence of this provision from the experience of others, or from the alarm of his own sensibility, he has stood on his defence in a remarkably interesting autobiography, which, though interrupted after he had reached manhood, he has partially continued through the greater part of his career;—a statement full of nature and fondness, full of affec-

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tion and duty—of love to his parents and value for his friends; the whole exhibiting him in a totally different aspect from the satirist and the squib-writer, the contributor of epigrams to the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Gnome* of Holland House; the contemptuous assailant of Toryism, and the keen partisan of Opposition.

Thomas Moore was born (May 28, 1779) in Dublin, the son of a Roman Catholic, embarked in a small business as a kind of wine-merchant. Both his parents seem to have evidently intelligent and kind-hearted. His mother appears to have been a woman of talent, of superior views, and especially of that lively affection which attached all her family, and particularly her son, to her through life.

Moore was a precocious child, and gives us a proof of his early susceptibility—his being *chosen* to sit with a small barrel-organ in his lap, under a covered table, at a tea-party, to burst upon the room with invisible music at a signal. "If," says he, in the Memoir, "the pleasure of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imaginations of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me, while lying long hid under that table, as ever I could boast since."

His extremely diminutive form, and the eccentricity of his manner in his boyhood, seem to have excited attention. A Captain Malony used to say that he was sure the little boy passed all his nights with the "little people (the fairies) on the hills;" and at breakfast he would often, to his great amusement, ask him: "Well, Tom, what news from your friends on the hills? It was a fine moonlight night, and I *know* you were among them."

Several circumstances tended to give an imaginative turn to the boy's mind. He was sent to the school of a man remarkable for his attention to English poetry and declamation—one Whyte, memorable for having been the master of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom (but little to the honour of his discernment) he pronounced "an incorrigible dunce," a sentence which the schoolmaster, who was a clever fellow, and well received in the higher society of Dublin as a theatrical amateur, used to quote as an instance of the judgments formed of

children. Whyte wrote poems of no great celebrity, and prologues and epilogues for private theatricals, which were then the *rage* in the higher circles of the lively Irish metropolis. He also had private pupils for theatrical declamation, among whom he numbered some of the handsomest and most fashionable women of Ireland. It may give an idea at once of the fondness for those performances, and the oddity of Irish habits at that day, that the *Beggar's Opera* was performed at the mansion of the Duke of Leinster, the part of Lockit by the Very Reverend Dean Marley, (afterwards Bishop of Waterford,) who added to his honours, in this singular performance, by reciting the epilogue, of which he was also the author.

The Very Reverend Dean was kept in countenance by names of note, for the Earl of Charlemont, the leader of patriotism in the Lords, was the Peacemaker. In the performance of Henry IV., at the house of the leader of the country gentlemen, the prologue was recited by Hussey Burgh, at that time the first lawyer of Ireland, and afterwards Chief Baron; and the performance of Comus was concluded by an epilogue, recited by the first orator of the Irish parliament, Grattan. An anecdote is given of the Great Duke which may well surprise the witnesses of his latter career. There was a toy brought from France called a "bandalore," and in English a *quiz*, consisting of two circular plates of wood or ivory, which rolled up and down on a string fastened between them. There was a *furor* for this trifle. It was in every one's hand; people played it out of windows, played it walking in the streets, in the public gardens, in the drawing-rooms—in short, everywhere. Lord Plunket, (afterwards Lord Chancellor,) referring to the Duke of Wellington in the year 1790, then but Captain Wesley, and aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and a member of Parliament, said, "I remember being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of its members. The Duke was, I recollect, playing with one of these toys called 'quizzes' the whole time of

the sitting of the committee." Mr Luttrell, who knew all the Irish fashionables of that day, said, that in looking at "Captain Wesley's vacant face, he often thought to himself, Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* will not."

The story of the quiz-playing we can understand. The young officer was a man of fashion, and he followed the fashion, though its introduction into a committee of the Legislature may have been unusual. But the *vacancy* of his face we find it difficult to conceive, for from the time of its being seen in the English Senate, it struck every one as singularly intellectual. The high forehead, the deep-set eye, the finely-formed profile, and the general look of mental superiority, formed the natural exterior of one of the most capacious, clear, and vivid minds that ever played a high part in the affairs of man.

The portraits of Wellington, in his declining years, give a most imperfect idea of his noble countenance: to make him look sagacious, they make him look wily; all the grandeur is gone. The sketches published since his death are an insult to his memory; they exhibit nothing but an exaggeration of decrepitude, totally pervert the physiognomy of the statesman and the warrior, and offend the eye, as much as they vex the memory. The best likeness of Wellington, the man, is the portrait by Lawrence, painted soon after his return from Waterloo;—a fine, animated, and intelligent full face; half-length, the dress a simple cloak; the general expression equally speaking the man of high life and the hero.*

Moore's early life appears to have been a pleasant one; and it may surprise those who heard nothing but the perpetual wail of faction over the "miseries and horrors" of the penal laws, to be told of the ease and the pleasantness with which a Papist family, of small means, could pass their years under all the supposed grimness of Protestant authority, in the very headquarters of the English Viceroy.

During the summers, the young

ones of the *trader's* household were sent to the sea-side, for bathing and fresh air; and as the heads of the house could not leave their business during the week, they came on Sundays to pass the day, bringing down with them generally two or three friends, "so that we always had a merry day of it." At this watering-place, as the children grew up, they had enjoyments of a higher order than even those Sunday socialities. Among other things, they got up theatricals, and on one occasion performed O'Keefe's clever farce of the "Poor Soldier," "in which little Moore played the part of Patrick, without much regard to costume, his dress belonging to a bigger boy, and hanging round him in no very soldierly fashion." On this occasion, which was a few days before the return to school, Moore recited a farewell epilogue, to the farce and the holidays together, appropriately dressed in a suit of *mourning*! the epilogue being from his own pen, and containing these smart lines—

"Our pantaloons, that did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book;
Our harlequin, who skipped, leaped, danced,
and died,
Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side."

With the *finale*—

"Whate'er the course we're destined to pursue,
Be sure our hearts will always be with you."

All very promising for a bard only twelve years old.

Even the return to school was not wholly without its sunshine. As the other children remained at the sea-side a month or two longer, the schoolboy joined them on the Saturday evenings, remaining over Sunday—he riding a pony, which his father kept for *him*; and as the hour of his arrival was always expected, he was generally met by a coterie of his playmates, who walked by the side of his pony to his door. We presume that the little poet was a very pleasant fellow even then, for boys and girls

* This print, which alone gives the countenance of the Great Duke, at the time of life when alone any countenance *ought* to be painted or sculptured, costs but seven shillings, and is thus within the purchase of everybody.

seldom give their popularity for nothing; and he must have acquired also a larger share of public notice than belonged to his companionship to give, for the publisher of a Magazine, who gave portraits of public characters, applied for leave to publish Moore's, which, however, his mother, to the young poet's great disappointment, refused to give.

His mother's care seems to have never slumbered—she hearing him all his daily tasks, and evidently having set her heart upon his being above the common herd of boys and men. Her first care was to have him taught music—a matter which may be said to have shaped his whole fortunes. This he trifled with at first, but at length studied spontaneously—and found it, as every one may, even with less talent for music than his, a delightful amusement when nothing else can amuse, and a gentle soother of the troubles of life, when nothing else, or at least nothing human, can console.

At this time, too, Moore got his first lessons in that school of politics, from the phraseology of which he never could extricate himself, though he seems to have pretty well got rid of its prejudices. His father, as a Papist, of course fell into the verbiage of party, and was “all for patriotism,” which patriotism, in more violent heads, was “all for rebellion.” Among this party, known by the name of United Irishmen, were the “most intimate friends” of his family; and the first presence of Moore at a public dinner was at one in honour of Napper Tandy, an enormous patriot, and champion of “liberty all round the globe,” and who subsequently, like the rest of the patriots, came under the cognisance of Government. At this meeting, the toasts, as Moore says, “made an *indelible* impression” on his mind. Among them was, “May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure.” Whether the poetry or the politics of this daring challenge to loyalty impressed him most, he does not tell, but the Government must have been tardy in not sending the toast-master to jail, with a detachment of its drinkers to accompany him.

The penal laws having undergone

a gradual course of relaxation from the beginning of the reign of George III., and allowing Popish students to be entered at the Protestant College of Dublin, without any restriction as to their religious tenets, Moore's mother, who had determined on his being a Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor, or some such lofty and uneasy thing, resolved to have him educated for the bar; and the private tutor at Whyte's school, a good classic, was employed to teach him the secrets of Greek and Latin. But most unluckily this tutor was a furious politician, and infused into his little pupil not only the mysteries of his calling, “but a deep and cordial hatred to those who were thus lording over and trampling down Ireland.” It is the peculiarity of the Irish mind that it worships metaphor, and that, in its homage for this favourite figure, it totally neglects reality. Time may have sobered down the passion a few degrees towards common sense, but in those days nothing delighted an Irish audience so much as to be told that they were the “most miserable of human beings:” the loudest-tongued orator proclaimed that “no Irishman could dare to open his lips,” and, in the midst of popular licence of the broadest kind, the shout was for the man who pronounced the whole nation *slaves*. The tardy and timid government of the Viceroy was pronounced the most unsparing and unprincipled tyranny on earth; and a country in which a public officer could not stir a step without a threat of impeachment, was declared to be incapacitated from moving hand or foot, from the use of the human tongue, and even defrauded of the last melancholy privilege of ruin—the right to curse.

Absurd as all this was, the million believed it as sincerely as their own existence. Their children were taught to lisp treason, their schools to foster conspiracy, their workshops to furnish recruits for rebellion, and their chapels to predict the glorious times when the Englishman should no longer pollute the sacred soil that belonged by nature to the Papist, and a triumphant crusade, proceeding from the shores of France and Spain, should wash away the last traces of Saxon crime in the blood of the criminals.

The reality was of another order. The peasantry were a dancing, drinking, festive, and often fighting race. The middle order were a remarkably self-enjoying, social, and good-humoured class, (in everything but politics;) fond of dancing, suppers, and sociality of all kinds; some of remarkable accomplishment, especially in music, and some even of elegant scholarship. The highest orders had, of course, the education suitable to their rank; and the courts of the Viceroys exhibited as many showy and court-like personages—as many handsome women and high-bred men—as perhaps the courts of the Georges. They even went occasionally a little beyond St James's in the character of their festivity, and rather took their model from the Tuileries, in the days of the showy Regent and his dissolute successor. This was the country which, according to the orators, nothing but a Rebellion could redeem, and nothing but a Revolution restore!

At length the orators, to their own astonishment and terror, saw their speculation shaped into life; for the real wish of those discoverers of abuses never went further than to tease Government into stopping their mouths with place. The public proclaimers of revolt were instantly silent; but they had converts who, fatally for themselves, believed them with full faith, took up the burthen of the cause which the haranguers had flung from their own shoulders, and expiated their credulity on the scaffold.

We have alluded to this dark page of the national story merely from its connection with the early life of Moore, and its accounting for that fantasy which tinged an elegant, sportive, and gentle mind with grave folly on this subject, to the end of his life.

The cheerfulness of his parents made their house sociable; and musical professors—some of whom attained celebrity—were often their guests. The "*petits soupers*" in the humble mansion were, for gaiety at least, of the best. The front and back small drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were, on such occasions, stretched to their utmost capacity; and the supper-table in the small closet, where

people had the least room, was accordingly "always the most merry." The only musical instrument in the house was an old harpsichord; but the musical instruction of the children had begun to require something better—and their mother longed for the purchase of a piano. The prudence of their father dreaded this formidable expense, "but my mother was of a far more sanguine nature. She contrived to scrape together, in the course of some months, a small sum, which, together with what my father gave for the purpose, and whatever trifle was allowed in exchange for the old harpsichord, made up the price of the new pianoforte!"

On this purchase probably turned Moore's whole fate. The new instrument had charms for him which were not to be found in the old. He had hitherto thrown away his teaching—he now adopted the study of himself; and to this we may owe, not merely the delicious music of the composer, but the touching strains of the poet—for he always attributed his poetic propensities to his musical passion; and it is unquestionable that his poetry owes its chief spell to a harmony which always reminds us of the witchery of the strings.

These incidents are *not* trifling; the history of a mind is no trifle; the narrative of the means by which society is gathered round the table of humble hospitality is not a trifle; the ingenuity by which mothers and children, and relatives and friends, in the obscure ranks of mankind, may be cheaply made as happy as the titled and the opulent, is no trifle—they are rather the finest secrets of our social nature. The simple statement in the life of Sir Samuel Romilly of the family circle, the dances, the little suppers, and the conversation in the little parlour of the Swiss watchmaker, seems to us the most touching, or even the most important, portion in the biography of that distinguished man. Amid all the honours of the Senate and the bar, he evidently looked back to those hours with all the fondness that remained in his nature. After the wear and tear of public life, and in his spacious mansion, he often reverted to the "little parlour," and the faces of those whose liveliness

made a sunshine even in its obscurity.

Moore, not content with his songs, now made another effort for distinction. Grattan had inspired all the Irish with a determination to climb to fame by the rather slippery ladder of public oratory, and Moore, emulous in all things, constructed a little parliament of his own. His audience, however "fit, were few," consisting of his father's two shopmen, and his arena consisting of their bed-chamber, in which they discussed the wrongs of Ireland with great sincerity and success.

But more serious concerns pressed round him. As a Papist, the time was come for his attendance at the confessional, and his mother, who thought that the priests of their acquaintance would not be sufficiently strict, sent the boy to one Halloran, an awful personage. We give Moore's description of this matter, for the benefit of those whom it may concern in the diocese of Exeter and elsewhere, premising that Moore was a professed Papist throughout every stage of his life:—

"Notwithstanding the gentle and parental manner of the old confessor, his position, sitting there as my judge, rendered him awful in my eyes; and the necessity of raking up all my boyish peccadilloes, my erring thoughts, my desires, and deeds, before a person so little known to me, was both painful and humiliating. . . . So irksome did it at last become to me, that a year or two after my entrance into College, I ventured to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession, and, after a slight remonstrance, she sensibly acceded to my wish."

Now, let it be supposed that, instead of a smart lad of fifteen or sixteen, on the one hand, and a decent old man on the other, the parties had been a child of twelve or fifteen, and a young fellow of five-and-twenty, privileged to ask her every question his licentiousness chose to put, how naturally would disgust be excited in every one who heard of the transaction! Yet this is the perpetual practice of Rome; and this is the practice which it is attempted to introduce into the Churches of Protestantism.

No matter what authorities may be found for this performance in the

custom of Popery, or what amount of patronage and protection may exist for it in the pro-Papist abettors of innovation; all the other abuses of superstition do not equal the quantity of evil, misery, and corruption arising from the confessional.

The year 1798, a period memorable in the misfortunes of Ireland, was now at hand. Conspiracy had corroded every rank of society except the highest; and it was not to be expected that Moore, a Papist, an orator, and mingling with all the *élite* of a College already infected by revolt, should not be tempted to take a share in its speculation. His peculiar intimacy with Robert Emmett, then a youth, but already alike distinguished by his ability and his republicanism, added to the temptation. A celebrated journal called the *Press* had been set up by the chief promoters of the rebellion, for the purpose of preparing the country for the outbreak. Moore wrote some papers for the journal, anonymously of course; one of those he read (in the journal) to his parents, who admired the writing, but pronounced it "very bold." His mother accidentally discovered the authorship, and, most fortunately for her son, her entreaties were so strong that he never would write again in so dangerous a quarter, that he gave her his pledge, and kept it. This promise may have saved him from all the subsequent hazards of the conspirators.

A Visitation was held in the great hall of the College, for the purpose of inquiring into the revolutionary clubs existing among the students. Moore was examined among the rest, but his answers were prompt, "that he was not a member of any club, and knew nothing of any proceedings of their organisation." He was of course dismissed, and applauded for his firmness by his fellow-students. Some of those who were summoned before the visitors, not venturing to appear, were expelled, and others received different awards of punishment; and the whole Visitation ended in the gratifying discovery that active disaffection was confined to a few young men, infatuated with classic dreams of republicanism.

Moore's music was now beginning

to be of use to him. His voice was sweet, his muse was ready, and the phenomenon of a poet, singer, and musician, in one—a reproduction of the minstrel of the olden time—opened the doors of every house to him. His manners were always remarkably courteous, and, without disturbing the feelings of fathers or uncles, he was a universal favourite of the fair sex. Even his diminutive figure added to his easy popularity. Even in manhood he had the form of a child; and he was welcomed as the most engaging, and, at the same time, the most harmless of gifted children. The style of his songs, at this period, assisted the idea, for they had a babyism equally in their sportiveness and their tenderness that kept up the illusion of the nursery;—a charm at the time, which grew into a fault afterwards, and a fault from which he never could extricate his amatory songs.

At length, in 1798, Moore took his degree, and his next step was to keep his terms in London, for the bar was now fixed for his profession. In college he had gained no character for his acquirements. Like Swift and Burke, he would have passed unknown, so far as college distinctions were concerned. Science was then the great object of the examinations, and Moore had no taste for algebra or geometry. This error in the course of study has since been cancelled, and classics and general knowledge have assumed their due honours, as they should always assume in a *national* education; for not one man in a million ever looks into Euclid, after shaking off the dust of his feet against the gates of a university, and about the same proportion have any especial talent for mathematics; and without that talent, all is "leather or prunella."

On Moore's arrival in London, he commenced his style of living on the most economical rule; he took a room in Marylebone, up two pair of stairs, at six shillings a-week, and dined at a *restaurateur's* in the most moderate possible manner. Here he was in the midst of French emigrants. An old curé was in the back-room of the same floor, "the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with

mine, so that not a smore of his escaped me." An emigrant bishop occupied the floor below him, and as he had no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was to have a board hung up in the hall; on one side was written, in large characters, "The bishop is at home," and on the other, "The bishop is gone out;" a contrivance which we recommend to all men of literature troubled with gentlemen who come "merely to have five minutes' conversation" with them—if it were not advisable to extend the notice to every house at the West End of the metropolis—the nuisance of "morning calls" being *illegal* in the City.

In London he made a few Irish acquaintances. His translation of *Anacreon* was put into the hands of a publisher; and, after the depression of that struggling solitude which has been experienced by so many men of ability at their first trial of London, he flew back to his Irish home, to enjoy feelings like those of his own old *Teian*—

"When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.
Talk of monarchs, I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men:
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king.
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
When my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?"

We hasten to the pleasant, curious, and varied correspondence of which these volumes give the foretaste. The publication of a poet's correspondence by a leading statesman is an *event* in modern literature, doing honour equally to the author and his editor; and the name of Thomas Moore will be justly regarded as having received its last *tribute* from the pen of Lord John Russell. The office of collecting his papers was the result of a request made a quarter of a century since, for the purpose of providing a support for his family in case of his death; and we are gratified by the announcement that this purpose has, by means of the Messrs Longman, and a small pension from the Crown, been satisfactorily accomplished for his widow, an estimable person, the rest of his family having unfortunately died before him.

These volumes consist of the Memoir of his early years, a Journal subsequently begun, and carried on at intervals for many years, and a collection of Letters to and from his correspondents of all classes—some of the fashionable world, some of literary name, some to his various acquaintances, some to his publishers, and a large number to his mother, for whom, to his honour, he seems to have borne a most affectionate and dutiful regard at all times, and to whom he generally wrote twice a-week.

The noble editor apologises for the insertion of so many letters containing domestic details. But some letters of this order would be valuable in every memoir of distinguished men; for nothing adds more to our knowledge of character than the history of the fire-side. Perhaps some of the letters to his family may be omitted in future editions, for beyond the meritorious evidence of duty, they make but a feeble figure among his sparkling communications with the London world.

The editor, however, had a severer difficulty to contend with; for Moore was a partisan as well as a poet. Every year he lived two or three months in London; and as his first introductions were among Whigs, and the houses of the Whig nobility were all open to him, he heard all that was fluttering among their showy and lively circles. It may excite some men fond of problems to start the inquiry, why Toryism, with all its virtues, is so partial to dulness—never opens its friendships, feelings, or services to the young talents which it *ought* to honour, and is satisfied with establishing a sort of aristocratic barrier against all the rising accomplishments of the age. The Whigs have always been wiser in their generation—have always remembered that exclusiveness tends to stupidity—that a circle of *dowager* lords is one of the most striking emblems of political decrepitude; and that Holland House brought more recruits of talent to Whiggism, than all the temptations, even of the Treasury, brought to its rival powers. By some fatality, all the wits of London have been Whigs for the last hundred years—all the showy writers have dipped their wings in Whig libations; even the liancy of fashion, and the

grace of manners, have glittered round the mansions of Whiggism; while, if a man of talent, destitute of the "fourteen quarterings," has been suffered within the folding-doors of Toryism, it is quoted as a condescension. As to the Peel dynasty, there was no help for enduring that accession from the loom; parliamentary workmen *must* be had, at whatever price; but even that dynasty rapidly contrived to adopt the old Tory style, and be as solemn, exalted, and exclusive, as if they had all been barons dating from the Conquest.

The occupation of Moore in London was to catch the "Cynthia of the minute," and carry off the body to his cottage, there to sketch her beauties in quiet, and transfer the impression to the world. He became a sort of whispering gallery, in which every accent of passing pleasantry was repeated to all England; a political naturalist, catching every gnat that flitted in the London atmosphere, and pinning them down with his pen, for study or for sale;—the poet having this advantage over the naturalist, that all *his* gnats kept their stings in increased activity, and exhibited themselves duly next season, in Twopenny-Post-Bags—Fudge families, Tables for the Holy Alliance, and epistles from Tom Crib to Big Ben, (the Prince-Regent.)

One of those squibs, which amused everybody (but its subjects), we give as a specimen of the poet's studies. At the election for the University of Cambridge, one of the candidates published a letter to his opponents, in which he proposed that for the purpose of quiet, &c., the candidate who *felt himself the weaker* should at once retire. This unlucky phraseology could not possibly escape Moore, who accordingly pinned it down, to the "unextinguishable laughter," as Homer expresses it, of the electors.

"BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

B-nk-es is *weak*, and G-lb-n too,
No one e'er the fact denied.
Which is *weakest* of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray—
Which is *weakest*, Cambridge, say.

G-lb-n of the pope afraid is,
B-nk-es as much afraid as he.

Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, &c.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches ;
B-n-k-as is foolish in reviews,
G-l-d-n foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, &c.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fixed his master on a throne ;
So, whichever first shall bray,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thine own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray ;
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray."

But those burlesques were trifles to the shafts which Moore levelled at the Perceval Ministry, when the Prince-Regent pronounced the astounding declaration that he had broken off with the Whigs. The flag of defiance instantly waved from the Whig castle, and Moore, like a marksman, was planted in a loophole to take especial aim at the leaders of the assault. His first aim was the Regent. Lord Castlereagh having said in the Commons something about the multiplicity of the official papers with which his Royal Highness was overwhelmed, the shaft was shot at once:—

"THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

Last night I tossed and turned in bed,
But could not sleep. At length I said—
'I'll think of Viscount Castlereagh,
And of his speeches—that's the way.'
And so it was ; for, instantly,
I slept as sound as sound could be.
Methought the P—ce, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sat ;
On one side lay unread petitions,
On t'other, hints from five physicians ;
Here, tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my lady, drams for vapours ;
There, plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants, and the *Morning Post*.

And, lo, the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves ;
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, oh, Jacobinic papers !
As if they said, Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness !
The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic petition.
Then common-hall addresses came,
The swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dressed head,
As if determined to be read ;
Next, tradesmen's bills begin to fly—
And tradesmen's bills, we know, mount
high—

Nay, even death-warrants thought they'd
best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh, the deepest of defections—
This letter about 'predilections !'
His own dear letters, void of grace.
Now flew up in its parent's face.
Shocked with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur out, 'Tu brute,'
Then sank subdued upon the floor,
At Fox's bust, to rise no more.
I waked, and prayed with lifted hand—
Oh, never may this dream prove true !
Though paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the Sovereign too."

The Regent had been bred a Whig, lived as a Whig, feasted, danced, and dressed as a Whig—all things perfectly natural to a young man of fashion, without profession, pursuit, or purpose on earth, but to spend his time pleasantly. An heir-apparent of the Throne must have no politics ; and the Prince's attempt to have anything of the kind, imperfect as it was, had already deeply offended the German etiquette, which always regards the heir of the Throne as fulfilling the whole round of his duties in drilling his regiment, until his time is come to handle the sceptre. Pitt had no money to give dinners, and no time to eat them. His successors were as poor as himself. Windsor was proverbial for propriety, and the absence of all amusement ; the circle of the court attendants was all decorum and decrepitude. While Devonshire House was gathering all the fashion, beauty, wit, and dancing of the world round the shrine of its lively and elegant duchess, a circle of inferior luminaries were doing the same in their respective orbits. Was it surprising that the Prince, at five-and-twenty, should be attracted to the centre of this showy system ? But circumstances make character everywhere. He found himself suddenly called on to take the responsibility of a Government extending to the borders of the earth : no longer the arbiter of a ball-room, but deciding on peace and war ; no longer the man of pleasantries, laughing at the oddities of an old-fashioned court, but a monarch called to the construction of a new one. The scene between Henry the Fifth and Falstaff has been acted in every court of Europe, where the acquaintance began in the tavern. A letter 1

written by the Prince to his brother, the Duke of York, announcing his reasons for abandoning Whiggism; and this was the proclamation of Whig exile, which the poet turned as best he might into ridicule:—

“PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is
nigh,
When, with Perceval's leave, I may throw
my chains by;
And as time now is precious, the first thing
I do
Is to sit down and write a *wise* letter to you.

I was called on at once, in a moment of
puzzle,
To choose my own minister—just as they
muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his
disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-
master.

A new era's arrived, though you'd hardly
believe it,
And all things, of course, must be *new* to re-
ceive it;
New villas, new fetés, (which even Worth-
man attends,)
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not?—
new friends.
I repeat it, new friends, for I cannot describe
What delight I am in with this Perceval
tribe:
Such capering, such vapouring, such rigour,
such vigour,
North, South, East, and West, they have cut
such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world
round our ears,
And leave us no friends but Old Nick and
Algiers!

I am proud to declare I have no ‘predilec-
tions;’
My heart is a sieve, where some scattered
affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to go
through.”

Those hits are felt with more pun-
gency in high places than in low.
The man of rank, accustomed to
smiles, feels especial offence at a
frown; and princes, who have never
heard a doubt of their superiority
in sense, as in all other things, feel
the touch of censure like a wound.
We have omitted all but the most
harmless of these points in the Let-
ters, which excited equal amusement
and indignation.

It is remarkable, that neither in

nor out of office did his party do
anything for Moore, except the Ber-
muda Office, which was almost ruin,
and the pension in his last years.
We cannot comprehend this policy,
nor accede to its vindication. The
noble editor observes—“It may with
truth be averred, that while literary
men of acknowledged talent have a
claim on the Government of their
country, to save them from *penury* or
urgent distress, it is better for litera-
ture that eminent authors should not
look to political patronage for their
maintenance. It is desirable that
they who are the heirs of fame should
preserve an independence of position,
and that the rewards of the Crown
should not bind men of letters in ser-
vile adherence.”

Now, this language, coming from a
man who has been a Minister, and
has had the literary patronage of the
Crown in his keeping, gives us a
rather ominous conception of the *rules*
of government arrangement for litera-
ture. It seems, in the first place, to
imply, that every writer who receives
an income from his country, must be
a slave to the Minister for the time
being. But is all literature *political*?
Is there no volume but a *Blue Book*?
and no theatre for talent but the
floor of the House of Commons? May
not a writer of talent give as large
a contribution to the fame of his
country as any man within its borders?
and is not the fame of a country one
of the highest sources of its strength?
and is not that contribution entitled
to claim its public return? An author
of the highest ability may be disabled
by illness, exhausted by labour, dis-
heartened by misfortune, plundered
by knavery—would an income, not
merely from the bounty, but from the
justice of the nation, be unsuitably
bestowed on him? Shall the com-
monest and lowest labour, the poorest
invention, or the most obscure exer-
cise of the understanding, be capable
of raising an individual to opulence?
and shall the noblest exercise of the
noblest intellect be forbidden, by *rule*,
to assert any claim to national re-
ward? A man invents a new way of
cutting needle's-eyes, and instantly
makes ten thousand pounds a-year.
A blacksmith makes a steel pen, and,
on the sale, purchases half a county.

A peasant, working at a loom, founds a family, and leaves estates to all his descendants; but if a Homer or Shakspeare were to descend among us again, they are to be met by the *rule* of office, declaring that it is better that eminent writers should receive nothing from their country.

Out of the revenue of England, amounting to fifty-two millions, the whole sum annually allotted to the whole literature of the Empire is £1200! Among the profusion of titles lavished on the ranks of Englishmen, there is but one title for literature, and that title the Laureateship, sustained by the *munificent* national allowance of £100 a-year—the pay of a porter at the door of a public office.

The life of Moore is the practical evidence of the unhappiness which might have been averted from the head and heart of a most ingenious, industrious, and vivid author, by a slight competence to his *early* career. Moore, while he was the flattered friend, the favourite guest, and the glittering ornament of the highest society, often wanted £5! Even when his works were in the hands of every one who pretended to taste, we find him plagued with providing for the *morrow*, weighed down with old debts, and forced to throw by the works on which he counted for immortality, to meet the exigencies of the passing hour. His mind was *never* at its ease till the tardy justice of the Government gave him an income of £300 a-year; and that, too, when his mind was on the verge of exhaustion, and neither liberality nor neglect could affect him any longer.

This was the misfortune of the country, more than of Moore. Under *his* pressures, his works are wonders; but three-fourths of them are ephemeral. What he *might* have done, living at his ease as to pecuniary matters, unhurried by the necessities of the day—uncompelled to undertake trivial subjects—unforced to fling down the unfinished manuscript on which his heart was set, and finish a ballad for the music-seller or a squib for the journalist, is now beyond computing; but the country lost, perhaps, the *finest* fruits of an original mind.

And yet we are convinced that the late Minister disclaims in practice,

what he asserts in theory, for he has done generous and manly things in this very direction. We contend against the principle. We can discover no *reason* why, in this free field, where all other talents have their course, and are entitled to their reward, a judge or a commissioner should have his thousands a-year; while a man whose name is spread through the living world, while theirs is being circumscribed within the walls of their courts—a mind which transmits to the intellectual treasury of the land things more precious than all the gold of the mine—whose labours are as imperishable as the aspirations and affections of the heart of universal mankind—should be refused a pittance under the pretext that it would make him a slave! The impression seems to be taken from the tract-scribblers of the reign of George II.—poor creatures, with as little ability as conscience; dealers in libel for bread; livers on “dedications,” and hirelings to everybody. But these men are not entitled to be representatives of the talent of our day, or of the principles of any day. If Moore had obtained, at his *first* evidence of unquestionable ability, the pension which was awarded to him only through the influence of his friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, at a time when he was touching the fatal “threescore and ten,” he would have been no more a hireling than he was on his death-bed, and infinitely more in a condition to assert the liberty of genius by the tranquillity of his mind; at least, he would never have been compelled to send such letters as these.

He writes to Power, the publisher, “Could you, in the course of a week or ten days, muster me up a *few* pounds—*five or six*—as I am almost without a shilling.” He writes to his mother—“Just now, and for two or three months to come, I am without an *extra* pound, if, indeed, I am lucky enough to have any *intra* ones.” On his father’s losing the small appointment of a barrack-master in Ireland, he says, “We instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven in being able to do so well. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that

have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful despondency about it."

Yet at that time he supposed that his father would not get the half-pay of his office, (£200 a-year), and that, as he was determined "to share his last crust with him," as he dutifully and manfully expressed it, he must prepare for *poverty* to the end of his days. From deep anxieties like those, a slight *regular* income, which no one could deny that he had already deserved, would have secured him for ever.

He writes, on being about to leave his cottage, "I feel a little afraid of a new place, on account of the *finances*; for here, whenever I have not the supplies, I have at least *credit*, which could not be expected in a new residence: we shall see, however."

About this time he had made a most advantageous arrangement with the Messrs Longman, by which he was eventually to have a large sum for a work yet to be completed; and how was this to be disposed of? He was already involved, and the first office of his literary success was to be his relief from his encumbrances. "I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts;" the remainder was to rest in the publishers' hands for a period, they paying the interest, which was to be transferred to his father's use, to whom, out of his little, he generously still contributed. He never had a regular residence in London; but he lived even, during the years of his popularity, in a cottage at Kigworth, of the humble rent of £25 a-year; and, even when he enlarged his style of living, regarded himself as verging on extravagance when he took a furnished cottage at Sloperton, at the moderate expenditure of £40 a-year, including taxes.

It is pitiful to see, in the midst of those difficulties, which might have worn down the heart of any man less buoyant than Moore, men of the highest rank shaking him by *both* hands, and saying, "Well I hope you are working for *us*, now," without the generosity to inquire whether he was not returning to a supperless chamber. It is admitted that he

made, on several occasions, large sums by his works; but they seem to have been always anticipated. He was continually paying debts, and he left nothing behind him, as is shown by his widow's dependency on a pension, and the sale of these volumes. There were a hundred places in the Government offices, which, without encumbering the finances of the public, might have given him a sufficient income, secured the *official* abilities of a very intelligent and active mind—for Moore would probably have made as active a public servant as he was an industrious writer—and had the higher advantage of allowing a man of talent to devote his evenings to that service of his country, which we do not hesitate to regard among the highest—her literary honour. Still the "*laudatur et alget*" was the motto of his *life*; and if we could read the characters written in the folds of his heart, we should probably read a history of as much scorn and vexation, as much distress, and as much disdain, as any record of disappointed hopes and ill-used genius. It is true that, when crushed by the decision of Doctors' Commons, for the fault of another, his friends, and among those (to his honour) Jeffrey, offered him large sums, some as gifts, others on security, to save him from a *prison*. But as he never could hope to repay £6000, those he declined, and wisely preferred exile. The *point* of the fault which we find with his public patrons is, that no man appears to have inquired, "How do you live? whither do you shrink, for nine months in every year? have you a roof over your head, and fire in your grate?" They no more asked his condition, than they asked what became of the butterflies.

That he must have felt those things is evident, from his intercourse with Lord Moira. The noble earl was a fine showy gallant personage, willing to do a service to Moore, but, though powerful through the Prince-Regent, and occasionally in the Cabinet, suffering all occasions to slip away in which he might *seriously* have served his *protégé*. At length Moore shivered the chain, and told the noble patron that he had given up the habit of "*living in expectancy*." His

lordship wrote him a handsome letter, and sailed as Governor-General of India—thus finishing the connection of years with a bow of the most accomplished order. The world was then before the poet; he abandoned the region of drawing-rooms, retired to Sloperton—a very humble cottage, at the side of Bowood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's mansion—and devoted himself to wit and Whiggism. The Prince's repulse of the Whig leader rankled in the Opposition bosom, and all their circles soon rang with the following pretty verses, in which, under the semblance of an injured love, Whiggism upbraided the royal defection:—

“ WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied—
Still clung with hope the fonder—
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver, go;
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.”

After a verse of pathetic remonstrance, the poet strikes a fiercer blow at the Prince's well-known passion for “always remaining young”—a hit probably more deeply felt than any charge on his partisanship. The verse is less impassioned than political.

“ Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter, scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No gentle ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go, go! though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour.”

The poem, however, recovers its tone of passion, and thus concludes:—

“ And days may come, thou false one, yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever—
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee;
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go, go! tis vain to curse;
Tis weakness to upbraid thee—
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.”

Moore had *two* formidable means of attack—the press and the piano: the public had the satire, the world of fashion had the song. These verses charmed all tastes—the politicians, who fancied the Prince tortured by those mosquito stings; and the fair sex, who imagined them the musical sorrows of a heart in despair. The song was copied in all quarters, popular in all boudoirs, and heard everywhere *but* in the palace. The noble lords gravely approved of the indignation, the noble ladies were enchanted with the sensibility, until the charm was worn out, and Moore took his place in the Wiltshire stage, and over his humble fireside had time to meditate on the emptiness of popularity.

But the Regent was not the only mark for his flying quill. *Quicquid agunt homines*—every topic that flew across the public mind had a shot from Moore; and even the great name of Sir Walter Scott could not escape. Mr Lockhart, in referring to the comparative ill-success of “Rokeby,” says,—“It is fair to add, that among the London circles at least, some sarcastic flings, in Mr Moore's *Twopenny Post-Bag*, must have had an unfavourable influence on this occasion.” The verses were—

“ Should you feel any touch of poetical glow
We've a scheme to suggest; Mr Sc—t, you
must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for
the Row.)
Having quitted the Border to seek new re-
nown,
Is coming by long quarter-stages to town;
And, beginning by ‘Rokeby,’ (the job's sure
to pay,)
Means to do all the gentlemen's Seats on the
way.
Now the scheme is, (though none of our
hackneys can beat him,)
To start a fresh post through Highgate to
meet him,
Who, by means of quick proofs, no reviser,
long coaches,
May do a few villas before Sc—t approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least
Woburn Abbey.”

The volumes contain a miscellaneous correspondence from persons of all kinds, often very characteristic, and sometimes curious. Among the rest are several letters from Jeffrey relative to the *Edinburgh Review*, putting him in mind of his promise of “The

Fathers" about the beginning of November. "I tremble a little on casting up the number of attacks on the P. R. (Prince-Regent) that occur in this number. However, I bespoke none of them; and, if testimonies come from the East and the West, I cannot well help inserting them. However, the thing may be overdone, I fancy, and I shall admit no more for a while, unless they are witty and good-humoured, like *some* that I wot of.

"Could you hunt me up a good smart German reviewer—one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it?

"Is it true that Lord Byron is about to be married? It would make him happier, I have no doubt, but probably less poetical; better for him, and worse for us." Then follows an appendix, which, like ladies' postscripts, contains the marrow of the letter. "I enclose a shabby little *bill* on said number. I have treated you this time very little better than an ordinary critic, just to give you a notice of our *misery*."

In another letter he says, "I have only one daughter yet, which, I think, is almost enough when you consider that I was married only last October. But I earnestly wish all the children I may have to be of that sex. I have something of a *natural antipathy* to

boys." There is a good deal more of this easy intercourse between the poet and the critic, who seems to have been sometimes sadly in want of materials for his *Review*, which he was, of course, compelled to supply by his own brain.

The Correspondence is followed by a "Diary," much the most amusing part of the work. A saying of Lord Holland, in speaking of Dr Parr, is characteristic. "It is unfortunate that a man so full of learning cannot communicate his knowledge; for, when he speaks, nobody can make out what he says; and when he writes, nobody can read his handwriting." Parr lisped excessively; and his manuscript was so bad that he often could not read it himself. It is surprising that Parr could have been so often talked of in his time. All that he left behind him is bombast—a clumsy imitation of Johnson, and a sort of worship of Whiggism. The latter was, perhaps, the *salt* that preserved him from dissolution in his day. He was a good schoolmaster; but in society Porson truly called him "the Brummagem Doctor," (the counterfeit of Johnson.)

We close these volumes, with some expectancy of the merit of their successors. They are light, lively, and anecdotal, and do honour to the memory of the poet, and to the friendship of his accomplished editor.

DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.

THE defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry, by an adverse vote of the House of Commons, disapproving of their financial scheme, is suggestive of many important, and some most painful reflections. The first have reference to the future internal arrangement and distribution of the national taxes; the second relate to the means by which the Government was overthrown, and to the men who accomplished that deed. Glad, indeed, should we be, did our duty permit us to avoid altogether the discussion of the latter topic; but this is not an age in which political delinquency can be passed over, even in contemptuous silence.

Let us for a few moments advert to the position of the Ministry at the time when the Budget was produced. They had distinctly and unequivocally declared that, in deference to the verdict of the country, as given at last general election, they would not attempt any introduction or restoration of the protective system, but would frame all their measures in accordance with the accepted policy of Free Trade. Notwithstanding that express announcement, an attempt was made by the Whigs and Radicals to carry certain resolutions in the House of Commons, which, whilst they did not afford any additional security for the future, were purposely intended to be offensive to the Ministry and to the great body of their supporters. That they were conceived in a hostile spirit is not wonderful; but that hostility was combined with so much unfairness and malignity that the majority of the House refused to concur in a vote, which was not only useless in itself, but disgraceful to the men who proposed it. That trial of strength over, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to open his Budget, and to make the disclosure of the financial projects of the Ministry for the ensuing year; or, we ought rather to say, their immediate financial proposals.

The details of this eventful debate are yet so fresh in the memory of all those who are interested in politics, that we may spare ourselves the trouble of minute recapitulation. Suffice it to say, that not even the most

jealous eye could detect, in Mr Disraeli's financial exposition, any leaning or undue favour towards the interests or classes who had suffered most in consequence of the comparatively recent change in our commercial system. Neither the agricultural, nor the shipping, nor the colonial interests, were dealt with as objects of commiseration; and what alleviations he proposed to make on burdens which affected these, were so moderate and perfectly just, that they were hardly once challenged by any speaker of note in the subsequent debate. The leading points of his Budget may be shortly stated as follows:—(1st,) The repeal of one-half of the malt-tax, of one-half of the hop duties, and a large though gradual diminution of the customs duties upon tea. As these reductions, especially the first, would entail a very considerable loss of revenue, he proposed (2d) an extension of the house-tax to all tenements rated at £10; (3d,) an augmentation of the present rate of the house-tax; (4th,) an extension of the income and property tax, from £150—the present minimum—to persons possessing incomes of £100 and upwards, or of £50 derived from property; and its application to persons drawing salaries or dividends from the funds in Ireland. He proposed, also, that professional and precarious incomes should be taxed at a lower rate than those derived from realised property. We believe that we have here stated fairly, and in a few words, the nature of the Budget, in so far as its principles and leading features are concerned. The question, therefore, came to be—first, Whether the proposed reductions were salutary and proper? and, secondly, Whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer had resorted to a wise method of supplying the deficiency of the revenue?

We shall endeavour to discuss those points in a perfectly impartial spirit. Upon questions of finance great diversity of opinion must always prevail. Probably there are no two men in the kingdom, however much they have studied the subject, and

however close may be their political affinity, who would, if asked separately to draw out a financial scheme, entirely agree with each other. We are, all of us, ready enough to claim exemption on the slightest possible pretext; and those upon whom new taxation must fall, are naturally most clamorous against its imposition. That class which heretofore, for ten long years, has been saddled with income-tax through a trick—because all the rhetoric and Jesuitry of the Peelites cannot disguise the hollowness of that unprincipled transaction—has received a wholesome warning against the approaches of sweet-tongued plausibility, and the wooings of statesmen whose thoughts are not in accordance with their words; and we need not be surprised if others have taken the alarm, and, remembering the monstrous fraud, are fearful of becoming victims. But the income-tax—which at first was represented to be a merely temporary impost, to the acceptance of which the rated classes were rather coaxed than coerced—has now become a regular source of revenue, and one which cannot now be spared, owing to the huge reductions of indirect taxation which have been made under its cover. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is now entitled to calculate upon it, just as he may calculate upon any other item of permanent revenue. And, as it is to be permanent, he is bound to see that its operation is just and equal. Because, before all things, equity in taxation is to be observed by those who govern. A tax may be heavy, and grievous to be borne; but so long as all are equally exposed to it, no man has more right than another to grumble. The right of grumbling, and the pretext for resistance, commence when taxation is unequally distributed—when one class or section of the community can justly complain of fetters which are not imposed upon another.

In a question of this kind, it is almost, nay, wholly impossible, to deal with the topics in regular order. For example, we consider that the readjustment of the income-tax was imperatively required, on the principles of justice, altogether irrespective of any defalcation of the revenue,

caused by the remission of indirect taxation. We say that the man, with a hundred and fifty pounds of income, had a right to demand the reason why his acquaintance, who was receiving a hundred pounds, should go free. The *millionaire* may pooh-pooh such matters; but the question between these two classes of men is a very serious one indeed. The “sense of injustice,” once so pointedly referred to by Sir Robert Peel in the memorable debate upon the corn-laws, is as acute as instinct; and no wise statesman will dare to trifle with it. We have heard a great deal about the hardship of taxing men of limited means;—all we can say is, that, if none were to be taxed save men of unlimited means, the Treasury would soon be empty. Taxation is always a hardship; but, like other hardships, it has its uses. It is a practical warning against profligate expenditure, whether public or private; and it is the main cause of that jealous scrutiny to which all the acts of their rulers are subjected by the people of Great Britain. Besides this, we are clearly of opinion that no man who is exempted from direct taxation, under a system which proposes to draw a large portion of the public revenue from that source, ought to be intrusted with the franchise. For these, and many other reasons which we need not now recapitulate, it appears to us that the extension of the income-tax and the house-tax, at least to the limits of the franchise, is a proposition founded upon justice, and supported by considerations of great moment to the public safety; and that Lord Derby’s Government acted strictly in accordance with their duty by making this a part of their financial scheme. It may even be argued, not only plausibly, but most powerfully, that the only proper limit of exemption from direct taxation is the point where the cost of collection becomes equal to the receipts. That there were serious difficulties in the way of making such an adjustment perfectly equitable, it would be absurd to deny; but the principle is one thing, and the detail is another; and it was upon principle alone that the House of Commons was asked to decide.

This point, then, of readjustment of

direct taxation, we hold to stand apart altogether from the question of amount. And yet it was upon that ground that the battle was principally fought. One after another, the former champions and promoters of the Free Trade policy—the very men who, some three years ago, prescribed emigration as the best remedy for the suffering agriculturists, telling them that the period of exemptions had passed away for ever—those men, we say, rose in their places, and, with such pathos as was at their command, proceeded to enforce the right of the urban electors, occupying houses of less value than twenty pounds of yearly rent, and the ten-pounders generally, to PROTECTION! Yes, to Protection in its most naked shape—to the exemption of one class, or rather one section of a class, from direct burdens which have hitherto been borne by another! We might characterise this, without any circumlocution, as profligacy; but perhaps it is as well to abstain from hard terms—therefore let us denominate it, inconsistency.

We are not at all surprised that the ten and twenty pounders should exhibit a strong reluctance to being taxed. It is not agreeable to meet the peremptory call of the tax-gatherer, and to be forced to surrender from hard-won earnings a certain periodical sum. But that is just the process to which all the rest of us have been submitted for the last ten years; and, in the mean time, the ten-pounders have had the benefit of exemption from the income-tax, and of greater cheapness in consequence of the reduction of indirect taxation. All the casuistry in the world will fail to prove that they have any right to complain. The distressed clerk, whose picture has been so vividly drawn, is no more entitled to exemption than his senior, whose superior skill secures him sixty pounds of additional salary. The income-tax as a whole may be a bad and pernicious method of taxation, still, so long as it is there, it is most necessary that it should be levied upon equitable principles; and such exemptions as are now demanded are utterly contrary to equity. Indeed, that is universally admitted. The only plea which can be

urged against the extension of the direct taxes, is that of hardship—a plea of which justice can take no cognisance. But the ten-pounders, and those rated between ten and twenty, were determined not to resign their quota of protection without a struggle; and straightway there arose a howl of universal reprobation from the enlightened and self-sacrificing patriots of Marylebone, St Pancras, and Lambeth.

In glancing over the reports of these new Protectionist meetings, we observe that the speakers were peculiarly eloquent upon the inadequacy of what they called the *quid pro quo*; that is, the diminution of the malt-tax. They argued that, for so small a boon as that, it was highly improper to subject them to direct taxation. Such gentlemen, whether intentionally or not, entirely misunderstood the question. They were not brought within the area of direct taxation solely to enable the Government to make any reduction of duties. They were included simply because their exemption hitherto had been unjust; and because it was not only advisable, but necessary, to make a readjustment of the scale. Therefore, that part of their opposition proceeded upon selfish grounds, and was, in fact, an opposition to equity. We freely admit the right of any man to question the propriety of augmenting the rate of the house-tax, in order to give a benefit to the consumers of beer and tea. But that is a matter wholly apart from the extension of direct taxation, against which proposed measure no good argument has been, or could be offered.

However, as we said before, it is natural enough that people out of doors should resist taxation in any shape. At that we do not wonder; but we wonder at the effrontery of the men who have ventured to maintain such views in the House of Commons. "You say," said Sir James Graham, "that there is every reason why those exemptions, made with respect to the income-tax and the house-tax, should be reduced. I venture confidently to entertain a very different opinion. I think there are very good reasons why those exemptions should be maintained. I am of opinion that that class of per-

sons having incomes between £100 and £150 a-year, in this country, constitutes exactly that class of persons who feel the greatest trouble in maintaining their position. It is exactly the point where skilled labour ends—where, if I may use the expression, the fustian jacket ceases to be worn, and broadcloth becomes the clothing of the people.” And what has all that to do with the question? Nothing whatever. It is simply a little bit of indifferent rhetoric, intended, as such flourishes usually are, to pass current instead of an argument. If Sir James Graham's views are correct, we must be prepared to submit to this anomaly, that the larger proportion of the seats in the House of Commons will depend upon the votes of a class whose obvious interest it is to augment the rate of direct taxation, without increasing its area. The way to be popular with them (and it is a very easy one, though utterly disgraceful in itself, and fraught with danger to the country) is to reduce indirect taxation to the lowest possible limit, and to supply the deficiency by laying more burdens upon the industrious, the enterprising, and the successful. Sir James Graham has made in his day several mischievous speeches, but we doubt whether he has ever uttered a sentiment more dangerous and constitutionally subversive, could it only be realised, than this.

These were the views expressed by the modern Proteus, in his present character of a champion of Free Trade, and a vindicator of equal burdens! We could have excused them from the mouth of a metropolitan member, whose seat depends upon his entire compliance with the will of some thousands of bawling Pharisees. But that a former statesman, and a man of great experience, should have so far committed himself, is very much to be regretted. But we cannot waste our time in lamentations upon his conduct. We beg our readers to remark that it was upon this point—the proposal to extend the area of direct taxation—that Lord Derby's Ministry was defeated. Attempts will no doubt be made hereafter to give a different colour to that transaction. We shall be told that the whole Budget

was under consideration; that some men voted against Ministers because they were opposed to an increase of the rate of the house-tax, and others because they did not consider the reduction of the malt-duty necessary. It is of immense importance now, that the real state of the case should be thoroughly understood; that we should know by head-mark who the men are who have declared that the occupants of houses under the yearly value of twenty pounds, shall form a privileged and protected class, exempt from direct taxation, or any corresponding service, and yet be entitled by their votes to direct the taxation of the country. We therefore consider it necessary to transfer from the votes of the House the following entry:—

“ House of Commons, Thursday, Dec. 16.

“ Ways and Means—considered in committee:—Motion made, and question put—That, towards raising the supply granted to her Majesty, from and after the 5th day of April 1853, the duties granted and made payable by the Act 14 and 15 Vic. c. 36, upon inhabited dwelling-houses in Great Britain, according to the annual value thereof, shall cease and determine, and in lieu thereof there shall be granted and made payable upon all such dwelling-houses the following duties (that is to say)—

“ For every Inhabited Dwelling House which, with the household and other offices, yards, and gardens therewith occupied and charged, is or shall be worth the rent of £10 or upwards by the year—where any such Dwelling House shall be occupied by any person in trade, who shall expose to sale and sell any goods, wares, or merchandise, in any shop or warehouse, being part of the same Dwelling House, and in the front, and on the ground or basement story thereof—and also where any such Dwelling House shall be occupied by any person who shall be duly licensed by the laws in force to sell therein by retail beer, ale, wine, or other liquors, although the room or rooms thereof in which any such liquors shall be exposed to sale, sold, drunk, or consumed, shall not be such shop or warehouse as aforesaid; and also where any such Dwelling House shall be a farm-house, occupied by a tenant or farm servant, and bona fide used for the purposes of husbandry only, there shall be charged for every 20s. of such annual value of any such Dwelling House, the sum of 1s.

"And where any such Dwelling House shall not be occupied and used for any such purpose, and in manner aforesaid, there shall be charged for every 20s. of such annual value thereof, the sum of 1s. 6d. :—

"The Committee divided ; ayes 286, noes 305."

As many people, even of considerable experience, are puzzled by Parliamentary forms, it is proper to explain, that this resolution did not bind those who voted for it to the specific rates therein set down. After the resolution was passed, it would not have been competent, indeed, to have *increased* the rates, but they might have been decreased indefinitely. A resolution, though passed, is not law. It can only receive effect through an Act of Parliament, and it was perfectly competent to any member—a fact which was distinctly explained in the House—to move the substitution of the present rates of 6d. and 9d. in room of those set forth in the foregoing resolution. By voting for it, no member did more than affirm the principle that the house-tax should be extended to tenements of £10 yearly value, instead of beginning with those of £20, as before.

No man can say that it was a vote upon the Budget generally. If it were so, then all the dissentients must be held as objecting not only to the diminution of the malt duties, but to that levied on tea, and to the differential rate laid down between precarious incomes and those derived from property. It was a specific vote, upon one point alone—the increase of the area of taxation as regarded the house-tax.

Now, irrespective of what we have already said regarding the equity of extending direct taxation as far as possible, it is worth while inquiring what the former practice has been—because if it can be shown that the same or a corresponding tax has heretofore been borne, a great part of the objection disappears. The matter stands thus :—By the act 48 Geo. III. c. 55, all houses in England, if of the annual value of £5, were assessed for window-lights according to the following scale :—6 windows, 8s. ; 7 windows, £1 ; 8 windows, £1, 13s. ; 9 windows, £2, 2s. ; 10 windows,

£2, 16s. ; 11 windows, £3, 12s. 6d. ; and so on. And, by the same act, a small tax was levied upon all dwelling-houses in Great Britain, beginning at a rent of £5. The latter duty was long ago repealed. Not so the former, which, though modified in rate by acts passed in the years 1823 and 1833, continued in force down to July 1851, when the Whigs, then tottering to their fall, repealed it—rather, as is generally believed, for the purpose of impeding the movements of their successors, than out of any regard to the public interest—and substituted instead of it the present House-tax, at an enormous loss to the revenue. The act 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 39, expressly provides for the duty to be levied from houses of the yearly value of from £10 to £18, thus vindicating the principle of rating down to a low point. Indeed, until now, or at all events until 1851, the principle was not impugned. We beg that we may not be understood as complaining of the repeal of the window-duty, which was certainly a most obnoxious tax, and, from its shape and effects, a bad one. What we complain of is, that the Whigs did, about a year and a half ago, when their party was in *articulo mortis*, establish an exemption for houses under £20 of rent, which was hitherto unknown, and that they and their friends now attempt to persuade the public that, under circumstances of greater cheapness, the occupants of such houses are entitled to an exemption which the great majority of them did not possess previous to 1851 ! It is necessary to be explicit in these details, because we have now to contend with casuistry. An exemption has been claimed, which, if admitted, must sooner or later lead to absolute confiscation ; for it would be ridiculous to suppose that the numerous body of electors occupying houses of £20 yearly value, and downwards, are not astute enough to perceive the enormous advantage they must derive from the reduction of indirect, and the accumulation of direct taxation upon a higher class. What is more, a majority of the House of Commons has virtually sanctioned such exemption.

Viewed impartially, this vote is

perhaps the most preposterous that was ever made. For what must it be held to imply? This much at least, that a majority of the House of Commons have expressed their opinion that, in spite of Free Trade, and in spite of all the reductions of indirect taxation which have been made since the peace, and especially during the last ten years, the inferior class of householders are so much less able to pay direct taxation than before, that they must be exempted altogether! That is, to all intents and purposes, the meaning of the vote which was taken on the night of the 16th of December last. It will bear no other interpretation. It is a vote of the House of Commons, and therefore to be treated with respect, as we believe Mr Hume once remarked when volunteering to declare that black was white. It has unseated a Ministry, and therefore it is of unusual public importance. It may subject us, ere long, to another general election, and therefore none of us, who are not publicans, can look upon it as a trivial matter. But it is a renegade vote in so far as the Free-Traders are concerned: it is directly opposed to their own principles and their own resolutions; and it sanctions the worst kind of exemption which can be proposed in a highly-taxed country which possesses a liberal franchise.

Considering the nature of the vote, and the specific form of the resolutions, we should be perfectly justified in abstaining from comment upon any other part of Mr Disraeli's financial scheme. It is true that objections to several portions of it were started by Sir Charles Wood, Mr Goulburn, and others, who, naturally enough, wished to damage in detail a scheme which, at all events, was a brilliant contrast to their meagre financial performances. Never, perhaps, was there exhibited in the House of Commons a more ludicrous display of pompous arrogance and serene incapacity than in the harangue which Sir Charles Wood, the notorious father of so many stillborn Budgets, was pleased to pronounce for the edification of his inexperienced successor. It was just such a lecture as General Mack might be supposed to deliver upon

the science of war and military strategy. But no vote was taken upon any other part of the Budget than that which referred to the extension of the area of the house-tax; and, as we have already shown, that proposition fell to be considered upon grounds totally apart from any question of remission of taxation. We have, however, no wish to avoid notice of other parts of the Budget; and we shall do so as briefly as may be. We approach this division of the subject, less with the view of vindicating the sagacity of the late Ministry, than of exposing the utter inconsistency of a large portion of their antagonists.

Of the proposed reduction of the tea-duties, we need hardly speak. That contemplated measure seemed to be received with general acquiescence, even by those who, long ago, had it in their power to have granted so great a boon to the labouring classes, but who, somehow or other, neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity. The reduction of the hop-duty appears to us to be a good proposal, though, considering the vexatious nature of the collection, and the small amount of revenue brought into the exchequer, we should have preferred an entire repeal. That, however, is a minor matter. The debatable point in this department of the Budget, was the proposed reduction of one-half of the malt-duty.

This question was very fully argued in all its bearings; the ingenuity of the Opposition being strained to the utmost to refute their own system, and, in some cases, their own words. They were bound, in justification of their conduct, to show that in this case the principles of Free Trade did not apply; but not one of them could frame an answer to the clear and masterly speech of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who vindicated the right of the producer to demand this act of justice from the House of Commons, and demonstrated the benefit that it would confer on the consumer. Mr Walpole proved by incontestible figures that the consumption of malt depended greatly upon the amount of the duties; and he showed, by analogy, that the necessary and immediate consequence of the remission of duty would be a

large increased consumption. If so, the English farmer is placed just now in precisely the same position in which the calico-manufacturers stood, before the duty was taken off their produce. It is worth while attending to the words of the late Home Secretary.

"The hon. member for the West Riding, arguing this question with perfect fairness, made for us an immense admission, which was, that by remitting the duties on malt—if we could remit them altogether—we should do no more for the agriculturists than had already been done for the calico-manufacturers, in taking off the 3½d. per square yard that was taken off in 1830. That point was alluded to by my hon. friend, the member for Herefordshire, the other evening. Now, mark the effect of that reduction, and apply it to the analagous case of malt. In 1829, twelve months previous to the reduction of the duty on calicoes, the total exports were 89,862,433 yards. In ten years—that is, in 1845—the export of printed calicoes only had amounted to the enormous quantity of 329,240,892 yards, of which the declared value was £7,732,735. If we could take off the whole duty on malt, I should be glad to know why that would not lighten the springs of industry, as applied to the soil, in the same way that you lighten the springs of industry, as applied to calico, by the reduction of the duty in 1830? Unquestionably it would have the same effect—unquestionably it would be consistent with your late system of legislation—unquestionably it would benefit both the consumer and the producer. But then it is said, if we cannot take off the whole duty, we had better not take off the half of it, because so we shall have all the odium, and all the inconvenience of the Excise. Now, that argument is the old story; if you can't do everything, do nothing. I appeal to the hon. member for the West Riding, and to his own illustration; I ask him what he would say, supposing there was a £5,000,000 duty on cotton, and we could not take off the whole because the revenue could not afford it: would he not say that it was reasonable to give an instalment—to get as

much as one could now, with the view, in the end, of getting rid of the whole? No one could urge such an argument more forcibly and pointedly than the hon. member, and I call on him—for it is consistent with his own principles—to apply that argument for the benefit of agriculture, and, as he would not sanction avoidable restrictions on his own business, to remove avoidable restrictions on the business of other classes."

But all was in vain. To have admitted the propriety of this remission would have defeated the purpose for which the Opposition were banded together, and the interests of producer and consumer were alike thrown to the winds. Never before, perhaps, has a parallel case of abnegation of principle been known. The Free-Traders do not deny that the claim for remission is a just one. Mr Villiers, Mr Cobden, and Sir James Graham have all admitted that; and the first act of the new House of Commons was a resolution calling upon Ministers to carry out the principles of Free Trade. Well, they have done so. They point to this instance of the malt-tax as the most glaring inconsistency in our financial code, and they ask for the remission of duties. What is the consequence? Just as, by a wave of Harlequin's lacquered lathe, the clown reverses his position and obstinately stands upon his head; so, at the bare proposal of the application of their fundamental principles to anything savouring of agriculture, the Free-Traders execute, not a demi-volte, but an absolute wheel. Unrestricted competition, free labour, removal of burdens upon industry, all that they have been shouting for and about, these many years, fade suddenly from their recollection. They can't afford to do justice! What a pity it is they did not make that discovery a fortnight earlier! Had they done so, we might have been spared a vast quantity of trash about principles, which, as it appears now, are no principles at all. Cobden and Graham are no more Free-Traders than is Mr Paul Fosskett. Principle is all very well when it does not interfere with the pocket; but when it does, principle must even go to the wall. It has absolutely come to this, that

the Free-Trade party are in opposition to Free Trade—to a measure, the equity of which they cannot pretend to deny, and which is in perfect conformity with the spirit of those resolutions which, in their ardour and zeal for the cause, they thought it necessary to tender, but a few days ago, to the Ministry! We have heard something lately of recantations, but this is the most amazing one of all. If we are to suppose that the vote against the extension of the house-tax had direct reference to this remission of the malt-duties, the advocates of the ten-pounders have placed their constituents in a remarkably odious light. Because we must then regard the controversy not as between the occupants of houses which are presently rated, and the occupants of others not taxed, though affording the parliamentary franchise; but between the latter as a class, and the great body of the working-classes, who are the consumers. The public might have had cheap beer, if the ten-pounders would have submitted to assessment, but this they refused to do. And it is only on the hypothesis that they have abandoned Free Trade, that ingenuity can furnish them with an excuse.

Nor can our opponents consistently maintain that this is an exceptional case. They have admitted no exceptions in the working of Free Trade—at least none until now, when unfortunately interest begins to clash with theory. They announced at the commencement of the session, and even before it, at their public gatherings, that they would hold Ministers rigidly bound to follow out the Free-Trade system, and it is against that very line of conduct that they now rebel. Let them not, were it but for very shame, accuse Mr Disraeli of having acted rashly. The repeal of the malt-tax is a necessary part of their boasted policy, if the policy is to be made entire; indeed, they have long ago admitted that, through their leaders, in perfectly unequivocal language. They have now unseated the Ministry, not for maintaining Protective principles, but for acting on those of Free Trade; and it is for them to reconcile the inconsistency to their

own consciences, and to explain to the working-classes, as well as to the agriculturists, with whom they dealt so harshly, the reason why, in this case, such benefits as Free Trade can bestow, should be withheld.

The proposed increase on the rate of the house-tax was a subsidiary question, depending mainly upon the amount of the deficiency created. It was conditional also—at least so we hold it—on the extension of the area on which it was to be levied; for it is plain that, in self defence, the wealthier classes, whose property is the fruit of their own industry, cannot allow themselves to be taxed indefinitely, at the pleasure of the lowest, least intelligent, and worst educated class of the electors. That part of the Budget which gave the most general satisfaction was the distinction proposed to be drawn between precarious incomes, and those derived from realised property. We venture to say that no Ministry which does not adopt this part of Mr Disraeli's financial scheme, including the extension of the area of the income-tax, can hope to maintain its ground. It may suit Mr Gladstone or Mr Goulburn, when fighting for the recovery of office, and pithily or prosily enouncing objections to a scheme which it would have baffled their ingenuity to invent, to set themselves in opposition to any readjustment of the income-tax; but, should they or either of them accede to power, they must, under pain of immediate ejection, act in this matter as Mr Disraeli proposed to do. Indeed, we are astonished at the number of points upon which the aspirants to office unnecessarily and stupidly committed themselves. Mr Gladstone is said to have been the favourite political pupil of the late Sir Robert Peel; but in the quality of discretion, at least, he has not shown himself to have profited much by the tuition. Whatever unanimity they may have displayed in voting against Ministers, there was very little community of sentiment among the members of the opposition who essayed to criticise the Budget. What found favour in the eyes of one, was objected to strenuously by another. One honourable member thought that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had gone too far, and

another opined that he did not go far enough. Hume was for the readjustment of the income-tax; Wood, of course, opposed it. But the most curious feature of the whole debate upon the Budget is this, that there was not a single proposal made by Mr Disraeli, which was not approved of by some of the opposition speakers. If faith can be put in words, both Mr Hume and Mr Cobden would have voted for an entire repeal of the malt-tax, had such a proposition been made; and Mr Gladstone, though he voted against the principle of the extension of the house-tax, distinctly declared that he did not concur with those who expressed themselves unfriendly to that principle!

Have we then succeeded or failed in establishing the inconsistency of the Opposition? We submit that we have entirely succeeded. It is they, and not the Ministry, who have flung principle aside. No charge can be laid against the Ministry of having paltered with the system they adopted in accordance with the declared will of the country. Their crime consisted in an honest and energetic effort to carry out that system. Their defeat arose, not from any laggardness in the equitable adjustment of taxation—they were defeated because their proposed adjustment was only too equitable. Their antagonists had been so long accustomed to employ justice as a cant term, that when real justice was presented to their view, they failed or refused to recognise it. No; we are wrong. They did recognise it, but they refused to adopt it; and that upon such paltry grounds as reflect anything but credit on the character of the British legislature.

We now approach what is by far the most painful portion of our task—and that is, the consideration of the conduct of the men who combined to defeat the Ministry. At such a time as this, we are most anxious to avoid anything like unnecessary reproach, or the indulgence of angry feeling. We can say, conscientiously, that we have endeavoured to restrain those party sympathies which enlist every public writer on one or other side of political opinion; and we do not wish to pass a harsh judgment upon the conduct of our antagonists. But the

overthrow of a Ministry which owed its formation to an imperious public necessity—which accepted a great national duty when no other was ready to attempt it—is an event of so much importance in our annals, that the causes which led to it must be thoroughly sifted and investigated. The effects of such a change do not pass away with the men who made it. They will be felt in the constitution of Britain, long after the change itself is chronicled in history; for these rapid alternations of Ministers and policy, are to the body of the State, what fevers and other similar disorders are to the human frame. We may, indeed, look for recovery, but, even after convalescence, there is always an abatement of strength. Therefore it is fitting that whenever there is a change, there should also be a strict inquiry into its cause. The old elements of ambition, emulation, rancour, and cupidity still exist in the human mind; and it is desirable that we should know whether a movement of great public interest can be traced to the operation of one or other of these motives, or whether it had its origin in feelings of the purest patriotism.

First, then, let us consider the position of parties in the House of Commons as resulting from the late general election. The strongest and most compact body was that of the Conservative Ministerialists, which numbered rather more than 300. Next in amount were the Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals—bodies which it is difficult to estimate separately, but which, in aggregate number, were greatly inferior to the Conservatives. Third, there was the Papist Irish Brigade, whose declared principle was and is to oppose every Ministry that will not consent to the demolition of the Protestant Church in Ireland. And, fourth, the Peelites, now a reduced body—for the election thinned them sorely—but still boasting of a few respectable, and one or two distinguished names. Of the whole House, the Ministers did not command a majority. But, on the other hand, there was then no cohesion among the different sections of the Opposition which might, perhaps, be brought to combine in an adverse vote, but could not otherwise be expected to act

together. But, though not absolutely commanding a majority, Ministers were entitled to assume that they would have the general support of one section of the Opposition, should they decide upon the adoption of a certain line of policy. It was broadly declared, and generally understood, even before the last election, that the sole barrier between the amalgamation of the Ministerialists and the Peelites, was the adhesion of the former to the Protective policy; that, if this could be removed, the latter would be bound, in honour, and from conviction, to support a Conservative Ministry; and that they deeply deplored the separation from those with whose general principles—one point alone excepted—they agreed. The result of the election was, as we have already said, disastrous to the Peelites. It would have been far more so, had the Conservatives not trusted—too weakly, as it now appears—to the express declarations of some of them. Four, if not five seats in Scotland alone, were ceded to members of the Peel section, without opposition, on the express understanding that they would support Lord Derby's Administration, provided there was no return to the protective policy. In England the number was greatly larger. Mr Sidney Herbert, for example, and Mr Gladstone, owed their respective elections to that understanding. We do not go the length of saying that in their instances there was any absolute pledge to that effect, or any consequent violation of faith—because no man has a right prospectively to exclude his exercise of private judgment upon undeveloped points; but we appeal confidently to the electors of Wiltshire and the University of Oxford, whether their understanding, in respect of which they gave their votes, was not that the two gentlemen already mentioned were willing to accord their general support to the Derby Ministry, in the event that the latter should cease from their advocacy of the protective system. Undoubtedly there was no bargain, which on either side, that of candidates or of electors, would have been dishonourable. But this we know, that the majority of the Peelites who were returned, owed their return to

the belief, on the part of the electors, that they were still members of the great Conservative body—that they regretted and deplored the schism which had taken place—and that they were anxious for a reunion with their former friends when that could be effected with honour.

Parliament met: and the first act of Ministers, through their chief, the Earl of Derby, was to state that, henceforward, in acquiescence with the verdict of the country, their commercial and financial measures would be framed in accordance with the Free-Trade policy. It has been said that a British Prime Minister had no right to take such a verdict, but that he was bound to act absolutely according to his own convictions. We need not argue that point now. If such an objection were tenable, it ought to have been raised and discussed last summer in the late Parliament when Lord Derby made his announcement. In the course of the debate upon Mr Villiers' resolution, it became apparent, from the tone assumed by the Peelites, that, as yet, no reconciliation had been effected. They were evidently playing a game of their own, under the direction of an eminent member of the Upper House of Parliament. Our readers may recollect that the name of Lord Aberdeen was mentioned in connection with the proposed amendment—a circumstance which, at the time, excited no great attention, but which has now acquired significance. In that debate the members of the Peel party spoke against Ministers, but voted with them; and the offensive resolutions were negatived by a considerable majority. This preliminary battle, however, afforded an occasion of testing the relative strength of parties in the new House of Commons, which contained an unusually large proportion of untried men; and it was demonstrated that the Ministry could not command an absolute majority. In any case, therefore, of a trial of strength between the Conservatives on one side, and the united forces of Whigs, Radicals, and Papists on the other, the Peelites could regulate the issue of the contest. It has seldom happened that so small a party has been able to exercise so great a power;

and the possession of it certainly entailed upon them a double degree of responsibility.

By the entire Conservative party out of doors, it was most ardently hoped that all previous differences might cease, and the former unity be restored. It will be remembered that Lord Derby, when summoned to form a Government, made overtures to that effect to Lord Aberdeen. These were rejected, on the ground that, until the commercial policy which has been established by the Legislature was formally recognised and adopted by the Ministry, and an assurance given that no reversal of it would be attempted, the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel were bound to act independently. We do not question the propriety of the rejection, but we cite the overture for the purpose of showing that Lord Derby had anything but a wish to exclude the Peelites from participation in power. As, however, they did not accede, the Ministry was constructed without them; and certainly it was expected that, when the barrier of division was removed, they would gladly support the Government. Such, at least, was the general expectation; but in that, we are bound to say, we never shared. After seven years of political estrangement, it is most difficult to re-establish a union. It is comparatively easy to break up a party, but nearly impossible to reunite one. During the intervening period men who formerly were friends have met and contended as adversaries. Much has been said, and written, and done on both sides, which cannot easily be forgotten—new alliances have been made, new methods of thought have been formed—the influence of the old chiefs has gone, for their authority has been repeatedly denied. The once accepted doctrines have lost their weight, for the disciple has been treading in the steps of another master.

Further, we must remember that the Peel party, since the death of its great leader, has had no recognised head, at least in the House of Commons. The few able men who have rescued it from insignificance, are as nearly as possible, in point of intellect, on a par with each other. We exclude Sir James Graham from this

estimate, as a daring and determined adventurer, who fights for his own hand. But between Goulburn, Gladstone, and Herbert there is a strong affinity. The first has the least originality, and the least ability of the three; but he has had the longest training, and the most extensive Parliamentary experience. Gladstone is undoubtedly a man of mark, but his talents have been enormously overrated. He has not, and he never had, a single spark of genius. He can do nothing in the way of invention, though in fault-finding he displays considerable ingenuity; and he is not capable of appreciating high qualities of mind in another, because he never yet has known his own. He has moulded himself on the model of Machiavelli, but his intellect is muddy compared with that of the subtle Florentine. Mr Sidney Herbert is more impulsive, and the occasional warmth of his speeches contrasts agreeably with the frigidity and obscurity of his friends; but he has neither depth, nor power, nor steadfastness of purpose sufficient to raise him above the rank of a good debater. The three, however, are notables in an age when notabilities are rare; and, being subjected to no control, they allow themselves considerable license. All of them were bred to office, and consider it, in a measure, as their heritage. Such being the case, they could not be expected to look with complacency on the Treasury benches, filled as they were with men to whom the mysteries of red-tape were comparatively new, and who had remained faithful to their colours in the disastrous hour, when *they* lent their aid in rending the Conservative party asunder. We have no title to enter into any hypothetical analysis of their feelings. Their conduct alone is before us, and that demonstrates their obdurate and unappeasable bitterness towards their former friends. Nor need we seek for proofs of that bitterness only in their Parliamentary speeches. The attacks which have been made, day after day, and month after month, in that journal which is known peculiarly to reflect their opinions, exhibit, in regard to one distinguished member of the late

Ministry, a degree of ferocity and rancour that is disgraceful to the British press. Mr Disraeli may not, indeed, have smarted under the shower of these ignoble weapons; but it is not creditable that they should have been so recklessly used. And here we may be allowed to say one word in reference to Mr Disraeli. We have never been amongst the number of his most ardent panegyrists; nor have we ever, during the long-protracted struggle in which he bore so conspicuous a part, done more than acknowledge, perhaps inadequately, his intrepidity and his power. To his genius we have never been blind; to his judgment we may not have done justice. We feel therefore as if, in regard to him, we had still a debt to discharge; and this much we shall say, and we say it in the most perfect sincerity, that during his short tenure of office, he has exhibited many of the highest qualities of the statesman, and that, in the hour of defeat, he stands greatly superior, both in genius, intellect, and capacity, to any one of those by whose confederation he has been defeated. That he has not been successful in carrying his measures into effect, is no fault of his. We may hereafter have national deficiencies glibly supplied by additional per-centages upon incomes already too severely taxed, and catchpenny budgets proposed for public consideration, only to be withdrawn and amended. But this credit belongs to Mr Disraeli as a financier, that, strictly observing the tenor of the resolutions laid down by the House of Commons, he proposed a scheme which, in equity, is unchallengeable; which, if carried into effect, would not only have relieved an interest unduly fettered, but have conferred an immense boon upon the industrial classes of the country; and that he could not have been defeated, but for the fact, that the adverse majority, in defeating him, abjured their own paramount principle. In defeat he is triumphant. We may be told about gladiatorial exhibitions, and—as an excuse for the late vote—the propriety of restoring a more measured tone to the debates of the House of Commons. Who hold such language?

The gladiators themselves, or those who are their accredited representatives. Why, for nearly twelve months, there is no kind of known abuse—investive, taunt, insinuation, parody, or libel—which has not been heaped upon Mr Disraeli. To the discredit of the profession of letters we must say it, that the foremost in these attempts to hunt down their more successful brother, were the very literary men whose common complaint is, that their status is not sufficiently recognised. By the force of his own genius, talents, and perseverance, Mr Disraeli, a literary man, won for himself a high position in the State; and in doing so, refuted the mean idea that genius should be excluded from power. Had this occurred in France, not a single literary man but would have been proud of such a representative of his order. But in England—we regret that we must say it—there is a very different feeling. To be successful entails envy—in many cases, absolute hatred. Among writers, as among politicians, a vast deal of the meanest jealousy prevails; and Mr Disraeli has been made a victim to the worst passions of either denomination. Viewed simply as a literary man, he was of course obnoxious to remark or sarcasm, just as we are all in the habit of dealing impartially with each other. But his elevation—for elevation it was in the truest sense of the word, not proceeding from extraneous influence, but rising from his own energy—ought not, for their own sakes, if literary men were wise, to have been made the subject of invidious comment. Not a word which was uttered against him, that did not recoil upon themselves. In maligning him, they were doing their utmost to make the literary character appear contemptible; and they have so far succeeded, as, through their efforts, to show that English journalism has not yet arrived at that point of perfection and purity, when we can safely claim for it a recognition in any of the departments of State. A literary man in France may rise to the highest preferment; but in England, a similar aspirant is assaulted by his own fraternity.

The plain matter of fact is, that

the Peelites were determined, at all hazards, to withhold their support from Government so long as Mr Disraeli was leader of the House of Commons. What other "private griefs" they may have had, we know not, but it is not unimportant to remark, that several of them were candidates for office in the event of a reconstruction of the Ministry. To that resolve we owe the combination which has ousted the late Ministry. The Duke of Newcastle, we observe, indignantly denies that any combination was "formed to prevent the Government from explaining their measures." That denial, it will be observed, has reference only to the preliminary debate before the introduction of the Budget. We perfectly believe that at that time no distinct arrangements for a common line of action had been made by the several chiefs of the Opposition. They were then only approaching one another, and had not yet entered into conjunction. We hold that fact to be established by the state of the vote; for, as we have already said, the Peelites, though they spoke against Ministers, thereby indicating their tendency, did not divide against them. But the Duke of Newcastle has not ventured to say that there has been no combination since. That statement he cannot make; for, notwithstanding all the secrecy which was enforced, it was well known, before the debate on the Budget closed, that the whole force of the Peelites was to be exerted for the defeat of Ministers. And we shall not do those gentlemen the injustice to believe, that they would have resorted to so desperate a measure, without weighing, considering, and even settling the consequences. It may be of little importance to the country to know, when, where, and by whom the coalition was made; but, if we are to understand that there was no coalition, and that no provision or arrangement was made with a view to carrying on the government of the country, after the defeat of the Conservatives on a point of express principle, the Peelites can hardly vindicate themselves from the charge of having acted on the impulses of faction. On that point we are able to cite an authority, which they surely

cannot disregard—that of the late Sir Robert Peel. Our readers may remember that, when the Whigs, on their advent to power, proposed the reduction of the sugar-duties, that measure was gravely disapproved of by the Ex-Minister. But he refrained from making it a point of principle, or pushing his opposition to the farthest, on the ground that, if it was successful, no other party was prepared to carry on the government. We recommend that passage in his political life to the especial attention of his friends.

Had Mr Gladstone, who on this last occasion must be considered as the mouth-piece and prime representative of his party, been really anxious that the Budget should be amended, and what he conceived to be the objectionable parts of it withdrawn—had his desire been to aid a Conservative Government, not to overthrow it, he would have pursued a different course. He might have intimated, on the part of himself and his friends, a determination to oppose, at a future stage, certain portions of the scheme, if these were not reconsidered; and in this way he might have preserved his consistency, even while giving a vote in favour of the introduction of the general measures, with a view to their correction. Such would have been the course adopted by a man who really wished to support a Conservative Government, while dissenting from some of its proposals. It would have laid him open to no misconception; it would not have prevented him from opposing such parts of the Budget as he thought objectionable or precipitate; and it would very greatly have raised him, and his party, in the estimation of the public. But Mr Gladstone had no wish to support the Ministry; his desire was to defeat it; and we can only hold him excusable, if he can be excused at all, on the ground that he had the strongest grounds for believing that the formation of another Cabinet, including himself and his friends, was matter of absolute certainty. He may not have been directly cognisant of the details of the negotiation, but that does not alter the complexion of the affair.

What judgment the public, when

these late passages of history are maturely considered, may pass upon Mr Gladstone and his friends, we shall not venture to anticipate. If the coalition took place, as we fear it did, *before* the opening of the Budget, then, unless faction is a word of no meaning at all, they stand convicted upon that charge: because, in that case, they must have entered into a combination to defeat Ministers, altogether irrespective of their measures. If it took place *after* the opening of the Budget, they are simply answerable for the dereliction of their own principles; but they have forfeited for ever all claim to the name of Conservatives, and to the consideration of the Conservative party. "I, my Lords," said the Earl of Derby, in announcing the resignation of Ministers, "remember, and probably your Lordships will remember, that the noble earl (Aberdeen) has, upon more than one occasion, declared in this House that, the question of Free Trade excepted, he knew of none upon which there was any difference of opinion between himself and the present Government." The opinions of Lord Aberdeen are known to be those of the Peelites; and yet the whole of that party in the House of Commons concurred in a vote which they are forced, in order to maintain a semblance of consistency, to represent as being one of want of confidence in Ministry!

We have not thought it necessary to make any remarks upon the share which the Whigs have taken in the late political transactions. They constituted the regular Opposition, and were entitled, if they so pleased, to vote against Ministers. That they have recanted their favourite Free-Trade policy, nay, voted directly in opposition to it, is no concern of ours. Provided that Lord John Russell was assured that a Government could be formed, and carried on, after the defeat of the late one, no charge can be made against him for co-operating towards the latter object. Nor would it be fair to say, that he ought to have abstained from a direct combination with the Peelites. No man blames Tatiſ for having availed himself of the mean treachery of Tarpeia; but Tatiſ did not marry Tarpeia afterwards: on the contrary, he caused

her to be smothered. Lord John has this further apology for combination, that he and his party were not strong enough to stand alone. Whether the ultimate destinies of the Whigs will be improved by such a fusion, is altogether another question. Certainly it is a great decline for that once all-powerful Reform party, to lapse into a secondary rank, and for its chief to accept a subordinate situation. But the Whigs are probably making the best of a bad bargain; and if they are reconciled to it, no one else has any reason to object. Indeed, this union of the Peelites with the Whigs seems to have been long in contemplation. It is, we believe, the custom at Cremorne, and other aeronautic starting-places, to send up a pilot-balloon, ballasted by a kitten, lurcher, or some other light weight, by way of testing how the wind blows, before the more valuable cargo is finally committed to the clouds. Such a pilot-balloon, ballasted by Mr Frederick Peel, was let off some time ago by his anxious friends; and no sooner did they perceive him careering in the heaven of Whiggery, than they made up their minds, on the first convenient opportunity, to follow his example. *Terras Astræa relinquit*—the Peelites have gone away from us, and we are exceedingly gratified at their departure.

So much for the past; and now let us regard the future. At the moment at which we write, the new Ministerial arrangements have not yet been submitted to Parliament. All that we know positively is, that Lord Aberdeen has accepted the task of forming an Administration; and that the Peelites and Whigs are to divide the offices between them. We can readily understand that many unforeseen difficulties may arise in the way of carrying into effect the leading articles of the coalition. The partition of spoils is always a ticklish matter, because it is sure to make malcontents; and, on this occasion, the Peelites seem determined to appropriate the lion's share to themselves. However, the step has been taken; and there is nothing for it but to arrange matters on the easiest footing. And there can be no doubt that, before this Number of the Maga-

zine leaves the press, the Ministry will be completely formed.

It is certainly too soon to indulge in speculation; but we cannot help hazarding a few remarks on the singular position which parties will present on the reassembling of Parliament after the Christmas recess. In the first place, there are more than 300 Conservatives who belong to the Derby party. Of these, it is possible that some may give a cautious, and others a ready support to an Aberdeen Ministry, but we apprehend that the number of the latter will be few, considering the general indignation at the unprincipled conduct of the Peelites. The Conservatives, therefore, will constitute the main body of the Opposition. Then we are informed that the Radicals, amounting to some 130 members, will scarcely be represented in the Ministry. If that is the case, they too will most probably remain in opposition, and we may be sure that they will not deal leniently with the men who have neglected them in this opportunity. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Radicals have no ambition. They dislike the Whigs, and detest the Peelites for their calm assumption of aristocratic superiority; and they will smite and spare not until their party claims are recognised. We have a strong impression that the Irish Papists will be more amenable. Here, for the first time, they have a Puseyite Government in power; and, in religious matters, some of its members are not likely to regard them with disfavour. Lord John Russell's Protestantism is not of a very rampant kind; and, when relieved of the responsibility of the Premiership, he is not likely to display himself as a second Luther. The name of Gladstone is favourably known at the Vatican; and it is not impossible that the priesthood may repose some confidence in the coming Government. Therefore we shall not reckon the Brigade, in the mean time, in the ranks of the Opposition.

But the combined forces of the Peelites, Whigs proper, and Irish Brigade, amount in the aggregate only to 208. Give them a hundred more, abstracted from the probable opposition, and they are not equal in

strength to the defeated Conservative party. Observe—we give them every advantage—we give them the whole of the Irish Brigade, and we give them, in addition, a hundred members, whom we shall suppose to be desirous of supporting any existing Government. We apprehend that our liberality will not be questioned—indeed, it is almost extravagant—but supposing that it were so, the new Ministry could only reckon on 308 supporters, whereas Lord Derby had at least 313. And this is the stable Government which is announced with such a superlative flourish of trumpets!

We do not wish to prejudge the coming Ministry. We feel most deeply the importance of the crisis, for these are not the times to indulge in party emulation. That we have said, over and over again; but of course with no effect, because a party resolved, as the Peelites have been, upon a *coup-de-main*, invariably lose sight of the public interest, when it happens to be discordant with their own. But the worst of these party contests is, that they leave wounds not easily to be healed. We cannot, in accordance with our conviction, look upon the conduct of the Peelites, on this late occasion, as otherwise than ignominious. They have no claims upon our sympathy—none even upon our forbearance. Like the Earl of Carrick, who sat down to meat with his hands stained by the blood of countrymen, they must expect to bear taunts even from their new allies. And how can we be expected to welcome them? They have overthrown, very basely, the strongest Conservative Government which we have seen for years, and one far stronger than any they are likely to form—a Government, too, with which, save on personal grounds, they could have no manner of quarrel; and one which was ready, by every means in its power, to obliterate past differences, and to promote social progress. They have left their natural allies, and gone over to court the enemy; and can they, under such circumstances, venture to calculate on Conservative support?

We believe that they will receive more support than they actually de-

serve. At all events, they will not encounter what they have given—a grossly factious opposition. They are now, or will be shortly, the Queen's ministers; and if it is in their nature to pursue a straightforward, constitutional, and patriotic course, they will not be impeded, at least by the great Conservative body. But they cannot calculate on any nearer degree of confidence. Apart altogether from secular politics, there is a peculiarity about the men who have just acceded to power, which renders the maintenance of a strong watching Opposition most necessary for the spiritual independence of the country, and for the interests of the Protestant religion. The Peelites constitute the sole party in the state which has vindicated Papal aggression, or, at all events, denied the propriety of offering a firm resistance. We are aware that the answer is cut and dry. We shall immediately be told that Mr Gladstone has written letters against the Naples system of imprisonment; and this will be paraded as a proof of his very liberal tendencies. It proves nothing of the kind, in so far as Catholicism is concerned. He is dealing with the laity, not with the spiritual power; and his Neapolitan letters have as much reference to the Papacy, as they have to the high-priest of Timbuctoo. The broad fact remains, that Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Mr Gladstone, and others—all of whom will be members of this Cabinet—were opposed to any legislation against the insulting pretensions of Rome. Mr Gladstone is at the head of a party which, even now, meditates the severance of the Church of England, which we may still, with perfect propriety, denominate the main bulwark of Protestantism. If wrong, we shall be glad indeed to be authoritatively contradicted. But there have been paragraphs and articles in certain ecclesiastical journals, which, if unauthorised or contrary to the fact, have placed the member for the University of Oxford in a very improper light. He has been represented as meditating a secession from the Church of England, just as the old non-jurors did, and the creation of a huge schism in that venerable establishment. All this may have been exaggerated; but the ex-

istence of such reports go far to engender the belief that they rest on some foundation; and if the paragraphs to which we have alluded are false, we are greatly surprised that Mr Gladstone has not taken the pains to contradict or refute them. But, apart from this, his extreme views upon Church polity are well known; and so are those of Lord Aberdeen: and in a time like this, when the Romanising tendency is so rife, that scarcely any journal does not contain the account of some new perversion to Popery among the aristocracy and gentry of England, it is above all things necessary that the proceedings of a Cabinet, over which a deep shade of suspicion rests, should be scrutinised with a most watchful eye. If there was no other difference between Lord Aberdeen and Lord Derby, save that which arose from the protective question, why should the one have countenanced the displacement of the other, when the ground of difference was removed? The Earl of Derby did not forget, but he was too magnanimous to allude, under the circumstances, to the strong ecclesiastical differences.

Our view therefore is, that the Opposition have a great duty to perform, and that not one of party but of principle. The new Ministry may be able to produce a tolerable Budget: if so, let it be accepted by all means. But if it is framed upon principles contrary to their own profession, and manifestly unjust in detail, no consideration should induce a true Conservative to abstain from voting against it. Factious opposition will not be made by any sincere lover of his country; but we cannot, as parties stand, be justified in withholding opposition, when opposition is really due. At all events, upon any matter bearing upon ecclesiastical policy, there can be no reticence. Lord John Russell, after having profited by the lessons of Mr Bennett, cannot be considered as a sufficient representative of the Protestant interest in a Cabinet which, unfortunately, is sure to contain more than one disciple of Ignatius Loyola. We must be on the watch for what may occur—more especially if, as we are led to believe, the Popish Brigade is

to be conciliated by certain judicious appointments. If this should prove to be the case, it is neither more nor less than direct encouragement to Romish aggression. If the members of the Brigade are enlisted in the service of the new Government, and if their co-operation should be found, as we have reason to believe, indispensable for its maintenance, it behoves every Protestant in the country to be upon the alert—for we neither can have faith in the guides, nor dependance upon the integrity of those who follow them. Above all things, we must guard the Church, or rather the Protestant religion; and that we cannot help fearing may be placed in peril, from the notorious tendencies of the men who are now her Majesty's advisers.

For that reason alone, it is impossible that the Conservative party can give their zealous support to an Aberdeen Ministry, though they will not factiously oppose it. But there are many other considerations worthy of grave attention. Lord John Russell stands pledged to the introduction of a new Reform bill, and in order to secure the Radical support, it must be more democratic than the last. We cannot venture to predict the length to which the Peelites may be inclined to go in that direction; but, judging from their unscrupulous conduct in the pursuit of office, we are entitled to assume that they will make large concessions rather than relinquish it. We do not mean concessions of principle, because we cannot discover that the Peelites have any; we mean concessions of the public interest to gratify the urban rabble. We must remember that the Peelites now have not a shadow of a title to the name of Conservative. Indeed, we have strenuously maintained that view for several years, pointing out the danger of allowing them to keep the Conservative name, whilst they were notoriously acting in close concert with our adversaries. Who has forgotten Sir James Graham's remarks, so enthusiastically cheered by his friends, about the necessity of closing up the Liberal ranks, and opposing a firm front to the movements of the other party? Was Graham a Conservative when he uttered that speech? Not

he. And now, when amalgamated with the Liberals, what remnant of their pristine tenets is left? What is it that those men really do profess, beyond views which at least must be considered as dangerous to the Protestant Church? They called themselves Free-Traders besides; and now we find them, like the rest of the Free-Traders, voting in direct opposition to the development of their favourite policy. They are for progress also, it would appear. Well; that is an exceedingly general term, but we are not yet told in what direction they intend to progress. There are many roads along which a man may walk, but only one which can lead him to his proper destination. And certainly, if the end proposed be equity, they are already receding from it as fast as possible.

To watch, therefore, the proceedings of the new Ministry, whatever may be its complexion, with an exceedingly wary eye, is the duty of every true Conservative. No doubt, a vast deal of cajolery will be attempted, and warm assertions be made that the Ministry are still Conservative at heart. No man can believe them. After all that we have heard and seen, it would be the height of folly to repose in them the smallest degree of trust. There are too many previous convictions against them, to admit of our accepting now even their most solemn protestations. They must be watched, and watched closely; and for that purpose the services of a strong Opposition are required. Let us mark well the words of Lord Derby, addressed to his supporters after his resignation.

"He conceived that, in the formation of a Ministry, Lord Aberdeen reckoned on a forbearance of that party to whom the gentlemen who were to compose his Government had not shown any; and he hoped that, uninfluenced by pique or resentment, if the new Government brought forward truly Conservative measures, it would receive, if he could not say the cordial, at least the sincere support of his party. But if the Government about to be formed should not bring forward Conservative measures—if, influenced by the men with whom they were now associated, they brought forward democratic measures, the

great Conservative party should remember that, even out of office, they had immense influence in the country, and that they should use that influence to stop the downward course the Government would be urged to pursue. They should confide in their leaders, and in one another, and preserve that unanimity which would be wanting to their opponents, composed as they must be of heterogeneous materials. Thus they would be enabled successfully to defend and preserve the institutions of this great country."

Such, indeed, is the only course which can be pursued with safety and honour; and if it is pursued, it will merit and meet with the approbation of the country. The Peelites, we know, reckon confidently on the high feeling of the Conservatives not to embarrass them in their present position. They are quite conscious that they have no just claim to any forbearance; but they calculate on the chivalrous scruples of those whom they have betrayed, for a large limit of indulgence. To that they are not entitled. The utmost length to which the Conservative party can go, is impartially to consider their measures. For to allow them to carry bad ones, and to stifle opposition by a cry that the Queen's government is in danger, would be a clear dereliction of principle. If the Conservatives remain united in opposition, as we contend they are bound to remain, they never can be at a loss to know what course they ought to adopt in reference to any measure. Lord Derby, though not Premier, is still their leader; and all of us repose the most implicit trust in his high integrity and honour. In this, as in all other public matters, unity is indispensable. Henceforward we are rid of traitors—let them never return among us.

Deeply regretting, as we must do, that the country is deprived of the services of the late Cabinet, we do not feel by any means disheartened by the future prospect. This storm

cannot fail to effect a clearance in the political atmosphere. It is a great relief to know that we have finally parted from men who, while professing to entertain our principles, were secretly plotting against us; and the lists of the late division fortunately enable us to ascertain precisely who these men are. Many of them were returned at the late general election as Conservatives; an error which, most assuredly, will not be repeated again. They now belong to the Whigs, but that union must infallibly cause dissension elsewhere. The first feature of it is the disappearance of the old Whig family compact. If report says true, the Greys are to be excluded, and there will be few offices for the Elliot clan. This of itself will give enormous offence, for hitherto the Whig arrangements have been peculiarly exclusive to all save their own coterie, and that coterie is now dissolved. It remains yet to be seen if the majority of the Whig potentates, or even of the Whig representatives, will go along with Lord John Russell. If this is to be a fusion, then the Whig party is broken up, and we shall also hear no more of that figment which was denominated "The Liberal interest." Well may it, indeed, be said that England does not love coalitions, for here we have one so monstrous and disjointed that even its framers are unable to give it an intelligible name.

The duty of the Conservatives is clear. That power which they have—and it is an immense and increasing one—they must exercise, with single-heartedness and honesty, for the welfare of the country—in opposition as in office. We are proud of our leaders, and our leaders are true to us; and while that is the case, it cannot be that this is more than a temporary defeat. But, were it otherwise, we are still bound to do battle for the institutions of our country; and we shall not allow them to be endangered by the machinations either of the demagogue or the Jesuit.

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hood, and the succeeding period of immature manhood, with their tumultuary passions and noisy pleasures, show themselves alien to the tranquil delights of the garden. But "years that bring the philosophic mind," and that chasten humanity with their mildening influence, conduct the belated pilgrim back to the garden, and teach him there to find pleasures serene and unalloyed. The Gentle imagination placed the future home of renovated man in the Elysian fields—gardens of the picturesque type. It might almost seem that the poor worshipper of nature had gathered, from some faint tradition or deep instinct of the soul, tidings of the Paradise whence man had sprung, and whither it was meant he should be translated.

Cowley—"the melancholy" Cowley, as he called himself, a description which his derisive contemporaries did not allow him to forget—longed "for a small house and a large garden." Presumptuous poet! might not a small garden have furnished food for thy fancy, and scope for thy horticultural taste? A large garden is a large expense, and it were a sad destiny if only there the culture of flowers and the study of nature could be indulged. Not in spacious garden-grounds has Flora been most ardently wooed, and not *there* has she been wont to show her choicest charms. In pleasant arborescent nooks the lover has pressed his suit most successfully; and *there* the goddess has revealed her deepest secrets, although, sooth to say, oftentimes "with sweet reluctant amorous delay." Large gardens are bewildering to the enthusiastic student. They demand too much time for the study of their treasures—if treasures they possess; for we have often seen them filled with trash. A small garden can be encompassed, and it may afford ample scope for the experiments and speculations of the largest mind. And why not?—

"Bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells."

Cowley and Shenstone both sighed for the country, and for a garden, and both had their wishes gratified—and

both were miserable. Cowley had lived at court, and had been spoiled by the artificialities of city life. Nature turns away from the addresses of those who have wasted their affections on meaner objects, and refuses to respond to the suit of those who have long and scornfully absented themselves from her shrine.

It was only last summer that a friend from the city, affecting for the moment a taste for horticulture, sought admission to our little garden. We took him thither, and he rushed through it as if a railway whistle had pierced the tympanum of his ear, or as if he had been bent on "proving by his heels the prowess of his head." We waited at the door until his return, and had not long to wait, when, taking the adjoining border as our text, we proceeded to descant upon its inhabitants. The first was a Peruvian novelty, which had never flowered benorth the Tay, and for whose inflorescence we were waiting in high expectancy. The second was a *hybrid Veronica*, the gift of an early-cherished friend, and most accomplished floriculturist—a child from a marriage of his own making; for our friend's voice is highly potential in commanding parties to join hands—in manipulating those quaint clandestine marriages for which nature does not provide—in tying those mystic hymeneal knots amongst Flora's children, the progeny whereof does oftentimes give a pleasant surprise at once to the parents and the priest. The third was a rose—the *Géant de Batailles*—a gift from another friend, who varies his exertions in the gloomy province of criminal law by frequent recreations amongst the innocent and lovely denizens of his exquisite *Rosarium*. We were making slow progress in our descriptive narrative—for, indeed, to us a flower-border is not a mere border of flowers, but an unrolled volume of many-coloured history. Each plant has its pedigree and its parentage—its peculiarities of habit and education—its biography. One brings to our recollection a dear friend in a distant land; another transports us to its native home among the snowy Himalayas. Every plant forms a nucleus of kindly association, and "on every bough we

have learned to hang gentle thoughts and pleasant memories." To number *three* in the border we had only reached, when, accidentally looking into the face of our friend from the city, we saw depicted there blank ignorance, and a cold negation of all sympathy with our floricultural enthusiasm. It was enough : we were throwing words away. We conducted Mr Urban out of the garden ; but not before he had cropped, with most rash and profane fingers, the flower of an *antirrhinum* of such perfect symmetry, and of such clean and brilliant stripes, that we had severed it from its compeers for the purpose of seeding ! Smothering our indignation, we led the gentleman back to our parlour, and put into his hands an Edinburgh newspaper ! We have made up our mind on the subject. A man that can walk rapidly through a garden is an undoubted barbarian. He ought to keep to the highway—or the boards of the Parliament House ; or, if he must enter a garden, let it be a large one, where he may take an airing, and pedestrianise at his pleasure.

With the exception, however, of sundry city Goths, we believe that, when the poet longed to be the owner of a garden, he but spoke the universal wish of the human heart. The aspiration is one of the last to relinquish the breast ; and it is marvellous under what adverse circumstances it continues to survive. The man of the counter, whose talk is of calico and longlawn, clings fondly to the hope that his books some day will show such a balance at his bankers as will enable him to retire to a suburban villa, and to inhale the "incense-breathing morn," while tending the flowery treasures of his own parterre. The *smirched* artificer, in city pent, after long absence, loves the country still. Through the loop-hole of his *aërie* where he toils, a small patch of the firmament is all of the outward world that regales his sight. But he feels "the witchery of the soft blue sky," and his heart is yet responsive to nature's call. He dreams of ending his days in a cottage festooned with honeysuckles and sweet jasmine, and of growing the simple flowers which pleased his boyhood. How many hearts are sustained amid the

weary drudgeries of life by the love of nature, and by the hope of cultivating their own garden—and how many men are kept sweet and pure amid the toils and temptations of life, by the calm enjoyment of these horticultural pleasures, which thousands can never share in, save as pleasures of hope !

But while the love of flowers and the yearning for a garden are so prevalent, we have been long of opinion that some men are born horticulturists. In certain cases it is the ruling passion, and not to be restrained by any disadvantages of position. It will make the opportunity which it cannot find, overwhelming all opposition, and compelling circumstances the most adverse to minister to its gratification. We once knew a poor weaver, who had attached to his cot a little fragment of ground, and who in that diminutive spot practised horticulture in no contemptible fashion. He grafted, and budded, and hybridised, and experimented. It was curious to see him relinquishing his loom in a sunny moment to watch the expansion of a seedling pink, or to shade a newly inserted bud from the scorching heat. His education and circumstances were entirely hostile to the growth of the passion, but, nevertheless, it sprang up spontaneously and irresistibly. By one of those happy providences which seldom occur, the poor man received a legacy of several hundred pounds. He bought a cottage and a large garden,—and now, in a pleasant spot over which Pomona and Flora jointly preside, he literally riots amid horticultural delights. We are satisfied, that, with the true horticulturist, as well as the true poet, it may be said with equal truth, *nascitur non fit*. It is remarkable, likewise, to observe how triumphantly one of these horticulturists of commanding genius can give the turn and fashion to the floriculture of his district. We have a friend of this kind in Falkirk. He gave himself up to the culture of pansies, and incontinently the fuliginous town was smitten with the pansy-mania. Having slaked his thirst in that department, he fixed his affections on the "queen of the flowers," and his garden of roses turned the floral tide, and the town awoke one morning and

found itself rose-mad. These are the best friends of the nurserymen and propagators. They do more to encourage and extend the science and the love of horticulture than all our Gardeners' Chronicles and Horticultural Journals. Each of them is a centre of contagion, and it is impossible to come within the range of their influence without being smitten with the sweet passion. *The trade* ought to cherish these gentlemen; and here, as in every other branch of culture, we need scarcely say, that the golden rule of bestowing a liberal treatment will be found the best.

This is an age of progress—so the newspapers tell us—and the question must be asked, whether horticulture has advanced in an equal ratio with the science of agriculture and the other industrial arts. It is evident that in many most important provinces the science of agriculture cannot be improved without the sister science of horticulture sharing in the benefit. If by a right system of arterial drainage, and of drainage in detail, the climate of a district has been ameliorated, and blights and mildew banished from its bounds, then plainly the garden participates in the general boon. But, in fact, since just views have been expounded and practised regarding the necessity of withdrawing all superfluous moisture from the soil, before its productive powers can be fully developed, how many gardens have been drained, and with inestimable advantage! The introduction, too, of the new and condensed manures has supplied the horticulturist with convenient and potent stimulants. The horticulturist must be ungrateful, if he forgets the debt of gratitude which he owes to the agricultural improvement and enterprise of modern times. But, in *horticulture proper*, the most casual observer must have marked the marvellous change that has taken place in the general physiognomy of our gardens during the last thirty years. During that period, how many interesting and lovely varieties have been introduced; and, under skilful culture, how many old acquaintances have assumed such perfection of symmetry, and such brilliancy of colour, as to shame their

origin and belie their parentage. One who had not watched the progress of their transformation could little fancy from how poor a source the consummate flower had sprung. What gorgeous additions to the garden and shrubbery have we found in the present improved varieties of the dahlia and hollyhock, and in the new hybrid roses. And how infinitely has the modern flower-bed been embellished by the bedding-plants, as they are called. An old gardener finds himself in a new world: the old familiar flowers which his youthful affection tended and nursed, are supplanted by neophytes of more delicate habit and gayer colours. The process of improvement and importation goes on with unabated zeal. New plants are continually being introduced from foreign lands—some to take their appropriate place in the green-house, and some, after they have enjoyed those rites of hospitality due to strangers, and have had some care bestowed upon their acclimatisation, to seek the society of the hardy borderers. Nor is it from among the herbaceous and bulbous tribes alone that immigration is setting in upon us. If the Sikkim rhododendra are finally found to be hardy, and to flourish *sub die*, the shrubbery will be revolutionised. According to the description of Dr Hooker, the *Rhododendron fulgens*, with its dazzling brilliancy, or its scarcely less gorgeous congener, *R. Thomsonii*, will outstrip all competitors. Amid this tide of innovation, we sometimes think that old favourites are less attended to than they should be, and that some highly prized friends of our youth are rapidly disappearing from cultivation. We fancy that we never see now such polyantheses and auriculas as we did twenty years ago; and we fear the carnation is degenerating, at least in Scotland. It receives less care with us than it was wont to do. It would be dismal were it to die out of neglect; for where will you find such a combination of floral elegance as in the carnation? But of this there is no fear. We know that it has yet some fast friends, who are devoted to its care. But the old double white rocket, whither has it flown? We never see it now, at least as we were

wont to see it, with a dense spike of milk-white flowers, twenty inches long, and proliferous spikelets of appropriate length shooting out from the base of the main flower stem. Anything more magnificent, in point of structure, fragrance, and colour, cannot well be conceived; and what novelty from Peru or the Himalayas can be compared with it? The rage for foreign novelties, the incessant introduction of new seedlings, loudly lauded in the catalogue, and, in nine cases out of ten, utterly worthless in reality, and the rapid multiplication of the objects of his care, have distracted the attention of the practical florist, and diverted it from some prime old favourites, which have lost their place in the parterre to make room for the upstart *parvenus* of vaunting propagators. We would not arrest the flow of immigration, but we should like very well to see a slight reactionary agitation in favour of old friends—the dearly cherished objects of our first floral love. The tide of floricultural improvement extends itself rapidly. We have been often pleasantly surprised to see in the gardens of the poor, and in remote sub-alpine districts, plants which a very few years ago we could only have expected to find in gardens of some pretension. The poor man's little plot is oftentimes now adorned with showy dahlias, and the walls of his cottage beautified with the pendulous panicles of the hardier varieties of the fuchsia. The time was when pungent peppermint and aromatic southernwood (*Artemisia*—Scottice, Applingie) could only have been gathered there. These, with the ribband-grass, (*Phalaris arundinacea*—Scottice, Gardener's Garters,) were grown, and duly culled to compose the Sunday nosegay, and were carried to church, not for ornament but use, and mainly as a stimulant to attention and a preventive of somnolency.

But it is not merely that we can cull a more various and brilliant bouquet than the flower-gardens of our forefathers furnished. Pomona has showered her favours on us as well as Flora, and has contributed some invaluable additions to our desert. The new varieties of pears and strawberries deserve gracious men-

tion, not only as being most admirable in themselves, but as having the further merit of prolonging the season of two of our very choicest fruits. It would be vain to attempt expatiating on the innumerable varieties of the vegetable tribes that are being constantly introduced to notice. Not a season passes without producing its melon, or its wonderful pea, or its cabbage of unprecedented precocity and flavour. Horticultural green-horns bite greedily at such baits, and only after repeated disappointments do they begin to suspect the impudent puffery of advertisers. But there is one plant that has, in our memory, so changed its character and risen in its claims as to demand a passing notice. The *officinal* we refer to performs now a twofold function, and in neither is it a sinecurist. By the happy discovery of some culinary genius, it was found to be food as well as physic, and in both excellent. Its root retains its old place of honour in the pharmacopœia, and its stems are now claimed by the "Cook's Oracle," who proclaims their praises with no delphic ambiguity. We refer of course to the rhubarb. The time was when a solitary specimen of the plant might be found in an out-of-the-way corner of the garden. It was contemplated with awe by the young people, in whose minds it raised unpleasant memories. John the gardener extracted bits of the radicles in autumn, and having subjected them to a process of skilful desiccation, he administered the same to his dyspeptic friends in the village. John's fame as an herbalist grew thereby, and John's rhubarb was pronounced better than the apothecary's, as certainly it was cheaper. The rhubarb tart has altered all this. We have now no wry mouths in the nursery when its name is pronounced. The doctor's prescription has even become amiable. The juveniles watch its growth admiringly, and are prompt to certiorate mamma when the footstalks are tall enough for tartlets. John, instead of the subterranean treasure, carries the stems to the sickly villagers, (if need be, mamma sees to the sugar,) and John's popularity as an herbalist is manifestly on the increase. The

elevation of our old medicinal friend to the dinner-table was not achieved without some attendant marks of humiliation. People with "fine feelings" and coarse minds scrupled to pronounce the name; and some intolerable ninny, for their relief, dubbed the rhubarb tart "spring apples," under which degrading *alias* it was doomed for a while to take its place. Once, and only once, do we remember a too literal reference to its medicinal virtues being elicited at the dinner-table. Dining on one occasion with a clerical friend who happened to be entertaining the parochial eldership, one of the presbyters was asked to partake of the rhubarb tart, which, with thanks, he declined, but with the unnecessary and grotesque explanation, that "he was not needing it." The sage's response was suggested by the rhubarb of his boyhood; and although the information regarding his animal economy was uncalled for, it was infinitely better than the elaborate nausea of "spring apples." By all manner of means, let the plant have its Christian name, and let every fine lady know that, in horticulture, a spade is not more certainly a spade than rhubarb is rhubarb. If he is to be reckoned a benefactor of his race who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, *multo majus* is the man who has taught us to convert the once worthless stems of the rhubarb into a delectable article of diet. It is a pleasant spectacle to behold cartloads of "*Myall's Superb*" wending their way to the green-market—pleasant, because we know that the dispersion of the succulent stems is impartial and general, and that, after some simple process of cookery, they reach many a frugal board, as well as the groaning tables of the rich. Pretty, and entertaining withal, are the fancies of the poets of heathendom when they tell us of the beautiful youth *Crocus* pining away into a flower, because the lovely *Smilax* returned not his passion; or of the fair *Hyacinthus*, unhappily beloved at one time by *Zephyrus* and *Apollo*, whom the former slew in revenge that his rival was preferred, but out of whose blood *Latona's* son produced the

flower since called *Hyacinth*, whose purple petals prove the history and bespeak their sanguinary origin. But dietetic truth is better than the finest fiction, and although uncelebrated yet in song, we hope that we may have thrown out hints that may be useful to the future *Ovid* who shall rehearse, not the metamorphosis, but the metempsychosis of the *Rheum palmatum* from tincture to tart—from powder to pastry. This is the veritable apotheosis of vegetable life!

In exotic culture, the prominent feature of novelty consists in the prevailing taste for, and extensive cultivation of, orchids and aquatics. Of the former interesting and curious family, above two thousand species may be found now in the orchid-houses of Britain. Not many years ago, it would have been difficult to have found as many dozens; and then their management and culture were thought difficult and precarious, but only because our horticulturists were ignorant of the habits and predilections of orchidaceous plants. The introduction of the *Victoria regia* has given a stimulus to the cultivation of aquatics; but why should our practical men have waited the debarkation of this gigantic and gorgeous foreigner? Who has not been charmed by the lovely apparition of the *Nymphaea alba*, floating in silvery light on the calm bosom of an inland lake? Our own water-nymph, whether curtsying softly on the rippling wavelets, or glassing her virgin purity in the motionless mirror of the deep, is "beautiful exceedingly." Thy bright chalice, fair lady! begemming the waters, has set many a poet raving; but, unmoved by thy charms, the pampered horticulturist took no hint of an aquarium from thee, but waited the arrival of thy Amazonian sister from abroad—a nymph of such portly dimensions that she requires a house for herself to display her solitary grandeur in, and a lake of tepid water in which she may disport. Perhaps, however, in no department of horticulture has more remarkable progress been made than in the erection of horticultural buildings, and in the modes of heating and ventilating these. The reduced price

of the materials—of glass, brick, and timber—has no doubt encouraged the taste of the amateur, and quickened the invention of the artist. The triumphs of the Crystal Palace have consecrated the taste, and lighted the way to improvement; and amongst its results we may anticipate the multiplication of conservatories and greenhouses, and an increased culture of tender exotics. And this reminds us, that while we have been indulging in a somewhat fond and garrulous *excurrus*, "*The Book of the Garden*" has all the while been lying before us courting review.

The Book of the Garden!—that, Mr M'Intosh, is an ambitious title. The name raises our highest expectations. In a work having such a title, we shall expect precise and ample information on all matters horticultural, on the mere elements of the science as well as on its deeper *arcana*. It must tell us how to grow onions and pipe-pinks, as well as how to cultivate vines and hybridise pelargoniums. It must be simple enough to teach the tyro, and profound enough to engage the attention and to enlarge the knowledge of the erudite. It must answer all our reasonable inquiries, and it must solve all our horticultural difficulties that admit of solution. And, above all, its instruction must be lucidly and naturally arranged, and made easy of consultation. *The Book of the Garden* involuntarily carries our thoughts to *The Book of the Farm*, and challenges comparison with that work. *The Book of the Farm* is the most perfect institute of agriculture in the world. It is daily growing in estimation both at home and in the colonies; and all the high-farming freaks with which of late the world has been amused, have only demonstrated the sobriety, solidity, and completeness of its information. We can wish Mr M'Intosh no higher success in his great undertaking, and no more enduring fame, than that his *Book of the Garden*, as it seems to ask, so it may deserve, a place in our libraries beside Mr Stephens' *Book of the Farm*.

We are not in a position to apply such tests as have been stated, in determining the merits of Mr M'In-

tosh's work. *The Book of the Garden* is only in course of publication, and the first great division of it is not yet completed. The *ex pede Herculem* principle of judgment is dangerous to the critic that adopts it, and certainly not just to the criticised. But this is not all. The nine numbers of the work before us are devoted to the exposition and development of those branches of the horticultural art in which we are free to confess that we feel less at home. They are chiefly occupied with unfolding the theory and design of horticultural erections—of hothouses and conservatories, and the kindred structures—and of flower-gardens, geometrical and picturesque, with their appropriate embellishments from the fields of nature and of art. These form the consummations of horticulture, and, as expounded by our author, they are the exquisite results of the highest art, accomplished by pecuniary appliances on the highest scale. The very latest discoveries and improvements in the erection, heating, and ventilation of horticultural buildings are treated of by the author. With the exception of Sir Joseph Paxton, there is perhaps no man living so competent to write on this subject as Mr M'Intosh; and, as far as we are able to judge, he has admirably succeeded. If we were to decide from the sample produced, we should be disposed to prognosticate that the most perfect success awaits the completion of the work. It should be understood, that in the matter of horticultural erections, and consequently of exotic culture, a new era has commenced. In this province, remarkable improvements have of late years been made. Partial notices of those lie scattered through the columns of our horticultural journals; but the whole subject required to be discussed and systematised by some competent writer. This is what Mr M'Intosh has done; and any practical horticulturist, who wishes to acquaint himself with the improved modes of constructing and managing horticultural buildings, and cultivating exotics, must instantly possess those parts of the *Book of the Garden* which treat of these topics. Nowhere else, that we know of, will he find the same information; and without them he

will infallibly be found lagging in the rear of his profession, and insufficiently instructed in one interesting field of his labour. Among a great variety of things descanted on by our author, and which, as far as our garden literature qualifies us to judge, are wholly new, and which had been marked for commendation, we can only mention in passing a new style of *suspension-roof* for conservatories, (see p. 382 *et seq.*) and the new glass erections at Trentham, a description of which will be found at p. 353, now published for the first time. The new garden at Poltalloch is Mr M'Intosh's own creation, and palpably his pet child. It has passed the ordeal of many critics, and it has been pronounced faultless.

Having no disposition to abdicate one critical function, Mr M'Intosh must forgive us for saying that we entertain very grave doubts whether he has not begun at the wrong end of his subject. The cultivation of exotics, and the construction of horticultural houses, are the highest results of the art, and the luxurious refinements in which the opulent only can indulge. In the *Book of the Garden*, would it not have been more natural to have commenced with the elementary branches of horticulture, and to have conducted the pupil, by easy and gradual steps, to the more difficult, *recherché*, and expensive provinces of the art? We can well understand how Mr M'Intosh's position—his tastes—his eminence as a horticultural artist—should have influenced him to select that mode of treating his subject which he has adopted, more especially as, in the advanced field with which he has commenced, there was a louder call for recording the novelties and improvements which have been lately discovered. It may seem most natural for an author to choose, for the earliest discussion, that portion of his theme on which he feels he has perhaps the largest amount of original information to communicate. But in a work such as the *Book of the Garden*, which is to form a complete manual of instruction on the subject of which it treats, it is *not natural* for the student to be carried without preparation to the highest stage of study in the horti-

cultural curriculum. On this subject, we know that disappointment has been experienced, chiefly, no doubt, in consequence of the title of the work; and although, from the plan of treatment adopted, the author may have secured a more select class of admirers, and by him a more highly prized species of praise, we are by no means sure that he has not thereby circumscribed, in the mean time, the number of his readers, and limited the extent of his reputation, if he has improved its quality. He can wait, no doubt, for the coming applause of the popular horticultural throng; but, nevertheless, we conceive that not only in point of policy, but in respect of the natural position which arrangement demanded, the first portion of the *Book of the Garden* should have formed the second and final division of the work. We know too that some of our friends, whose judgment in matters horticultural we greatly value, are disposed to complain that Mr M'Intosh's erections and garden-plans are upon a scale of magnificence too palatial, and that they presuppose the possession of a ducal purse. But, in reality, the designs and plans in this work are given with such minuteness and accuracy of detail, that nothing can be easier than to reduce them to any scale that may suit the taste and the circumstances. It is very true, however, that extravagance in design and in outlay has too much characterised the lucubrations of our horticultural writers, and, by alienating and frightening cultivators of limited means, has paralysed and arrested the spirit of improvement. We have, for instance, many works on *cottage-gardening*, but we know not one that does not plainly imply that the cottager is in the enjoyment of an annual income of £500! The highest view, surely, that the horticulturist can form of his favourite science is that which makes horticulture the handmaid of virtue, the sphere of healthful recreation, and the source of innocent, refined, and exquisite pleasure. The moral aspects of the garden are by far the most precious, and the horticulturist who undervalues them is not alive to the true nobility of his calling. It ought to be his first aim, and chiefest

ambition, to cherish and extend a horticultural taste throughout the various classes of society. We would a thousand times rather see a taste for simple floral beauty, and for garden cultivation, increasing amongst the middle and poorer classes of the nation, than we would the erection of a hundred Paxtonian Palaces of blazing crystal, although filled with the marvels of a tropical vegetation, and glowing with fruits of every flavour, and flowers of every dye. We fear, indeed, that we could scarcely assign so high a place to the conservatory in the science of horticulture as our author seems disposed to do. The conservatory is, indeed, a delightful retreat during the "dead months" of the year; and houses warmed with artificial heat are, of course, indispensable for the culture of exotic fruits and flowers. But the pleasure is small compared to the expenditure lavished on the necessary appliances. One cannot linger in voluble admiration amid the floral rarities of these heated temples. The steamy, stifling, scented atmosphere is not salubrious, and we hurry out to admire the coral berries of the native holly, or the simple snow-drop besprinkling with pearls the early bank. The cheapness of the requisite materials should encourage the erection of winter-gardens in our great cities. Why not envelop in glass the whole of our Princes Street Garden on the West? It would be a spacious orangery. Pleasant would it be to our Glasgowian neighbours to find themselves, as the train *slowed*, meandering through an orange grove, and most pleasant to the *stoker* to stretch forth his hand and cool his parched throat with the golden fruitage. The approach might seem to be appropriate to the "Modern Athens." If the atmospheric concussion caused by the holiday salute from the hoary rock above, should endanger the brittle materials, the western battery might only be discharged, until that reign of peace promised by the Manchester seers shall commence, when the great guns of the nation shall be universally spiked. Such erections may be tried—but we must contend that horticulture is not glaziery—and that, if it is to be identified with con-

servatories and hothouses, it will degenerate into an esoteric science, accessible only to the wealthy and great.

In his introductory chapter, "on the origin, progress, and present state" of gardening, Mr M'Intosh, with much elegance and concinnity, has condensed within compact limits the materials which hitherto have been woven into long and wearisome articles in sundry of our Encyclopædias. An absurd fuss has been made about the horticulture of Greece and Rome. The garden of *Alcinous*, which horticulturists who dabble in classical literature have expatiated on so grandiosely, when divested of the mellifluous Greek of the *Odyssey*, and of the glowing radiance in which the poet's imagination has bathed it, seems to have been a very shabby affair. It contained four acres, surrounded with a quickset hedge! According to *Miller*, a handsome garden should consist of thirty or forty acres; and at Drumlanrig the flower-garden alone contains twenty-two acres. The Lucullan gardens are the only Roman ones of any note, and, from Plutarch's description, the expenditure lavished upon them seems chiefly to have been in the way of architectural ornament. The hints we have of the gardening of Solomon, in the sacred writings, are infinitely more interesting and more minute. The royal philosopher is quite a horticulturist to our taste: "He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The lowly hyssop finding its home in the crevice of the wall, and for the shelter afforded scenting the gale with its aromatic fragrance, could awaken his botanical enthusiasm, as well as the lofty cedar anchored on the shaggy clefts of the snowy Libanus. Such an impartial and generous admiration of nature is excellent in all; but in the kingly bosom, it marked that the liberality of his tastes and his love of science were unspoiled by the conventional luxuries of royalty.

The pre-requisite elements necessary to originate and cherish a love of the horticultural art may, perhaps, be stated to consist in the possession of some measure of wealth and of

leisure, in intellectual culture and refinement of taste and feeling, in a moderately bad climate, and a tolerably sterile soil. The two last elements we enjoy in Scotland in very considerable perfection, and hence the high character of Scotch gardeners. The versatilities of our northern sky make them vigilant, alert, provident, and inventive. In sunny Italy, boon nature with liberal hand threw into the lap of every gatherer the choicest fruits and flowers, and the old Romans had few incentives to study the resources of the horticultural art. Roman horticulture, obedient to the suggestions of a southern clime, chiefly displayed itself in cool grottoes, and irriguous fountains, and umbrageous walks shaded by the tall cypress and the sweet-scented bay. In America they may have the wealth, but apparently not the

"Retired leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

Their pursuit of the "all-mighty dollar" is too passionate and intense to admit of interruption from the recreations of horticulture. A feverish and absorbing worldliness can find no pleasure in the tranquil delights of a garden. Our cousins across the wave seem scarcely to have reached that state of intellectual culture and repose that must apparently precede the refinements of horticulture. In America the apples are excellent, and that best of all apples, the *Newtown Pippin*, will not thrive out of it, but there the apple grows all but spontaneously. Horticulture, however, is making progress in the United States, of which, perhaps, the best evidence is the existence of a periodical devoted to the subject and published in Boston, and the somewhat curious fact that the kalmias and rhododendrons originally imported into Britain from America, and improved by culture, are at this moment undergoing a second transportation from our nurseries to the land of their nativity. Their denization in Britain ought to invigorate their constitutions. And yet, having breathed the air of England, it is possible that their lungs may repel the atmosphere where slavery reigns, and that at the sad sight they may sicken and die!

We read with avidity Mr M'Intosh's section on "Situation." We know no part of the science on which horticultural writers have favoured us with so little useful or valuable information, or where, generally speaking, they are so deficient or so entirely at fault; and in no department have more grievous practical blunders been made. Mr Loudon, indeed, descants very sensibly on the situation of a garden, "considered artificially or relatively to the other parts of a residence." But, with submission to such high authority, we think this a very small matter; at all events, it is one which a very limited measure of good sense and taste can determine. An ill-placed garden is, of course, an impertinency like everything out of place. The books are copious, too, on what they call "aspect;" but a good aspect in one country may be a bad in another. The momentous and vital question is, the situation of the garden considered relatively to the fruits and flowers intended and expected to be grown in it; or, given the situation, what are the fruits and plants that may be successfully cultivated? By situation we mean the latitude, longitude, and elevation above the sea-level, of the garden, its soil and subsoil, and the climatic peculiarities of the contiguous district. It is very true, you can excavate and transport the soil of a garden, and replace it with mould of any degree of richness; but there is yet the subsoil and underlying rock, which vitally influence the sanitary condition of the superincumbent vegetation. Nor is this all. Place your garden of made soil in the midst of leagues of surrounding swamp covered with dense woods hoary with lichens, and do you fancy that your garden walls will form a *cordon sanitaire*, within whose charmed circle the pestilential exhalations of the adjoining morass dare not alight? You will find gardeners continually complaining that they are infested with blights and other plagues; and they assure you that their garden is thoroughly drained, and that the aspect and subsoil are unexceptionable, and they marvel what can be the cause. A glance at the surrounding district solves the mystery in a moment. But

even this is not the most common source of mistake. The latitudinal and regional situation of the garden is all-important, and yet this subject has been scarcely thought worth noticing. You will find people planting the *magnam bonum* plum as a standard, where it should have had the best place on the wall; and others placing it on the wall, where the *May duke* cherry should have been the summit of their ambition. These gentlemen are not without their books on horticulture, but not one of them condescends to tell them at what degree of latitude and elevation above the level of the sea the plum in question may be successfully grown as a standard, where it requires a wall, and where it will prove a fruitless struggle to attempt it at all. And the same provoking taciturnity is preserved regarding every tree and flower that we cultivate in our gardens. A friend lately complained to us that his roses had proved a miserable failure. They were of the *Ile de Bourbon* and tea-scented type, and budded on tall standards, which they ought not to have been. He said that the nurseryman had assured him they were hardy as "bricks," and he added that the kindest treatment had been given them. His garden was some 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea, and subjected to climatic disadvantages even more fatal than this to the ripening of the wood and the vigour of the plants. In such a locality he ought to have been content with the hardier hybrid varieties. A reference to some of the physical laws that determine temperature will show the importance which should be attached to the latitudinal and regional situation of the garden. Northwards of the 57th degree, 2° of latitude effect a diminution of $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in temperature. Again, 80 yards of ascent cause a decrease of 1° of temperature; and generally in our climate a degree of latitude affects the *mean* temperature nearly in the proportion of 180 or 200 yards of ascent. The temperature in the earth within Britain diminishes 1° for every 125 yards of ascent. These are but approximations, but they must vitally influence the distribution of vegetable life. If the temperature of the earth in

which the plant is rooted, and that of the atmosphere in which it breathes, are at once lowered, it is plain that its habit and physiological structure must be seriously affected. The actual phenomena of vegetation abundantly demonstrate the influential results of the physical laws above indicated. The flowering of wild spring plants is earlier at Barnstaple in Devonshire than in Nairnshire by twelve days, and earlier than at Strathpeffer by thirty days. At a mean height of 2000 feet on the Cumberland mountains, the flowering of vernal plants is about two months later than near the sea-level in Devonshire. That pretty gem of our gardens, the *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, which blooms in Edinburgh in February and March, requires the solar heat of June to expand its petals in its native *habitat* on the mountains of Glen-dole. The oak ascends 1500 feet in Durham; but in no part of Scotland does it reach such an altitude. Good crops of turnip are raised in Perthshire at the height of 1200 feet; but on the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, they thrive at an elevation of 1600 feet. Wheat succeeds at 1000 feet in the north of England, but in the middle and northern counties of Scotland it is a precarious crop at 600 or 700 feet. Exceptions, but admitting of easy explanation, to such general laws, will of course be found to occur. Thus, for instance, wheat is ripened on the opposite side of Loch Ness at a height of 800 feet; and in one or two localities in Nairnshire, at nearly 1000 feet. The influence of elevation in changing the character of a plant, and finally in extinguishing it, may be noticed in many of our common weeds. Take as an instance the *Leontodon taraxacum*. Around the base of Ben Lawers or Ben Nevis the common dandelion flowers profusely. Ascend the mountain 2000 feet, and it has passed into the *L. palustre*—at 3000 feet it has ceased to produce flowers—and on the top of the mountain it has disappeared. The botanical aspect of the island has been marked out into successive ascending zones by peculiarities of vegetation sufficiently distinct. In a word, we know infinitely more about the geographical

distribution of our indigenous flora—the weeds of the country—than we do about the trees and plants cultivated in our gardens. This undoubted fact speaks volumes, and is surely highly discreditable to the science of horticulture. We know when the oak disappears, and when the presence of the *Pyrus aucuparia* may be expected. We know when the *Rubus chamæmorus*—the cloud-berry—will show itself, and the height to which the *Vaccinium myrtillus* will ascend, and the point at which it will cease to produce flowers and fruit. But with regard to the limits of latitude and elevation at which we can successfully cultivate the Greengage plum, or the Ribston pippin, or the gooseberry, we absolutely learn nothing from books. The grazier does not attempt to grow “Leicesters” or “Short-horns” at the Spittal of Glenshee; and the farmer who should try to raise mangold-wurzel or wheat on some bit of fertile table-land on the top of the Ochils, would be considered a high farmer and a fool by his neighbours, and would be referred for information to the *Book of the Farm*. Practical gardeners are incessantly perpetrating blunders, in their vocation, of an analogous kind. Ask a nurseryman to stock your garden, and his selection will evidence the most flagrant ignorance of the physical laws which regulate vegetable existence. The intimations of nature cannot be neglected, nor her laws violated with impunity. One-half of the nurseryman’s selection will probably be found to consist of unsuitable varieties. They will either die, or drag out a miserable and unfruitful life. The owner of the garden gets disgusted. The nurseryman pays the penalty of his ignorance by receiving no more orders, as he richly deserved; and the pleasure from horticultural pursuits, and the cause of horticultural extension, are grievously damaged. We write these things in a tolerably accurate recollection of the information contained in that very dense volume the *Encyclopædia of Gardening*. Mr Loudon’s chapter on “Vegetable Geography” is botanical, not horticultural; and for the information which it contains he has been indebted to the disciples of Lin-

næus and Humboldt, and not to horticultural authors. Mr Loudon’s *Kalendarial Index* is interesting, but it is calculated for the meridian of London; and making even the allowance on latitude suggested by Mr Loudon, it would, to most Scotch gardeners, prove rather a seductive snare than a useful guide. Long ere now, every county, or rather every district in every county in Scotland, ought to have had its kalendarial index. We respectfully submit it to the consideration of the Council of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, whether it would not be worthy of their position to attempt to do for the plants cultivated in our gardens what botanists have done, and are doing, for the weeds of our country—namely, to attempt to define the limits within which they may be successfully grown, to map out the kingdom into zones of horticultural vegetation, as it has been into zones botanical. The opportunities for minute and accurate observation regarding the progress and limits of horticultural plants, transcend infinitely those enjoyed by the botanical student. Horticultural societies are scattered all over the country. A skilfully framed schedule of inquiry addressed to these societies would, after a time, elicit invaluable horticultural information—such information as we do not possess at present, and in absence of which we go on blundering, and reaping from time to time a harvest of disappointment—information, nevertheless, which is indispensable, as the only rational basis of all successful culture. In Mr M’Intosh’s second volume, where the lists of plants will naturally be given, we hope to find this subject amply treated.

We extract the following excerpt as a sample of our author’s style and manner, and for another reason:—

“A departure from the rich and artistic Italian style, which had arrived at great perfection towards the end of the seventeenth century, was forced on this country, strange enough to say, soon afterwards, by a set of political, poetical, and self-interested agitators, who, although vain enough to become partisans in the general demolition, had not sufficient talent of themselves to construct a sub-

stitute, but borrowed the ideas of their false conceptions from the Chinese. A love of gardening, as an art of design and taste, must have been at a low ebb about this period; and it is not improbable that the difference in the expense of constructing an Italian garden, and that of one in what has been called the modern, or English style, might have had its share in this crusade, because it suited the poverty and declining taste of the times.

"Some, indeed, have gone so far as to assert that we even had not the merit of either borrowing or inventing it. Malacarne, an Italian author of credit, claims the invention of what is now called an English garden for Charles Imanuel, first Duke of Savoy, about the end of the sixteenth century. Warton and Eustace are of opinion that the duke's English garden at Padua gave an idea of an English garden prior to that contained in the description of Paradise by Milton the poet, who, by the way, has also been brought forward as a claimant of this invention. Gabriel Thouin, a name well known in horticultural literature, says that the artist Dufresnoy gave a model of a garden in the natural style so early as the commencement of the last century. Böttiger even carries us back for the original idea to the description of the grotto of Calypso by Homer, the vale of Tempe by Ælian, and that of Vaucluse by Petrarch.

"In discussing, however, this subject, we may remark that the advocates, both for the modern, or English, and for the picturesque style, do not confine themselves entirely to the grounds in proximity with the mansion, but include within their range of fancy the whole domain, and much of the surrounding country; so far, indeed, particularly in the latter style, that it is difficult to say where their garden begins, or where it terminates. Sir Uvedale Price, in *Essays on the Picturesque*, remarks—"What appears to me the great defect of modern gardening, in the confined sense, is exactly what has given them their greatest reputation—an affectation of simplicity, of mere nature—a desire of banishing all embellishments of art, where art ought to be employed, and even in some degree displayed." Taking gardening, therefore, in the confined sense above alluded to, we can see no real association between a fine mansion, and even the best imitations of nature artificially created around its very walls. Wherever architecture, even of the simplest kind, is employed in the dwellings of man, art must be manifest; and all artificial objects may certainly admit, and in many instances require, the accompaniments of art. The more mag-

nificent the mansion, and the richer it is in architectural details, the more symmetrical and highly adorned with works of art the garden around it should be."

This is well, and, we may add, courageously said. There have been two prevailing and recognised styles of gardening, each having its modifications, and each retaining its admirers and advocates, who, in times past, were ready to do battle in behalf of their theory. One of them is called landscape-gardening, and the other has been popularly, but ignorantly, denominated the Dutch style. What is meant by landscape-gardening we really do not know, for we never saw a landscape garden. The fact is that the title is a delusive misnomer; and the moment you begin to read on landscape-gardening, you find that the writers are not discoursing on the garden proper, but on the laying out of the lawn or pleasure-grounds—the whole demesne—the *gestatio* of the old Romans. That which is called the Dutch style, characterised by symmetrical arrangement and artificial formality, is truly classical. It prevailed in Greece and ancient Italy, along with the topiary art, and it has flourished at different periods in every country in Europe. It seems traceable as the Chinese style, even to the modelling of evergreens by tonsile appliances into architectural and animal similitudes, (*Fortune's Wanderings*, p. 94.) If this style is unnatural, it has at least been universal. In the reign of Louis XIV. *Le Notre* introduced it from France into England, where it degenerated into poor and meagre formality. Addison exposed its frigid artifice in the *Spectator*; a well-known paper in the *Guardian*, No. 173, inflicted a fatal wound on its fame; and Pope, by ten terse Hexameters in his Fourth Epistle, covered it with inextinguishable ridicule. Are these "the political, poetical, and self-interested agitators" to whom our author refers? If they be, it is but right to add, that Pope at least acted what he wrote. His garden at Twickenham was universally allowed to display a beautiful combination of taste and of art. It was a pleasant affectation of the poet to say, as recorded by Walpole, "that

of all his works he was most proud of his garden." *Kent*, who had the chief hand in introducing what is called the English or natural style, was instructed by Pope, and borrowed his design of the garden at Carleton House from the poet's at Twickenham. In reforming the prevailing taste, and banishing the stiff formality of straight lines, Kent rushed into the other extreme. Nothing was beautiful with him that was not crooked; and, by slavish imitation, he burlesqued nature, of which a memorable instance is given in his sticking dead trees into the garden at Kensington. But who in our time has done most to arrest this childish affectation of simplicity and of nature? Undoubtedly, one of our greatest poets—viz. Sir Walter Scott, (see particularly a very genial paper on landscape-gardening in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 38.) We entirely acquiesce in the manly expression of sound opinion conveyed in the preceding passage from the *Book of the Garden*, but we would respectfully suggest to Mr M'Intosh the imprudence of irritating the literary fraternity. The poets, blessings on them! have done more to awaken a love of nature and of flowers, and to cherish a taste for floriculture, than all the professional horticulturists. And what ails our friend at the literary corps? If a gowned gentleman in our Parliament House is believed to dabble in literature, we know that in that grim region he is counted to have been guilty of one of the deadly sins—but never let the grammataphobia, as Warburton termed it, be found invading Flora's airy and liberal domain. Her prelections truly pertain to the *Literæ humaniores*. We are the rather induced to throw out this hint, because Mr M'Intosh may possibly not be aware that he has incurred the high indignation of another fraternity—the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, a body 11,000 strong. Mr M'Intosh devotes a section to ice-houses, the best and most comprehensive exposition of the subject that we know of, but which might properly have appeared in the Appendix; for although the management of the ice-house is usually committed to the gardener, and although London discusses the

subject, ice has certainly no amicable relation to horticulture. Mr M'Intosh, however, having exposed the very absurd proposition of some writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, who suggests that the ice-house should be near the bowling-green, which, being filled with water in winter, would conveniently supply the said ice-house, most unhappily adds—"Do away with the term bowling-green, and substitute curling or skating pond, and our objection is removed." The curler asks, with dilated nostril, what becomes of the curling if the ice is removed. Mr M'Intosh is manifestly no curler. We are sorry for it. But a man cannot be expected to possess every excellence. Let him, however, in his second edition, delete the solecism. The knights of the besom are stalwart men, they are not given to indulge in *nivatae potiones*;—and in the mean time, let him not be surprised if a company of Caledonian curlers shall appear in uniform some morning in the Dalkeith gardens, prepared to supply themselves with besoms by the amputation of Mr M'Intosh's Irish yews. The great match on the Royal pond approaches, and broom is getting scarce before the march of agricultural improvement.

We fancy that our taste for gardening is somewhat more catholic than Mr M'Intosh's. We like all sorts of gardens, provided only they are "trim" and tidy. We don't despise the tonsile style, with its venerable yews transformed into the verdant battlements of a Gothic castle, with knight-errants in green keeping guard before it. As in the picture-gallery we have more than one school of painting, we know not why in a large "place" we should only have one style of gardening. We love old gardens with old-fashioned flowers, with their old walls covered with old apricot-trees, producing fruit of the highest flavour. We like ever to linger in a garden of "simples," filled with all rare and virtuous herbs, from "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," to the tonic chamomile. That is a pleasant fancy of our Scottish peasantry which supposes that for every disease that flesh is heir to there is an appropriate herb of sovereign efficacy. The

most learned Fuschius (who has given a name to that graceful ornament of our green-houses which our village maidens call "the ear-ring plant") accused the herbalists of his day of an unreasonable preference of foreign simples. He says of them, as translated by Democritus junior, "that they think they do nothing except they rake over all India, Arabia, Æthiopia, for remedies, and fetch their physic from the three quarters of the world, and from beyond the Garamantes. Many an old wife or country-woman doth often more good, with a few known and common garden herbs, than our bumbast physicians with all their prodigious, sumptuous, far-fetched, rare, conjecturall medicines;" and accordingly it is related of the judicious leech, "that when he came into a village, he considered always what herbs did grow most frequently about it, and these he distilled in a silver limbeck, making use of others amongst them as occasion served." When will *the faculty* allow the halcyon days of herbalism to revive?

We like, too, to see a taste for simple, modest flowers. We have a dear friend who has set his affection on the cowslip. He has long borders verged with it, and sloping banks covered with it. How the pets do sport with one another! and what pretty freaks they play—of which they seem half-conscious—in timidly turning aside, from your ardent gaze, their bright umbells of primrose, pink, and purple! It is curious we never saw any cowslip wine at the table of our friend; but only stout old Jamaica, with the attendant lemon, and the jar of tamarinds. Doubtless he considers it a kind of sacrilege to convert his cowslips into the weak liquor which our notable grandmothers used to distil.

We hope that the love of flowers and a taste for gardening are growing among the people, but we are by no means sure. We are often asked in the months of February and March, by gentlemen who should be educated, to eat cauliflower with our mutton. They do not seem to know the difference betwixt broccoli and cauliflower. And yet, were they to state that Iceland lay alongside of Sicily, they

could not more conclusively prove their ignorance of geography, than the question at the dinner-table proved their ignorance of horticulture. Some persons, too, of the gentler sex are given to extreme generalisation in the classification of flowers, by reducing into two the twenty-three classes of the Linnæan system, and by one bold deletion rid themselves of that unspeakable terror of tyros, the sesquipedalian nomenclature of botanical science. With them, every flower above a certain diameter of corolla is a rose, and all below that are pinks.

"The well-directed sight
Brings, in each flower, an universe to light."

But we do not ask that, in the breast of such parties, "the meanest flower that blows" should awaken thoughts "that do often lie too deep for tears;" although we may reasonably expect that their knowledge of flowers should reach that of "the Wild Rover once through heath and glen," of whom the poet sings that—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

On the Continent, flowers are more popular than with us. We have no flower-girls, *bouquetières*, at our railway stations, or on our streets, offering nosegays, fresh cut from the garden. In lack of these, indeed, a floral fop may be seen on a sunny day pacing Prince's Street with a Lily of the Valley or a verbena (Robinson's defiance!) in his button-hole, "whom it doth adorn, and is adorned of it;" or some lady gay, with a fragrant posy in her zone, sailing sublimely along, while,

"From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs."

All this is tolerable enough; but it is beyond mortal endurance to be told, as we are continually told, by certain sapient economists, that they do not care for a garden, and do not possess one, because they find it cheaper to buy their fruits and vegetables. Who doubts it? The pleasures of gardening depend not upon economic considerations. The fascination is in the very arts of culti-

vation—in the very growing of your own fruit and flowers. Is there no pleasure in tending flowers, and watching their opening blossoms—in nursing the sickly, and rejoicing over the strong—in culling a well-chosen bouquet for the adornment of your *cara sposa*? Is there no pleasure in being able to send well-ripened grapes or peaches to a sick neighbour who has them not—in bestowing a capful of rosy-cheeked apples on a rosy-cheeked boy—in inviting the children of the village to partake of your gooseberries—in sending, at the close of a severe winter, a hundred cauliflower plants to the minister of the parish? Is there no pleasure in exchanging rare flowers—in getting and giving floral gifts? Does your heart not leap up when the first snowdrop—bold chider of lingering winter, and adventurous invader of his icy reign—shows its welcome face on the green? Is there no transport when the seedling holyhock bursts on your astonished vision in unexpected beauty? Thousands there are who are doomed by dire necessity never to have a garden of their own; but those who can and ought, and yet have not, for the sake of cheapness and from motives of a mean economy, ought to be banished to some desert wilderness, where the green earth and nature's flowers may not waste their sweetness on them. It may, however, move such parties more to tell them, that market vegetables are almost invariably insipid or coarse-tasted, although good enough, we dare say, for their *cuisine*. But we are getting garrulous again, or worse, and would better pause.

Notwithstanding the merit of his work, and the exquisiteness of its

typography, and the profusion of its embellishments, which are in the highest style of art, Mr M'Intosh will see that we have administered praise with a discriminating hand. Had we not believed that the *Book of the Garden* is destined to live as a standard work on horticulture, we should have allowed another to perform its obsequies. A most arduous portion of his work, that "On the Theory and Practice of Horticulture," remains yet to be published. In this, the concluding division of his labours, the author will have more critics to encounter, and better qualified to sit in judgment on his merits, than on the portion already given to the world. We will wait the issue of the succeeding parts with some anxiety. Mr M'Intosh's own reputation, and the fame of Scottish horticulture, are alike at stake. Large portions of Mr Loudon's *Encyclopædia* are not properly horticultural—not a little of it is unsuitable for the northern part of the kingdom; and it is somewhat repulsive from the insignificance of its type, and inaccessible from its very voluminousness and the overflowing redundancy of its matter. We conceive that there was a call for a new work on gardening; and we hope that Mr M'Intosh's *Book of the Garden* may meet the wants of modern horticulture. When the second division of the work is finished, we may haply resume our pen, and, if so, shall continue to hold the scales with impartial hand. Our critical integrity we believe to be of a kind so stoical that it would defy the charms of a hamper of flowers even from Dalkeith. And yet that might prove a horrid temptation.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, Bagot, who was, when in the country, a tolerably early riser, issued forth from the house before breakfast, on his way to the stables.

The sun had been up two hours before, and was now looking warmly over some tall drooping ash-trees on to the southern entrance. Bagot stood and basked for a minute there.

It was a fresh still morning. There had been a shower in the night, and a rustling might be heard amid the grass of the lawn, as of drops penetrating. Thrushes were piping busily in the shrubbery, May-flies were on the wing amid the grass, butterflies hovered above the old-fashioned flowers, heart's-ease, stocks, lilacs, and gillyflowers, whose mingled fragrance came fresh and cool upon the sense. Bagot contributed his mite to the general perfume by smoking a cigar, and exhaling with the smoke an odour of brandy; for he was very shaky in the morning until he got his dram, and would sometimes cut his chin dreadfully in shaving.

The beauty of the morning was in great measure thrown away upon Bagot. He knew no more about the witchery of the soft blue sky than Peter Bell. The verdure that gave him most pleasure, next to that of the race-course, was the green cloth of the billiard-table. The voice of the marker calling, "Red playson yellow," was more musical to him than the carol of all the thrushes that ever piped. He stood there in the sunlight like a nightlamp that had been left unextinguished, murky and red, in the eye of the golden and scented morning.

He glanced around him as he stood smoking, with his hands in his flapped skirt-pockets—looked upward at the brick front of the house, with its projecting turrets, its deep diamond-paned, stone-framed windows, and balustraded parapet—looked around at the thick shrubbery, where the uppermost laurel-leaves glanced yellow amid their dark-green, glossy

brethren, as the morning light slanted in—and followed some outward-bound rooks in their flight over the lawn, and across the river, where a solitary fly-fisher was wading to his middle, till they reached the village, where other rooks of congenial temperament came out from the trees and joined them. And, having looked thus with his outward eyes, without seeing much of it with his inner—for his busy head was now, as generally, occupied with other matters—he walked along two sides of the house, and through the shrubbery, to the stables.

Harry Noble and a boy were busy here about the horses; and Kitty Fillett had stolen away from her mistress to try and soften Mr Noble, whom she had found steeled against all her wiles and attempts at mollification on the previous evening.

Bagot caught Kitty by the chin, as she started at his footstep, and attempted to make off; and, holding the chin between his finger and thumb, he stood looking at her simpering face, not saying anything to her at first, by reason of his continuing to retain his cigar between his teeth, while his lips separated in an approving smile.

"Baggage!" quoth the Colonel, presently, taking his left hand from his coat-pocket, and removing the obstructive cigar without relinquishing his hold of the chin with the right—"how the deuce d'y'e think men are to do their work with that handsome saucy face of yours looking at them? Can't you let the fellows alone for five minutes together?—ha, slut!"

"Indeed, sir, I don't want no fellows," said Miss Fillett, primly; "I merely kim to look at the horses."

"Horses!" roared Bagot, with a laugh; "you never looked at a horse in your life if he hadn't a man on his back—you know you didn't. By the bye, I saw you yesterday at the fair, Kitty—here's a fairing for you—something to buy ribbons with."

Kitty dropt a curtsy as she pocketed the brace of half-crowns.

"How does your mistress pass the

time now?" asked Bagot. "What's the new dodge? Is she chemical, or botanical, or geological, or what?"

"We've been a little astromical lately," said Miss Fillett. "But my lady's a deal more lively now since the two young ladies kim. They're always together."

"Always together!" thought Bagot; "that won't do. How am I ever to get in a word if she always has these others at her elbow to back her up? That won't do at all;" (then aloud,) "What are the young ladies like, Kitty?"

"Very nice young ladies," said Kitty. "Miss Payne gave me a beautiful silk dress last week, as good as new; and, o' Wednesday, Miss Rosa—"

"Hang your dresses!" quoth Bagot; "I didn't ask what they'd given you, but what they were like. Have they got any fun in 'em?"

"Indeed they have plenty," said Miss Fillett, nodding her head four distinct times. "They're as lively as kittens, and that's the truth."

"Does your mistress ride now?" asked Bagot.

"Not since the young ladies have been here, sir. They don't ride, and my lady stays with 'em for company."

"I must look to this," said Bagot to himself, as, resuming his cigar, and releasing Miss Fillett, he entered the stable. "And, oh!" (calling after Kitty,) "tell her ladyship that, with her permission, I'll have the honour of breakfasting with her."

The stable was not so well filled now as it had been in Sir Joseph's days. Bagot cared little for hunting. Stalls labelled "Valiant," "Coverley," "Bob," and "Bullfrog," were vacant, and the place of those hunters knew them no more. But the brown carriage-horses, Duke and Dandy, still stood side by side; Lady Lee's grey thoroughbred, Diana, turned her broad front and taper muzzle to look at the corner, and several others were ranged beyond.

Noble was polishing some harness, and a boy near was removing a bucket from a stall, where he had been washing the feet of a brown cob.

"Who's that?" inquired Bagot of Noble, pointing at the boy.

"The gardener's son, sir," said

Noble, pausing in his occupation to touch his cap; "he's been here these three weeks."

"Lift that near hind-leg, boy," said Bagot, pointing at the cob. The boy obeyed.

"D'ye call that dry?" said the Colonel. "Don't you know it's enough to give greasy heels to a horse to leave him in that way, you careless young villain? Now look you," pursued the Colonel sternly, but quite calmly, "I'm a good deal about the stables, and if ever I see you leave a horse that way again, I'll lick your life out. How's her ladyship's mare, Noble?"

"She's a little sore in the mouth, from the boy taking her out with a twisted snaffle," said Noble, "but she'll be all right to-morrow. The boy's getting on—he'll do better soon, sir," said Noble, good-naturedly, seeing the Colonel's eye fixed fiercely on the boy.

"He'd better," said the Colonel, grimly. "I'll put a twisted snaffle in his mouth." And here I may remark that Bagot, in his care and affection for that noble animal, the horse, regarded stable-boys generally as a race of Yahoos, upon whom any neglect towards the superior creature they tended was to be instantly visited with unsparing severity. Accordingly, this morning saw the commencement of a series of precepts, threats, and veterinary aphorisms, which continued during Bagot's stay, and nearly drove the unfortunate boy out of his senses, but which, it is justice to add, had the effect of improving the economy of the stable wonderfully.

"And this is the filly, eh?" said Bagot, strolling up to a loose-box, and looking at a well-bred, handsome, somewhat leggy bay, that stood therein. "How does she go?"

"Rather hot and fidgetty," said Noble, "but her paces first-rate, sir. Canters like an arm-chair, and walks fast, when you can get her to walk."

"Wants a light hand, eh?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Noble, "I should say she'd go well with a lady."

"Put the saddle on her and bring her out," said Bagot, casting away the end of his cigar. "I'll try her now. It wants half an hour to breakfast."

Lady Lee and her friends assembled at the usual hour in the breakfast-room.

"We must wait for Colonel Lee," said her ladyship; "he is going to join us this morning."

"Why wasn't he at dinner, yesterday?" inquired Rosa.

"You mustn't expect to see much of him," said Lady Lee; "that is, unless you are anxious for gentlemen's society, and tell him so."

"And if we are," said Orelia, putting out her lip, "what would he be among so many?"

"His coming down to the Heronry never makes much difference to me," said Lady Lee. "The Colonel cares as little for flowers and literature as I do for race-horses and Cuba cigars, so that we haven't much in common. But here he comes."

Bagot entered with his usual swaggering bow and betting-ring courtesy.

"Ladies, I salute you," said Bagot, putting his fingers to his lips and waving them in the air, as a salutation general. Bagot tinselled over his natural groundwork of coarse humour with scraps of theatrical politeness, when in ladies' society. "Gad," he continued, as he drew a chair to the breakfast-table, "I'm reminded at this moment of a nunnery I once visited in Spain; the lady abbess was young, and not unlike Hester—but, by Jove, the nuns couldn't boast so much beauty among the whole sisterhood as I see before me," (bowing to Orelia and Rosa, with his hand on his left waistcoat-pocket.) "Luckily, I miss here, too, the dolefulness of aspect that characterised the poor things."

"Dear me!" said the sympathetic Rosa, "why did they look unhappy?"

"Probably for the love of heaven," said Orelia, sarcastically.

"Yes, the elderly ones, my dear Miss Payne; but the young ones, probably, for the love of man," returned Bagot, with a nod and a chuckle. "Ah, young ladies, 'tis the same all the world over; you may shut yourselves up in convents or in country houses, but you can't keep out the small boy with wings—he's about somewhere at this moment, I've no doubt," lifting the lid of the

mustard-pot, as if he expected to find a cupid hidden there, but it was only to make his devilled bone a little hotter.

"You'll hardly believe us," said Lady Lee, "when we tell you that the subject of love has scarcely once been mentioned among us."

"God bless me!—how silent you must have been!" said the facetious Colonel. "But that's wrong; you should always tell one another your love secrets; bottled affection is apt to turn sour."

"Now what *can* you know of the tender passion, Colonel?" said Lady Lee; "and yet, my dears, you hear how he philosophises about it, as if he were really acquainted with the sentiment."

Bagot reddened. He always suspected her ladyship of feeling for him a disdain which she did not care to conceal, and which, perhaps, really did exist, though the display of it was unintentional. It oozed out so unconsciously to herself, that, in a less clever person than her ladyship, he would probably have failed to notice it; but believing that she possessed satirical power, and feeling that there was no great congeniality between them, he frequently detected a latent disparagement in speeches which, coming from any one else, he would have taken either in a playful or a literal sense. So, after a minute's silence, during which he was struggling with choler, which he felt it would be unprofitable to exhibit, he changed the subject.

"I'm sorry to find you've left off riding lately, Hester," said he. "Diana is getting as fat as a Smithfield prize pig, and I wonder you're not just the same. What exercise do you take?"

"We walk," said Lady Lee, "and drive."

"Walk and drive!" quoth Bagot. "Women crawl like spavined snails along the terrace, and get into a carriage that goes as easy as an arm-chair, and call that exercise. Riding is the only thing to keep ladies in health and condition. Besides, there are lots of places worth seeing around here too far to walk to, and inaccessible to a carriage; but how pleasant it would be to ride there!"

"But Orelia and Rosa have never ridden in their lives," said Lady Lee.

"Time they should begin," answered Bagot. "I've been trying the bay filly this morning, and I'm convinced she would carry Miss Payne (who, I'm sure, has capital nerve) to admiration. I'm going over to Doddington to-day to see Tindal, the major of the dragoons there, an old friend of mine, and I'll ask him to

let his rough-rider come over and give your young friends a lesson. What d'ye say to that, young ladies?"

Both Rosa and Orelia were charmed at the prospect, and began to think Colonel Lee a very pleasant person. So it was agreed they should all drive over to Doddington, where the ladies had some shopping to do, and that the Colonel should then arrange with the Major about their riding lessons.

CHAPTER VI.

The detachment of dragoons stationed in Doddington was assembled at a dismounted parade that morning, to listen to an oration from the commanding officer, Major Tindal.

Other people were assembled there besides the troops. The yard of the principal hotel, where the parade was held, was thronged with admiring spectators. A week's familiarity with the cavalry had by no means bred contempt in the minds of the inhabitants of Doddington. Their hearts still thrilled to the sound of the stable-trumpet; at the march of the squadron through the streets, on its way to exercise, customers were neglected and business at a stand-still, until the last horsetail had disappeared round the corner of the Butter-market; and soldiers, appearing singly in the town, became each the nucleus of a small reverential crowd, swelling in magnitude like a snowball as it advanced. Their spurs, their mustaches, the stripes of their trousers, were objects with the sight of which the populace found it impossible to satiate itself.

Accordingly, the troops were now the centre of a large circle, formed by apprentices who had deserted their trades; master-workmen, who, coming to look for them with fell intent, had forgotten their wrath, and "those who came to scold remained to see;" servant maids, who, running out on errands, with injunctions to be quick, had heard the trumpet, and been drawn as by magical power within its influence; ostlers and waiters, utterly reckless of their duty towards their neighbour; truant schoolboys in corduroys, with Latin grammars, geographies, and books of arithmetic slung at their backs, and whose

pockets bulged with tops and green apples; young milliners, all curls and titter and blush; and paupers receiving out-door relief, who, quitting the spots where they usually basked away their time, like lazzaroni, came up, some with crutches, some without, and having a blind man in their company, to satisfy their military ardour.

The Major came slowly on parade, his hands crossed behind him, his spurs and scabbard clanking, his face stern. The crowd made a larger circle, and some little boys fled from his path—one or two, who stumbled in their haste, not pausing to rise again, but grovelling out of reach upon their hands and knees, expecting nothing else than to be immediately decapitated or run through the body. The spectators were prepared for anything of a martial nature, and when he called the *parade* in a short sharp voice to "*Attention*," they half expected to see him draw his sword, and go through the cuts and guards—a proceeding which, far from appearing singular to them, would greatly have enhanced their respect. However, the Major didn't do anything of the sort. Standing in front of the line, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, he commenced his address, which may be considered a pretty fair specimen of military oratory.

"Men," said he, (and as he spoke you might have heard a pin drop,) "you—that is, some of you—have been acting disgracefully. You were sent here to preserve order, and you have been the first to set an example of disorder. You have abused my indulgence in allowing you to partake of the amusements of yesterday, and you have brought infernal discredit on

the King's service in the eyes of the inhabitants. If I can discover who began the affray yesterday, in the fair, let them look out!—I'll make an example of them! If I can't discover them, I'll punish the whole detachment—I will, by G—d!"

There was a momentary pause, and the Major was about to recommence, when the Corporal, of whom we have made mention, stepped to the front.

"I was the man, sir," said the Corporal, with military brevity.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Corporal Onslow. You are under an arrest—fall in, sir. Officers," said the Major, touching his cap, and the officers, touching theirs, fell out;—"Sergeant-major, dismiss the parade."

The Corporal saluted, and fell back. A whisper passed about among the populace—they were about as well informed as civilians generally are on points of military justice; and if the Corporal had been forthwith blindfolded with a handkerchief, caused to go on his knees, and then and there shot, it would perhaps have excited more awe than surprise.

During this scene, the party from the Heronry had been looking on from the balcony of the inn; and Bagot Lee, seeing the parade was over, chose this time to go up and greet his friend the Major.

Rosa Young had recognised the Corporal immediately as Orelia's defender, and heard the Major's words with horror. Orelia, however, was much too magnificent a personage to recognise a man in the Corporal's station of life, however good-looking he might chance to be.

"Orelia, did you hear—did you hear?" cried Rosa; "you're not going to allow them to punish him, are you, Orelia?"

"What did he say?" asked Orelia, who had been surveying the scene with a superb air, as if all the soldiers were hers, and brought there to be reviewed by her, before marching away to die in her cause.

"Why, they're going to punish him because he beat the man who wanted to dance with you yesterday, in the fair—oh, if you don't stop them, I shall go myself," cried Rosa, preparing to rush down into the yard.

"Stop!" cried Orelia, "this mustn't be—I'll go myself. Of course, it must be explained and stopt," and she marched off.

Rosa watched her as she walked across the yard, and noticed the look of surprise on the Major's face, as his conversation with Bagot was interrupted by the approach of the stately young lady. He listened courteously to her for a minute, and then called out, "Corporal Onslow!"

The Corporal came up with the same unconcerned air as before, and saluted.

"I'm glad," said the Major, "to find that your good character, far from being forfeited, is rather heightened, by the circumstance that took place: the lady you protected desires to thank you—you are released, of course."

"And, with my thanks, may I beg you to accept this?" said Orelia, holding out a hand in which gold was heard to chink.

The Corporal bowed low over the hand, but did not offer to touch it. "It was enough reward for him," he said, "to have been of the slightest service."

Orelia pressed it on him without effect. "I must study how to reward you in some other way," she said at length.

"It would be easy," the gallant Corporal replied; "a single word——"; and then, as if remembering the Major's presence, he drew himself up, saluted and walked off, leaving his reply unfinished.

"A strange sort of fellow that," said the Major as he departed; "we can make nothing of him. A capital soldier, and the best rider, by far, in the regiment—but queer, very queer. He has nothing to say to the rest of the men, when off duty—never had a comrade—and the fellow's language and manners are really deuced good, and quite above his station."

"Rides well, does he?" said Bagot; "perhaps he would suit my book. I was going to presume on our old acquaintance to prefer a request, in behalf of this and another fair young lady, for one of your men to give them a little instruction in riding."

"The very man," said the Major; "and he'll be glad enough of two

ployment," he added, in a low tone, to Bagot; "for, between you and me, I believe the fellow is some wild slip of good family, and he'll be delighted to get away from the barrack-yard, which doesn't suit him at all."

"That sort of thing is more frequent than people fancy," returned Bagot. "I remember, when I was in the Guards, we enlisted a sprig of nobility once; but our honourable friend turned out a shocking vagabond, and we were under the painful necessity of flogging him. Your Corporal is certainly rather a striking-looking fellow."

"I saw him just after he was enlisted," said the Major. "He looked uncommonly gentlemanlike, and wore deuced well-made clothes, though, I fancy, there wasn't much in the pockets of them. He shall attend the ladies whenever you think proper. And, upon my honour," added the gallant Major, turning to Orelia, "I envy the fellow his employment. I wish I was a rough-rider myself, Lee"—whereat Bagot chuckled.

These few words of the Major's served to invest the Corporal with a sudden romantic interest in the eyes of Orelia. The service he had done her the day before, little thought of when supposed to have been rendered by an inferior, and capable of being rewarded by money, appeared in a new and graceful light as the act of an unfortunate gentleman. And the difficulty of expressing her gratitude, in a manner suitable either to his apparent or his supposed quality, made her rate the favour above its value, and caused her thoughts frequently to recur to him.

Meanwhile the dragoon officers looked on, envying Tindal, who, in this infernal stupid hole of a country quarter, had made the acquaintance of such a splendid-looking girl. They followed her with their eyes as she walked away, and watched her as she came out on the balcony and rejoined Rosa and Lady Lee there; and, while they stroked their mustaches, they uttered opinions on the party much warmer and more favourable than the customary *nonchalance* and *poco-curantism* of military criticism would have sanctioned.

"Magnificent girl, certainly," said Captain Sloperton, a handsome exqui-

site; "but I prefer that pale one, with the chestnut hair—so deuced thoroughbred, you know."

"Oh! deuced thoroughbred!" echoed Cornet Suckling, who, in his eagerness to propitiate, would agree with anybody.

"Fine points about them, no doubt," said Lieutenant Wyldes Oates, "but they're in too grand a style for me. Hang me if I should know what to say to either of 'em. Give me that plump, little, rosy beauty, for my taste."

"Right, old fellow," said Harry Bruce, Mr Oates' particular associate; "she's a charming little thing—but there, they're going—you may put away your eye-glass, Sloperton. By Jove! I feel as if the drop-scene had fallen at the opera."

Though the parade had broken up, the crowd still lingered. Some sanguine spirits, perhaps, were yet of opinion that justice was about to be done on the offending Corporal. Some were unable to tear themselves away from the contemplation of the officers, as they remained chatting in a group. Nobody thought of leaving, so long as a vestige of gold lace or a single spur was to be seen. The royal mail had driven up to the hotel, and stopt to change horses, but the ostlers had decamped to look at the military, and the guard was obliged to harness the abandoned team with his own august hands; while the stout coachman, instead of finding an obsequious stable-boy ready to catch the reins, and an admiring mob of idlers waiting on each oracular word that fell from his inspired mouth, stood actually alone, in his top-boots and broad-brimmed hat, in the porch of the hotel, bursting with suppressed wrath. During the next stage he touched up a lazy wheeler with the double thong so effectually, that the astonished animal took the whole draught of the coach upon itself for a league or two; but he never uttered a word for five-and-forty miles. At the end of that space, being then nearly through the next county, he turned his head half round, and said to the guard—

"Here's a pretty go, Jim!—what the blazes shall we come to next?" after which, he uttered a short derisive laugh; and the guard, who, from

long travelling that road, was better acquainted with his character and trains of thought than most people, knew that he was referring to the

desertion of the ostlers and loungers at Doddington, and expressing his contempt for their military enthusiasm, and pity for their vulgar taste.

CHAPTER VII.

Before noon on the day of the first riding lesson, Bagot came into the drawing-room and announced the arrival of the Corporal. In expectation of him, Rosa and Orelia were already equipped for the saddle.

"By Jove!" said Bagot, "either that riding-habit, Miss Payne, or the hat and plume, or both, are amazingly becoming to you. Stick to the costume, Miss Payne, stick to it by all means, whenever you are bent on conquest."

The opinion was just. Orelia certainly looked magnificent as she descended the oak staircase, holding her whip and the folds of her gathered skirt in her left hand. The hat and plume suited well the style of her face, and made her look like a graceful brilliant cavalier.

The steeds were ready in front of the house, the bay filly fretting a little, and impatient of the bit. The Corporal had dismounted, and was holding his troop-horse by the bridle. As the ladies appeared, he took off his forage-cap and bowed with a great deal of grace.

"Now then, Miss Payne," said Bagot, going up to the filly and patting her, "don't be frightened."

Frightened!—frightened indeed! as if she ever could be frightened! Such was the meaning conveyed in the scornful look that Bagot got in reply to his speech of intended encouragement. She placed her foot in Bagot's right palm, as if she had been treading on the neck of her man Friday. The filly snorted, backed, trod on Noble's toe, but Orelia, with a spring and a lift, was in the saddle; and the filly, her nose compressed by Noble's hand, stood fast while the stirrup was being adjusted,—an operation that afforded desultory glimpses to the lower world of a perfectly enchanting leg, and gave Bagot such satisfaction that he needlessly prolonged it, (not the leg, nor the stirrup, but the operation.)

Rosa had mounted Lady Lee's

favourite, Diana, without difficulty, though the little lady was somewhat nervous. Then the Corporal was about to vault on his trooper, when Bagot called out to stay him. "We'll find you a better horse than that, Corporal," said he; then whispering Orelia—" 'tis just as well, before intrusting him with so valuable a charge, to find out if he's qualified to take care of it. Fetch out the Doctor, boy. Did you put the curb on him?" said he to Noble.

"All right, sir," said Noble; "you couldn't push a straw under it, 'tis so tight. He'll be a good un, sir, if he sits him," said Noble, grinning somewhat maliciously at the thought of seeing his rival unhorsed.

The Doctor, a somewhat cross-made but powerful chestnut, made his appearance from the stables at a smart trot, lifting the boy, who ran beside him hanging at the reins, nearly off his legs, and switching his tail and snorting.

"Now then, Corporal!" said the Colonel.

The Corporal glanced at the curb, which he saw the horse wouldn't endure, and put his finger on it.

"Up with you!" cried Bagot, with an impatient jerk of the head.

Without a word, the Corporal was in the saddle—not through the medium of the stirrup, but by a light vault that placed him at once in his seat: the stirrups had purposely been left too short.

"Quit his head, boy!" said Bagot.

The boy let go, and swiftly retreated several paces, for he anticipated mischief. The Doctor had such a notorious prejudice against a curb, that nobody at all acquainted with him ever thought of even showing him any other bridle than a snaffle. In a moment he was in the air, executing a great variety of feats, of a nature much more curious to a spectator than gratifying to riders in general; but the dragoon was "demi-corpsed" with

his steed, and sat him, though without stirrups, as if on parade.

Presently the brute paused, with his fore-legs out and his ears back; then, without warning, he rose in the air, on his hind-legs. For a moment he stood poised, perpendicularly; and the Corporal employed that critical moment to slip his left foot in the stirrup, and to throw back his right leg over the saddle, thus standing upright, side by side, with the horse in the air, holding by the cheek of the bridle. For a moment it was doubtful which way they would fall. Rosa shrieked, and even Orelia turned a little pale; while a shrill scream was emitted by Miss Fillett, who was looking on, privily, from behind a window-curtain: then, after a paw or two, the Doctor sunk forward on his fore-legs, and at the same moment the Corporal, recrossing his saddle, was in his seat before the animal's feet touched the ground.

"He'll do!" cried Bagot. "Off with the curb, boy."

The boy sprang forward, and unhooked the links of the offending chain. In a moment the Doctor stood like a lamb.

In his excitement at the scene, Noble had quitted the bay filly; and the filly, in emulation of the Doctor's proceedings, became unruly. Bagot jumped to catch her head; but she bounded out of his reach, and, feeling no check from the loose reins, made off at half-speed down the lawn.

Orelia did not scream in this, to her, novel predicament, nor lose her own head, though she had lost the filly's. She sat far steadier than could have been expected, and even succeeded in catching her reins. But the filly was away; and in front was a ha-ha—a broad ditch faced with brick, dividing the shrubbery from the lawn—and for this she made.

"Curse the brute!" cried Bagot, making two frantic steps after the runaway; and then, stopping short in despair, "She'll fall—she'll fall, as sure as fate!"—a prophecy that was dismally echoed by a shriek from Rosa.

But a potent auxiliary was at hand. The Corporal, gathering up his reins, had struck his long-rowelled dragoon spurs into the Doctor, and gone off at

speed. Orelia was close by the ditch when he reached her; he had hoped to catch her rein, and turn her steed from the dangerous obstacle—but it was too late. The filly sprung, and cleared the ditch, but the shock unseated her inexperienced rider, who, thrown on her horse's neck, must evidently, at the next stride, have come violently to the ground. But the strong arm of the Corporal was, at that critical moment, passed round her waist, and restored her to her seat. He had cleared the ditch almost at the same moment as herself; and, now, catching the filly's rein, before she had recovered from her own astonishment at performing such a feat, he checked her pace to a walk.

"Bravo!" roared Bagot: "the fellow's a Centaur. Tip-top riding, by Jove! Boy, open the gate, and let 'em back. One jump of that sort's enough."

Orelia was a little pale when they rode back, but kept her nerve unshaken.

"Dear Reley," said the trembling Rosa, "you mustn't ride that creature—oh, you mustn't. Get off, my dearest Reley."

"Don't be silly," said Orelia, coldly. "Come, sir," (to the Corporal,) "shall we begin our ride?"

"Game, by gad!" said the admiring Bagot. "Game to the backbone. Yes, yes, go on—we can trust you with him. Take up the martingale rein—so!—show her how, Corporal. A pleasant ride to you." And Bagot flourished his white hat after them, as they all three went down the road, and then returned to the house, to have a little talk with Lady Lee.

She was seated at the piano, playing and singing a song of her own writing and composition. Bagot had not much ear for music, nor was his soul tuned particularly to harmony; but he felt a sort of pleasure, at first, in hearing her magnificent voice pour forth the melody, and considerably waited near till it was finished; not very patiently, however, for he cleared his throat several times loudly, and shuffled with his feet impatiently on the hearthrug.

Having finished her song, Lady Lee did not sing any more, but went on playing. This sort of unconscious

disregard of him ("treating him, begad," as he said, "as if he was nobody") had frequently annoyed Bagot, and the irritation he felt gave his thoughts a somewhat bilious hue.

In the conversation which he presently opened, he had two objects in view, both suggested by his late successful interview with Mr Dubbley.

He wanted to induce Lady Lee to receive that gentleman's visits, with so much toleration as should suffice to impress the Squire with a belief that he might eventually succeed in his suit. At the same time, he did not wish her to give Mr Dubbley enough encouragement to elicit a proposal from him, as it would certainly be followed by a refusal, and consequent loosening of Bagot's influence with that gentleman, when thus reduced to despair.

Secondly, Bagot considered that Dubbley was not the only man in the world who might be inclined to give value for his countenance in the matter; that it would, therefore, be necessary, as a preliminary to the forming of such lucrative acquaintances, to induce her ladyship to go into society. Lovers would, no doubt, appear—would be given to understand that Bagot's consent was necessary, and would, of course, as men of the world, see the necessity of propitiating him. If she should take a fancy to a man who was not disposed to be liberal, Bagot might always withhold his consent, and thus, in the event of her marriage, richly indemnify himself.

This may seem to many persons who are unused to the society of knowing men, trained to sharpness in the same school as Bagot, a somewhat heartless calculation. But Bagot was so imbued with the spirit of p. p. bets and Jockey Club rules, that, though far from an ill-natured man, he looked on all matters in which he had any interest in a sort of turf and billiard-room light. If he held honours, why shouldn't he count them? If his adversaries played badly, or didn't know the game, that was their look-out. His business was to win if he could.

Such certainly was, in plain language, the substance of the thoughts that influenced him. But nobody thinks in plain language, and hence

comes half the error and misconduct in the world. If we could but think in words, how many a shadowy plausibility would fade to nothing—how many a veiled iniquity take shape repulsive and shameful! Bagot, accustomed to look straight at his own interest, which he could always see a long way off, dropt out of sight the dirty roads that led to it.

"You look paler, Hester," said he, "than when I was down last. You shut yourself up too much. How do you pass your time?—pleasantly?"

"Oh, very pleasantly," said Lady Lee, in a half-absent way, as was natural to her of late, when not conversing on topics, or with people, that much interested her. "That is," (waking up,) "just as usual."

"And when is this seclusion to end? As I said, you shut yourself up too much. To be sure, I'm not a woman—thank goodness, no," (*sotto voce*;) "but I can only say, a month of this sort of life would play the very deuce with me. Suppose, now, you were to begin to see a little company. What d'ye say to a ball—or a fête in the grounds—or some way of collecting your friends about you?"

Lady Lee elevated her shoulders wearily, and put out her lip at the idea.

"You really ought," said Bagot, "to make an effort to break through these quiet habits. Hang me, if you mightn't as well be a fly, and stick to the ceiling, as live in this way. What's the use of your accomplishments, if nobody knows them? What's the use of your reading, if you bottle it all up? Besides, there are those two young friends of yours dying, I dare say, poor things, for a little society and amusement. 'Pon my soul, I really don't think it hospitable to keep the unfortunate girls here, and allow them no diversion."

"I am much mistaken," said Lady Lee, "if more society would make them any happier here, or if the wish for it ever enters their heads. You have no idea how pleasantly the time passes with us. I only wish I had half their faculties of enjoyment, and freshness of feeling."

"Extraordinary!" said Bagot. "As I said before, I'm not a woman; but, 'pon my life, what you can find

to do here—what earthly excitement there is for you, is beyond my conception."

"Tiresome man!" thought Lady Lee, executing a difficult run on the keys; "how can I stop him?"—"Would you have us excite ourselves," said she, "with betting, and with brandy and water and cigars?"

"Oh, curse your sneers," thought Bagot, an additional flush stealing over his nose; then aloud, "Women have their excitements, I suppose, as well as men. They can try, at least, to be sociable, and so give more pleasure to themselves and their friends."

"They can," said Lady Lee, leaving the piano and coming up to him—"they can be sociable in congenial society, but the difficulty is to get it. People's tastes differ so, and then some are so hard to please. You, I fancy, Colonel, are not fastidious. You should be more indulgent to those who are."

Again Bagot reddened, suspecting sarcasm, though Lady Lee did not intend just then to be sarcastic, but was only expressing her thoughts.

"I choose my society, as I've a right to do, according to my own pleasure," said Bagot; "and 'gad, madam, though it mayn't suit your high notions, I think it better than moping."

"I didn't mean to offend," said Lady Lee, laying her finger on Bagot's arm, but immediately removing it, afraid of a tobacco taint. "Fastidiousness, far from being a merit, or a thing to be proud of, is a positive curse. I would give the world to be able to take people for what they are worth, and to be blind to spots, which catch my eye sooner, unfortunately, than merits. Insight, believe me, may mislead one more than dulness."

Bagot didn't understand her in the least, for he was by no means of a metaphysical turn.

"I know some clever women," said the still unmollified Colonel, "as clever, perhaps, as any of my acquaintance—yes, any—but who don't think themselves above the rest of the world. They show their cleverness in surpassing their friends, not in shunning them."

Lady Lee looked quietly up at him.

"Excellent," said she; "a good thought well expressed. You improve, Colonel."

"Yes," said Bagot, exhilarated by this unaccustomed applause, "women who have head enough for prime-ministers, and yet have some life in 'em, madam. Why, the wife of a friend of mine carried an election last year by her canvassing. Never was such a popular woman; and I've seen her make points at whist that 'twould puzzle Talleyrand or Major A. to beat. That's what I call a clever woman, now," said Bagot, looking triumphantly at Lady Lee, as he finished this clinching illustration, and rather surprised that she didn't seem to appreciate it. "And besides the advantage to yourself," Bagot went on, "don't you think it might be as well for me to have some little civility shown to my friends?—for I've got friends here, though you mayn't have any. But you never think of that," he added bitterly.

"Now, my dear Colonel, I really must be pardoned for not knowing that we had any friends in common." ("Ah, another fling, madam!" thought Bagot.) "But you are right, and I have been very wrong not to think of that. Are there any in particular with whom my mediation might be of service? I can hardly think so."

"How do you know?" returned Bagot; "why should you hardly think so? My interests may be different from yours—you don't seem to have any, for that matter. The family interests, too, are all going to the deuce; and when the boy comes of age, he'll find himself, at this rate, a stranger, begad, in the land of his fathers." And Bagot paused for a moment, to let the pathos of this image take effect. "There's Dubbley, now, over at Monkstone, (a good fellow as ever breathed, and one that I'm under obligations to;) a little attention to him would be very acceptable to me, and useful too. But no! you'd see me at Jericho first! I know that—I know that!"

"Oh, heavens!" said Lady Lee, "you know the man's a hopeless noodle, positively silly. You wouldn't ask me, surely, to encourage his visits. Consider the tax it would be on any

rational creature. Besides, the poor man always seems so confused and bashful whenever I meet him, that he would certainly rather be let alone."

"No, he wouldn't," said Bagot. "He mayn't be very bright, perhaps, but he's fond of ladies' society. Why, for all you know, he might take a fancy to Miss Payne or the other one; and he's rich enough to be a good match; you can't deny that." Lady Lee smiled at the thought of Mr

Dubbley's chance of success with either of them. "At any rate, as I said, I shall be obliged to you to be civil to him when he comes."

Lady Lee was anxious to atone to Bagot for the unintentional offence she had given him, and from which his manner showed him to be still smarting. So she at once promised to tolerate Mr Dubbley, and to be as agreeable to him as she possibly could, whenever he came to the Heronry.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile, the riding party had passed through the lodge-gates out into the lane that ran in front of them. The Corporal rode between the two ladies, initiating them into the minor mysteries of the *ménage*.

"Little finger dividing the reins, if you please, Miss Payne. Feel the filly's mouth gently. Sit a little more upright, Miss Young, but not stiffly; you lean forward rather too much; and pray don't touch the reins with your right hand."

"Dear me," said Rosa, "how very stupid of me; you told me that twice before. I'm afraid you find me very troublesome, Mr Corporal."

"Impossible!" said the gallant rough-rider; "I wish to heaven my other duties were half as much to my mind."

"I'm sorry you don't like them," said Rosa, "but I had always imagined—(you'll excuse me, Mr Corporal, for I'm quite ignorant of military matters, and the idea was certainly ridiculous)—I had always imagined that corporals were taken from among the common soldiers."

"So they are," said Onslow.

"And do you mean to say," said Orelia, fixing her eyes on him with surprise, "that you were once a common soldier?"

"I feel honoured by your doubting it," said the Corporal, bowing, with a smile; "but I certainly was."

"Dear me," thought Orelia, "the officers in this regiment must be princes of the blood at the very least!"

"But the common soldiers in the cavalry are not all gentlemen, are they?" asked Rosa.

"Gentlemen!—no," said the Corporal, "nothing of the kind. Have

the goodness to slacken your off rein a little—you are pulling your horse round."

For some little time they rode on in silence. How were they to treat this gentlemanly Corporal? Both glanced at him—Rosa shyly, Orelia steadily. There was as little of the trooper in his face as in his manners. A handsome aquiline nose, short upper lip, round chin, wavy black hair, and somewhat dissipated look, (as before mentioned,) were the components of a very thoroughbred countenance. But whatever embarrassment they might have experienced, he certainly felt none, but wore precisely the air of a gentleman in the company of his equals; and such Orelia did not in the least doubt him to be. Nay, not content with coming to that conclusion, she mentally decided that he was a much finer gentleman than any of her acquaintance; and how far she may have been influenced in this opinion by his good looks, his prowess, and the danger from which he had so gallantly rescued her, I leave my lady readers to determine.

Presently the strangeness of the situation wore off, and, forgetting his uniform and the stripes on his arm, they found it very agreeable to have a companion in their riding-master. They observed that he never volunteered a remark or opinion, avoiding all appearance of presuming on his position with them; but whenever he was appealed to on any subject, he replied with perfect ease, good breeding, and correctness of expression. And so they rode on, the two young ladies chatting unreservedly, and the dragoon occasionally joining in the

conversation, till he began to forget his character of instructor, and, not troubling them with many hints or equestrian precepts, seemed to enjoy the ride as much as they.

Not far from the park gates, on their return homeward, they overtook a yellow caravan, travelling from Doddington fair to some other scene of festivity. On nearing it, Rosa recognised in the driver, who walked beside it, the venerable merry-andrew who had invited them up to his stage out of the tumult. It struck Rosa that she might at once requite his civility, and afford the highest pleasure to her friend Julius, by inviting the old gentleman to favour them with a private performance at the Heronry, and she resolved to accost him accordingly.

Mr Holmes (that was the merry-andrew's name) appeared to entertain some delusive conceits respecting the appearance of his legs; for, not content with exhibiting them to the public in the tight-fitting hose already spoken of, (which might have been justified on professional grounds,) he wore in private life black velvet breeches and worsted stockings, with laced half-boots. He had also a calf-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, worn rather bald in some parts, and fastened with a row of blue glass buttons; a green shooting-jacket, with brass buttons; and a hat, with the narrowest brim ever seen on human head, except that of the Duke of Wellington, as represented in the authentic portraits of Mr Punch. The venerable man walked beside his horse with all the alacrity that might be expected from so experienced a tumbler, while his family travelled inside the yellow caravan.

"Good morning to you," said Rosa, as they passed him. "Are you going far?"

Mr Holmes turned round, and seeing the young ladies, he stopped, brought his stockings together, till they formed but one perpendicular line, with the half-boots diverging in opposite directions at the bottom of it, and taking off his narrow-brimmed hat, he made a very flexible and elastic bow, without much apparent effort, though Orelia afterwards declared she heard his spine creak.

"Young ladies, your most obedient," said Mr Holmes, in a thin, reedy voice, cracked partly with age, partly with continual playing Punch. "We are going, *Deo volente*, to Brixham, which is seven miles off."

"And are you in a great hurry?" asked Rosa.

"Now, what earthly business can that be of yours, you little gossip?" said the austere Orelia. "Can't you let the good man alone?"

"Why, he might come and perform to us, now he's so close," whispered Rosa, "and Juley would like it so much. Don't you think, Mr Showman, you could stop at this house you see between the trees here, and favour us with a performance? and we'll endeavour to repay your trouble."

"Time," said the gallant though aged comedian, "is only valuable to me for the purpose of obliging the ladies."

"And you are sure it won't put you out of your way?" asked Rosa.

"Not at all," said Mr Holmes; "I am accustomed to perform to the aristocracy, and I always prefer a discriminating audience. I shall attend you with pleasure, ladies."

"There now, Reley," said Rosa, triumphantly; "you see I'm not always wrong. Please to follow us, Mr Showman."

"I expect to see you a columbine yet," said Orelia, as they rode on.

So it came to pass that Lady Lee, looking out of her window to see them arrive, beheld with surprise the yellow caravan with the green door, and Mr Holmes marching with a feeble stateliness of gait beside it, approaching her residence, and asked Mr Dubbley—who, encouraged by his conversation with Bagot, had taken an early opportunity of coming to call—what could be the meaning of it? The Squire, thus appealed to, left his seat in the background, and came to the window with such nervous haste, that her ladyship expected to see him go head foremost through the panes into a laurustinus bush on the lawn; but he was unable, though he rubbed his bald forehead till it shone again, to account for the phenomenon, otherwise than by considering it to be a piece of most particular impudence on the part of the tramp-

ers, entitling them to pains and penalties, which he, as a magistrate, was ready, in his ardour to oblige Lady Lee, forthwith to inflict. But Rosa's entrance cut short these hostile designs, for, at her explanation, Lady Lee confided Mr Holmes and his family to the hospitality of the housekeeper, and decided that the performance should take place immediately after lunch, which was now waiting for the equestrians.

While the two girls were slipping off their riding-dresses, they had a debate, principally conducted by Rosa, on the subject of the puzzling, mysterious, gentlemanly Corporal. Rosa was of opinion that he could be nothing short of a disguised nobleman, though she did not settle his precise rank in the peerage. Orelia said little, but, like the silent parrot, perhaps she thought the more.

Mr Dubbley was attired in his choicest raiment for the visit, and smiled incessantly, frequently beginning sentences, and then leaving off in the middle, thus destroying any small chance his hearers might otherwise have had of divining his meaning, and hurriedly rubbing the bald part of his head, as if he were very hot, which indeed he seemed to be. But after a glass or two of wine he became more confident and coherent.

"Fine day for riding," said he to Orelia; "uncommon fine—never saw a finer. Southerly wind and a cloudy sky. They say, you know, that when the wind is in the south, it blows the bait into the fish's mouth."

"And, therefore, 'tis a favourable day for riding, eh, Dubbley?" quoth Bagot, smiling on the ladies. "My friend Dubbley's allusions are, perhaps, a little obscure sometimes."

The Squire, though he didn't understand Bagot's speech, perceived the intention to make fun of him, and rubbed his forehead with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, till, between friction and the moisture produced by nervous agitation, it attained a very high degree of polish.

"How can people say Mr Dubbley's not bright?" whispered Orelia to Lady Lee. "I can see my own reflection in his forehead as plainly as in that dish-cover before him."

"Are you going on with your im-

provements at Monkstone, Mr Dubbley?" asked Lady Lee.

Mr Dubbley, at the moment the question was put, happened to be drinking some bottled ale, and, in his hurry to make reply, the fluid went the wrong way, and ran out again, partially through his nose.

"Going on capital well, my lady," answered the Squire, as soon as he had done choking. "There's one thing I think you'd like most particular—a summer-house on the plan of a Grecian pagoda, with a turpentine walk leading up to it, that takes you all round by the cabbage-beds, and along by the back of the stables."

"Are all your improvements confined to the exterior of Monkstone," asked Lady Lee.

"By no means," answered the Squire; "some of them are going on in the shrubbery. Your ladyship's no conception what money I've spent on plants and bushes lately. I got a good many hints from Dixon, Sir Christopher's head-gardener. There's no better agriculturist than Dixon; and if ever he leaves Sir Christopher, I'll get him to come to me. I'm no great hand myself at fancy gardening, though I'll grow marrowfat peas and early cabbages against any man for a ten-pound note."

"We're going to have a little conjuring presently, Mr Dubbley," said Rosa. "Are you fond of that kind of amusement?"

"Mr Dubbley can't do any juggling, I know," said Julius, who was perched on a chair by his friend Rosa, with his eyebrows on a level with his plate.

"How do you know that?" asked the Squire, smiling on him.

"Because I heard Uncle Bag say yesterday that you were no conjuror," said Julius.

"Silence, you villain!" said Bagot, shaking his fist at him. "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." But Mr Dubbley took the insinuation quite literally.

"Very true," said he, "I've no turn for that sort of thing; I'm all plain and above-board. But I don't mind seeing jugglers, though some of their tricks do make one think that they've sold themselves to the—to the old

gentleman," said the Squire, adopting the most elegant periphrasis he could think of for the unmentionable word he had blundered on.

"Come," said Rosa, "as we've all finished, we'll go to see the performance."

Accordingly, they adjourned to another room, having a curtain drawn across one end, which being lifted, revealed the venerable conjuror attired in the same magical costume he was accustomed to appear in at fairs. Before him stood a box covered with a cloth, and, the audience being seated, Mr Holmes proceeded to execute sundry feats of legerdemain. But first he made a speech, cautioning them by no means to allow their attention to be withdrawn by any conversation he might address to them while executing his sleight-of-hand, as his remarks would be all made with a view of more easily deceiving their eyes, while their minds were thus distracted by his eloquence. This charming candour had a great effect on the audience, impressing them with a profound idea of the magician's perfect good faith, and disposing them to be alert for the detection of his tricks, while they were more than ever convinced that their alertness must be baffled.

There was nothing particularly new, or especially marvellous, in the performance, the feats being the same that Mr Holmes had been in the habit of exhibiting for the last half-century; nevertheless, seldom had he performed to a more attentive or interested audience. The only people inclined to make any disturbance were Julius, who, seated in Rosa's lap, broke out into shouts of delight, and struggled to rush behind the curtain after each feat that took his fancy; and Miss Fillett, who, being nervous and somewhat superstitious, occasionally shrieked, as she stood behind among the other servants, and then giggled hysterically.

Among other feats, he borrowed a shilling from Mr Dubbley, and also his hat, which the Squire surrendered not without misgivings; and, putting the shilling under the hat, requested that gentleman to remove the hat, when a guinea-pig appeared, to his great surprise and pleasure. Then the conjuror pretended not to know

what had become of the shilling, till, perceiving that Mr Dubbley was getting uneasy at the non-appearance of the coin, he directed him to look in the heel of his shoe, where it was found. "'Pon my life," said Mr Dubbley, "'tis quite incredulous! I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

Afterwards he drew a circle on the floor with a bit of chalk, and requested Mr Dubbley—whom he appeared to consider a suitable neophyte—to place himself within it. But the Squire stood secretly in great awe of witchcraft, and had once seen Der Freyschutz at the London opera; consequently, he hung back, dimly expecting that, in the event of his compliance, the room might suddenly be darkened, and himself surrounded by evil genii, summoning him to surrender his soul to the enemy of mankind.

"No, hang it, no!" said the Squire, wiping his forehead, and affecting to laugh knowingly, as the magician solemnly beckoned to him; "no, no, none of those tricks—one never knows what those fellows may be at." But looking round, and seeing a half smile on Lady Lee's face, while Julius at the same time nearly struggled himself out of Rosa's arms, in his eagerness to be subjected to the magical influence, the Squire, saying "Eh! well, never mind; but are you sure 'tis all right?—no humbug, you know," advanced lingeringly, and took up the position assigned him, with one foot at a time, amidst a suppressed chuckle from the servants; while Orelia, with her under lip a little protruded, and her mouth and nostril curved, looked at him with superb scorn. The only person who seemed to sympathise with him was Miss Fillett, who uttered two little shrieks as he entered the magic ring. Then the necromancer desired him to drink some wine-and-water from a charmed goblet, which he at first declined to do, till Mr Holmes himself sipped a little of it, assuring him 'twas veritable wine-and-water, such as he had drunk at lunch, when he was persuaded to take it; and muttering, "No tricks! damme, I'm a justice of the peace," swallowed the contents. Then Mr Holmes took a bit of wood like a ruler, which he handed round

for inspection. "No deception, ladies," said he; and, applying it to various parts of the Squire's person, proceeded to draw from his ear, his elbow, and the bald part of his head, as if he had been a barrel, the wine-and-water they had just seen him drink, receiving it in the goblet, and subsequently offering it to any person inclined to be sceptical. He was proceeding with some more tricks when Mr Dubbley darted out of the circle, feeling his ear, and looking at the elbow of his coat, while exclaiming—"No, hang it, 'tis somebody else's turn now—one of you try!"

After some more feats, Mr Holmes set up Punch's theatre, and performed the drama of that personage's life, with some variations invented by himself. The dog Toby, a small grizzled cur with a white face, misbehaved on this occasion, attacking Pick, Julius's cat, who had followed his master into the room; but the valiant Pick, accustomed to lord it supreme over all the dogs of the household, received him with such a scientific one, two, on the nose and eyes, that the dog Toby retreated howling, but presently returned to the charge, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of his antagonist, who suddenly swelled, tail and all, to double his ordinary size; whereupon Julius, slipping out of Rosa's arms, rushed to the rescue, and administered a kick that caused Toby to relinquish his hostile intent of reprisal.

The last part of the performance was the introduction of Mr Holmes's little grandchild, about Julius's age, who was brought in by his mother, a slatternly resigned-looking woman. The child, who was of a pale and serious aspect, was dressed in short drawers, pink hose, rosettes in his shoes, and a spangled doublet and girdle. He commenced by letting his legs slide out under him till they formed but one horizontal line, touching the floor; next, resting on his heels and hands, he bent backwards, and picked up pins with his eyelids; shouldered one leg like a musket, and, turning both over his back, hopped on his hands like a frog—all with much sadness and solemnity. Julius was enchanted, and whispered

to Rosa that he should like to be able to do that, and to wear a spangled coat; but Rosa said she thought he had better stick to his own line, which was the legitimate drama; for Julius could repeat, "My name is Norval," "To be or not to be," and "Is it a dagger?" with good emphasis and discretion, and with appropriate gestures—accomplishments which Rosa seized the opportunity to cause him at once to exhibit, while Mr Holmes looked on with a patronising air. Then Lady Lee, calling Julius to her, desired him to fetch some of his playthings, which, together with a large plum-cake, he was to bestow on the little boy—the poor little boy who had nobody to give him playthings; and Julius forthwith endowed his young friend with the same, who received them without a smile, and handed them to his mother, who placed them under her shawl, and told him to thank the little gentleman.

"I suppose that's your daughter?" said Lady Lee to Mr Holmes.

"My daughter-in-law," said Mr Holmes, bowing.

"Does she perform in any way?" inquired Lady Lee.

Mr Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a somewhat contemptuous grimace. "No talent," said he; "we tried her as a columbine at one time; but the dress—'tisn't every one that can dress in tights," (looking down with great pride on his own drumsticks,) and then added in a whisper, laying his finger on his nose, "Thick, beefy, clumsy!"

"And the poor little boy?" said Lady Lee; "he looks sickly. Isn't he well?"

"Not strong enough for the profession, I'm afraid," said Mr Holmes; "talent, but no stamina." The pale mother sighed, and pressed the boy's hand. Rosa noticed the action.

"Why do you allow him to do these tricks if he is not able?" said Rosa to the mother; "it seems quite cruel." But the woman gave her to understand it was quite against her wishes and prayers that the despotic Mr Holmes persisted in training the boy, notwithstanding a child of hers had previously died under the discipline.

"Dear, how dreadful!—and such

an old man too! How old are you?" asked Rosa aloud of Mr Holmes. The woman hastily whispered to her that he didn't like to be reminded of his age; and Mr Holmes affecting not to hear the question, the subject dropped.

Mr Holmes, having now been rewarded so liberally as to call forth his very finest bow, and thanks in a set speech, prepared to depart. But first he was taken aside by the Squire, who had conceived the idea that some insight into the art of conjuring might raise him greatly in the estimation of society in general, and particularly in that of Lady Lee.

"Is it pretty easy, now?" said the Squire, taking Mr Holmes confidentially by the lapel of his coat—"is it pretty easy, now, to learn those tricks of yours?"

"That," returned Mr Holmes, "depends very much on the natural capacity of the pupil."

"Oh!" said the Squire, who was somewhat doubtful of his own talents for acquiring anything not of a sporting nature; "and did you ever teach anybody?"

"Did I ever teach anybody?" repeated Mr Holmes, gravely. "You are not then aware, sir, that legerdemain is an extremely fashionable pursuit?"

"Never heard of it before," said the Squire, baffled by the long word. "I'm talking of those tricks you've been showing us."

"That is legerdemain," said Mr Holmes, loftily. "I have had the honour, sir, of instructing some of the first noblemen in the land in the art."

"God bless me!" cried the Squire; "who would have thought it? And are your terms pretty reasonable?"

Mr Holmes rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and his nose also, for he could not easily rub one without the other. "Lord Thoroughpin" (a nobleman well-known in sporting and fashionable circles) "was my last pupil, and he paid me two guineas a lesson," said he.

"And did he learn it all in one lesson?" asked the Squire.

"In three lessons, and with a good deal of private practice, he mastered one trick," answered the showman.

"Six guineas for one trick!" cried

the Squire; "but you'd do it cheaper in the country, wouldn't you? Hang it, no. I'll give up the idea," he thought—"too expensive."

Bagot stepped out, when the performance was over, to have a little talk with Miss Fillett, whose co-operation he was anxious to secure in his design upon Mr Dubbley.

"Come here, Kitty," quoth Bagot, beckoning her into the breakfast-room; "you can be a sharp girl, if you like—deuced sharp. Now, if you'll just follow my advice, and say nothing about it to any of your gossips (the tongue, by Jove, is a devilish deal the worst part about you women,)—if you'll be mum, and do as you're told, I'll make it worth your while. This shall be the first instalment, Kitty," displaying a five-pound note.

Kitty stood before him primly, with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

"I wish to ask one question, if you please, Colonel Lee," said Miss Fillett. "Is it anything that's not proper for a respectable young female to do?"

"Bother!" said Bagot; "you know Mr Dubbley of Monkstone, who's upstairs now?"

"I should think I did," said Miss Fillett, "and a saucy gentleman he is. I shall tell him a piece of my mind, the next time he winks his eye upon me."

"No, don't mind him," said the Colonel, grinning; "he don't mean any harm: he comes here to make love to your mistress."

"Ho, ho!" said Kitty, scornfully tossing up her head; "what'll he take for his chance, I wonder? Dubbley, indeed! Ho, ho!—the idea's peripsterous, Colonel."

"Of course it is," returned the Colonel; "but I don't want him to know that. For certain reasons of my own, which don't matter to you—perhaps I've got a bet about it, perhaps I haven't—but, for reasons of my own, I want him to think he's got a chance; and he'll never think so if you don't put it in his head. You can do that if you like."

Kitty nodded. "I could persuade him anythink," said she; "why, he ain't got the wit of a child in some things."

"Of course you could," said Bagot.

"Well, just you put it in his head, every now and then, that his courtship is going on swimmingly."

"Hexcellent!" exclaimed Miss Fillett; "I'll engage to puff up his conceit so, that he'll make a hoffer in a week, if necessary."

"Ah, but it's not necessary," said Bagot; "don't you see, he'd get such a reply as would prevent him from trying his luck here any more, and there would be an end of the business. No; you must tell him to wait for your instructions, Kitty, as to the proper time for doing that. Play with him, Kitty. Tell him of remarks her ladyship has passed upon him, and make them warm or cold, as required; and the deuce is in it if you

don't make something handsome out of him, besides what I shall give you; to say nothing of the fun of the thing. You love a little bit of mischief, Kitty, eh?"

Miss Fillett did not disown the soft impeachment, but rather confirmed it by at once entering into Bagot's views, and accepting the bank-note as a retaining-fee, promising herself diversion as well as profit in the business.

Mr Holmes having resumed the costume of ordinary life, and packed his stage-property into his caravan, together with his relations, now left the grounds, to disappear for some time both from the neighbourhood and from our story.

CHAPTER IX.

Bagot having, as he considered, done penance the greater part of the day in ladies' society, resolved to indemnify himself by a snug dinner in his own quarters.

These were situated at the back of one of the wings of the house, and were fitted up in conformity with the taste of the inhabitant. The furniture was comfortable, and adapted for lounging; no infernal humbug about it, Bagot said. You might throw your leg over the arm of the chair, when you chose to adopt that position, without fear of a crash; and the legs of the table were not likely to give way if any one sat on it, or even if a convivial gentleman performed a war-dance thereon after dinner, as had happened once or twice during Bagot's occupancy. Some wine-glasses and tumblers stood on a shelf against the wall, together with a case of bottles, so that there was no necessity to summon a servant whenever he wanted a dram, which was fortunate for the servant. There were some pictures on the wall, recording various racing events, on one of which Bagot had made what he called a "pot of money." Whips and spurs were plentifully scattered about, with here and there a stray running-rein, bit, or martingale. For literature, there were a sporting newspaper and a scurrilous one, and two or three volumes, one of which contained the memoirs of an illustrious woman, who has confided

her love affairs to the public, and who, though never included in the list of popular authoresses, may justly be considered as belonging to the number. Bagot had known this *Messalina* in his youth, and used to hint that he considered himself deuced lucky in not having his name stuck in the memoirs, though it is difficult to see how that could have affected his character.

To this retreat Bagot had directed a snug dinner to be conveyed—mullagatawny soup, grilled turkey, and a saddle of mutton—intending to get through the evening as well as he could in his own society, which was to him, of an evening, a dreadful affliction. He used to say that, though Bagot Lee was a deuced good fellow, he didn't know a more infernal bore to be alone with after dinner. On opening the door he was, therefore, pleased as well as surprised to see a figure seated in an easy attitude before the fire.

This unexpected visitor was a thin, wiry, rather tall man; he had hollow cheeks, an aquiline nose, and a bronze complexion. His eye was greenish in colour, small, and open, so that you saw the full circle—and was unsoftened by eyelashes, for he had none. The thin lips, being habitually drawn back, had created in his cheeks two rigid lines, reaching from his nostrils to below his mouth, and more strongly chiselled than his age, which

was about thirty, warranted. He had a thin crop of hair, and a prominent skull-like forehead. The expression was one of indomitable assurance, self-confidence, and recklessness, giving one the idea that he was excellently well-pleased with himself, without having any great reason to be so.

Mr Seager—that was his name—was a fast man; so fast, that he had long ago outrun the constable, that functionary having for many years toiled after him in vain. He betted a good deal, and generally won; but his winnings, like the winnings of most knowing men, never seemed to enrich him. He lived altogether in public—at clubs, billiard-tables, and race-meetings—and thus possessed an enormous circle of acquaintance, at least two-thirds of whom were rather shy of him. But this state of social difficulty, where he had, as it were, to hold on to the edge of society with both hands to keep himself in position, gave him far more pleasure, by employing his prevailing qualities of impudence and vigilance, than he could possibly have found in a life of ease and popularity.

However, there were some who considered him not a bad fellow in general, and, moreover, to be respected for his knowing qualities. "Cool hand, that fellow!" "Devilish hard to get over him,"—such was the style of encomium passed on him by his panegyrists, of whom Bagot was one, though without any great reason; for if, among the numerous mischievous spirits that accompanied poor Bagot in his career through life, any one was especially entitled to be called his evil genius, that one was Mr Seager.

Bagot looked up to Seager for the same reason that Dubbley looked up to Bagot—on account of his superior sagacity in sporting matters. Not but that Bagot's intellect was just as acute as Seager's, but he had drawbacks which Seager had not. For instance, Bagot was fond of the society he frequented, for its own sake. He was rather popular in it, and would have been sorry to risk his popularity by any act likely to lower him in the estimation of the world he lived in. In fact, though he had no very strong sense of honour, he had the fear of

public opinion, which is perhaps, with the majority, its not inefficient substitute. Seager was careless of the good opinion of his associates, and only required their toleration, thus widening considerably his field of action; for there are numerous acts on which the world, whether the sporting, the fashionable, or any other world belonging to our social system, may see fit to express a negative disapprobation, without passing positive sentence on the offender. Bagot would sometimes lend money to a needy acquaintance who applied to him, not so much because he was really good-natured, as because he wished to possess the reputation of being so. Nobody ever detected Seager in the commission of any such error. In fact, Bagot, in all his transactions and habits, was under an influence that Seager, going among his fellow-men antagonistically, as a spy enters an enemy's camp, did not acknowledge; and so it was that the latter, strong in his concentrated selfishness, seldom met with his match in his own peculiar walk.

"Hillo! where did you come from, old chap? What the deuce brought you here?" was Bagot's greeting.

"I thought I should astonish your weak mind," said Mr Seager, holding out his left hand, without rising. "'Tis rather a good joke, my coming to a place like this. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. Don't give yourself any trouble. I told them to lay the table for two."

"Well, never mind telling me what brought you here now," said Bagot; "keep it till after dinner. I hate any bother just before dinner; here you are, and that's enough. Gad, Seager, I thought I was in for a solitary evening."

Mr Seager laughed a little hard, grim laugh, and after a pause repeated it.

"Excuse me, Lee, but I was thinking what you would do if you ever had the misfortune to be clapt into jail at any time—(and not so very unlikely, you know.) Four bare walls, a bed, and your own society. Damme, Lee, you'd go stark staring mad in a fortnight's solitary. I'll take you seven to four you'd be a lunatic in thirteen days."

"Stop that!" said Bagot, from the

inner room, where he had gone to wash his hands; "I shall be obliged to you to find something pleasant to talk about;" and he growled out something not very flattering to Mr Seager's tact in his choice of topics in general, but which was lost in the noise he made in the washing-basin. "What sort of a book have you made for the next event?"

"Capital!" said Seager, with another little hard laugh. "I may win seven thousand, and I can't lose more than a pony, let things go as bad as they like. Good men, too;—Broughton gave me fifty to one in twenties against Titbury when he was an outsider."

"Lucky beggar!" said Bagot, arranging his coat and sitting down, as the dinner was placed on the table. "If I could afford it, I'd give you a thousand a-year to make my book for me—and I don't consider myself a bad hand, either. And how about the match with my lord?"

"Beat him, of course," said Seager; "'twas the best of eleven games, you know. Now, I think, out of the eleven I could have won nine if I chose, but I let him run away with five, and only won the match by a run of thirteen off the balls; consequence is, he's all anxiety for another trial."

"In which, of course, you won't gratify him, on any account," said Bagot, chuckling.

"I'm affecting shy at present," said Seager. "Told him 'twas all luck, and he could give me points. I really shouldn't wonder if I got odds from him in the end. His conceit of his own play is ridiculous, you know."

"If you don't take that out of him, he's incurable," said Bagot. "Did you make a pretty good thing of it?"

"Pretty well," returned Seager. "He paid up like a trump, and not before 'twas wanted, I can tell you, for I was precious hard up. By the by, Lee, I'm afraid I must dun you for that hundred and fifty."

"Can't you be quiet till after dinner?" growled Bagot, laying down his knife and fork, highly disgusted. "I vow to gad 'tis enough to convert one's victuals into poison, to be reminded of such infernal matters just when one is beginning to feel a little comfortable."

"Quite right, old fellow—I apologise. We will, as you say, postpone the subject, especially as that wasn't the only cause of my coming. You must know I was considering the other night, at the club, what part of the country I should favour with my presence for a few weeks; for, owing to certain reasons, town was getting too hot for me; and, happening to take up the paper, I stumbled on a paragraph stating that the —th dragoons were coming to Doddington. Now, I knew the regiment some years back, when they used to shake their elbows a little," (imitating the motion of rattling a dice-box,) "and it struck me I might live at free quarters with you, and perhaps do a little business with the bones" (*Anglice*, dice) "at the same time. So here I am for a day or two, at any rate—and to-morrow we'll knock up those fellows' quarters."

"A deuced good move," said Bagot, "and one I was intending to make myself. I dine with them to-morrow, and so shall you. Take some sherry, my boy!"

When dinner was removed, both drew their chairs up to the fire, and helped themselves to a few glasses of wine, by way of formality, before setting into serious drinking. Both lit their cigars; but first Bagot rose, and, unlocking a drawer, came back with a bundle of notes, some of which he selected, and handed them across to his companion, saying—"There's your money; now let's have no more cursed dunning."

Mr Seager was pleasantly surprised, for he had not expected such prompt and satisfactory payment. His inquiries drew from Bagot (who was rather proud of his own shrewdness, and anxious for the approbation of so good a judge as Seager) an account of the mode in which he had obtained the supply.

Seager sat for a little while silent, smoking vigorously. Bagot had presented him with a congenial subject for thought. Presently he asked—"Is this the only time you've tried the dodge?"

"Why, 'tis the only chance I've had," answered Bagot. "One doesn't meet with rich greenhorns like Dubbley every day."

"You must trot her ladyship out a little," quoth Seager. "By Jove, old fellow, with such cards in your hand, you ought to make a good thing of it; but you'll want a friend to help you. A man like Dubbley may be managed single-handed, but two will be better another time. I'm your man. In the first place, there must be a little puffing—rich widow, great beauty, and all that sort of thing, in the George Robins style—which you couldn't do yourself with decency. As I said, I'm your man, and you must do as much for me another time. When I want a man to pull the strings and set the machinery going, I shall look to you."

Bagot made no direct reply, not caring to entertain the subject, which (though Seager's suggestions harmonised exactly with his own ideas on it) wore, certainly, rather a dirty aspect, when deliberately discussed. However, he thought there was, after all, no greater harm in borrowing money on these grounds than on any other; for Bagot—like all men living beyond their means, who are not downright swindlers—in all his borrowings and extravagance, had some dim hazy notion of a grand settling day, when everything was to be made square, though he never succeeded in realising very distinctly the mode in which it was to be done.

"What sort of a woman is this Lady Lee?" asked Seager, presently.

"Why, between you and me, as friends," returned Bagot, "I may say that I dislike her confoundedly—I always did. I think I should have disliked most women in her place, but I've special objections to her."

"Why should you dislike any woman in her place?" asked Seager.

"Why?" almost shouted Bagot—"why? Because when my poor nephew, Joe, married, he cut me out of the chance of the estate. If he hadn't married, he couldn't have had an heir."

"Decidedly not," said Seager, with a grin. "So there's a boy, is there? Good constitution, eh?"

"Strong as a lion," said Bagot; "and I'm glad of it. He's a good little chap, and I don't wish him any harm; but you must admit 'twas enough to try a fellow's temper to

find one's-self cut out for the sake of a mewling soft-faced thing in petticoats. 'Twas done while I was in France, or I should have tried to stop it. However, Joe was so much younger than me, that I never expected to outlive him. 'Tis since the poor fellow's death that I've been most vexed by the thought of what I've been done out of."

"Gad!" said Seager, "after that, you needn't trouble yourself to state your special objections to her. If she was the finest woman that ever stepped, I consider it your duty to hate her like the devil."

"Besides," said Bagot, "she's as proud as Lucifer, and deuced sarcastic. You've no idea what I've got to put up with from her. If I wasn't a good-tempered fellow, I should tell her my mind pretty plainly. As it is, I can hardly help flaring up sometimes."

"Don't do anything of the sort," said Seager; "you can do much better by keeping on good terms with her. If I were in your place, now, every time she offended me I'd put it in my pocket, and console myself with the thought of paying her off in a more profitable fashion than quarrelling. However, I'm glad to find that you'll be quite justified in considering your own interest only in connection with her. Damme, Lee, if I think she's entitled to the smallest consideration."

Bagot shook his head revengefully, and breathed hard. Between Seager's speeches and his own potations, he saw his wrongs through a more inflammatory medium than usual. His wrath seemed to make him thirsty, too, for his tumbler now began to be refilled with great frequency. Presently Seager proposed a hand at *écarté*—and they accordingly commenced playing.

Bagot, when his head was quite clear—which it seldom was at this hour of the evening—played very well; but he was never a match for Seager, all whose soul, or instincts rather, were absorbed in the game. There was something feline in the expression of his hard unwinking eye, so round and bare of eyelashes, as it darted from his own cards to those which his adversary played out on

the table; while his mouth was retracted, and fixed in a grim half-smile. Winning or losing, his face wore the same watchful look—whereas Bagot's frown would deepen to a scowl over a bad hand; and, when fortune favoured him, he would rap down a succession of winning cards with somewhat boisterous exultation.

At length Bagot's potations, which were not in the least interrupted by the game, rendered the cards somewhat misty and obscure to his sight. After having twice discarded his best trumps, and forgotten to mark the king, he threw down his hand, and pushed his chair away from the table.

"Come, one game more!" said Seager.

"No, sir!" said Bagot, sternly; "no, sir! I've had enough of it, sir!"

Seager perceived that Bagot had reached the turning-point in his drink, and was passing into the ferocious and quarrelsome stage, as he was always pretty sure to do after losing.

"Well, leave it alone, then!" said Seager.

"I shall leave it alone, sir, or I shall not leave it alone," said Bagot, thickly, and with increased sternness and dignity. "I shall do exactly what I see fit, sir. Understand that I shall exercise my own discretion on that point, sir! and on every other, sir—every other, sir!"

"Well, don't be savage, old fellow," said Seager.

"I shall be savage, sir, or I shall not be savage, as I shall consider best!" returned the uncompromising Bagot, letting his voice slip into falsetto at every other syllable. "You've won your money, sir, and that's enough for you! Never mind, sir!"

"You're a pleasant old boy," said Seager, settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair. "I think I'll smoke a cigar."

Bagot mixed another tumbler of grog, breathing hard all the time. Seager was accustomed to his little irregularities of temper about this hour of the night, and didn't take much notice of him. Presently Bagot commenced again.

"Old boy!" repeated Bagot, slowly, and with utterance not the most

fluent; "will you have the goodness, sir, to inform me who you called old boy? Might I request information on that point, sir?" The dignity with which this question was put was not to be surpassed.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Seager, puffing away at his cigar, "you shall be as young as you like."

"No, sir," said Bagot, rapping slowly on the table with his knuckles, and glaring at the stopper of the decanter before him as if it were the offending party. "No, sir—excuse me—I shall not be as young as I like; I shall be no younger than I am, sir, at your bidding, nor at any other person's—not an hour, sir!—not an hour, sir!" repeated Bagot, in every sentence remaining longer in the treble before descending to the bass, and slowly bringing his gaze round till it rested grimly on his guest. "Your conversation, sir, is unpleasant, and your manner is quarrelsome. I regret, sir, to be compelled to leave you;" and poor Bagot rose with difficulty, and made unsteadily towards the door of his bedroom. Having with some difficulty opened it, he paused a moment on the threshold, and, glaring on Seager, said—"You shall hear from me, sir, through a friend, in the morning"—after which he disappeared, and was presently heard snoring heavily.

"Shocking old fool when he's screwed," said Seager, throwing his cigar into the fire, and going off to his bedroom, where he slept comfortably and quietly; while poor Bagot, the victim of a troop of nightmares, puffed and gasped the livelong night, through his hot, parched, open mouth, in a slumber that looked not very unlike strangulation.

The next morning Bagot submitted rather sulkily to Mr Seager's not very refined badinage on the subject of his intemperance on the previous night. They went over the stables together—afterwards rode out; and, on returning, played billiards, and drank cold brandy-and-water till it was time to dress and proceed to Doddington, to dine with the dragoons—whither they went in a dog-cart, and enjoyed themselves as will appear in the next chapter.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS TO THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE JUGGLER PROPOSED TO LOWER THE TEN-BAR GATE; AND HOW HE GOT RID OF PROTOCOL.

THE old proverb says, that it is easier to make a fortune than to keep one. What truth there may be in this I cannot say, as I have never been able to realise the experiment; but this much is certain, that the Juggler, who was, as you may remember, some time head-steward of Squire Bull's household, contrived to lose his place in a very foolish manner. For a considerable time everything had been quiet on the estate; and even on the farm that lies on the other side of the pond, there was less disturbance than usual. Not that Donnybrook or Shillelah loved Squire Bull one whit more than formerly, for they still cursed and abused him over their usquebaugh with the ferocity of tiger-cats; but recent events had inspired them with a wholesome awe of the police, whose truncheons were found to be the most weighty and powerful expounders of the dignity of the law. Dick Devil-dust, who had all the will to be a mischievous creature, had lost credit even in the villages, on account of his absurd and diabolical proposition to poison poor Dragon the house-dog, and to do away with the police, watchmen, and gamekeepers. Even the more rascally and lewd of the villagers who used to whoop and hollo in the tail of Dick, now began to think that the police, after all, might be of some sort of service. For there had been strange doings on Baboon's estate, where young Nap, of whom I have already spoken, was carrying matters with a higher hand than any squire in Christendom. For example, he had clapped an embargo on all newspapers except one of his own, which of course contained nothing but laudations of his glory, invariably giving him the title of Esquire, to which he had no more pretensions than to that of the Cham of Tartary. Then he laid hold of

some of the moveables which poor old Philip Baboon had left behind him in his hurry to escape; and these Master Nap attempted quietly to appropriate, alleging them to be steward's perquisite. And when some of the servants looked glum at these doings, and hinted that he was rather exceeding the limits of his commission, what should Nap do but have them seized in their beds, and immediately conveyed to the watch-house! A few of the tenants who ventured to remonstrate against this violent conduct, were incontinently knocked on the head; and at length throughout the whole Baboonery, no man durst call his life his own, except by the permission of Nap.

Now, although the old law-suit between Squire Bull and the proprietors of the Baboonery had long ago been settled, Master Nap did not hesitate to state, over his cups, that he would take the very first opportunity that presented itself, of picking a hole in the judgment. "Look ye, Mounseers!" he would say to his pot-companions, "Mum's the word at present; but if ever I am put into full possession of the Baboonery—and who has so good a title to it?—we shall see if there are not some matters of accounting still between us and Squire Bull. Personally, I don't owe him any grudge, for the old curmudgeon has always been civil to me; but I can't forget my poor uncle! After all, Mounseers, that was the man for the Baboonery! What fun there was in those days, when he used to pop over the bounding marches, without as much as a word of notice, break open the house of any of the neighbouring squires, help himself to the best in the cellar, and carry off the plate and pictures! Ah, well! we may live to see such times again. Just you get the tenantry to acknowledge me as Squire, and I'll show you

a trick or two worth seeing. What could be easier than to cross the canal one of those fine nights, and have a rummage over Bullockshatch? No want there of silver-tankards and such like gear, I can tell you! I wouldn't wish better sport between this and Epiphany, than the sacking of one of Bull's villages! And it would not be so difficult neither—for there are not many boats on the canal, and some of his servants, I hear, are mighty angry at the number of game-keepers he maintains. Number, indeed! I, simple as I sit here, would be ashamed if I could not count ten for one of his. But let them go on, my lads! Devilsdust is an excellent fellow, and is playing our game famously. If he gets his own way, Bullockshatch will soon be as open as a common; and then, hey, for a moonlight visit!" At this you may be sure that the rogues his comrades—and they were as disreputable a set as ever crossed the threshold of a spunging-house—shouted like demons, and emptied their pitchers to the health of "Squire Nap, and long life to him, and may we see him soon in Bullockshatch!"

Now these things were not so privately done, but that some rumour of them got across the canal, and spread among John Bull's tenantry, who, very wisely, thought the hint too valuable to be disregarded. So that when Dick Devilsdust got up one fine forenoon upon a herring-barrel to hold forth, as usual, against the police, and volunteer, as he often did, to undertake the whole defence of Bullockshatch, he was saluted with such a volley of groans that his face became the colour of putty. "Do you want to see us all murdered?" cried one. "Does he think we have no regard for our wives?" cried another. "Fling him over!" shouted a third. "To the pump with him!" roared a fourth. And if Dick had not, with marvellous celerity, absconded, the odds are, that he would have acquired some practical knowledge of the mean temperature of a horse-pond. After this happened, a considerable change became apparent in his conduct. He did not go about the villages haranguing as heretofore, but confined himself very much to the under-servants' room, a

corner of which he and his friend Bendigo, the fighting Quaker, had managed to appropriate to themselves.

Now, although a large number of the most respectable members of the household had very little confidence in the Juggler, they were contented to let him remain as steward, without molestation, so long as he conducted himself discreetly. Hippopotamus, who, as you know, was the bearer of Peter's famous map, had received a hint to take care what he was about; and accordingly, that mysterious individual was seldom seen by daylight, preferring to take the air in company with the bats and the owls. So that one would have supposed the Juggler's berth to be a very easy one—his sole duties being to keep the account-books, to draw the rents, and to see that the servants did their duty. But the latter item was, in reality, far more difficult than it appeared.

The Juggler had some good points in his composition, and amongst the best of these was his exceeding attachment to his own friends and relatives, which he invariably exhibited by promoting them to the best-paid offices in the household. In this way he had quartered no end of his immediate kindred upon Squire Bull, as also every harpy connected with Mat-o'-the-Mint. They had, indeed, the very pick of the liveries, and swaggered through the servants'-hall, and in the court-yard, like so many popinjays, to the intense disgust of those who had better claims upon the Squire. Gray, however, who was an obstinate fellow, and held a high place in the household, gave the Juggler to understand that there must be limits to this kind of appropriation; and that he and his friends, being fairly entitled to a share of the patronage, would ride rusty unless it was equitably divided. "I'll tell you what it is, Jug, my boy," quoth Gray, "I've no objections to your looking after your friends—that's all right, proper, and natural—but you'll excuse me if I do the same. Mind this, I don't want to see any of those low fellows promoted, and very sorry should I be to sit as trencher-fellow with Devilsdust or Hum—I don't think it would be for the credit of our worshipful master, Squire Bull—though that is a minor considera-

tion—to let them have charge of any of the books; and I am quite ready to join you in keeping them out. But as somebody or other must be in, you can't blame me if I look to the balance of power, as our friend Protocol says, and insist on having, at all events, a right to one-half of the nest." Upon these terms the bargain was struck; and so rigorously was it adhered to, that in a very short time Protocol was almost the only man of the set who was not nearly related either to the Juggler or to Gray.

Of course this caused most hideous dissatisfaction in the household, especially amongst that division of the servants who were in the habit of supporting the Juggler whenever any domestic discussion arose. Devilsdust, Bendigo, and Hum, in particular, were absolutely frantic. They had been the first to recommend the removal of the tolls on the outskirts of the estate—a scheme which the Juggler only adopted as a means of gaining the stewardship—and they thought it monstrously hard that, in matters of emolument, they should be passed over for the sake of a parcel of fellows who had no earthly claim, on the score of intellect, to consideration. So, after divers meetings at a secret pothouse of their own, where they held a sort of masonic club, they determined to let the Juggler know that they would stand this sort of nonsense no longer; and that, if they were not advanced to some offices of trust, he might whistle in vain, on the next occasion of emergency, for their support. Nay, they went further than this; for, as the more respectable body of the servants, who had the Squire's interest really at heart, seemed unwilling to disturb the Juggler so long as he abstained from committing any extraordinary indiscretion—these pestilent fellows were bent upon making him do something which would cause an uproar in the household, and possibly accelerate his ruin. It must be confessed that their plan of action was rather cleverly devised. They began to grumble—not together, but separately—about the ten-bar gate, which, twenty years before, the Juggler had got erected in the Squire's avenue. Some said that

it was too high—others that it was too narrow. One fellow hinted that a number of private keys had been issued by which it might be unlocked; another complained that the lock was entirely rusty. In short, every kind of objection was taken to that unfortunate gate, which the Juggler had over and over again declared to be the consummation of human ability and design.

If anything less than the stewardship had been at stake, it is very likely that the Juggler might have asserted the infallibility of his handiwork. But his fears overcame his judgment. So, putting on his spectacles, he, one day, in sight of the whole household, walked down to the gate, and commenced a close inspection. "Hum—ha!" quoth he, after having poked about the ironwork for a while, "there may possibly be some defects here. When we put up the ten-bars, I remember we meant them to be a wholesome stimulus to activity. Here—you, sir!" cried he to a scavenger who was sweeping the avenue without—"do you think you could vault over these ten-bars?" "Blowed if I could!" replied the scavenger, but I knows I could kiver five." "What intelligence! what patriotism!" remarked the Juggler, turning to his friend Gray, who, to say the truth, showed no symptoms of fraternisation with the sweeper on the other side—"why should this splendid specimen of humanity be debarred from having a pluck at the Squire's acacias? Is he not a man and a brother? I say, my man—do you not feel an earnest desire, an aspiration, a longing for the noblest privilege of a freeman—the right of walking in the lawn?" "Rot the lawn!" replied the excluded operative, "I wants cheap 'baccy, and cheap beer, and no taxes; and I wants to have the salaries of them buffers of servants reduced!" And he strode away with his broom.

The Juggler gave a sigh, and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for his peas. "There is something wrong here," he remarked to Gray, "and I doubt very much whether that lad is entitled, as yet, to be admitted within the pale of civilisation. His ideas, if carried into effect, would play the

devil with the Squire's revenue, and, what is worse, with our perquisites; and the mischief of it is, that he has some show of reason in what he says, since we consented to a relaxation of the toll-duties on the limits of the estate. But never mind. We can't defend the gate now—that's clear. Devilsdust is bent upon having it down, so the next best thing we can do is to propose a kind of turnstile. Mayhap the upper servants may make a row about it, but in the long-run we shall carry the day." "Master Juggler," replied Gray, sourly, "you may do as you like, but you are on the wrong tack. You and my father settled that matter of the ten-bar gate between yourselves, and if you choose to throw it down, I am not answerable for the consequences. Only observe this as warning—you shall not play Mordecai if I am selected as Haman!" And, with these agreeable remarks, the fellow-servants parted.

Not long after this, the Juggler called the servants together, and addressed them as follows:—"My lads—I hear that some of you have been making considerable complaints about the ten-bar gate, down yonder in the avenue, and I don't wonder at it. You see it has stood there now for a matter of some twenty years, and has suffered damage from the weather. Timber here, who knows something about these matters, says that, in his judgment, one-half of it is rotten; so, if it be agreeable to you, I shall just give orders to the house-carpenter to remove five of the bars, which will be a great improvement, and leave after all a tidy little gate which a child might leap over on a donkey." No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than there arose an awful hubbub; some of the servants protesting that a five-barred gate would not keep out the gipsies, and others maintaining that it would be far better to do away with the gate altogether. As for the tenantry on the estate, or even the villagers, they took no interest whatever in the question; for the ten-bar gate was no obstacle to any person of respectability, and most of those who had the entry were of opinion that the state of the Squire's pleasure-grounds

would not be improved by the change.

In short, the Juggler very soon perceived that he had made an infernal blunder; but being a pigheaded creature, he could not be brought to confess it. So he went on taking estimates for the work, just as if he really believed that he would be allowed to execute it. Those who knew him best say that, about this time, his temper became horribly soured. He never had been very agreeable in the servants' hall, but now he was snappish and morose, and it was impossible to get from him a polite answer to a civil question. Also he became woundily jealous of the other servants, having somehow or other got a crotchet into his head that they were hatching a conspiracy against him. His suspicions lighted principally upon Gray and Claretson, who he thought wanted to get rid of him, and, for anything I know to the contrary, he may have been right enough in his conjecture. For this much is certain, that, for his own sake, nobody wished to see him continued in the stewardship; and the only fellows who backed him zealously, were some pitiful rogues who knew very well that no other steward would give them wages or employment. But as he durst not quarrel with Gray, he resolved to vent his spleen upon somebody else, and, to his own infinite misfortune, selected Protocol as the victim.

Barring his eccentricities, Protocol was by far the cleverest fellow in the household. He had charge of the Squire's correspondence with the neighbouring proprietors; and although, as we have seen in the case of young Otho, he sometimes behaved very badly, yet he had a facility of skipping out of scrapes which was truly remarkable. In the servants' hall he was a great favourite; for he could crack a joke or empty a bottle with the best of them; and though he was as selfish as an oyster, you could not help laughing at the funny way in which he confessed his villanies. Proto, who knew more about Squire Bull's stewards than any other man living—for he had taken wages under them all—regarded the Juggler with intense contempt. He even made no scruple in expressing

his opinion that he was an incapable little jackanapes, who could not turn to any proper purpose the small allowance of brains with which he had been gifted by nature. He even went further than this, for, in clear violation of the rules of the household, he asserted his right to keep his correspondence, though about Squire Bull's matters, to himself; and would not even show it to the steward.

All this was reported to the Juggler by two or three dirty rogues who had an especial spite at Protocol because he was so much cleverer than themselves. Still, he pretended to take no notice; until one afternoon, Protocol, who was then a little excited, made an unfortunate speech, in answer to an address presented to him by some tatterdemalions on the subject of Squire Ferdinando's affairs, which the Juggler instantly fixed on as an act of domestic treason. So, without one minute's delay, he rushed to the study where Squire Bull was sitting, and stated, in a most resolute manner, that either Protocol or he must leave the house.

"I've submitted to his insolence long," said the Juggler, affecting to wipe away a tear; "and had he only affronted me, I am sure I would rather have gone down to my grave in silence than have vexed my honoured master! But how can I hold my peace when I behold him making mischief between your noble self and your oldest and surest friends? He has absolutely gone the length of insulting the excellent Esquire North. Ferdinando declares that he will not call again at Bullockshatch so long as that varlet is in your service. Nick Frog hates him like poison; and between ourselves"—here the Juggler lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have more than a suspicion that he has been privately trafficking with Peter!"

"Bless my soul, that's serious indeed!" cried the Squire, who never heard the name of Peter mentioned without experiencing a spasm in his midriff. "But I can't take your bare word in a matter of this kind—have you any proof to show?"

"Ay, there's the rub!" quoth the Juggler. "He has the impudence to declare that he won't allow me, who

am your honour's steward—I may almost say your viceregent—to look over his letter-books, or to know anything that he is doing. For all I can tell, he may have mortally offended half the squires in the county, and got your honour involved in a dozen lawsuits; but if it is your honour's will—"

"My will, puppy?" roared John. "I should think I have paid too much already for these accursed lawsuits to be ready to provoke another! Ho there—you fellow, Timber, or whatever your name is—just tumble upstairs, will you, and desire Mr Protocol to come here immediately with his letter-book. Tell him that the steward is with me."

Presently Protocol entered, with a countenance as meek as a nun's.

"Was it your pleasure, sir, to require my presence?"

"Yes, surely," said the Squire. "What the mischief is this you have been doing, Protocol? The Juggler here says that you have taken it upon yourself to write threatening letters to my neighbours without consulting him—I'm sure I never heard a word of it—and that you have been col-leagu-ing with that horrid old knave, Peter. How's this, eh?"

"As for intriguing with Peter," said Protocol, quite quietly, "I pray your worship to remember that it was not I who advised that Mat-o'-the-Mint should be sent on a visit to Macaroni, which, as I take it, was the commencement of that unlucky business. Neither was I favoured with an inspection of that accurate map of your worship's estate, marked with certain crosses, which Master Matthew is said to have approved of. It rather strikes me that, if you wish for information on those subjects, Mr Juggler is capable of enlightening you."

I wish you could have seen the Juggler's face when he received this home-thrust. He actually chattered with rage and apprehension.

"As to my correspondence with your friends and neighbours," continued Protocol, with a graceful bow, "that is, and ever has been, open to your worship's inspection. If, in the course of negotiation, some matters of a peculiarly delicate nature have not been submitted to the considera-

tion of your steward, that circumstance, so far from being construed into an act of disrespect to the worshipful Squire Bull, ought rather to be viewed as arising from the deep responsibility I feel in everything relating to his honour. The letters, to which, as I presume, the respectable Mr Juggler has alluded in his conversation with your worship previous to my being honoured with a summons, were certainly not laid before him—"

"Your worship hears that? He confesses it!" cried the Juggler.

"And for this reason," continued Protocol, calmly, "that they are written in the Illyrian, Croatian, Bessarabian, and Morlachian languages, with none of which, in so far as I know, is my learned friend acquainted. But in case I should be erroneously informed upon that point, I now take the liberty of handing him an exact transcript of the documents in question;" and so saying, he tendered a huge packet of papers to the Juggler.

"Come, that sounds fair enough," said the Squire. "Read them aloud, Johnny, and let us hear what they are all about."

He might as well have asked the Juggler to try his hand at a version of the Pentateuch. Of all the infernal pothooks that ever were seen, these seemed the most crabbed. He could not even make out a single letter.

"I see!" said the Squire, good-naturedly, "the little man is a good deal bothered. Take them to your

office, Juggler, and let somebody help you to a translation. And now, that all is explained, do, for any sake, let us have peace in the household."

"In order, sir, that that desirable object may be attained," said Protocol, with the dignity of a bashaw, "I am about to make a vast sacrifice. Forty years have wellnigh elapsed since I first had the honour of serving you, and forty more, were I to live so long, could not obliterate my sense of gratitude. Something I have done, however imperfectly; but of that it becomes me not to speak. Had it been left to myself, dear and honoured master, I would willingly have died in your service. But honour is a flower too tender to brook even the breath of calumny. I have enemies—well, I yield to them. I now resign my office; and whatever may be my future fate, believe me that my last prayer shall be that your chair may be surrounded by none less faithful and true than the undersigned."

And with a deep reverence Protocol left the room.

"Resigned!" ejaculated the petrified Juggler. "Well, that is a stunner!"

"You may go down stairs, sir!" said Squire Bull, sternly; "you see what you have done."

The Juggler obeyed. On descending, he found Protocol standing in the lobby.

"Just see where you will be, a month from the present time, my fine fellow!" remarked Protocol. The Juggler burst into a cold sweat.

CHAPTER II.

HOW PROTOCOL GOT RID OF THE JUGGLER; AND HOW MANLEY WAS MADE STEWARD.

Protocol, however,—though he had certainly, to the astonishment of every one, resigned his office,—by no means left the house. On the contrary, he appeared in servants'-hall as usual, took his commons with them, and appeared as merry as a grig. Had you seen him there, you would have thought him to be the blindest, most benevolent, and kind-hearted creature in the world. Neither by look, sign, nor word, did he betray any symptoms of dissatisfaction; nay, when the Juggler got up after dinner to make a speech, as was the usual

custom, Protocol was observed to cheer him with great cordiality; in so much that a few simple souls declared themselves to be mightily edified by his Christian forbearance, and thought that the Juggler had committed a vast blunder in parting with so estimable a colleague. Devilsdust, Bendigo, and the rest of that gang, were not altogether imposed on by appearances; but, concluding that Protocol must inwardly cherish feelings of intense revenge against the Juggler, they delicately insinuated that, if he were so pleased, they would

have no objections to put themselves under his guidance, and make a grand attack upon the steward, who, they said, had used him most scurvily. Protocol, however, declined their advances with the serene smile of a martyr, protesting that his sole anxiety was for the prosperity of the estate; and that, in reality, the abdication of office was a vast relief to his mind. He might just as well have said that a dram-drinker of forty years' standing was anxious to become a tee-totaller; but Protocol was never so great as when he had to deal with a paradox.

It so happened that, at that time, the principal subject for discussion in servants'-hall, was a proposal for swearing in a number of the young lads on the estate as special constables. The recent proceedings in the Baboonery had left no doubt in the mind of any sane man, that common prudence required an increase of the number of watchmen and gamekeepers on Bullockshatch; and even Devilsdust, as we have seen, was compelled to hold his tongue. But there was some difficulty about the details. The Juggler, whose mental optics had a decided squint, somehow or another took up the idea that no special constable ought to be required to do more than guard his own house—an office which any man would be likely to perform whether he was a constable or not. It was demonstrated to him, but in vain, that the only use of having these special constables at all, was to make them, in case of necessity, perform the duty of the regular watchmen in case these latter might be summoned elsewhere; and that a constable should be empowered to act, not only in his own township, but over the whole of Bullockshatch. However, you might as well attempt to cart away the Goodwin Sands as to reason the Juggler out of one of his crotchets. The better class of the servants did what they could to persuade him; but all was of no use. He even declared that, if his views were not adopted, he would wash his hands of the whole matter, and let the people of Bullockshatch defend themselves in any way they pleased, in case Nap, in one of his drunken

frolics, should venture to cross the canal.

This was by far too serious a business to admit of paltering. The Juggler was told, over and over again, that the safety of the estate was a consideration of the first importance, and that nothing could be allowed to supersede it. Such was by no means his view. Now that Protocol was his enemy, he thought that he durst not take a single step without the concurrence of Devilsdust and his allies, forgetting altogether that those very fellows owed him a most bitter grudge, for having excluded them from participation in any of the offices or perquisites of the household. Had he chosen to take the advice of the more respectable servants, who were ready, though disagreeing with him on many points of domestic economy, to have backed him to the utmost in any measure for the security of Bullockshatch, he might have snapped his fingers, not only at Devilsdust, but at the whole of creation. However, his conceit was such, that he hated advice worse than colchicum; in fact, he was like the Irish pig, which will only go forward when you pull it vehemently by the tail.

When the discussion first came on in servants'-hall, Protocol was as quiet as a mouse. Nobody could form the least idea of the real nature of his sentiments. He nodded blandly in acquiescence to every argument that was brought forward, but it was especially remarked that he never committed himself by a single cheer; nor was it until the Juggler, who had drunk three or four glasses of bad Cape wine, by way of fortifying himself for the task, had announced, in a moment of excitement, that if any change in the disposition of the special constables should be resolved upon, he would that instant throw up his stewardship, that a peculiar gleam of satisfaction was seen to animate the eye of Protocol. He knew then that the bird was beneath his net. So, with a great appearance of blandness and self-sacrifice, he rose. He regretted extremely, he said, that his beloved friend the steward, had, upon this one most important point of the general safety of the estate, committed a most grievous error. His

heart wept tears of blood at the announcement—about which there could be no mistake—that, if this point of the scheme were not carried, Squire Bull must be prepared to look out for another steward. Nothing, since his infancy, had affected him so much as this declaration—which was so unequivocal, that it could not possibly be retracted. He would have gone down on his bended knees to implore the Juggler not thus to disturb the tranquillity of the household; but, unfortunately, he was too late. The fiat had gone out. It was now impossible to recall it; and their only choice lay between the safety of Bullockshatch, and the continuance of the Juggler as steward. He loved the Juggler much, but he loved Squire Bull more. There were old associations connected with his honourable friend which it was impossible for him to forget. He recollected him when he was a baby, and very beautiful it was to behold the indomitable manner in which he constantly spurred against his nurse. But those sweet scenes of old recollection must not be allowed to sway his opinion on this all-important topic. He denied every word, and controverted every argument which the learned steward had uttered. It was agonising, no doubt, for him to oppose an early friend; but this he must say, that if the Juggler had been in the pay of Nap, he could not have managed matters more adroitly to provoke a visit, than was exhibited by the present proposal.

And so, when the vote was called, the Juggler was left in a minority!

I don't think he slept much that night; however, on the next morning, he had no help for it but to wait on Squire Bull and give up his place.

"'Tis your own fault," said the Squire, after he had heard him to an end. "You will always be so confoundedly pig-headed! However, the thing is done now, and it is useless to make reflections. I suppose you don't want me to send for Gray, or Claretson, or any of that set? Of course not. Well then, what do you say to Manley? He's a fine spirited fellow, and I know that a large number of the servants would prefer him to any one else. What say you?"

"Ahem!" quoth the Juggler, "your worship sees that I have a delicacy, as it were; and the fact is, that—but I keep your honour waiting. Manley is a most excellent individual—a little hasty perhaps, but no man can say that he has not the root of the matter in him. Howsomed'ever, as it were—"

"Cut short your hawking, sir!" said the Squire, "and let me understand precisely what you mean. You think, then, that I ought not to send for Manley?"

"Quite the reverse!" ejaculated the Juggler. "I was just going to remark that he was perhaps the very best man for your honour's service. I doubt not that he will keep the books, after a time, to satisfaction, though mayhap he may not be skilled in the matter of double entry, as a certain person—but of that more anon. Yes, your worship, I would certainly venture to suggest that Manley should be called in—indeed it was for that purpose that I have waited upon you so early."

"So be it then," said the Squire, "and now you may go about your business."

The Juggler accordingly descended to his closet, and betook himself to the thimble and peas, as was his habit whenever he felt embarrassed.

"I could almost wish," quoth he, after having cheated himself several times running, "that I was at the bottom of the Baltic! It's not so much the loss of my place, though that is no laughing matter, that I care for—what vexes me is the triumph of the doublefaced old rascal, Protocol! This will be a lesson to me hereafter, if I ever get another chance, to take care how I talk about resignation before I am sure of my game. 'Adzooks! I could tear my hair when I think what a simpleton I have been. And so Bull has determined to call in Manley! Well—I'm glad of it. If Claretson had been the man, I might have shut up shop for ever. Let's see how things look. Manley stands well with the tenantry, but he won't go down with the villagers; for he opposed the removal of the tolls on the boundary of the estate. I wonder whether he will try to put them up again? All's one for

that; we must make the villagers believe that he intends to do it, and nobody can bamboozle them half so well as Devilsdust. I must try to get him to help us in this pinch. Then, if the tolls are not put up again, we must endeavour to persuade the tenantry that Manley has cheated them. It is ten thousand pities that he has declared himself so strongly against Peter! Old Martin will stick to him like a leech, and, mayhap, Jack also. However, we are tolerably sure of Obadiah and Moses. And if he should happen to take young Glossin, who is the especial confidant of that ninny-hammer Augustine, into the household, we may charge him with Peterism at once. I wonder what Glossin, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Grime, Ghoul, and the rest of that lot, will do? They have been at loggerheads with him for the last six years, about that business of the tolls, but they might shake hands and be friends now, unless they are playing some deep game of their own which I cannot fathom. At all events, my course is clear: the sooner I see Devilsdust the better."

We are sorry to record it, but the fact is that the Juggler, immediately after having advised Squire Bull to intrust the regulation of his household and the management of his estate to Manley, posted off to Devilsdust, and took sweet counsel with that well-disposed individual as to the most effective method of throwing obstacles in his way. Nay, he even called a meeting in his own private room, to which Devilsdust, Bendigo, and Hum were summoned, for the purpose of considering how they might compass the dismissal of Manley, even before he had taken his seat at his desk! It would have been more prudent had the Juggler abstained from this step, for several of the servants who attended bore him no especial love, and Hum in particular took the opportunity of reading him a sound lecture on his past misbehaviour. Not that Hum was by any means a straight-laced moralist, nor inspired with any virtuous zeal for the proper conduct of the household. He said nothing about faults of administration, jobs, petty larcenies, or other similar peccadilloes—he complained

only of the exclusiveness of the Juggler in giving all the best places in the household to his own relatives.

"And I shall make free to say this much to the honourable Juggler," quoth Hum, "that if we are to act together for the future, it can only be on the understanding that, in case he recovers the stewardship, I and mine are to be allowed a pluck at the public pigeon. These old hands have never been permitted to finger a feather, and I won't stand such injustice longer. Therefore, if anything is to be done, we must have a distinct assurance that, from this time forward, there shall be an end of family alliances, and that every servant who backs the Juggler shall be entitled to his fair share of perquisites."

This speech of Hum's, who was now a very antiquated raven, met with the cordial approbation of the younger members of the brood; and the Juggler was forced to promise, without however pledging himself to details, that, at the next partition of spoils, matters would be placed on a broader basis. This did him no good with his former confederates; but he could not help himself. Had he maintained silence upon that point, neither Devilsdust nor any one else would have bestirred himself. This interview, however, seemed to suggest to him a new train of ideas. He shut himself up in his room for several days together with nothing but his favourite implements, no doubt for the purpose of working out some vastly ingenious problem. When he emerged, there was an evident alteration in his countenance, habits, and demeanour. He bowed coolly, though civilly, to Gray, and was polite, but nothing more, to Devilsdust; but he left his card for Augustine, smiled benignantly on Glossin, poked Grime occasionally on the ribs, and even listened, for two stricken hours, with an appearance of intense interest, to the awful narratives of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who was probably the most consummate proser on the face of the terraqueous globe. Why the Juggler did all this, we shall possibly learn hereafter.

In the mean time, Manley obeyed the Squire's summons, and—though

he did not covet the post, for he had a good independence of his own, and was as fond of his ease as any man—agreed, in this pinch, to assume the office of steward.

"Lookye, Squire," said he, "there are no doubt great difficulties in the way, and it would be absurd in me to underrate them. I don't wish to make any reflections on the conduct of former stewards, but this much is clear, that, by their methods, they have so divided the servants that it is very difficult to carry on your business. We must go back to the tenantry and villagers, and get a new set. Now, you know my opinion is that, in the matter of the tolls, the tenantry were ill-used. I don't mean to say that, since that time, the mines have not made a difference; but ill-used they were, and I never can maintain the contrary. However, the tolls have been taken off, and if the people on your estate don't wish to have them reimposed, I certainly shall not insist upon it; so the best way will be to take the opinion of Bullockshatch upon that matter. As to other things, I see no great difficulty. We shall do our duty at Quarters' Sessions, and suppress pettifogging—take care that there is an efficient staff of watchmen and constables—maintain a proper patrol on the canal—examine the household books, and put an end to filching—keep a watchful eye upon Peter, and upon that absurd creature Augustine—and cultivate to the utmost a friendly understanding with the neighbouring squires."

"Bravo, Manley! You are the man for my money," said Squire Bull, with a hearty gripe of his fist. "It is long since I have heard such good, old, sound Bullockshatch doctrine! Why, between you and me, every one of the stewards I have had for the last twenty years—except, perhaps, poor Sheepface, who was not a bad sort of fellow—have attempted to humbug me from the beginning. I never knew what they might do the week after I gave them their appointments. Lord! what a comfort it is to deal with a plain-spoken man. That Juggler nearly drove me out of my senses; and no wonder, with his confounded peas and thimble! So, settle the matter as you please,

Manley—only, take care of that lad Glossin. I don't like civet, but I detest frankincense; and it strikes me he has a curious perfume. Sir Andrew Aguecheek too, who is said to adhere to Jack, is an odd kind of customer. I doubt whether Jack knows exactly what goes on behind the scenes; but it does strike me that flannel is more convenient worn next the skin than haircloth. However, tastes may disagree. I merely mention these matters by way of hint. Keep your eyes open. Some of these fellows bear you a grudge; and if you don't think it right to offer them places, they will do all they can to trip up your heels on the first opportunity."

Now you must know that Glossin, Aguecheek, Grime, and Ghoul, had all filled departments in the household under former stewards, and as they were really capable of doing their work decently, under proper superintendence, Manley would have been very glad to have replaced some of them in the establishment. But they would not forgive Manley for having stuck tightly to the cause of the tenantry, whom they had wronged in the matter of the toll-duties; and they bore too proud a stomach to act under his orders. Besides this, they had a mortal hatred and aversion to young Alroy, a very clever fellow who had shown them up more than once in servants'-hall, and who, in fact, could make mincemeat of them whenever he pleased. One day, at a wrestling-bout, Alroy undertook to throw any three of them, one after another; and he did it, too, in so satisfactory a manner that they did not venture to offer themselves again. To account for their defeat, they began to talk about foul play, gladiators, and so forth, which simply meant that they feared as well as hated Alroy; and as Manley was sure to promote him in the Squire's service, they gave it to be understood that they would not act with such an associate. There were some long-headed fellows among them, as you will readily admit when you hear how they cozened the Juggler.

Manley, being thus left to himself, made the best arrangements he could for the regulation of the household; and it was universally admitted that

the new hands showed a great deal more zeal and diligence in the performance of their duties than had been exhibited by the old ones, though the latter bragged of their experience. But you are not to suppose that all this was done without some show of opposition. In obedience to the hint they had received from the Juggler, Devilsdust and Bendigo went down to the villages, posted enormous placards to summon meetings, and declared that Manley was about to raise the tolls and double the price of the quartern loaf. That, of course, was a mere invention of theirs, but they stated it as a positive fact, and called upon the villagers to resist any such act of infamous oppression. However, they had gulled the poor people so often, that their attempts, this time, proved perfectly unavailing. Very few came to their meetings; and even those who did so, refused flatly to contribute a single halfpenny towards defraying the expenses of the room.

Shortly after, Manley took occasion, in the upper servants'-hall, to give a distinct outline of the course which, as steward, he intended to pursue. The main substance of it has been given already in his conversation with the Squire, but with regard to the matter of toll-duties, he added a few words.

"Ye know, gentlemen," said he, "that for the last six years this question hath been a bone of contention over the whole estate, and it is highly desirable that it should now be put at rest for ever. To which end, I think the decision ought to be left to the tenantry and villagers, who, according to the immemorial usage of the Manor, must return a new set of under servants to the house. I have all along said that this matter of the tolls ought to have been submitted to them; and whatever view they take, I shall act accordingly. You see this is a point which materially affects the Squire's rental, and I want to keep everything square." No objection was made to this proposal; and the

rest of Manley's statement was so straightforward and satisfactory, that even Sir Andrew Aguecheek approved of it. "Except in that matter of the toll-duties," said he, "I am ready to give my support to Mr Manley, as no difference of opinion exists between us upon any other point." This, you will admit, was distinct enough; and Aguecheek's speech, having somehow or other found its way into the newspapers, gave vast pleasure to the tenantry, who were now weary of the dissensions in the household, and wished to see the more respectable portion of the servants acting cordially together. They thought, very justly, that it was a great pity there should be any wrangling, while matters were in so ticklish a position on the other side of the canal; and they desired, above all things, to be finally quit of the Juggler, whose notorious incompetence and fantastic tricks had brought the estate into discredit. Therefore they were delighted to hear from Sir Andrew, that, when the matter of the toll-duties was set at rest, he would give his support to Manley, and they augured the same thing of Glossin, Ghoul, and several others, who took care not to contradict the impression. Grime, however, who was a violent imperious fellow, made no pretences of the kind, but went about abusing Alroy like a pickpocket. Indeed, his language was so virulent that many people suspected he had been bitten by a mad dog.

How far Aguecheek kept his word, you shall presently hear. The term-time was now drawing nigh; so, as soon as Manley had put the house in order, Squire Bull assembled the household in the upper servants'-hall, thanked them for what they had done, (which, in reality, was not much,) and gave them a formal dismissal. "And most devoutly do I trust," said the Squire, as the last of them left the house, "that I may never set eyes upon some of their scurvy faces again!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE NEW SERVANTS WERE CHOSEN, AND HOW MANLEY RESIGNED THE STEWARDSHIP;
ALSO TOUCHING GLOSSIN AND THE JUGGLER.

There was, as you may suppose, considerable excitement on the estate about the time when the new servants were to be chosen. A vast number

of hands were looking out for situations, and I daresay there were at least three applications for every place that was vacant. Formerly it was the custom to return none to the household but such persons as were the most likely to serve Squire Bull faithfully, and to look after the management of the estate; but those days were long gone by. Now, when a fellow came forward as a candidate, there were no perquisitions made regarding his capability or previous character. He was simply required to say whether he would support Manley, or the Juggler, or Devilsdust, or mayhap Peter; and, according to the nature of his reply, he was sent in or kept out, according as the majority ruled. This produced endless confusion—the Devilsdusts voting against the Jugglers, and the Manleyites in the teeth of the Glossins—so that, for a month or six weeks, the whole estate was in great commotion. Some men made narrow escapes. The Juggler himself, who was forced to take his chance like others, was reappointed through the interest of Moses. Glossin and several of his friends were permitted to go back to the household on the understanding that they were to support Manley. Peter, as usual, was as active as the devil in a gale of wind; but, as he did not judge it prudent to show himself at this juncture in Bullockshatch, he made the farm on the other side of the pond the scene of his operations, and actually procured the nomination of some fifty fellows, to whom he administered an oath on the holy poker that they would do their utmost to turn out every one of Squire Bull's stewards in succession, until Patrick should be handed over to the tender mercies of Peter, who proposed to clap him into the Inquisition, and to confiscate every acre of his land! I need hardly tell you that to Donnybrook and Shillelah a large share of the credit of having selected such trustworthy servants was due. Indeed, during the whole time that this business was going on, no respectable man who detested Peter could be sure of his life if he ventured six yards beyond his own threshold.

But the longest day has an end;

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and at length all the servants were returned. Just before they met, however, a melancholy event occurred. Old Arthur, of whom honourable mention has been made in previous chapters of this history, died full of years and honours; and the last word that he uttered was a fervent exhortation to the people of Bullockshatch to reconcile their differences and to watch over the safety of the estate. The Squire felt that in Arthur he had lost his best friend and trustiest counsellor; and I do not believe that on any former occasion was there such general mourning and lamentation. It was agreed that no household business should be transacted until his funeral was over; and almost all of the neighbouring squires sent some of their people to assist at the sad ceremony.

No sooner, however, was that over, than a very sharp skirmish commenced in servants'-hall. Manley had taken the very first opportunity of announcing that he did not intend to do anything in the matter of the tolls, as it appeared that the majority of the people of Bullockshatch were opposed to any alteration. One would have thought that such an announcement could not fail to be satisfactory to Devilsdust and the others, since it was the very thing that they had all along been contending for. But no. They declared that nothing would content them short of a vote of the servants to the effect that the removal of the tolls was a wise and beneficial measure for the whole of Bullockshatch, and that immense prosperity had been caused thereby. Now, considering that some four years after the lowering of these toll-duties, Devilsdust and Bendigo had been almost brought to a stand-still, and that half the shopkeepers and retail dealers in the villages had been shouting that they were ruined for want of custom, it did require a considerable share of impudence to make any such proposal. The fact was, and they knew it, that but for the lucky discovery of some new mines, Squire Bull's affairs would have been in a wretched state, and that the lowering of the tolls had done him no good whatever, but the reverse. The vote, moreover, if carried, could have

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been of no manner of use; but what Devilsdust, and also the Juggler wanted, was to force an obnoxious proposition down the throat of Manley, in the hope that he might be so disgusted by their conduct as to throw up the books at once.

It is not impossible that such a vote might have been carried; for Glossin, now that he found himself safe in servants'-hall, began to manifest anything but a friendly disposition to those who stood by the steward; and so, for that matter, did Grime, and others of his kidney. But, to the amazement of everybody, when the discussion had gone a certain length, Protocol got up, and spoke as follows:—

"Lookye, my lads! some of you are new hands to the service, and it may be as well for you to listen to a word or two from an old stager. I can't help thinking that this is a dirty business. Ye know, all of ye, that I was for the reduction of the tolls; and by that opinion I stick. But here's Alroy, and English, and a lot more, who thought differently; and now that they are giving up—as I think very handsomely—their views in deference to yours, is it reasonable to ask them to say that they have been wrong all this while? If you gained a suit at law, would you not be contented with the judgment and the money? Well—that's just the case here. My dear friend, the Juggler, whom I honour as my own life, wants you to vote that it was right to take off the tolls six years ago. Was that not voted at the time? You might as well be asked to vote that it was right and proper that he should have drawn his salary as steward for I don't know how many years back. These things are not your business. Take my advice, and stick to what is actually before you. Mr Manley, the steward, tells you that he does not intend to raise the tolls. Well, then; why can't you approve of that, without referring to by-gones? I really am sorry that this matter has been mooted; and I must tell my friend, Jug, there, that he is going rather too fast. '*Le gentil-homme est toujours gentil-homme*,'—a proverb which I need not translate for the benefit of Mr Devilsdust, as he could

not possibly appreciate it; but I warn you all, once again, not to sacrifice the credit of the household."

Protocol was, no doubt, the most slippery advocate going; and it was always a queer sign when he appeared to take your side. However, in this instance, there was no gainsaying his words; and the result of it was that Devilsdust and the Juggler were beat by a large majority. Notwithstanding, on counting heads, some things looked ominous for the future. Glossin and his gang, though they voted for the steward, spoke against him; and it was evident that, in any pitched battle, they could turn the scale as they pleased.

It was among the usages of Bullockshatch, that, at the commencement of each term, the under-steward should read to the servants in commons'-hall his scheme for raising the Squire's rental for the ensuing year. A great deal of this was arbitrary—that is, it might be done one way or another. For a number of years every man on the estate, above the rank of a labourer, had been obliged to contribute a certain percentage of his income for the maintenance of the establishment; and that assessment had been laid on very unfairly. Then there were some abominable exactions. For example, the honest tenants were prevented from making malt of their own barley, and brewing beer—a restriction which might have passed in the old days of the tolls, but which was now indefensible, and, indeed, had been denounced most ferociously both by Grime and Devilsdust. Also, Timber, who was the Juggler's under-steward, had contrived most iniquitously, just before he was kicked out of office, to exempt the holders of twenty-pound houses in the villages from certain taxes to which they had been liable from time immemorial; and, when twitted with this shameful disregard for the interests of Squire Bull, what should our friend do, but cast up his eyes, snuffle through his nose, and quote, as a precedent and justification, the Scriptural case of the unjust steward! This was an amazing stroke of policy for Timber, for a duller creature never existed; and I can't help thinking that he owed his

inspiration and his hypocrisy to some source with which we are yet unacquainted.

Now Alroy, who was under-steward, was determined to put an end, if possible, to these inequalities. His doctrine was this, that every man on the estate who had a voice in the choosing of the servants, was bound to contribute towards the maintenance of the establishment according to his means and substance. "For," said he, "even setting all other considerations aside, it is as clear to me as daylight, that this system of Timber's is no better than an audacious robbery of one class for the benefit of another. No doubt Squire Bull has the right to put on taxes as he pleases, but he ought to do it justly and equally; and I can't, for the life of me, understand why Figs the grocer, and Fairntosh the spirit-dealer, who live in nineteen-pound houses, and are known to make a mint of money, should not be taxed as well as Pinchley, the half-pay captain, who rents one of five-and-twenty. Then there's another thing that ought to be amended. Pinchley has a wife and three children, and his whole income, which dies with him, is only £150. At present you make him pay £4, 10s.; whereas you demand no more from Swag, the retired pawnbroker, whose yearly dividend from the funds is £150, but who, when he dies, will leave behind him no less than £5000. D'ye call that fair? I, for one, hold it to be a crying sin and iniquity, and the sooner that matter is remedied the better. Then as to beer—now that the tolls are removed, I maintain that you are bound to allow the farmers on the estate to grow any kind of crop they please, free of all restrictions. That will have the effect, moreover, of cheapening the price of beer; and I can't see why a poor fellow should be denied the privilege of a pot. But in case any of you gentlemen should be teetotallers—though you don't look like it—it may be gratifying to you also to learn, that we propose to let the old women have their tea cheap. This will no doubt make a hole in the Squire's revenue; and to remedy that, I propose to levy an additional sixpence on every house on the estate, in

respect of which the occupier is entitled to vote at the election of a servant."

Now, in reality, nothing could be fairer than this. Devilsdust, Hum, and Grime had shouted for cheap beer until they were hoarse. Obadiah, who was in the habit of visiting old women for the purpose of wheedling them out of their coppers, had preached several discourses on the iniquity of taxing the widow's cruse, by which metaphor he was understood to signify the teapot. The Juggler had over and over again, of late years, insisted on the propriety of removing all restrictions from industry, and he had now an opportunity of applying his doctrine in the case of barley. Glossin wanted to have the house-tax extended, and Hum considered that Pinchley had been abominably used. But in spite of this, the whole gang of them, with one accord, fell foul of Alroy. They abused him in every possible form of language as an ignoramus and an impostor; and even Timber was venturesome enough to read him a lecture on his duties. But if they really expected to put down Alroy, they were mightily mistaken in their man. One after another, he gave them such a dressing as they are not likely to forget for many a day; a castigation which Glossin alone escaped, he having, in his usual sneaking way, avoided speaking until Alroy had sate down. It was observable that on this occasion the Juggler remained as quiet as a mouse. Protocol also was not present, being indisposed—a complaint with which he was sometimes affected when the direction of the wind was doubtful. The question was then put to the servants, whether Figs and Fairntosh should be taxed as well as Pinchley? and the majority of them answered in the negative.

In order to comprehend this matter rightly, you must know that Sir Andrew Agnecheek, who was the prime adviser of Glossin, Grime, and Ghoul, had lately been closeted more than once with the elder brother of the Juggler. What passed between them I do not pretend to say, but from that time it became obvious that they were acting entirely in concert. Before that, Glossin and his

friends were in the habit of declaring that they had no confidence in the principles, moral, or otherwise, of the Juggler. As to Dick Devilsdust, not a man of them would have crossed a ferry in the same boat with him. Now, however, things were altered. They became remarkably civil to one another, sate cheek-by-jowl, and hob-a-nobbed like brethren. When such unusual symptoms as those appeared, it was clear that mischief was brewing.

Manley was no sooner informed of what had taken place in the lower servants'-hall, than he went directly to Squire Bull and respectfully resigned his charge. "I regret most bitterly," said he, "that I cannot be of further service to your honour as steward; but those fellows in the servants'-hall are determined to have me out, and it is better that I should quit at once. And so, with respectful thanks for your confidence and favour, I humbly take my leave."

"But harkye, Manley!" cried the Squire, "what the mischief is to become of me, and who is to look after the estate? I won't send for the Juggler again, that's flat! I know too much of Glossin to trust him with the books, especially after the warnings I have received from Martin, who is aware of his privy correspondence with that puppy Augustine. I suppose you would not recommend me to give the key of my plate-chest to Devilsdust; and I cannot abide either Gray or Claretson. What's to be done?"

"I am most painfully conscious of the difficulty, sir," replied Manley; "but I cannot do more than mention the names of one or two of the upper servants, with whom you might advise. There is Mr Petty, a most upright and honourable man, though I say it who differ from him in opinion. Then there is Sir Andrew Aguecheek, of whom, as he is known to your honour, I need say nothing."

"Humph—Aguecheek!" said the Squire: "much comfort I am like to derive from him! However, I am obliged to you for your hint, and shall write immediately to Petty. Good-bye, Manley, and heaven bless you! If I say little at parting, it is because I cannot trust myself to speak about

this conduct of the under-servants—a pack of mean, dirty, designing—good-bye, good-bye!"

The Squire accordingly wrote to Petty, but Petty was really unwell, and could not obey the summons. However, Aguecheek, with marvellous celerity, appeared in his stead; and, after a long conference with the Squire, undertook to try his hand at the household. This intelligence was communicated to the Juggler by Mat-o'-the-Mint, who at an untimely hour burst into his apartment.

"Get up, for the love of mercy!" cried Mathew, who appeared preternaturally excited; "do you know that Squire Bull has sent for Aguecheek?"

"For Aguecheek?" ejaculated the Juggler, trying to collect his ideas, and fumbling beneath the pillow for his thimbles.

"Yes—for Aguecheek! And what else could you expect, seeing that you chose to hold your tongue at the late discussion in servants'-hall? Glossin is going about arrogating the whole merit of putting Manley out to himself; and he even went the length of saying to a friend of ours, that you were used up and past service!"

"Did he say so?" cried the Juggler.

"Yes, he did; and worse than that, he told Augustine that you were not a man for the times, and that Squire Bull must have servants that know a rosary from a necklace—here are your breeches."

"Confound his impudence!" said the Juggler, wrestling himself into his nether garments. "But what is it you wish me to do?"

"Do?" replied Mathew: "a mighty pretty question that, when they are filling the offices as fast as you could fill a dozen glasses of sherry! Aguecheek has the whole disposal of them. Glossin's in, and Grime, and at least eight or ten others of that set; and if you don't make haste and strike in, both you and I are likely to go to the wall."

"And Protocol—what of him?" said the Juggler.

"O! Proto's playing his own game. Fighting shy at present, but, in the long-run, you'll see he'll come in for a good slice. I wish I was as

sure of promotion. As you value your hopes upon earth, Juggler, don't think of shaving! I tell you it is all up with us if you can't make terms within the next hour. Ha! who is that? Gray, as I hope for wages!"

And Gray burst breathless into the room.

"It's a special dispensation that I find you dressed!" panted he. "Off with you this instant to Aguecheek's! The rogues are playing us false, and, if you don't take care, we shall all be regularly swindled!"

"Whom do you mean? Who is

playing us false?" said the bewildered Juggler.

"Why, Glossin and the rest of them, to be sure! What demon possessed you that you did not force them to sign and seal? Why, we shall be made a laughing-stock to the whole world!"

"Be easy," said the Juggler, with a forced laugh, "they can't well do without me."

"But they may do without us!" was the simultaneous remark of Gray and Mat-o'-the-Mint, as they hurried him from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW AGUECHEEK DISPOSED OF THE JUGGLER; AND HOW GLOSSIN AND HE LAID THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

Gray and Mat-o'-the-Mint spoke the words of eternal truth. Aguecheek could well afford to deny himself the benefit of their assistance in the household; in fact, from the very first, he had resolved upon that deprivation. But it was not so easy to pass over the Juggler, who might be really dangerous if provoked. Besides, without his concurrence, it was clear that Aguecheek could not go on; and how to gain that concurrence without giving Jug more prominence in the household than Glossin had any mind for, had been the subject of anxious deliberation. Matters had come to this pass in Squire Bull's household, that no one seemed to care about the interest of the estate. The only questions that were cared for were—"Who shall be steward?" and, "Who shall fill the inferior situations?"—and so infatuated were the people of Bullockshatch, that they absolutely concerned themselves more for these things than for the credit of the Squire. Now, Aguecheek was, in reality, in a most difficult position. There were very few servants in the lower hall who went entirely along with him, for those who supported Manley, consisting of nearly one-half of the whole number, could not be supposed to transfer their allegiance, unless he adopted Manley's views, which his understrapper Glossin had distinctly repudiated. Then, failing them, he must next look for support

to the friends of the Juggler, who, though not very numerous, would be certain, if not provided for, to turn against him. Even if he got these, he was still short of his mark, for Devilsdust, Bendigo, and Hum, had a strong itching to try their hands at double entry; and if some of them were not taken in, there was the certainty of an immediate rumpus. Also Peter's rascals, notwithstanding their vow on the holy poker, were willing to be propitiated with a touch of palm-oil; but, failing that, would set the house on fire about his ears. So that Aguecheek, who had broadly declared that his views were the same with those of Manley on every point—except the question of the tolls, which was now settled—was forced, if he wished to continue as steward, to secure the assistance, (1st) of the Juggler and his friends, who proposed to do away with the ten-bar gate; (2dly,) of Devilsdust and his friends, who wanted to abolish the upper servants, take his living from Martin, and reduce the number of watchmen on the estate; (3dly,) of Donnybrook and his allies, whose object it was to bring in Peter in place of the Squire, to have Patrick burned at the stake, and to hand over every gentleman's estate to his tenants. And out of these beautiful materials, Aguecheek vowed to the Squire that he would produce a perfect system, and most consummate organisation!

"Good morning, Sir Andrew!" said the Juggler, as he walked into the steward's apartment, apparently quite at his ease. "Ah, Glossin, my friend, how goes it? You are astir by times to-day. 'Tis the early bird that picks up the worm, eh? Ha, ha! excuse the joke! Well, I think we have given Manley a sufficient drubbing at last!"

"O—then you voted against him?" said Aguecheek, as if he knew nothing at all about the matter.

"Of course I did!" replied the Juggler, getting very red about the gills. "What reason have you to doubt it?"

"O, none at all," replied Aguecheek; "only, as you did not speak in servants'-hall, I thought perhaps you might have gone the other way; and, to say the truth, I have been so busied since with the Squire's affairs, that I have not had time to look over a report of the proceedings. Well, Mr Glossin, you were about to make a remark when we were interrupted?"

"Am I to understand, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, that you wish to have my support or not?" said the Juggler, upon whom this indifferent reception had the effect of a shower-bath.

"How can you ask such a question, my dear sir?" replied Aguecheek, benignantly; "of course I count, with all confidence, upon your valuable assistance."

"Then let me tell you, you are taking a very odd way of securing it!" said the Juggler. "In one word, what are your terms?"

"Terms, my dear sir?" replied Aguecheek, "I really do not understand you."

"O come—none of that nonsense! You know very well what I mean," said the now incensed Juggler; for, to do him justice, he had a good deal of spirit about him when his own interest was at stake. "I am much too old a sparrow to be caught with such chaff!"

"I crave your pardon, Sir Andrew," interposed Glossin, with one of his oliest smiles; "but it appears to me that you have misunderstood Mr Juggler. I rather imagine that his visit has reference to one of those little domestic arrangements which

we were occupied in discussing when he entered. Perhaps it might be as well if you assured him how carefully his interest has been attended to—"

"O, if that is what Mr Juggler means," said Aguecheek, "he may be sure that everything is right. Here, my dear sir, is a list of the situations which have not been filled up, and you are most cordially welcome to any which you may choose to select for yourself."

A film came over the eye of the Juggler as he looked at the paper. Opposite to the best situations were already written the names of Aguecheek, Glossin, Grime, and others; but hardly one of his friends, except Timber, appeared to have been noticed by Aguecheek.

"I don't understand this at all!" stammered he. "There seems to be no place vacant which I could accept—unless, indeed, it were Protocol's former post—"

"Which, allow me, who have once filled it," interrupted Aguecheek, "to characterise as the very situation most in accordance with your varied and distinguished talents. It rejoices me indeed to observe that you have been instinctively led to select that precise position in the household in which you can render the most signal service to our beloved master. I give you joy! Mr Glossin—pray, take a note of it. And now that this affair is so agreeably and amicably settled, may I beg that you will excuse us—"

"But one word more!" said the Juggler. "Mat-o'-the-Mint has a strong desire—"

"Impossible, my dear sir! Quite out of the question!" chorused simultaneously Aguecheek and Glossin.

"But his age—his position," insisted the Juggler.

"Are undoubted," replied Aguecheek; "but you must pardon me if I am firm in this matter. It has been already considered."

"And Gray, who has served the Squire so faithfully—"

"Must exert himself in a private capacity," responded Aguecheek. "I honour your motives, my dear Mr Juggler; but the service—the service—we must look to that before everything else. Would you believe it, my dear sir? I have this morning had

my heartstrings torn, by being compelled to refuse Mr Ghoul a place. It requires a Spartan nature to submit to these sacrifices; but duty demands them, and I obey. So, a very good morning to ye."

"But, I say—you have not told me yet what you are going to do! Upon my credit," said the Juggler, with a sickly smile, "you are rather too close with your colleagues! You might, at least, give one a hint or so. What about the ten-bar gate, and Moses?"

"Might I venture," said Glossin, who was always fond of quoting the Apocrypha, "to refer the honourable Juggler to a couple of the sayings of the son of Sirach. The first, if I recollect aright, runs thus: 'Be not curious in unnecessary matters; for more things are showed unto thee than men understand.' And the second is equally to the purpose—'Some man holdeth his tongue, because he hath not to answer; and some keepeth silence, knowing his time.' I apprehend, with all submission, that we may rank ourselves in the former category."

"A most beautiful remark!" said Aguecheek, piously, "and one which must satisfy Mr Juggler."

"And if he has any further doubt," added Glossin, "I would respectfully beg to refer him to our mutual friend, Augustine, for the doctrine of mental reservation."

You will hardly believe it, but these two managed between them so effectually to bamboozle the Juggler, that he left the room without having provided for a single man of his dependents, and without knowing, any more than the King of Ashantee, what course Aguecheek intended to pursue with regard to the household! The truth is, that he was overawed by the genius of Glossin, who could have beat him any day at the thimbles, —a conviction which painfully forced itself upon him before he reached his room, where he was nearly torn into pieces by his disappointed friends and relatives.

No sooner had he left, than Aguecheek and Glossin gave way to a paroxysm of laughter. "That bird has been more easily caught than I expected," said Glossin, wiping his eyes;

"I begin to suspect that he has had more credit for pluck than he deserves. He made a most miserable fight for Mat-o'-the-Mint! But what are we to do with Devilsdust?"

"Devilsdust we can't have—that's flat!" said Aguecheek. "Neither the Squire, nor the tenantry, would stand him. But we may take in one of his set by way of sop. What do you say? There's Moleskin, a gentleman by descent, at all events, and a clever fellow. There's no saying what effect a touch of quarter-day may have upon him."

"No doubt the effect will be electric," replied Glossin. "I entirely agree. His views certainly—wherefore I laud Saint Pancras—are not mine; but, in a matter of this sort, one must not be too particular. I flatter myself I am above prejudice; and, as Machiavelli somewhere remarks, when the devil sends a cook, you had better look to his talents than his character. Craving your stewardship's pardon, however, will that keep Devilsdust quiet?"

Aguecheek rose, and strode about the room.

"The foul fiend fetch me—that I should make such a remark!—if this is not the most ugly part of the business. By surrendering small pickings to the Juggler, we can secure the most part of his tail. Neither Gray, nor Mat-o'-the-Mint, nor that northern harpy, Pancake, dare go against him. But who can count on the other fellows? Glossin—I'll give you the first quarter of my salary, if you can find a way of taking us out of that fix."

"Don't mention such sublunary motives!" said Glossin, thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket, with an air of resisting temptation. "There's Straddle—he's no better in my eyes than an absolute heathen, and I should have great pleasure in subscribing for a faggot to have him burned—yet, as he may be of use to us, I am clear for letting him in. He may possibly propitiate Obadiah. I'll answer for Augustine, if you can muzzle Jack. But there are Peter's supporters—what's to be done with them?"

"Ay, that's the rub," said Aguecheek. "I've written to two of them, offering them places in the household,

and I expect an answer every minute. Here, I presume, it comes." And he read as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—Pigskin and myself will take the situations with all the pleasure in life, and much obliged to you for the same. With regard to the others, I cannot say how they may go. Between ourselves, I hope you have command of the ready. Nothing like the dust on these occasions; and that old bloated monster, Bull, would not be the worse of a slight bleeding. Donnybrook is willing enough for a reasonable consideration; but my impression is that you must buy the whole lot. Yours very truly, CATARRH."

"Buy the whole lot," cried Glossin; "why, there are at least fifty of them! Here's a pretty business!"

"Tis enough to drive a man distracted!" replied Aguecheek. "This is absolutely infamous! Do these rascals expect that we are to rob the Squire in order to purchase them? And yet, if we don't do it, what is to become of us? It is true we might ask Peter to keep them right, for we stood by him in the affair of Hippopotamus; but the old scoundrel has no gratitude, and swears he has been insulted by the Juggler. What say you, eh?"

"If it came to a question between Peter and the Juggler," said Glossin, musingly, "I think I know what I should do. However, don't let us anticipate evils. We have a fair start at all events; and I think I see my way to talking over some of Manley's men."

"Ah! that would really be a service!" cried Aguecheek. "You can tell them, you know, that we are just the same as themselves, that we will keep everything square and right, and make the household respectable!"

"I'll try," said Glossin; "but it is not easy. What do you think? this very morning I had a talk with old Martin on the subject, and found him shaking his head. 'It appears to me, Mr Glossin,' said he, 'that this is one of your modern miracles. Either you must have converted the Juggler, Deviladust, Moleskin, and Catarrh, and brought them all to your way of thinking, which they deny, or they have converted you; in which case it would be agreeable to know with which of them you are disposed to agree. I am an old man now, and have no great turn for new miracles; so you had better go to my son, Augustine.' And that was all I could get out of him."

"An obstinate old codger!" quoth Aguecheek. "I trust Jack will know his interest better. But, as you say, we have plenty time to think matters over. I'm steward, at all events, and that is a great comfort!"

What took place afterwards, deserves to be recorded in another chapter. It is probably unnecessary to say that Protocol accepted a situation—not, as he remarked, from any personal motives, but solely as a matter of duty to his beloved master the Squire. Indeed, it was quite wonderful to see how duty became the fashion.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES.

ASSOCIATIONS of an occult or invisible character have in every age exercised a peculiar fascination over the multitude. With much of the distinctness of philosophy, they have combined the mysticism of superstition; and by that anomalous alliance have, at different periods, wielded an authority more gigantic than was ever possessed by the most puissant conqueror. Nations have bowed down before them in obedience—senates have propitiated their favour by concessions—princes have become their vassals, and sovereigns their votaries. Unseen and impalpable, they have proved more destructive than Juggernaut: their car has rolled over the most stubborn races and the most haughty potentates. Surprising as is the *prestige* acquired by these institutions, it is by no means difficult to discover the cause of their almost preternatural dominion. The talisman of their power was their secrecy. They became august and terrible by reason of their very indistinctness. To the imaginations of the million there appeared to be something divine in bodies which arrogated to themselves so many of the attributes of Omnipotence. It was this obscurity which reflected and magnified the dread of the uninitiated, just as the vapours of the Brocken are said to present colossal spectres to the traveller by reflecting the shadow of his own stature as he journeys along the pinnacle of the Hartz Mountains. It was the inscrutable privacy, for example, of the Council of Ten which enabled it to hang the sword of Damocles, and the rock of Sisyphus, and the gorgon-buckler of Medusa, above the marble homes of the Venetians; to scatter poison over their bowls of pleasure, and sprinkle asps among the flowers strewn in their processions; to multiply assassinations with every groan *under the leads*, and every bubble on the Adriatic; and to realise a resemblance between its own austere tribunal and the sublime but dismal allegory of Death—a shape,

“If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.”

Wherever and whenever a sect or confederacy has been established, the interest, or, more frequently, the fear inspired by its invisibility has been very speedily manifested. This is attested by the records of antiquity, as well as by the experience of contemporaries. It is discernible in every kindred society, from the rise of the Druidical religion to the most perfect reorganisation of freemasonry; from the inspired ravings of the sybil to the impassioned but discursive oratory of Irving; from the scientific phantasms of the Rosy Cross, to the political fanaticism of the Vehmgericht. The same predominant characteristics may be recognised throughout the whole catalogue, even down to the latest of the revolutionary schemes of democracy among the Carbonari in Italy or the agrarian marauders in Ireland. They possess one moral complexion in common with each other; their bond of union is identical; their policy has the same oblique tendencies; they are alike inscrutable, enigmatical, and incomprehensible. This truth is manifest, whether we track the Neapolitan *carbonari* or the Irish peasantry; whether we follow the one into the fastnesses of the Abruzzi, or the other into the pasturelands of Tipperary; whether we contrast the assailants of King Joachim with those of King Ferdinand; whether, in short, we particularise amongst the murderous Thugs of Erin, the Levellers, the Whiteboys, the Molly Maguireites, the Rockites, the Blackfeet, the Whitefeet, the Terryalts, or the Ribbonmen. Under all designations, these confederacies have maintained the same imperturbable aspect, and the same inviolable

secrecy. Sometimes evoked by priestcraft, sometimes by knavery, and sometimes by the spirit of insubordination, they have ostensibly aimed at religious supremacy, at social improvement, or at the advancement of philosophic knowledge; and, while they have been most effectually agitating the passions of the rabble, they themselves have appeared most passionless and unimpassionable.

Of all kinds of occult associations, however, those have obtained the most influence over the community which have been associated with the bewitching dreams of the Grecian mythologists. The attractions of romance and poetry have enhanced their authority, and rendered sublime and supreme the festivities of Eleusinia, Demetria, and Thesmophoria. Yet it is scarcely surprising that such should have been the case among a people so peculiarly susceptible as the ancient Greeks, and especially when that people abandoned themselves, heart and soul, body and mind, to the exquisite seductions of polytheism. Still less can this be matter of astonishment, when we reflect that even now-a-days, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, men are still to be found who fantastically affect a homage for the creed of the polytheists. Across the abyss of so many ages, the unholy voice which is said to have lamented over the billows of the Ionian sea, crying out, "*Great Pan is dead!*" finds an echo among the very shrines of Christianity.

Until very recently, it was admitted on all hands that the divinities, as well as the letters of the Grecians, might be traced to the priesthood and the philosophers of Egypt—a striking similarity being observable between the ceremonies of Greece and those performed by the Egyptians. All archæologists indiscriminately coincided in regarding the religious worship of the two countries as, in a great measure, identical; and in maintaining that the ideas which were prevalent in Northern Africa under the Pharaohs, were discernible in the festivities of the Athenians, in the days

of Miltiades and Epaminondas. During the course of the present century, however, doubts were awakened as to the wisdom of this credulity in statements hitherto advanced solely upon the credit of the classic historians. A new department of intellectual activity had been opened to inquirers by the genius of the German students in philology. The disquisitions of Wolf upon the origin of the Homeric Songs had excited a noble emulation among scholars generally throughout Christendom: and it was to this emulation that, in England, we were mainly indebted for the researches of the late lamented Dr Arnold; and, in Italy, for the remarkable investigations of a mind not less luminous in criticism than in poetry—that of the youthful and ill-fated Count Giacomo Leopardi. Pre-eminent, however, among all his illustrious contemporaries was that modern annalist of Rome whose daring and profound scepticism dissipated so many of the beautiful illusions of Pagan literature. What Niebuhr was, moreover, to the history of the Latins, Lobeck, to some extent, proved himself to be afterwards, in reference to the mysteries of the Greeks—"finding solace and light," like his predecessor, "upon the clear mountain-summits of antiquity."* Besides Lobeck, a variety of distinguished writers have endeavoured to clear up all uncertainties as to the real source of these occult festivities of the mythologists. Hence the very curious labours of Görres and of Ritter, of Schmitzler and of Raoul-Rochette. It is to Lobeck, however, that the principal amount of attention in this matter should be directed, because the most important arguments upon the question at issue owe to him their existence, through the pages of his extraordinary work, *Aglaophamus*. Acknowledging at once the ability revealed in that great and comprehensive production, we must, nevertheless, avow with equal promptitude our incapacity to accept as proven the whole of his very ingenious, but also very eccentric, hypothesis. Dif-

* The Chevalier Bunsen's *Essay on Niebuhr*, in the *Lebensnachrichten*, vol. iii. p. 304.

fering from him in several essential particulars, it is right that we should here explain our views—with all respect, be it observed—as contradistinguished from the opinions entertained by the Professor of Regimonti; though the task of so doing, incidentally, in the course of a single essay, may be estimated, and not without reason, as scarcely less difficult than that of carving upon the surface of a cherrystone the whole of the intricate designs of the shield of Achilles.

According to the ancient belief, as proclaimed by Herodotus, the earliest civilisers of Greece were foreigners, who had acquired, on the banks of the Nile, knowledge from the cultivation of science, and wisdom from the practice of religion. Several writers, it is true, agreed with Nonnus* in attributing the glory of this enterprise to Cadmus the Phœnician; while others considered it entirely due to the innovations introduced by Pelops the Phrygian. Yet, if we were to credit the assertions both of Euripides and of Aristophanes, the mythical story of Orpheus was, on the contrary, to be considered as the only reliable account of the undertaking—a declaration, consequently, referring the fame of its achievement to the deified hero of the Thracians. Popular, however, as these conjectures were at different periods in Attica, they were all, for the most part, immeasurably surpassed in popularity by the one which, either through Cecrops or Danaus, awarded the palm of priority to an Egyptian adventurer. Under any circumstances, the latter idea must be admitted to be, of all, the most fascinating—kindling the imagination, as it does, with the reflection that Greece was thus indebted to the lore of Africa—to that hoary and primeval wisdom which woke into activity in the darkness of remote centuries, and which was approaching its decrepitude before the first Ptolemy assumed the diadem of Alexandria.

Whencesoever the importation of learning into Greece, that it *was* originally imported not even the most

incredulous have ventured to gainsay—the civilisation of a country never having proved, in a single instance, to be self-created or indigenous, springing, as it necessarily must, from the intercommunion of nationalities. Equally assured are we, also, that ethics more than science, that religion more than abstract philosophy, is ever the medium employed for the development of this civilisation—testimonies of the accuracy of which assertion are, indeed, afforded by almost every chapter in the annals of humanity, from the earliest wanderings of the worshippers of the Hindoo Trimarti to the latest expedition of the Christian missionaries. It must be remembered, moreover, in illustration of this priority or pre-eminence of religion as the handmaid of civilisation, that, as in the Bible of the Hebrews, the intellectual treasures of the races of antiquity were stored up in their sacred volumes—in the Indian Vedas and the Parsee Zendavesta. It was thus with the Greeks as with the majority of the Oriental populations. Müller, indeed, goes so far as to aver,† that the *Theogony* of Hesiod was no less a religious code than the Shasters, or the Sadder, or indeed, we might add, than the exoteric teachings of the Magi, or the Gymnosophists. In examining, consequently, into the progress of mental advancement in Greece, we must perforce observe the gradual growth and complication of its mythology. From the crudest germs of adoration, from a grovelling credence in the gods of Fetichism, to the time when that belief had become sublimated into a system of symbolised emotions, or of passions exquisitely personified, we watch the building up of that marvellous edifice, in which the phantoms of poetry were enshrined as the rulers of the universe. Unlike the creed of the Persians, we find that of the Pelasgi to have displayed itself from the outset through the medium of material representations. Instead of acknowledging the incongruous supremacy of an evil principle like Ahrimanes, and of a beneficent principle

* Nonnus, lib. iv. p. 130; Eurip. *Rheso*; Aristoph. *Renis*, 315.

† Müller's *Hist. Lit. Græc.*, viii. § 3.

like Oromandes, the primitive inhabitants of Hellas bent the knee in homage before divine ideas, evoked, as it were, from the original elements of creation, from the dust of that earth which appealed to their sympathies through so many attributes of sublimity and loveliness. Having thus satisfied the popular egotism, by vindicating their genius as originators—having deified, for example, fire as in Vulcan, and water as in Neptune—they appear to have multiplied the mystic objects of their veneration, not merely by the worship of love as in Venus, and of revenge as in Nemesis, but by the adoption of divinities previously recognised elsewhere. Importations of this kind are universally admitted; but it is in regard to the particular time and peculiar manner of these importations that the opinions of modern scholars have become divided. The entire question, moreover, is so singularly involved with the arguments relating to the rise of the Eleusinian mysteries, that in recounting consecutively the facts connected with the latter circumstance, it will be impossible not to unravel, in a great measure, the whole of that entangled subject—of which those mysteries are, without doubt, the most remarkable illustration.

Incredulous as to the influence said to have been exercised over the Greek by the Egyptian mythology, Lobeck insists that the religious ceremonies performed at Eleusis, in honour of Demeter, were originally racy of the soil of Attica, and were only adulterated when Greece became politically connected with Egypt, long after the period of their foundation. Mysticism, according to his idea, resolved itself into religion during the interval which elapsed between the Homeric age and the Persian war; and the festivities here specified are referred, by him, not even to the Athenians, much less to the Egyptians, but to the Eleusinians themselves exclusively—the children of the violet-

crowned Acropolis, if we are to accept his hypothesis, having been first allowed the privilege of participating in the celebration, on the occasion of their triumph over the people of Eleusis during the reign of Erectheus—an age very considerably removed from the time of Pandion, formally mentioned by Apollodorus.* For the purpose of imparting some degree of consistency to his statement, Lobeck maintains that the secrecy in which the ceremonies referred to were involved, was merely attributable to the jealousy with which the inhabitants of the different Grecian states regarded the adoration of their respective divinities. Fearful that their gods might be decoyed from them by the more impassioned homage, or the more sumptuous propitiation of their neighbours and contemporaries, the Greeks are known, indeed, to have frequently offered up their prayers in silence, in order that they might the more effectually avoid the possibility of provoking any such dangerous emulation. Hence the assertions advanced by this ingenious philologist, that the *mysteries* of Eleusis were so called simply from the desire of the Eleusinians to exclude others from sharing in the ceremonial worship of their divine protectors, Ceres and Proserpine, and that their ritual adoration might, from the circumstance of its secrecy, have ultimately acquired, though very slightly, a certain mystical character. He argues, in fine, that a somewhat profounder solemnity may have been infused into these religious festivities when the citizens of Athens were permitted to join in them with their originators the Eleusinians; but above all, and beyond all, avers that the rites, in the first instance, were purely Greek, afterwards slightly tinged possibly by Egyptian adulterations. Such, in brief, is the masterly argument by which Lobeck has endeavoured to overturn the belief of generations. Inadequate we consider it to be for that purpose, but still sufficiently

* Apollodorus, iii. xiv. 7. For the extraordinary theory broached by Lobeck, see *Aglaophamus*, tom. i.—*Eleusin.* p. 228, where "*Græcorum mysteria erudiendis hominum ingeniis non instituta, neque a sacris publicis quidquam diversa fuisse maximum clericalis sapientie columnen excisum erit,*" are the words in which his daring thesis is proclaimed.

plausible to demand some attempt at an explicit and logical refutation.

The mysteries of the Eleusinians we still consider, notwithstanding the ability displayed by Lobeck and his disciples in their very specious and persuasive hypothesis, to have been originally introduced into Attica through the instrumentality of some Egyptian traveller. Without accepting as conclusive the declaration of Herodotus, confirmed by a similar statement of Clemens Alexandrinus, to the effect that the daughters of Danaus first taught the ceremonies of the mystic worship of Ceres to the Pelasgians*; without crediting a rather contradictory assertion of the latter writer, that the founder was Melampus, any more than the assurance of Sophocles that it was Eumolpus, or even that it was Inachus according to Epiphanius, or Musæus according to Tertullian†; without regarding, for an instant, the mythical story which traced the foundation of the mysteries to the goddess Demeter herself, on the occasion of her arrival in Attica in quest of Persephone—viewing each of these accounts as frivolous, nay, let us add, laughing them all to scorn as fabulous, we must nevertheless continue persuaded that the celebration originally existed in Egypt, having been imported thence at a very early period, and formally established among the Eleusinians. From the first agitation of this inquiry, it has been erroneously maintained that the religious mysteries among the Greeks are invariably found associated with the ancient Pelasgian divinities. Why, Ceres herself was not a Pelasgian divinity! Demeter was *not* Greek in her origin: she was a goddess borrowed from the Egyptians. The truth of this is significantly visible in the circumstance that the cultivation of corn was introduced among the Grecians from

Africa. And that Ceres was peculiarly identified with that branch of agriculture was demonstrated clearly enough, we conceive, by the familiar adage of antiquity—*Νύμφαι ὕδαρ, σίτος Δημήτηρ*—*nymphæ aquæ sunt, Ceres frumenta*. Referring, moreover, to various ancient, mediæval, and recent authorities, it will be perceived that the notion conveyed by that phrase of the Athenians is consistent with their opinion that Ceres and Isis were identical. Plutarch regarded them as such, as also did Herodotus—the views of those remote writers having been subsequently echoed in the early days of Christianity by no less credible an antagonist of paganism than Lactantius, and still later by Dupuis in France, and by Prichard among our own countrymen.‡ These impressions, be it observed, are yet further entitled to consideration, from the circumstance of their being in no way incompatible with the suggestion of De Pauw,§ that the mysteries of Ceres originated in the *fêtes champêtres* of harvest as those of Bacchus sprang from the festivities of vintage—De Pauw himself being not the least formidable depreciator of these mystic celebrations. As additional testimony that Ceres and Isis were identical, in a similar manner as were Bacchus and Osiris, it may be remarked that a distinguished historian now living—no less careful a collator of the classics than Mr Grote—speaks of Demeter and Dionysius as “the Grecian counterparts” of the Egyptian divinities particularised.|| Beyond which it may be remarked that this resemblance, or rather identity, is further verified by the intimacy of the relationship in which the Grecian, as well as the Egyptian, god and goddess stood towards each other. Pindar, indeed, expressly designates Bacchus as the partner of Ceres both in the

* Herodotus, ii. 171, 182. Clemens Alexandrinus, *Stromat.* iv. c. 19. “Fuerunt Danaï filię, quæ hæc sollennitatem ex Ægypto transtulerunt, mulieresque Pelasgas docuerunt.” Natalis Comitiss *de Mythologia*, lib. v. p. 340.

† Clemens, *Coh. ad Gentes*, p. 12; Sophocles, *Ad. Ed. Col.*, v. 1108; Epiphanius, *Adv. Har.* tom. i. c. x. § 9; Tertullian, *Apolog.* c. 21.

‡ Plutarch, *De Isid.*, p. 362, 364, et 369; Herodotus, ii. 42, 59, 144; Lactantius, *De Falsa Relig.*, p. 119, § 21; Dupuis, *Origine des Cultes*, tom. ii. p. 516; and Dr Prichard, *Analysis of Egypt. Myth.*, c. ii. § 2, p. 69.

§ De Pauw, *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Grecs*, tom. ii. p. 209.

|| Grote's *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 60.

celestial throne and the adoring cymbals, while Sophocles apostrophises the tutelary deity of the vineyard as —Thou who reignest in the arms of the goddess of Eleusis!* It is enough, however, to observe that our estimate of the African derivation of Demeter is confirmed by the evidence of Limburg-Brouwer, the latest, perhaps the most sagacious, certainly the most dispassionate among the whole range of philologists. Speaking of the circumstance that the Athenians themselves considered Ceres to be a foreign divinity, he concedes the fact that the origin of her worship is immediately traceable to the Egyptians.† Remember that this is the opinion deliberately expressed by one who wrote with the arguments of Müller, of Voss,‡ and of Lobeck before him, and that, in quoting it, we are not resorting to the ideas entertained by any of the obsolete or despised authorities. It were practicable, of course, to refer, in proof of the Egyptian origin of the mysteries, to the venerable pages of Diodorus Siculus, and so on, downwards, through the various writers upon the subject to the less imposing volumes of Dupuis and Saint Croix.§ Discredit has been brought, however, upon their reasoning, in consideration of their indisputable credulity, and more recent critics are deemed to have supplanted even the respectable influence of Warburton. Without laying too much stress, therefore, upon the assertion of Zonaras, that Greece was civilised by the Egyptians, and Egypt itself by the Chaldeans; without insisting upon the reasonableness

of that remark of Bryant, that the philosophers who migrated from the Nile into Attica brought with them the arts and worship they had previously introduced in the former country; without going the length of Cudworth, where he defines the Egyptian to have been “the pattern” of the Greek and Roman theologies, we might almost content ourselves with repeating the moderate and rational opinion advanced within the present century by M. Ouvaroff,||—namely, that the religion of the Athenians was based upon traditions of the East, drawn originally from Africa, after they had undergone a certain amount of modification. Later and more considerable authorities, nevertheless, have rendered superfluous any extended allusion to this graceful and meritorious dissertation. Grote has accepted, as beyond the necessity of further demonstration, the introduction into Attica of Thracian, Phrygian, and Egyptian rites, “distinct both from the public and the gentile solemnities;” acknowledging, besides, a belief in the importation of religious ideas and feelings having especial reference to Demeter and Dionysius.¶ Thirlwall, moreover, though reluctantly it is true, agrees that the religions of the East “very early” exerted some influence on that of Greece, and confesses even that Egypt may have contributed to the building up of the Hellenic mythology.** While the elegant and profound researches of Limburg-Brouwer have impelled him to the avowal of a similar conviction, only one yet more clearly and reso-

* Pindar, *Isthm.* vii. 3, remarkable for the expression *χαλκισθέντι πυρίδρι Διμήτρει*; and Sophocles, *Antigone*.

† Limburg-Brouwer, *Histoire de la Civilisation Mor. et Relig. des Grecs*, tom. ii. c. xiv. p. 299. The words are worth transcribing in the original—“Je crois,” says he, “que nous pouvons admettre que le culte de Cérès fut d’origine Egyptienne.”

‡ See Müller, *Hist. Lit. Græc.* p. 287; Voss, *Mythologische Briefe*. Band. iii. p. 186, *et passim*.

§ Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. § 96, et lib. iii. § 69; Dupuis, *Origine des Cultes*, tom. iv. p. 1–35; and Saint Croix, *Recherches sur les Myst. du Pagan.* § v. p. 216.

|| Zonaras, i. 22, *Εκ χαλδαίων γὰρ λαμβάνει φάσμα ταῖς πρὸς Αἰγύπτου ἢ αὐτὸς πρὸς Ἕλληνας*. Bryant, *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, vol. iii. p. 408; Cudworth, *True Intellectual System of the Universe*, book i. c. iv. p. 480; and Ouvaroff, *Essai sur les Myst. d’Eleusis*, § 2, p. 23, where he says, “L’Egypte a transmis aux Grecs les traditions Orientales, après les avoir altérées.”

¶ Grote’s *History of Greece*, vol. i. pp. 30, 32.

** Thirlwall’s *History of Greece*, vol. i. c. vi. p. 215.

lutely enunciated.* Writing as recently as 1834, the last-mentioned scholar declares his judgment, despite the arguments of Lobeck and his followers, to have pronounced strongly in favour of the Egyptian hypothesis, particularising the ceremonies of Eleusis as indisputably derived from the worshippers of Isis and Osiris—an utterance grateful, one might imagine it, to the *manes* of Herodotus, reviving the glories of that renowned Olympiad which witnessed his literary coronation.

Everything considered, therefore, in reference to this curious and intricate question in classic philology, we are confirmed in the opinion that for the worship of Ceres, and for the mysteries of Eleusis, the Athenians were directly indebted to the Egyptian philosophers. That the entire system of the Greek religion was borrowed from Egypt, from Thrace, or from Phrygia, is as improbable, to our thinking, as to that of our standard archæologist.† But that each of those countries aided materially in extending the scope of the Pelasgian mythology, we conceive to be altogether incontestable. Among the evidences of this extension, not the least memorable was the introduction of the mysteries from the banks of the river Nile to the shores of the Gulf of Salamis—an occurrence as obvious, in connection with our foregoing statements, as their subsequent removal from Eleusis to Ephesus.‡ Coinciding with Meiners that it would be idle to search after the precise year of their foundation in Attica,§ we cannot but think that the principal testimonies unite in fixing the period of their establishment somewhere about 1400 B.C.—namely, during the sovereignty of Erechtheus. According even to the admission of Lobeck, it was shortly afterwards that the Athenians were allowed to participate

in their celebration by the conquered Eleusinians. According to the first Homeric record of the legend,|| it was then that the rites were formally adopted by a section of the Hellenes. According to all the credible witnesses of the progressive development of civilisation, it was at that epoch, as far as at this distance can be reasonably calculated, that the art of agriculture became, in a manner, systematised among the descendants of the ancient Pelasgians. Borrowed from the primitive cultivators of corn in Egypt, that art was speedily personified by the Greeks in the divine form of Demeter—their instructors from the banks of the Nile having suggested the worship of that divinity by their descriptions of her prototype, and having defined from the rites of Isis kindred ceremonies of initiation.

Reorganised with peculiar pomp immediately on the admission of the Athenians, the festivities of Eleusis assumed such precedence over all other religious celebrations in mythology as to be termed neither *θῆρυς* nor *τελεται*, but *THE Mysteries* (*μυστήρια*), by way of particular distinction. They were considered, moreover, so essential for the purification of a Greek citizen, that it was the circumstance of his having neglected this most holy ordeal of initiation which led, more than either the sarcasms of Aristophanes, the arguments of Lycon, or the scurrilous aspersions of Melitus, to the condemnation and death of Socrates. Eleusis or Eleusin, a borough-town of Attica, situated exactly between Megara and the Piræus, was the spot in which these festivities were celebrated every fifth year in their greatest magnificence. And although rites of a similar character were prevalent among the Philasians, the Pheneatæ, the Cretans, the Celians, the Parrhasians, and the Lacedæmonians, it was to

* Limburg-Brouwer, *Hist. de la Civil. &c.*, tom. ii. p. 15, where he observes, "Les Grecs aient pu recevoir des idées, des traditions, et des rites religieux de l'Égypte, par l'intermédiaire des Phéniciens;" and tom. ii. c. xiv. p. 298, where he speaks thus decisively, "Je crois qu'au moins pour les cérémonies d'Eleusis il faut en revenir à l'Égypte."

† Potter's *Antiquities*, book ii. c. i. p. 217.

‡ For the mention of their introduction at Ephesus, see Strabo, xiv. 633.

§ Meiners, *Verm. Phil. Schrift.* iii. 258.

|| *Hymn Cerer.* translated by Voss in 1826, with notes.

the consecrated gardens of Eleusis that the votaries of the Peninsula and the Archipelago thronged in the largest abundance. It was to Eleusis that Æsculapius made a pilgrimage on his return from Epidaurus; it was there that Castor and Pollux were admitted after having visited the Acropolis; and it was thither that Hercules himself, the most accomplished hero of antiquity, resorted on his departure from Tirynthus. Gods and demigods, heroes and philosophers, sages, and striplings, princes and peasants, warriors and artisans, were allowed to participate indiscriminately in the sacrifices offered on these occasions to Demeter and Persephone. And their participation was at once a duty and a privilege. It was a supreme duty, because those who abstained from the periodical rites were regarded as having incurred the displeasure of the divinities, and as being doomed hereafter to eternal darkness and abasement. It was in like manner a supreme privilege, because of the comparatively small number of those who were permitted to take part in the ceremonies. Restricted, in the first instance, to the population of Attica, the prerogative was at all times denied to homicides, and bastards, and helots, and concubines, and to such as were convicted of the crime of necromancy. It was subsequently extended to every one but barbarians, though the prohibition was always most strict to the exclusion of Epicureans and Christians.

Conjectures of all kinds have been made at different periods, and by different writers, as to the possible nature of these secret and abstruse festivities. Among other suppositions, it has not unfrequently been imagined that the Eleusinian mysteries were, like the Bacchic mysteries, remarkable for their indecorum and their obscenities. This accusation is, doubtless, traceable to the circumstance of their being confounded by the early Fathers with the Mithraic and other demoralising celebrations. It is fortunate, however, that mistakes of this character have been rectified by the pagan controversialists of the early centuries of Christianity, so that we can read Origen and Eusebius by the light

furnished in the disclosures of Celsus and of Zosimus; finding, moreover, in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius a counterpoise to the errors of Theodoretus, the favourite, and perhaps the most gifted, among the pupils of Chrysostom. Deceived by the unintentional misstatements of the Fathers of the Church, Leland has, it appears to us, most erroneously adopted this belief in the abandoned bearing of the worshippers initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. Accordingly we find him asserting, in his Commentaries on Demosthenes' memorable oration in reply to Æschines, that the expression "abuse vented as from a cart," (*ὡς ἀπὸ ἀμαξίας*), had reference to the liberties of tongue indulged in by the Athenian women on their way to the temple of Demeter—whereas it was manifestly a sarcasm directed by the speaker against the theatrical character of his antagonist. No wonder, therefore, that Tourneil refused to accede to the justice of any such interpretation! It must nevertheless be admitted that Plautus afforded some show of reason to the assailants of the mysteries on the score of immorality, when in *Avarus* he described the incident befalling the daughter of Euclion during the nocturnal celebration. A more erroneous notion, however, was never prevalent, seeing that the rites of Ceres were rather solemn than licentious. The idea may have originated, possibly, in the circumstance that, on the transmission of the ceremonies from Attica to Rome, during the days of the Emperor Adrian, a certain amount of indecency was tolerated by the libertinism of the Italians: otherwise the Eleusinian mysteries were most immaculate. There was about them, indeed, a degree of severity that precluded the celebrants from the possibility of polluting the sacred precincts of Eleusis with any proceedings of an offensive character. Every step towards the porch of the edifice, consecrated to the Goddess of Nature, was an act of austere preparation. Fasting was enjoined; chastity was enjoined; and the flesh was macerated by watchings and purifications. Nor is it astonishing that such preliminary rigours should have been regarded as essential, when it is cer-

tain that the mysteries which were then divulged to the Athenians were the symbols of the most stupendous truths of creation, and the sublimest types of an invisible Divinity. Under every act of the celebration—even under the minutest—there was an awful profundity of meaning. When, at the very moment of initiation, the citizens were distinguished as the Ephoroi and the Epoptai, it was because of their actual inspection (*épopia*) of secrets hitherto concealed from humanity. When the assistants were, in like manner, termed Udranos by way of distinction, it was because of the mystic water (*ὕδωρ*) sprinkled by their hands over the prostrate bodies of the worshippers. When their supplications were raised, moreover, not to Ceres, or to Demeter, but to Actheia, it was with an exquisitely subtle reference to the anguish (*ἄχος*) with which that goddess had made her dolorous journey in search of Proserpine. Throughout every particular of these remarkable forms of adoration may be discerned, in fact, the evidences that they were the emblems, or rather the machinery, of a great system—a system at once mystical, philosophical, and ethical. Even in the etymology of the word Eleusis, there is this evidence of antiquity and depth of signification; for the town derived its name scarcely so much from the father of its founder (Eleusus) as from the reputed arrival (*ἐλευσις*) of Ceres at that island, after her departure from Enna, where, if we are to credit the ancient legend of the Greeks, she first taught the art of agriculture to Triptolemus.

According to the descriptions furnished by different writers, from Plutarch to Meursius, and from Herodotus to Fourmon le Jeune, it is unquestionable that an atmosphere of the most surpassing majesty enveloped the mysteries of Eleusinia. And the grandeur of their accompaniments

cannot have been, in any respect, inappropriate, when it is remembered that the mysteries themselves were as benignant in operation as they were tremendous in aspect. One of our own historians, speaking with all the emphasis of admiration, mentions them, indeed, as “hidden treasures of wisdom and happiness.”* Treasures they indisputably were—treasures of intellectual beauty and of moral magnificence. Besides affording a bewitching representation, commemorative of the rape of Proserpine when culling flowers on the plains of Enna, and besides presenting to the initiated a panorama of the pilgrimage of Ceres in quest of her daughter—from the moment when she lighted a brand at the flames of Etna until that in which she discovered her eating the grains of a pomegranate in the Elysian fields—the Eleusinian mysteries had a twofold purpose of a very remarkable kind: they were intended to convey a judicious sense of the infusion of the soul into matter, and to reduce to the comprehension of the multitude the authority of an unseen and impalpable Godhead over a visible and palpable universe. These doctrines have been otherwise expressed by a quaint essayist as “the descent of the soul,” and “the procession of divinity:”† they embody that creed which was suffused over the whole of the Grecian philosophy, and which maintained that the spiritual being of man was a divine particle, suffering degradation by its connection with a material nature, and destined to a more utter and irretrievable debasement unless its impurities were purged away before the period of dissolution. It was this tenet, pushed to extremity, which induced Empedocles to lament the fact of his existence: it was this which inspired Heraclitus with that grotesque antithesis, that mankind live the death and die the life of disembodied spirits:

* Gillies' *History of Greece*, vol. iii. chap. xxi. p. 193.

† “Though the descent of the soul was doubtless principally alluded to by these sacred rites, yet they likewise occultly signified, agreeable to the nature of the fable, the procession of divinity into the sublunary world.”—*A Dissertation on the Eleu. and Bacch. Myst.* By Thomas Taylor. P. 131.—Casaubon gives even a loftier purpose to the initiation, where he writes—“Finem interpretabantur perductionem animæ ad illum statum, in quo erat priusquam descenderet in corpus.”—*Exercitationes*, xvi. p. 546.

it was this which prompted the memorable expression of Pythagoras, that whatever is beheld during our waking moments is death, and during our sleeping moments a vision: it was this, in fine, which caused Plato, when alluding to the soul, to exclaim, that the body is its sepulchre! Under every variety of religion, even within three centuries after the establishment of Christianity, this startling dogma has found its advocates. For, if we are not marvellously mistaken—and we cannot recollect ever before to have heard the coincidence remarked—many of the ethical vagaries of the Manichæans were merely the revival of the dreams of the Greek mythologists; and the views of Manichæus or (as he is said, by S. Epiphanius, to have been originally called) Cubricus, were identical with those long before propounded by the congenial fancy of Aristocles. Among the other doctrines, for example, which were advanced by the Persian madman who called himself the Paraclete, and termed his disciples Manichæans, was that of the subjugation of the soul by its association with a physical existence—a poisonous belief, which had been imbibed nearly seven hundred years before by the Athenian bee when collecting the honey of truth in the gardens of philosophy. This belief, however fallacious, originated in those conjectures of the stupendous conflict between a good and evil principle, which have been prevalent in all ages, and under every diversity of circumstance—a conflict which paganism typified in the noble myth of Jupiter and Prometheus, but the mighty reality of which is explained by Revelation in the expulsion of the rebel angels from heaven, and the hurling of Lucifer,

“With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition.”

Throughout the whole of the Oriental theologies, but more particularly in the scheme of the Brahminical religion, as illustrated in Sheva the Destroyer, and Vishnu the Preserver, may be detected the pagan prescience of that struggle* which may be said to have closed only with the foundation of Christianity.

Such were the brilliant dreams which imparted fascination to the creed of antiquity, and suggested the themes of those who officiated at the mysteries of Eleusinia. Besides the peculiar ideas of theocracy which were embodied in these mysteries at the period of their original institution, the fantastic belief of Pythagoras was subsequently ingrafted upon them, and tended in no inconsiderable manner to enhance their attractions. That belief, developed into a system by the Buddhic religionists, was the transmigration of the degenerated souls of mortals, or, as it was literally termed, the doctrine of *metempsychosis*. It ultimately gave consistency to the notion of the descent of the soul into a material universe, and imparted an air of uniformity to the theology of the Hellenic republicans. This, at least, was the effect produced upon his immediate contemporaries by the teachings of the illustrious Samian, although the frivolity of his successors ultimately thwarted the intentions of “his gorgeous and august philosophy.”† Some conception may be formed of the avidity with which the Pythagorean system was welcomed by the populace, from the fact of the belief in *metempsychosis* having penetrated to the secluded forests of Britain, and become very speedily amalgamated with the metaphysical theology of the

* Shelley has already represented this primeval battle, in its mythological sense, in his splendid but blasphemous introduction to the *Revolt of Islam*, where he symbolises, under the allegoric forms of an eagle and a serpent, the two great antagonistic and coeternal principles. The whole passage, which may be classed among the finest poetical descriptions in the language, is musical with the agonies, and impassioned with the throes, of that most dismal and momentous of all imaginary collisions.

† Speaking of Pythagoras and his posterity, Sir Bulwer Lytton has observed, that “the political designs of his gorgeous and august philosophy, only for a while successful, left behind them but the mummeries of an impotent freemasonry, and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics.”—*Rise and Fall of Athens*, b. iv. chap. v. § 17.

Druids.* It rendered the abstruser phantasies of the Greek religion comprehensible to the vulgar, without diminishing its grandeur in any particular; it prepared the mind of the votaries for those vast and extraordinary revelations, which would have been otherwise only additional sources of bewilderment; and it afforded fresh incitements to the enterprises of a warlike people, by announcing to them that amidst destruction they were indestructible, and that in death they were deathless. The readers of Virgil are, however, better able to estimate the influence and tendencies of the Eleusinian festival—coloured as that festival was by the philosophy of Pythagoras—now that Warburton has proved in his *Divine Legation of Moses* that the sixth book of the *Aeneid* represents several of the shows of the mysteries. Aided by that assurance alone, it would have been possible to conjecture, though to no very considerable extent, the nature of some of the mystic ceremonies witnessed at Eleusis. We might, under the Sybilline guidance of Delphobe, have advanced from the banks of Cocytus to the waters of the Styx, and onwards to the most remote boundaries of Tartarus, but we should have still remained ignorant of the character and manner of those celebrations of which the passage into Hades was only a portion, or rather an episode. The heart of the secret would have been still undiscovered: we should still have been baffled in our endeavours to understand the reason why the festivities performed at an insignificant borough-town of Attica should have surpassed all others in importance, and have re-

tained for so many centuries an undisputed dominion over the imaginations of the most civilised people of antiquity. When we found it narrated that Nero himself, with all his matchless audacity, was deterred from joining in those festivities from a consciousness of his own heinous and gigantic crimes,† we should, without further knowledge, have marvelled at the moral authority which proved superior to the physical puissance of that imperious and lawless despot. When we learnt, moreover, that the Emperor Valentinian permitted the continuance of these festivities, in consequence of the representation made by Prætextatus the proconsul of Achaia, to the effect that the Grecians would be utterly dispirited by their abolition, and that this concession was made by Valentinian at the very period when he was prohibiting elsewhere all kinds of nocturnal sacrifices, we should have been yet more inspired with curiosity as to the nature of these inscrutable rites, and have been still more filled with astonishment at the wonderful hold they had obtained over the popular affections. Other circumstances must have tended, in like manner, to increase our amazement at the complete and irresponsible sway exercised by the institution of Eleusinia—such circumstances as the penalties inflicted upon those who, after initiation, arrested any debtor, tendered any petition, travelled to the sacred edifice in a chariot, seated themselves on the cover of a well, or devoured either mullets, beans, or weasels, besides the summary vengeance wreaked upon whomsoever presented themselves without the necessary qualifications, or divulged

* This striking coincidence between the creed of the Druids and the Pythagoreans was first recorded by Cæsar, (*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi. cap. 14,) where that accomplished conqueror writes—"In primis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios; atque hoc maxime ad virtutem excitare putant, metu mortis neglecto." Bearing in mind the latter declaration, that the doctrine of transmigration was thought to increase the bravery of the ancient Britons, "by disarming death of its terrors," we can the more readily comprehend Isocrates, (*Panegy.* p. 24,) when he mentions the Eleusinian mysteries as "fortifying the initiated against the horrors of destruction, and inspiring them with the hopes of a happy immortality." In both cases, the inference affords a fresh illustration to the adage *Χαρις ἀγνύλας τείνει, καὶ ἄνω ἰκάνει* *ἔργα, ἐμπίαν σφάττει*; the *ἰκάνει*, in this instance, being the expectations inspired by metempsychosis.

† According to his biographer, (Suet. *Nero*, c. 34,) the emperor durst not attend the Eleusinian mysteries, because, to the murder of his mother, he had recently added that of his aunt—"junxeratque parricidio matris amicitia necem."

the secrets of those occult and symbolic ceremonies—crimes which were expiated by death of the most sudden and ignominious description. Something more than the poetic enigmas of Virgil was necessary to explain the precise character of these mysteries, and to satisfy our inquisitiveness as to the particular spectacles revealed to the Athenians on such solemn and august occasions. This additional information, however, could only be accumulated piecemeal—being scattered over the whole surface of classic literature. Bit by bit, it might be culled from the oratory of Cicero, from the biographies of Plutarch, from the didactic pages of Aristotle, and from the commemorative chapters of Xenophon. Even in these authorities, the facts relating to Eleusis are frequently introduced as merely casual inuendoes; and others have been incidentally recorded by such men as Demosthenes, and Philostratus, and Ælian of Præneste, and Pausanias the Ionic historian. It has occurred to us that a juster conception might be formed of the hitherto scarcely comprehended festival of Eleusinia by a combination of these disjointed passages. The *Bibliotheca* of Lemprière, and the *Archæologia* of Robinson, have already given a narrow and unadorned synopsis of the solemnities; but hitherto in English literature no attempt whatever has been made to portray the panorama of those marvellous and thrilling rites, with the minuteness or distinctness essential for their due appreciation.

Of the Lesser Mysteries, it is unnecessary to record anything further than that they were originally established at Agræ, a district in Bœotia remarkable as the source or fountain of the Ilissus; and that these Lesser Mysteries (kept in the month of Antheserion, in honour of Proserpine) were considered, at last, to be merely preliminary or preparative. We shall restrict ourselves altogether to the delineation of the Greater Mysteries—those mysteries which, being consecrated exclusively to Ceres, were performed in the month of Boedromion; and, by wandering in imagination amongst the multitude of worshippers, we shall be enabled to indicate more accurately the nature and sequence of

initiation. Occupying, as the celebrations did, nine days, they commenced on the 15th of Boedromion, or September, and terminated on the 23d inclusively; so that ample time was allowed for the development of the whole system of the classic religion.

Throughout these intervals of the celebration, each of the votaries, with scarcely an exception, preserved a uniform expression of hilarity upon his countenance. The exhilarating effects of a festivity, animated in every particular, were perceptible in the general excitement. On the first day—the day of “Assembly,” (*ἀγυρμός*)—the worshippers merely collected together. On the second—the day denominated among the Pelasgi by the exclamation, “To the sea, O, ye initiated!” (*ἄλαδε μύσαι*)—the throng purified themselves by ablutions in the two streamlets of salt water pouring into the Gulf of Salamis, and isolating the delta of Eleusis from the Attic peninsula. Here the younger Greeks bounded through the current with the energy of Leander, their limbs exulting in the exercise, the feeblest amongst them competing with the ablest swimmers in swiftness; sometimes, as they careered through the elastic billows,

“Pressing their heels against the springy wave;”

sometimes, as they rose to the bubbling surface after a dive to the sandy bottom,

“Laughing from their lips the audacious brine.”

On the third—the day of Sacrifices, (*Θία*)—when a mullet and barley grown in the field of Rharos were solemnly consecrated to Demeter, the homage of the concourse assumed an air more than ever spontaneous and reverential. On the fourth, while the sacred basket, called *Kalathion*, was dragged through the territory of the goddess, every tongue became vociferous in its ejaculation of “Hail to Demeter!” every hand was lavish in heaping the offerings of the Athenians into the osier panniers of the females, termed *Kisophoroi*—poppies, carded wool, grains of salt, sesamum—pomegranates, ivy, reeds, cakes called

Phthois, snakes, and branches torn from the neighbouring bay-bushes. On the fifth—the day of Torches (*Ἡ τῶν λαμπάδων ἡμέρα*)—the multitude roved over the meadows at nightfall, carrying flambeaus in imitation of the mother of Proserpine. On the sixth—the day of Bacchus—the statuette of the God of Vintage was borne triumphantly from the Ceramicos. Then it was that the famous torch procession traversed the Holy Way, and the road of the Fig Tree, the mob decorated with vine-leaves and dancing to the melody of flutes and brazen kettles. Then, moreover, the votaries paused on the bridge of the Cephissus, to ridicule those who passed underneath, and, on re-entering the sacred precincts by a gateway styled the Mystical Entrance, were admitted during the night-time to the most solemn of all the rites, being themselves thereupon designated the *epoptai*, or the fully initiated. On the seventh—the day of Athletic Pastimes—the more stalwart distinguished themselves by their vigour, and the more adroit by their agility. On the eighth—a day originally instituted when Æsculapius visited Attica on his journey from Epidaurus—the Lesser Mysteries were again performed, and the imaginations of the rabble again ravished by celestial revelations. On the ninth—the day of Earthen Vessels (*πλημὸς χόαι*)—bowls of wine, sanctified by the incantations of the Hierophant, were dashed upon the ground as libations to Ceres; and the festival was completed by the discordant shouts of those who had witnessed the mysteries of Eleusinia. The rites of the Grecian *novena* were thus consummated, and thus were the worshippers dismissed.

The precise meaning of the festival of Eleusinia has been already disclosed by different writers; and those who may be solicitous to acquaint themselves with its significance, will find that the task is anything but impracticable, now that the truth has been sifted by the industry of Meursius,* by the enthusiasm of

Taylor, and by the ingenuity of Warburton, as well as by the profounder researches of Creuzer,† of Lobeck, and of Limburg-Brouwer. Contradictory as the opinions of these commentators may appear at times, the conclusion to which we are driven by their perusal is identical—namely, that the mysteries are alone capable of explanation through the assistance of the Platonic philosophy. They prove that these sacrifices were not only of an uncommon character, but that they were types of a more terrible and divine expiation; that the fictions of the mythologists were not merely remarkable for their licentious beauty, but for the wisdom which lay concealed under them in the shape of myths and allegories.

During the halcyon days when Alcibiades was in the height of his popularity, namely in the interval immediately preceding his flight to Pharnabazus, the Eleusinian mysteries were revived in all their original magnificence. Until the fortunes of that remarkable man were in the ascendant, the Athenians, according to the expression of Mr Mitford,‡ “had never dared to make the mysterious procession since Decelæia had been occupied by a Lacedæmonian garrison.” It was therefore at this period in particular that the celebration of the national festival was conducted with more than usual splendour—the inhabitants of Attica appearing to return with redoubled zest to the performance of those rites from the enjoyment of which they had been so long restricted. About daybreak on the 15th of September the citizens of Athens, according to an almost immemorial custom, began to bestir themselves; and by the time the first tints of morning were reflected on the crest of the Areopagus, the sounds of preparation had extended from the dwelling-houses to the places of public assembly. All classes, without distinction, vied with each other in activity, and, abandoning for a while their ordinary avocations, directed their steps along the streets leading towards the Holy Way, the

* Meursius' *Eleusin.* c. ii. 21.

† Creuzer, *Symbolik und Mytholog.* iv. 3, et seq.

‡ Mitford's *History of Greece*, vol. ii. chap. xix. p. 642.

road connecting Eleusis with the capital. Even the localities of most habitual resort were left tenantless, from the general anxiety to swell the ranks of the procession. The porticoes were forgotten by philosophy; the gymnasia were forsaken by the athletes; and in the public baths the attendants only ministered to a few swimmers refreshing themselves after the night's conviviality. Scarcely a flower-seller loitered in the Agorai to tighten the thongs of her sandal, or to dispose in more alluring confusion the pansies heaped together in her wicker head-basket. For a brief interval at least the disputations became less impassioned in the Lyceian, while the gladiators relaxed their struggles in the Pancratium. Litigation found but few inducements to penetrate beyond the outer vestibules of the Pnyx; the suburban demarks grew less important in their complaints to the supreme magistracy; the very strangers from remote countries, attracted to the metropolis of civilisation either by the enterprises of commerce or by the seductions of curiosity, discovered objects of fascination elsewhere than in the groves of the Ceramicos or the marble glories of the Parthenon. Long before the arrival of mid-day, the city became abandoned to an unwonted tranquillity. Art had thrown aside its chisel and its palette. Toil had ceased with the handicraftsman and his employer. Merchandise no longer retained any decoy for the speculative; the diurnal duties of the household were neglected; the commencement of a series of holidays had hushed the drone of the school-rooms, those hives of knowledge where literature was already accumulating the materials for the great masters of dialogue and narrative—for Plato the Divine Dreamer, and for that Encyclopædiast of biography, whose masterpiece has been regarded as the hand-book of heroes from the days of Constantine to those of Napoleon.

Occasionally the footsteps of some belated votary were audible, as he hastened down the deserted thoroughfares; or the voices of domestics, returning for a mislaid ornament, resounded through the piazzas of the Anthronitis. But, otherwise, the

metropolis presented a spectacle of almost unnatural stillness and desolation. In several of the more secluded residences, shadows cast by the autumn clouds flitted across the vacant perspective of the mesaulos; while, in the banquetting chamber, the sunbeams glittered in pools, betraying the recent presence of the revellers—the rosy pools of the wine-cup scattered in the merry game of the Cottabos! The prevailing silence of the solitude was alone disturbed by the plash of a fountain, the rustle of a fig-tree, or the tinkling movement of a golden lizard as it crept out from a crevice of its favourite *Priapus*, basking in the light with a bolder gaze, or threading the grass with a less timorous agility. The whole population was afoot, in the hope of participating in the holiest of the religious ceremonies of the Grecians.

Meanwhile, before noon, the skirts of the multitude advancing in one common direction had passed through the consecrated gateway, along the high-road conducting to the scene of celebration. Among this enormous concourse were visible, not only persons of all ages and of both sexes, but individuals of every imaginable grade and profession. About mid-day the pilgrimage was completed, the concourse pressing onward through the grove which surrounded the sacred edifice. The principal day of celebration had commenced; but before the chief ceremonies were permitted to begin, the labour of selection was entered upon by the officers appointed for that duty by the Government. Those alone were allowed to advance within the holier precincts who possessed one or other of the qualifications already enumerated, having, moreover, twelve months previously, assisted at the Lesser Mysteries performed at Agræ, a village situated on the borders of the Ilissus. This important examination of the credentials of the different applicants appears to have been conducted by four curators, or Epimeletai, chosen at stated intervals from the mass of the community, and presided over by one of the nine Archons, royally entitled Basileus. Scarcely had the more fortunate aspirants for initiation passed beyond

the boundaries raised against the admission of the "rejected," when their ears were saluted by the voices of the holy choristers. Modulated as these voices were by distance, and by masses of intervening foliage, the words of the singers, nevertheless, fell upon their senses with extraordinary distinctness. They were words of hope, of homage, and of supplication. The Athenians quickened their pace, and, after threading a path among the brambles, emerged in a few minutes upon a greenwood glade of considerable dimensions. A spectacle there revealed itself such as entranced their fancy with a novel sentiment of admiration.

An altar of solid marble, carved with all the skill of Arcadian workmanship, stood in the centre of the open space, immediately under the boughs of an unbrageous cedar, and within sight of the stone called the sorrowful rock (*ἀγέλαστος πέτρα*) on which Ceres was said to have seated herself when, weighed down with grief, she paused near the romantic well of Callichoros. Around the altar danced a troop of virgins, the innocent Kanephoroi, bearing in their hands the baskets which contained the consecrated implements, and chaunting in harmonious numbers the hymn dedicated to Demeter. As the melody of the epode ceased, the sacrifice proceeded. It was the sacrifice of propitiation, consisting of a pregnant sow, the offering most grateful to the goddess of nature—fruitfulness, and parturition. The victim, already deprived of life, lay burning upon the altar-stone under a heap of fragrant herbs, when the foremost of the approaching votaries issued from between the branches. The smoke of the oblation, ascending in a spiral column into the atmosphere, mingled with the fumes of wild thyme and parsley, and the perfume of citron and frankincense. Never, it seemed to the younger and more inexperienced witnesses, had they beheld loveliness capable of inspiring so much awe as at the moment when the chief priestess, or *Arcteira*, turned towards them, and seizing a torch from a vessel called the *Perirran-*

terion, scattered a shower of holy water over the worshippers. All her natural graces of feature, all her spontaneous excellencies of proportion, were enhanced by the mystic adjuncts of her solemn and sacerdotal apparel. Habited from head to foot in loose vestments of brocade—emblazoned with hieroglyphics, and white, in token of her interior purity—her brows were cinctured with a garland of ripe wheat and corn-poppies. Nor was that delicate coronal inexpressive in its character; on the contrary, it afforded another illustration of that reverence with which the creed of Olympus associated divine influences with the visible productions of the universe. It indicated the reality of that truth which has been admirably expressed by the philosopher, where he remarks that "the Greeks imagined the vegetable world connected by a thousand mythical relations with the heroes and the gods: avenging chastisement followed injury to the sacred trees and plants."* Little regard, however, could be paid exclusively to the radiant form of the priestess, the attention of the spectators being speedily distracted by the fascinating rites of adoration.

Again, the beautiful Kanephoroi danced in procession upon the green-sward; again the music of the strophe and the antistrophe resounded among the leaves of the cedar; again the couplets of the epode floated up to the heavens in a prolonged cadence. Everything combined to intoxicate the hearts of the more emotional Athenians, and prepared them for those stupendous ceremonies which were reserved for the hours of darkness and solitude. The song; the dance; the sparkling robes and brilliant maidens; the pleasant odour of the wine-cups, as they stained the sod with libations, and hissed among the live embers; the graceful movements of those who officiated, when they poured a mixture of aromatic salt and barley upon the sacrifice; every incident of the ceremonial affected them with some new feeling of satisfaction. At the same time a sense of indefinable terror increased upon their imaginations as the sun

* Humboldt's *Cosmos*, vol. ii. § 2, p. 11.

descended towards the horizon. They seemed to be rather under the wand of a demonologist than before the shrine of a divinity.

Twilight had long deepened before, one by one, the votaries advanced, trembling and expectant, towards the entrance of the gigantic temple dedicated to Eleusinia. Contrasted with the morning's hilarity, they each presented a very discrepant appearance. The costume, for example, of the Ephebos was, in some measure, essentially different from that which he had previously worn, and his cheeks had already assumed the pallor of intense expectation. The purple fillet having been removed, his golden ringlets were crowned with a chaplet of flowers, designated the Ismera, the petals of which were interwreathed with sprigs of the green and odorous myrtle. His feet, instead of being encased in shoes of an ordinary material, were shod with sandals termed dios kodion, or Jove's skin, because formed from the skin of an animal destroyed in honour of Jupiter. An unutterable horror filled the bosom of the worshipper as he paused beneath the archway, and dipped his fingers into the bowl of holy water placed there in readiness for the ablutions of those who entered. His limbs shuddered with a sensation such as he had never before experienced, for he had reached the threshold of the most renowned fane of the idolaters—the dread mysteries of Eleusis were on the eve of being

disclosed to his inspection. Scarcely had he passed under the lintel of the doorway, when he found himself enveloped in a darkness like that of midnight, and a voice whispered in his ear, warning him not to advance unless his body were cleansed and his mind divested of every carnal affection. Although his nerves thrilled at the unnatural secrecy of the admonition, the adventurer hesitated only for an instant—his footsteps resounded on the floor, and the revelations commenced.*

After he had proceeded a little further, an obscure light enabled him to distinguish, though with considerable difficulty, the character of the place through which he was journeying. It seemed to be rather an excavation than a building erected according to the rules of architecture. A green moisture dripped from the walls, and an earthy smell pervaded the atmosphere. Loathsome creatures, shaped like bats or winged lizards, flitted to and fro, occasionally beating against the face and arms of the approacher. It was a cavern such as might have excited the devotion of Zoroaster, partial as that great sorcerer was to the haunts of reptiles. While the individual about to be initiated was still groping his way onwards, he perceived, as he imagined, a swarm of spectral objects of a most grotesque and detestable aspect, and at the very instant in which he detected them the air was rent with shrieks and yells of derision. He

* Every incident—even the smallest particular—in the description which follows, has been collected from the pages of the classic authorities. Instead, however, of authenticating each sentence with a separate foot-note, it appears preferable that the principal references should be here mentioned altogether. The reader is commended therefore to Plutarch, (in *Alcib.* 34, *Phoc.* 28, et *Demetr.* 26,) to Aristotle, (in *Rhet.* ii. 24,) to Cicero, (*De Leg.* ii. 14,) to Xenophon, (in *Hist. Græc.* vi. 3,) to Philostratus, (in *Apol.* iv. 6 et 18,) to Arianus, (in *Epict.* iii. 21,) to Diogenes Laërtius, (vii. 186,) to Pausanias of Rome, (in *Hist. Græc.* i. 2, et 3, § 6, ii. 14,) to Ælianus Claudus, (in *Var. Hist.* xii. 24,) to Claudianus, (in *Rapt. Pros.* i. 7,) to Aristophanes, (in *Acharn.* 703, *Nub.* 302, et *Ran.* 309,) to Diodorus Siculus, (i. 29,) to Varro, (*De Re Rust.* ii. 4,) to Seneca, (*Quest. Nat.* vii. 31,) to Virgil, (*Georg.* i. 166,) to Proclus, (*Theol. Plat.* iii. 18,) to Gallius, (xv. 20,) to Plato, (*De Rep.* ii. 264,) to Strabo, (ix. 395 et 717,) to Thucydides, (ii. 15 et 17,) to Isocrates, (*Panegy.* p. 46,) to Apollodorus, (*Biblioth.* i. 5,) to Ovid, (*Fasti.* iv. 502,) to Herodotus, (*Hist.* viii. 65,) to Polyænus, (iii. 2,) to Clemens Alexandrinus, (*Protrept.* p. 18,) and also among others, to the works of Velleius, Demosthenes, &c. In the preceding account of the sacrifice in the grove, we have adhered to the facts furnished by Pliny, (*Nat. Hist.* xiii. 1,) by Tibullus, (ii. 1,) by Ovid, (*Met.* vii. 2,) and incidentally by one or other of the poets and philosophic historians of Italy.

was traversing the Cave of Spleen and Despair—the cave dedicated in a peculiar manner to the darker and meaner passions of humanity. On either side of this gloomy region were ranged its bestial inhabitants, displaying to him every variety of fantastic and repulsive ugliness, gibbering at him with expressions of the intensest malignity, or deafening him with screams of excruciating shrillness and discordance.* Each adventurer in succession, as he entered, strove by every means to conquer the dismay excited by these preternatural sounds and distracting illusions, when, suddenly, the phantoms vanished, the goblin din was silenced, the granite wall of the cavern was burst in twain, and he felt himself hurried by an invisible hand through the aperture.

When the votary had somewhat recovered from the confusion arising out of these marvellous occurrences, he observed that he had entered an edifice of enormous magnitude. Pillars of immense diameter and extraordinary height supported the masonry of this structure, which, extending over a vast area, was of circular proportions; and, from the summit of its aerial walls, the roof rose in a globular form, presenting to the observations of those who looked upwards, the interior of a superb dome, ribbed with precious metals, and strewn with stars and constellations of burnished copper. Between the columns, which were black and glittering like the rarest ebony, the night-breeze blew with delicious coolness against the burning foreheads of those who had newly arrived. It penetrated farther into the building, and fanned the embers which still glowed upon the altar of sacrifice. Although the flame

flickered perchance only for a moment, and then expired, it illumined every detail of the fane, and displayed a scene of astonishing solemnity and magnificence. It glimmered over a colossal statue of Ceres reared in the centre of her palace;† it disclosed a vast multitude who were tarrying for the more awful disclosures of the celebration; it blazed in the reflections of the concavity overhead, and sparkled in the minutest crevice of the pavement. What, however, particularly struck the imagination, and arrested the attention in the momentary glimpse of this spectacle, was the group collected together about the pedestal of the divinity. It assured the uninitiated that he was standing in a spot no less august than the mystic temple of Demeter—that memorable and majestic temple which was variously designated by the Grecians, musikos seikos and mustodokos domos. He recognised in an instant the different functionaries of the festival, the contrast of their garbs, and the dissimilarity of their duties. In one direction was distinguishable the sacred torchbearer, or Dadukos, clad in a garment of silver tissue, crowned with bean-blossoms, and carrying in his hand an extinguished flambeau. In another was the sacred herald, or Kerux, clothed in armour, his head covered with a brazen helmet. A third attendant, particularised as the altarpriest by the eccentric appellation, O-epi-bomo, was habited in simple white—his brows, like those of the chief priestess, being bound with a garland of corn-ears and poppies. High above his assistants appeared the figure of the holiest personage in the assembly—the revealer of the

* Pope has depicted several of the eccentric sprites, which are said to have peopled the Cave of Spleen, though his portraitures are chiefly restricted to the victims of hypochondriasis. We may instance one passage, inimitable for its absurdity, (see *Rape of the Lock*, canto iv., v. 49)—

“ Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
Once bent; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there, like Homer’s tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks,” &c.

The last verse, (not here quoted,) being the very acme of extravagance, is worthy of Rabelais.

† This very statue of the goddess is still in a state of singular preservation. Several years ago it was removed from among the ruins of Eleusis, and is now erected in the vestibule of the public library at Cambridge.

mysteries, the supreme Hierophant of initiation. His majestic stature was enveloped in a costume as gorgeous as the coronation robes of an emperor, the outer vestment being a sort of coarse brocade of woven gold, arabesqued with jewels and scented with spikenard. A diadem, lavishly adorned with emeralds, pressed his forehead, in some measure confining the hair which streamed down in abundant tresses upon his shoulders, and mingled with a beard darker than the glossy hue of the chestnut. Besides the Hierophant, who was anointed with the juice of hemlock as the type of Creative Omnipotence, and his three principal attendants—severally the representatives of the sun, the moon, and the planet Mercury—other officers were congregated in their vicinity, among whom were the curators or popular commissioners, already alluded to as the Epimeletai, two of them being descendants of the sacerdotal families of the Ceryces and the Eumolpidae. Beyond these were the Ieropoi, whose office consisted in superintending oblations, and in whose girdles gleamed the blades of their consecrated axes; the Parastoi, or local magistrates, who shared the offerings with the priesthood, divulging the fact of that participation by the sickle and the sheaf of barley borne before them on days of ceremonial; the Naopsulakes, who were the guardians of the holy utensils; and the meaner servitors of religion, the acolytes or Neokoroi, all of whom were remarkable, even to the lowliest, for the beauty and elegance of their vestures. Conspicuous among the more prominent ministrants, moreover, was observable that powerful Archon, previously mentioned by his regal synonym of Basileus. An ingenious explanation of the mystic import of these dresses and offices of the priesthood has been furnished by Porphyrius;* but for all such explanations, Lobeck has little more than a sneer of derision.† Protracted as

the time may be, occupied in the enumeration of these particulars, they were perceived in the duration of a second, and lost sight of with equal rapidity. In a single instant the crowd beheld the glory of the fane and its administrators: as the flame shot up and quivered among the embers, they comprehended the divine magnificence of the temple—in another moment the tongue of fire had disappeared, and the whole was involved in impenetrable obscurity. Immediately the darkness had descended upon the concourse, a solemn voice reverberated among the pillars—it was the voice of the sacred herald crying out to the worshippers:—

“Who is here?” said he—(Τίς τῆδε.)

“Many and good!” (Πολλοὶ καγαθοί,) was the murmured response of the populace.

“Let us pray!” (Εὐχόμεθα,) said the Hierophant.

Scarcely were the words articulated when a roaring noise, like that of a great hurricane, shook the building to its foundations. The marble floor thrilled and rippled as with the throes of an earthquake, and the people staggered to and fro in an extremity of mysterious dread. Before they could master the first agony of their terror, the din was hushed, and a lull, profound as death, succeeded. Before they could overcome their astonishment at the change, they were stunned with a repetition of the clamour, and many were dashed down upon their faces by the heavy undulations of the pavement. Again the hideous roaring ceased, and again the earth quaked, and rolled like surges, under the feet of the multitude. Lightning flashed across the heavens, and gleamed among the intervals of the columns; thunder boomed and clattered over the skies, and shook the metallic dome with its concussions. At one instant the air was lambent with a preternatural splendour, at another everything was hidden by glooms of horrible profundity. Yells and howl-

* Porphyrius, *Euseb. Pr. Er.* iii. 117.

† Thus, in allusion to these suggestions, he asks, “An quia testem luculentum habet!” adding, “At est levissimus.” So also, he sets aside Creuzer’s account of the interior meaning of the mysteries (see *Not. ad Sainteert*, tom. i. p. 448) with one flippant exclamation—“Magnifica sine dubio res et Græcorum ingenio dignissima, dummodo tera!”—*Agliophamus*, i. § 22.

ings, like those of devils, affrighted the mob, and ghostly apparitions startled them in all directions. Now they beheld a band of Centaurs; now Briareus grappling at them with his hundred talons; now Hydra; now the dismal shadows of the Eumenides; now the grim skeleton of Gyges; now the Gryphons and the Diræ; now Gorgon, with his triple body, and Cerberus, with his triple head; while Chimæra vomited flaming poison from its jaws, and Minotaur trampled them under its hoofs in a rage of madness and ferocity. Distracting, nevertheless, as were the emotions aroused by these spectral images, they were as nothing when compared with those elicited by the scenes which followed. A chasm yawned at the feet of the assemblage, and unfolded before them the secrets of the infernal regions.* They saw the sluggish waters of Phlegethon lapping against a tower of polished steel—the palace of the god of Hades. Tisiphone loomed upon them from the obscurities of Tartarus, shaking her scourge and twining snakes among her fingers. Rhadamanthus started forth upon a throne of judgment, dispensing his inexorable vengeance on the spirits of the damned. On one side poured the billows of Cocytus; on another those of Lethe; on a third the waves of Acheron; and in the distance they distinguished the Stygian river, with its boatmen Charon ferrying the dead to the Elysian fields. Grizzly phantoms, as of the Lemures, flitted through the murky atmosphere, or swarmed over the bituminous soil. Here hissed the abhorred phantasm of Echidna. There crooned over their deadly employment the attenuated and loathsome semblance of the Parcæ. While the Athenians were still gazing upon these terrific territories, the turret of steel opened abruptly, with the sound of many instruments, revealing the deities of hell surrounded by the pomp of all their most execrable accessories—

Dis armed with his trident, and Proserpine still as seductively beautiful as when ravished, through the fountain of Cyane, to her subterranean dominions. An exclamation of abhorrence broke from the lips of the multitude as they recoiled before the relentless and forbidding visage of Pluto; and, simultaneously, the abyss was shrowded from their contemplation, while the thunders again resounded across the heavens with a more crushing dissonance.

“Let us pray!” (Ἐὐχόμεθα,) exclaimed the high priest, a second time, as soon as the tumult of the explosion had subsided.

In the very utterance of those syllables a marvellous change occurred in the situation of the worshippers. They were instantaneously translated from the gloom of a tempestuous night to the lustre of the refulgent daylight: the sunbeams streamed between the pillars,† and glittered upon the metallic dome of Eleusinia; and here it was that the chief mysteries of Demeter were divulged to her votaries. The principal divinities of Olympus were revealed to the spectators in the midst of a divine radiance. Foremost among these appeared the twelve superior deities, the Consentes or Dii Majores:—Jupiter, crowned with olive boughs; Apollo, with pencils of light; Neptune, with anemones; Mars, with a golden helmet; Mercury, with a winged petasus; and Vulcan, with dishevelled ringlets; Juno, attended by her cuckoo and peacocks; Minerva, by her owl and dragon; Diana, by her greyhound; Ceres, by a dolphin; Venus, by a sparrow; and Vesta, bearing the palladium as her talisman. After the last of this sublime conclave had floated before the enraptured vision of the spectators, the lesser inhabitants of Olympus followed each other in a celestial procession. Naiads fresh from the waterfall, Potamides from the rivulet, and Oreads from the mountain. Bacchus with his brood of

* Clemens Alexandrinus, in *Strom.* lib. iii., declares that a portion of the Eleusinian mysteries consisted in a representation of Hades. Elsewhere he avows that through the mysteries the system of creation was rendered in some degree comprehensible. *Stromat.* v. c. ii. p. 689.

† Apuleius says, when describing his initiation, (*Metamorph.* lib. ii.) “In the middle of the night I beheld the sun shining with resplendent glory.”—*Nocte media ridi solem candido coruscantem lumine.*

revellers, and Cupid with his fitful arrows; Aurora blushing with the tints of morning, and Philomela warbling for the evanescence of the twilight, with the rest of that "infinite variety," fluttered by in superb and bewildering profusion.

Incredible though it has appeared to the learned depreciators of the mysteries, from the germinant doubts of De Pauw to the ripened scepticism of Lobeck, we are satisfied that there exists considerable reason in the statement advanced by some of the earlier inquirers into Eleusinia—to the effect that the initiation comprised, among other things, the announcement of certain esoteric doctrines, subversive, in a very great measure, of the whole of the then existing system of the Greek mythology. Hence the various deities of Attica are said to have passed in succession, as above enumerated, before the eyes of the initiated, in order that, being first displayed to veneration, they might be subsequently stripped of their respective attributes of supremacy. Otherwise than through the medium of some such conjecture, it is scarcely possible to account satisfactorily for that incident mentioned by Plutarch in his *Life of Alcibiades*, where the spoilt darling of the Athenians is described as having mutilated the statues of Mercury and of other divinities, *after* having, in a drunken frolic, travestied the mysteries—he himself representing the hierophant, Theodorus the herald, and Polyton the torchbearer.* Guided by the light of the supposition already mentioned, we discover the

circumstance of this profanation to be immediately comprehensible: whereas, denied the aid of some such rational explanation as to the debasement of the popular theology of the mysteries, an act of impiety so flagrant and audacious surpasses belief, even when told of a madcap like Alcibiades.

After the procession of the other divinities, came the representation of the story of Demeter and Persephone—that exquisite story, which is symbolic of the marvels of vegetation. † Strains of music, of a tender and pathetic character, vibrated along the gorgeous walls of the edifice, as the commemorative rites of Ceres drew to a conclusion. The Athenians had already unravelled a considerable part of the enigmas of Eleusis; they might now be designated not only Epoptai, as having inspected (ἐποπτεύω) the mysteries of a spiritual existence, but hailed, moreover, Eudaimones, by reason of their felicity, (εὐδαιμονία,) in having participated in the wonderful ceremonies of initiation.

While the melodies were yet ringing their last cadence in the sunlight, the Hierophant ascended a rostrum, immediately in front of the pedestal of the goddess, and opened the sacred volume Petroma, which contained the explanation of the stupendous types of the festivity. The language, as well as the sense of these revelations, was not unlike that which Virgil has placed in the mouth of Anchises, and which may be regarded as the most explicit definition now extant of the meaning of the Eleusinian mysteries:—

" Principio cælum, ac terras, composque liquentes,
 Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
 Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
 Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.
 Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantium,
 Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.
 Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlistis origo
 Seminibus : quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
 Terrenique hebitant artus, moribundaque membra.
 Hinc metuunt, cupiuntque ; dolent, guadentque ; neque auras

* Plutarch's evidence in this particular is altogether too remarkable not to be here, at least partially, quoted:—" ἄλλον τ' ἀγαλμάτων σκεῦος, καὶ μυστήριον παρ' αὐτὸν ἀπομνήσκει, τοῦ Ἀλκιβιάδου καὶ τῶν φίλων καταργεῖντας."—*Alcib.*, § 19.

† It is maintained by competent mythologists that the rape of Proserpine was little else than an allegory, signifying the grains of wheat which "the sovereign principle of the earth receives and sepulchres."—*Vide Cicero, De Natura Deorum*, lib. ii.

Respiciunt, clausæ tenebris et carcere cæco.
 Quin et supremo cum lumine vita relinquit,
 Non tamen omne malum miseris, nec funditus omnes
 Corporeæ excidunt pestes; penitusque necesse est
 Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
 Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
 Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
 Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
 Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.
 Quisque suos, patimur, Manes. Exinde per amplum
 Mittitur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus:
 Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
 Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 Æthereum sensum, atque auræ simplicis ignem.
 Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvère per annos,
 Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno;
 Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.”*

Gradually, as the voice of the high priest pronounced the truths inscribed upon the tablets of the consecrated book, a mist evaporated from the intellects of the listeners, the problems of eternity appeared to be simplified to their comprehension, the mysticism of the celebration became transparent under their scrutiny, and their hearts bounded with an ecstatic sense of pleasure at the accession of such august and stupendous knowledge. Their minds—distracted by the marvellous ordeal to which they had been recently subjected—seemed as it were to be, each of them, a chalice filled up to the very brim with a celestial and inebriating intelligence. They drank in the written revelations in a species of religious rapture, while the sonorous voice of the Hierophant evoked a respondent enthusiasm in the bosoms of his auditors. Suddenly the voice paused, the sunbeams were extinguished, and, in that abrupt and appalling revival of midnight, the dismal forms of intuition (*αὐροψία*) were resumed. Again the floor shuddered with the convulsive movements of an earthquake; again the noise of the storm roared among the columns of the temple; again the lightning quivered and the thunder raged with redoubled concussions through the heavens. Beyond all this clamour

and commotion, however, above the rumbling sounds of the earthquake, of the storm, and of the thunder, the shrieks of the apparitions were still distinguishable—thin abortive shapes still flitted in myriads through the atmosphere. While this unnatural commotion was at its utmost, the Hierophant bade the worshippers depart, with the quaint ejaculation *Κὸςξ, ὁμπαξ*; and the multitudes felt themselves hurried forward with an irresistible yet incomprehensible impulse. When they emerged from the grand portal, the dews of morning glittered on the green leaves and dropped in sparkles upon the underwood. As the thought occurred to them that the horrors of intuition were accomplished, joy beamed upon the elated features of the initiated.

Familiarised as the majority had become with the rigorous character of the laws relating to the religion of the Athenians, the virgins and the Epheboi were not unfrequently startled by a spectacle which awaited them on their return homewards. Fired with the ecstasy excited by these extraordinary festivities, as they approached the “barriers” admitting the traveller from Eleusis into the city of the Acropolis, they, on some rare occasion, observed the corpse of a criminal dangling from one of the ad-

* *Æneid*, lib. vi. verses 724-751. Into this passage the eloquent Mantuan has condensed the secrets of Eleusis and the creed of Pythagoras: in its opening he has expressed, in a very subtle manner, the degeneracy of the soul by its association with material organs; and, in the concluding verses, he has admirably defined the doctrine of its transmigration. It is thus that he speaks of the human *ens* as “*clausæ tenebris et carcere cæco*,” and alludes afterwards to its resumption of flesh, according to the belief of the originator of the dream of metempsychosis.

jacent pinnacles. A superscription announced that the dead man had perished for divulging the awful secrets of the celebration; and the rosy light of the sunset, as it bathed the cadaverous flesh, afforded a ghastly indication at once of the pomp and the sterility, the ferocity and the magnificence, of these among the many other sumptuous but inadequate rites of the mythologists.

After surviving, during a protracted interval of eighteen centuries and a half—a period exactly corresponding with the present duration of Christianity—the renowned mysteries of Eleusinia were at length doomed to extinction. The occasion of their abolition was one which will ever remain memorable in the annals of humanity. It was in the days of the Emperor Theodosius the Great that there was formally propounded to the Roman Senate, according to the regulations of the republic, the awful and tremendous question whether the religion of the world should be the worship of the Dæmon of Olympus or of the Divinity of Calvary, the adoration of Jupiter or the adoration of Christ the Crucified! * Actuated by faith, by reason, and by a sublime devotion to the happiness of his fellow creatures, the imperial conqueror thereupon procured a solemn senatorial renunciation of mythology.

Allowing for all the errors, absurdities, and atrocities which were inevitable as the results of pagan superstition, it is as impossible not to recognise an exquisite ingenuity in the myths of the idolators, as it would be frivolous to deny that their religious festivities contained much that was elevating and beautiful. Even if the Eleusinian mysteries, for example, enforced no other conviction upon the minds of the initiated, they would have been estimable as yielding an illustration of that golden truth which sparkles in the gorgeous pages of *Vathec*, where Abdalaziz declares he does not consider “that it is necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy Paradise in the next.” But the great festival of Demeter incul-

cated wisdom yet nobler and holier than this—it proclaimed the beneficence of virtue, the worth of industry, the subordination of all that is human to all that is spiritual. Unaided by the light of Revelation, it nevertheless disclosed a faint glimmering of those celestial doctrines which are the nutriment of man's soul, and the necessity of his imagination. Under the pomp of its sumptuous adornments it brought to view the ideas which corroborated the general yearning after immortality. It asserted the perfectability and the indestructibility of the soul, together with the evanescence of an existence which it declared to be only probationary. It inculcated the belief that, after the dissolution of the body, the spirit would be subjected to everlasting punishment for iniquity, or rewarded for purity with unending enjoyments. It proclaimed the eternal fact, that the whole material creation is impregnated with divinity, and maintained that to the reverence of this divinity all the aspirations of mankind should be rendered subservient. Abandoned to the guidance of their own fruitful but wayward intellects, the originators of the pagan religion undoubtedly illustrated their recognition of a Divine Essence by many extravagant and sensuous inventions. Yet their visionary speculations, in a worldly sense, were eminently beneficial in ameliorating the condition of the community, and in advancing the interests of civilisation. They directed the chisel of Praxiteles when he produced the marble Eros of Phryne; they inspired the lyre of Timotheus, when he chaunted the praises of Artemis to the Ephesians; they evoked the verses in which Sophocles warned the guilty of inevitable retribution; they imparted skill to the pencil with which Apelles delineated the loveliness of Anadyomene. Erroneous, without question, this creed was, but still beautiful; cruel, but still majestic; barren, but still fraught with ineffable wisdom, and enveloped in an atmosphere of poetic witcheries.

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, &c., chap. xxviii. iii. 76, 4to edition.

THE ROMANCE OF MAIRWARA :

A TALE OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

FROM the frontier of Goojerat, in a N.N.E. direction, runs a mountain ridge known by the name of the Arabala or Aravulli hills. It cuts the Rajpoot country into two parts, separating the state of Marwar or Johdpoor on the west, from that of Mewar or Oodipoor on the east, and extends northwards to the neighbourhood of Delhi. It rises to a height of 3500 feet above the level of the sea, with a breadth of twenty-five to thirty miles, and forms a natural physical barrier between the table-land of Malwa on the one hand, which is 1600 feet above the sea, and the low country of the Thur on the other, which stretches far below to the banks of the distant Indus.

The central or most hilly part of this ridge forms the territory of Mairwara, extending in length about a hundred miles, and bounded towards the north by the British district of Ajmeer. The *Mairs*, its inhabitants, are descended chiefly from fugitives or exiles, who from time to time have found refuge in these jungly hills. They profess themselves, for the most part, to be Hindoos, though they disregard many of the forms, ceremonies, and superstitions of the Brahminical faith. Their food is chiefly Indian-corn and barley; but though their soil is naturally fertile, they preferred, in bygone times, to live by the plunder of their neighbours on the plains. For centuries they had been notorious for their depredations—and, indeed, robbery was the main pursuit of the whole race. They were brave, passionate, and revengeful; but faithful, kind, generous, and easily subdued by mildness and patience. They infested the roads and thoroughfares which bordered their country; and when the city of Ajmeer fell into British hands, though twenty-five miles north of

their boundary, it was not safe for an unarmed man to be outside the walls after sunset. Hence the payment of black-mail, under the name of *dalkumlee*, (grain and blanket,) was very general. Villages and chiefs compounded by fixed annual payments, by a proportion of the produce, or by the actual assignment of lands and villages to the irresistible Mairs.

"In consequence of the continual annoyance from these predatory practices of the Mairs, repeated attempts to subjugate them were made by the large states of Rajpootana, but without success. Their only result was to increase the audacity of the Mairs, by confirming their confidence in the impregnability of their mountain home." But after Ajmeer had been occupied by the British in 1818, it became obvious that neither peace nor protection could be secured to the people until the Mairs were subdued. A small force of British sepoy, therefore, was sent among the hills in 1820. "Their operations were conducted with rapidity and success; fort after fort was captured, and in three months the whole of Mairwara was brought into subjection, and has remained so ever since." From this period commences our romance.

On the subjection of the country, certain districts, claimed respectively by the chiefs of Mewar on the east, and of Marwar on the west, were ceded to these native powers. But when thus divided among three governments, no unity of rule or management could be exercised. The restless people, newly subdued, and driven from their old habits, finding a refuge in the one district from the punishment due to crimes committed in the other, filled the country with violence and oppression. An arrangement was

1. *Sketch of Mairwara*. By Lieut.-Colonel C. G. DIXON. London: Smith and Elder. 1850.

2. *Italian Irrigation; being a Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy*. By R. BAIRD SMITH, F.G.S. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen, & Co. 1852. (Appendix B, Vol. I.)

therefore finally made in 1824, by which the border districts of Marwar and Mewar were submitted to the single jurisdiction of a British officer. "Within six months after this concentration of authority, the predatory bands which had been masters of the country were broken up and suppressed, the passes were again opened, and traffic revived without molestation. Single constables took the place of armed troops for all purposes of police and revenue, and thus a regular government was for the first time established throughout Mairwara." For thirteen years afterwards, Colonel Hall, by whom this pacification was effected, devoted himself to the social amelioration of the people, the abolition of demoralising and pernicious customs, the repression of crime, the introduction of settled habits, honest labour, and the love of peace and justice. He established a species of trial by juries elected by the parties themselves; and such has been the beneficial result of his exertions, that since 1824 the punishment of death has never been inflicted for crime, and only three persons have been condemned to the fearful, and to them mysterious, punishment of transportation beyond sea. In 1835, ill-health drove Colonel Hall to another climate, and he was succeeded by Captain, afterwards Colonel, Dixon, of the Artillery. With him began a new era in the history of Mairwara.

"It soon became manifest to the new superintendent, that *water* was the great desideratum in Mairwara, and that the first step to the establishment of permanent prosperity must be the provision of a stable supply. From the hilly character of the country, what rain fell, unless means were used for its retention, speedily flowed off, leaving the soil very imperfectly saturated with moisture. The rains, too, are extremely precarious; and bad seasons in this respect are the rule, good the exception. The whole amount in favourable seasons rarely exceeds 22 inches, and it often ranged from 8 to 12. In 1832, no single shower fell, and Mairwara experienced all the miseries of famine. Grain was to be had in small quantities, but there was a total absence of forage. The cattle perished, and the people fled to Malwa. Of those who remained, many were driven to seek a livelihood by plunder, for their cattle had

been swept away, and they had no longer the means of tilling the soil. Thus the country was partially denuded of inhabitants; improvements received a severe check; and the popular morality was sadly deteriorated. For several years the district did not recover the position which it held before the famine. In ordinary seasons, a break of twenty-five or thirty days without a shower often caused, in a degree, the same results. Some villages again were destitute of water, even for domestic purposes, during the hot months; and the inhabitants were thus compelled to seek a residence in some more favoured locality till the recurrence of the rains, when they would return to resume their rural labours. At other places the people had to fetch their supply of water from a distance of two miles. Drought prevailing so frequently, the Mairs were constantly in doubt whether they should not remove to other countries favoured with more auspicious seasons, to earn their bread as labourers. Thus the minds of the people were constantly unsettled; and it would have been futile to look for settled amendment in their morals and habits, until effectual arrangements should have been made for preventing their constant migration, and for abolishing the inducements to plunder abroad, by providing them with the means of gaining their livelihood through honest industry at home."—SMITH, i. p. 406.

Small and uncertain as the natural supply of water was, there was reason to believe that, were arrangements made for collecting, retaining, and applying the whole amount to agricultural purposes, a sufficiency would be obtained for all the ordinary wants of all the cultivators even in drouthy seasons. The objects therefore with Colonel Dixon were, *first*, to secure a sufficient supply of water for the permanent cultivation of the land already in tillage; and, *second*, by reclaiming tracts of country then abandoned to jungle, to convert every individual inhabitant into a cultivator, so that no excuse should remain for robbing and cattle-lifting. The additional supply of water required for these purposes was very much greater than might at first sight appear. The common autumn crop was reaped in October and housed by November; and as the rains did not begin to fall again till June or July, there were seven long months of interval, during which rural labour was almost entirely at a stand.

To keep the people out of mischief, therefore, it was desirable that a store of water should be laid up to refresh the land in spring, so that ultimately the whole land might be made to produce both its *autumn* and its *spring* crop, (*Khureef* and *Rubbee*,) which would give full occupation to the cultivators throughout the whole year. The physical character of the country suggested the means by which this was to be effected.

The famine of 1832 had impoverished and disheartened the people. They did not care to expend their labour upon a country in which the means of sustenance and the returns for labour, as they had found by experience, were so very precarious. When, therefore, as a first step towards improvement, Colonel Dixon recommended the sinking of wells, their answer was that the country was rocky, and that it was useless to dig wells, as they would yield no water. But among the good things already done by Colonel Hall had been the establishment of a local battalion of troops, of which five-eighths consisted of natives of Mairwara. In this battalion the natives were taught habits of obedience and order, and learned to confide in the judgment and knowledge of their British superiors. On leaving the service, these men generally became leaders in their several villages, and greatly aided to carry out the views of the superintendent. When the villagers refused to dig wells as Colonel Dixon had recommended, he began by employing his own battalion to dig wells in the neighbourhood of their several cantonments. When these were completed, and found to fill with water, he presented them to the adjoining villages, and employed his men to dig more. Influenced by the example of the soldiers, and by their success, the villagers themselves began to take heart, and to ask for tools. These were readily supplied, as well as occasional small grants of money; and in this way, after a short time, about fifty wells were dug in various parts of the country. Thus the first point was gained—a certain small additional supply of water was obtained—and heart and hope were again visible among the people.

The valleys contained no permanent rivulets. The rains which fell on the mountains ran quickly off, leaving arid and stony water-courses during the greater part of the year. The next step was to dam up the largest of these natural water-courses in places of such natural features as would admit of the collection of accumulating lakes of water above, and of the employment of the water to irrigate by sluices a considerable extent of arable land below the dam. The selection of such sites was favoured by the physical character of the country. Cross valleys, here narrowing and there widening out—here sloping rapidly, then for a while retaining an almost perfect level—cut through, or far into the sides of the mountain-chain. Down the bottoms of these valleys the waters made their way, and along their courses the population was chiefly scattered. Across the narrows, walls and embankments were built, abutting at either extremity against the sides of the valley. The flats above formed the bed of the tank, which was filled with water when the rains fell; the slopes or flats below were irrigated by the gradual flow of the water which was thus retained. The custom was to plant Indian corn below; when the rains began, to irrigate this with the water of the tank; and when the crop was reaped, and the tank had been drained, to sow a second crop of barley on the site of the tank itself. Enriched and refreshed by the water from the hills, the bed of the tank gave a sure and luxuriant return of grain.

But the soil of these valleys was light; the subsoil often of stones and gravel; and though resting upon rock, it was unable to retain, without large and constant leakage, the water which was arrested by the dams. Invisible streams trickled through, and caused a loss of water at many points which it was desirable to recover and turn to use. It will be understood that the same valley might, in its course, admit of the construction of several tanks at various elevations, between which tanks considerable spaces of unirrigated land might intervene. To turn the leakage from each of these to account—

"Numerous weirs similar in construction, but of smaller size, have been carried across the natural water-course below the large tank embankments. In constructing these, care is taken to continue both ends of the weir some distance within the banks of the hollow, to prevent the flanks being turned by the stream. By a series of such works, a continuous canal, as it were, is maintained from tank to tank along the hollows, serving to supply numerous wells beside its banks. In this manner, by a series of tanks connected by successive weirs, a sheet of cultivation of varying breadth, has been carried, in one instance, for an unbroken distance of twenty-six miles. A few years ago, this was a jungle-waste, with the exception of a few patches of well-cultivation. A similar course is pursued with each separate valley. A strong weir is constructed at the head of the valley to maintain a body of water, and to break the force of the torrent. In its rear, at convenient intervals, dykes are thrown across the breadth of the hollow; and when any subsidiary water-course joins the valley, its supply is stopped by a second weir. In this manner, by means of a few substantial weirs intermixed with stone fences built across its breadth, the valley is converted into a series of terraces of rich cultivation, ascending to the summit of the hills."—SMITH, i. 419.

These large works were, of course, undertaken and executed at the cost of Government, who looked for a return to the increased land-rent consequent upon increased crops and a more extended cultivation. But the means at the disposal of Colonel Dixon were very limited; and he was obliged to proceed gradually, improving those places first which he expected to yield the speediest and largest revenue. But the success of the tanks, as that of the wells had previously done, awoke the spirit of the people, and an eagerness to benefit by the new mode of improvement. Every village became impatient to have its tank, and application after application was refused or delayed, till the funds would admit. At length—

"As the improvements progressed, the eagerness of the peasantry to partake of these benefits became intense. Such villages as had not been taken by the hand were envious of the good fortune of those who were having tanks constructed on their lands. Among others who had not yet shared in the process of improve-

ment were the villagers of Sooreean. They had importuned aid in constructing a tank; but engagements were already so extensive that their claim was necessarily deferred till next season. This was unpleasant news for the villagers, but they had been prepared for the contingency. A few months afterwards, they requested a visit from the superintendent, without assigning a reason. His camp was accordingly pitched at Sooreean, and, to the surprise of all, it proved that the people had of their own accord, and from their own means, constructed a serviceable and substantial embankment. Disappointed of our aid, they had mustered sufficient funds for the purpose by the sale of cattle and by the betrothal of their daughters. Such devotion at the shrine of improvement merited a mark of special approbation. They received a donation of £40—equal to half the outlay—and were highly satisfied, whilst their example was held up to their countrymen as worthy of imitation."—SMITH, i. 413.

But there were other works, involving less expense, which the people willingly undertook, as soon as the benefits became apparent, or the establishment of the larger tanks made it profitable. From the tanks they raised the water by wheel-and-bucket—a common method in India—to irrigate the sloping land at higher levels, and which the mode of irrigation by means of sluices could never have benefited. Beyond and below the tanks, also, at distances to which direct irrigation from their waters could not reach, they sank wells to collect the leakage waters which flowed partly from the tanks, and partly from the irrigated lands. Thus, in the same way as was done by the subsidiary weirs, they collected the leakage and once-used water, which sank through the soil, and converted it again to a similar useful purpose. Then, at higher levels, and in confined places, where large tanks could not be constructed, they built many small embankments, and established small tanks, called *narees*, at a cost of from £2 to £20 each, by which little patches of land among the hills were here and there watered and clothed, either with verdant fodder for the cattle, or with crops of never-failing corn. And, lastly, parapet-walls, carried across the slopes, kept up the soil, which the yearly torrents had

hitherto washed from the hill-sides, and hurried along the bottoms of the valleys. Thus terrace after terrace broke the force of the descending rush, and collected new vegetative strength from every flow of water from the hills, instead of being made bare and desolate by its unimpeded violence.

And, more interesting than all, when their energies were fairly roused, this long predatory people began to undo and to repair the damage which the rains of ages had inflicted upon their neglected hill-sides and contracted valleys. Having built up walls to withstand the force of the rainy torrents, they laboriously collected soil from neighbouring spots, and spread it on the face of the naked rocks above.

"The land of some villages towards the south of Mairwara is restricted to small rocky valleys, between ranges of rugged hills. Terrace-walls have been thrown across these valleys, and the intervals supplied, from the nearest available spot, with earth of sufficient depth for the growth of corn.

"The rugged precipices on all sides precluded the employment of cattle or carriages, and all this work has been done by hand. In this manner, for example, the peasants of one village (Bursawura) have, in twelve years, formed forty acres of productive land, at a cost of from £27 to £67 per acre; and so with other villages. Such unexampled industry deserved a substantial recognition. Some of the villages received money-presents equal to five or six years' land-rent, and others were granted a perpetual remission of a portion of their rent."—SMITH, i. 410.

The land-rent paid in Mairwara is one-third of the harvest produce in cash, on a valuation survey of the standing crop. The village head men pay one-fourth only; and some of the more valuable kinds of produce—such as cotton, opium, sugarcane, tobacco, and vegetables—are charged at fixed rates equivalent to from 13s. to 18s. an acre. On the construction of all new works, besides receiving tools and advances of money, the people obtain large remissions of rent. Thus, the land attached to a new well pays only one-sixth of the produce the first year, one-fifth the second, one-fourth during the third and fourth, and

afterwards the accustomed rent of one-third. Other improvements are considered in like manner. Thus the reasonable expectations of the people are considered, exertion encouraged, and success rewarded.

In reclaiming the jungly tracts, difficulties occasionally occurred which required a new form of management and finesse, in addition to the skill, energy, and perseverance which had thus far secured plenty and contentment to the land previously under cultivation, and to the population residing among the hills at the period of the British conquest. It happened at times, that for a piece of jungle about to be reclaimed, no bidders came forward to offer for the land. It probably lay at no great distance from some existing villages, and, the inhabitants wishing to preserve it as a run for their cattle, consulted and combined to retain it—thinking that, if they held back, there would be nobody to interfere with them, and the idea of reclaiming it must be given up. But Colonel Dixon defeated them at their own weapons. In Mairwara, as elsewhere, there are certain handicraftsmen, and others, who are regarded as the hereditary servants of the community, who do not usually engage in the more honourable cultivation of the soil, but are remunerated for their services by allowances of grain. To these Colonel Dixon had recourse on one occasion for hands to people his new village:—

"The plan adopted was to establish a community of the *bulahees*, or leatherdressers. One of the caste, generally from the village, claiming the lands, was named Putel, and collected his brethren from the adjacent states. The *bulahees* were skilful and diligent cultivators; and as they always comported themselves humbly and respectfully before the lords of the soil, the latter made little objection to their settlement. Five *bulahees* villages have in this manner been settled. It has not been necessary to extend the number, as the threat of adopting this measure has in every other instance sufficed to induce the clan owning the waste to undertake its reclamation, for such a step would argue slackness on their part, and their honour would be touched."—SMITH, i. p. 412.

Fortuitous circumstances also were

taken advantage of by Colonel Dixon, both to add to the number of his settlers, and to give new opportunity for the exercise of benevolent exertion. Unsettled marauders still found a harbour in the adjoining districts, and troubled the country. Of his mode of reaching and lessening them the following is an example :—

“ In 1836 a gang of robbers from Marwar, having plundered the town of Gungahpoor, in Mewar, in returning with their booty through British Mairwara, were attacked by the villagers, who, in their new character as cultivators, had suffered from the depredations of the gang. Twelve of the band were slain, and twenty-nine made prisoners. These were confined in the Mairwara jail under sentence for four years ; but before the expiration of this period, a plan was suggested for converting those men, whom poverty and ignorance had made robbers, into thrifty and useful subjects. A portion of uncultivated land, some miles from the jail at Nya Nuggur, was assigned to them. The prisoners were permitted to quit their confinement every morning, partially unfettered, for the purpose of digging wells at the new settlement, returning every evening unattended, to sleep in the jail. On the expiry of their sentence, they were joined by their families and relatives, and commenced in earnest on the cultivation of the soil. A year after their release, the new village exhibited signs of prosperity. It now contains twenty-seven families, and pays a yearly revenue of £77. From the day of their location no charge of misconduct has been brought against them. The character of the people has been marked by order, propriety, and untiring diligence.”—SMITH, i. 412.

Thus, to convicted offenders from abroad he applied successfully the same medium of industrial reform which had so changed the native inhabitants of the British territory.

And now, as population increased, another want became apparent. A centre of trade, a residence for merchants, a cheap and ready market for home and foreign produce—a town and bazaar, in other words—were required to aid the further advance of the territory. Afraid to trust themselves in Mairwara, merchants and money-lenders kept away from the mountains ; and a few traders in the neighbouring Rajpoot towns monopolised all the traffic of

Mairwara. In 1836, therefore, Colonel Dixon laid the foundation of a town, and in 1838 surrounded it by a rampart wall two miles in circuit. *Nya Nuggur*, (new city,) as it is called, prospered beyond expectation. Traders and mechanics flocked to occupy its solid and handsome shops. In eight years it had a population of about two thousand families ; and the yearly value of merchandise which had reached it exceeded £50,000. The neighbouring villages also imitated its more substantial architecture, and rural bazaars sprang up on every side—an evidence at once of increasing wealth and augmenting public confidence. New occupations sprang up, new articles of export were discovered, and the number of carts employed for purposes of transport increased from forty to six hundred and eighty.

This multiplication of markets and of articles for barter, in various parts of the district, suggested one further and crowning step—the establishment of a yearly fair at Nya Nuggur. An annual meeting of all the rival clans would soften down old animosities, extinguish old feuds, give new instruction to every native visitor, entice to a brief visit stranger merchants, whom the country was too poor to retain as permanent settlers, and would afford a ready market for all who had to sell home produce or wished to purchase foreign. This step, too, succeeded, and the fair is now attended by ten thousand Mairs, besides Rajpoots and others from the adjoining provinces.

By these successive measures of Colonel Dixon, and by other subordinate ones, which we leave to the imagination of our readers, this formerly unhappy, disturbed, and suffering country has been “ fortified against the miseries of famine—tracts of wild jungle have been converted into fruitful fields, clothed with villages, and alive with rural industry—population and revenue have more than doubled ; families, which for generations had abandoned their native hills, have returned to seek their traditional land-marks ; the inducements to constant migration and unsettled habits have been done away, and a taste has been acquired for the sweets of profitable toil. The wild unmastered caterans of 1820, are thus found, in 1848,

to have become a thrifty, thriving, peaceful, and industrious peasantry, an example to their neighbours, whose terror they once were."

But the results deserve a little more detail. We possess four local districts, in which, on the introduction of our rule, only eighteen villages were inhabited, but which now comprise one hundred and forty-three villages and sixty-three hamlets! The district of Beawr, wholly uninhabited for one hundred and sixty-five years before, now contains one hundred

and sixty-five villages and hamlets in a state of high cultivation, and consequent prosperity; and in the course of twelve years, the whole of the jungle waste has been converted into fruitful fields, affording food and employment to the inmates of one hundred and six new hamlets.

Of all this, the arresting and economising of the rains of heaven is the happy source. The actual numerical statement of the large works executed is as follows:—

Number of embankments and weirs erected,	. . . 290
Spread of water in the beds of tanks,	. . . 9675 acres.
Area irrigated, including cultivation in the bed,	. . . 14,826 "

The total comparative progress in the eleven years is shown in the following table:—

	Wells.	Ploughs.	Village tanks.	Population.	Revenue.
Total in 1835 and 1836,	2233	2712	...	39,648	£9680
Total in 1846 and 1847,	6148	9691	2065	100,282	21,022
Increase, .	3915	6979	2065	60,634	£11,342
Ratio of past to present,	1 to 2½	1 to 3½	...	1 to 2½	1 to 2½

And all this effected by an actual money outlay on the part of Government of only £24,111.

We have little more to add, except that this improvement among the hills was not unnoticed in the neighbouring districts. The Ajmeer chiefs, finding their tenants leaving them to settle in Mairwara, applied for relief to the British superintendent of their district. He, unaware of the true state of things, wrote to Colonel Dixon that the terms he was offering to the people were too favourable, and that he was drawing away all the cultivators. His reply was, that, if the Ajmeer chiefs would take the same steps as he had done, they would easily retain their people. The British officer in charge of Ajmeer, Colonel Sutherland, undertook therefore to examine into the case.

"In the end of 1840, which had been a very inauspicious season, no rain having fallen till September, he made a

tour of the Ajmeer district, when the distress of the people forced itself on his attention. There were few tanks, and wells enough only to provide a few acres of barley, scarcely sufficient to feed the bullocks, to say nothing of food for the people and government dues. Even the rain which fell abundantly in September was lost for the spring harvest, there being no means of husbanding the water. For several years before, the revenue had been in a state of progressive decline. It was urged that this was owing to unfavourable seasons. Yet in Mairwara, under the same experience of seasons, the revenue was steadily increasing. In the one district, life, energy, and progress were the characteristics; in the other, poverty, inaction, and discontent."—SMITH, i. 427.

The result was, that Colonel Dixon was ordered to proceed into the district, and to report as to what should be done. His advice was to repeat the works of Mairwara over again in Ajmeer. The people entered readily

into his plans. "Embankments rose, wells were sunk, *narees* were constructed, barren land became fertile, new villages were located. In a word, Ajmeer threw off her lethargy, and the villages were pervaded by energy and life." Such were the fruits of the new impulse in the districts immediately under British superintendence and direction; but the same influence told also upon the native chiefs, and roused their energies.

"They saw that the choice of retaining or losing their peasants lay with themselves. Commencing on some small embankments, they found their profit, and extended the system of improvement. Each year contributed to the increase of agricultural means. Thus in twelve years the estates of Mussooda and Khurwa have been enriched by ninety tanks. The peasantry who had come over to Mairwara returned to till their ancestral lands; and since systematic improvement began, no single cultivator has quitted his village. The new spirit spread widely through the adjoining districts. The estates of Mewar also shared in the benefits of the good example. In Murwar the desires of the chiefs prompted them to follow, but fears of their courts' avarice forbade."

Thus the good fruits of British improvement were gradually seen to grow and ripen in adjoining districts, and the influence of British advice and example are still yearly extending.

But the material or economical element was not alone consulted in all these rural ameliorations. The sanitary influences of the age were felt even in this remote corner of the world; so that, while the land was fertilised, population increased by immigration, and revenue greatly augmented, it was carefully ascertained that these benefits were not obtained at the expense of the health and increased mortality of the people. Marshy and undrained lands too often produce fevers of a painful and fatal type; and irrigation, unskillfully conducted, has often been the source of miasms injurious to health, and which lessened the duration of life among the country population. But nothing of the kind has followed from the operations of Colonel Dixon.

It is a curious medical fact, ascertained by careful inquiry in India, that the existence of such miasms in

a district is constantly indicated by an enlargement of the spleen among a certain proportion of the inhabitants—so that the intensity and prevalence of this symptom, as found in a given number of children and adults, may be regarded as a test of the intensity and prevalence of miasmatic influence. Now, medical examination—

"In Mairwara, where irrigation has been so largely extended, showed that, out of 175 children examined, three only were found to have enlarged spleens; and of 237 adults of all castes and classes, there were but twelve in the same condition. Of the five degrees of the test scale, the two higher, which indicate intensity of disease, are *blank*; the medium degree includes only *one* case, the ordinary *ten*, and the small *four*, making a total of fifteen out of 412 individuals, taken indiscriminately from among the inhabitants of twelve of the most highly irrigated villages in the district. In such regions as Mairwara, there is always a certain prevalence of fever after the close of the rainy season, due to natural causes, which can easily be understood. The proportion of enlarged spleens in the highly irrigated villages of Mairwara, indicates a sanitary state equal to the entirely unirrigated districts in Northern India. Hence the conclusion arrived at by Dr Collyer, that hitherto irrigation has produced no deleterious effects whatever on the health of the people, may safely be accepted as correct."—SMITH, i. p. 432.

This may be regarded as the crowning test and triumph of Colonel Dixon's labours. Health and wealth going hand in hand—abundant food with bodily comfort—valleys watered and enriched, and yet the demon of disease prevented from settling among the romantic hills—such is the romance of Mairwara. A country previously unconquered in war, subdued in a brief campaign of three months, and pacified by a handful of British sepoy. A people born to predatory habits, and robbers by profession, converted to honesty and industrious thrift, and turned to the pursuit and love of calm and peaceful husbandry. Districts of barren and desolated jungle made alive with flocks and crowded villages, and smiling with the sure return of two harvests a-year. Parched and foodless mountain-sides rendered verdant with

perpetual herbage. The wasting rains of heaven arrested in their rapid flow, and preserved by tanks and weirs for the continued refreshment of the thirsty soil when the heats of summer were burning. A poor, discontented, and costly possession filled with abundance of food, and with a satisfied and happy people, and made to contribute a large, growing, and willing revenue to the conquering power. Neighbouring districts renovated and roused to life and prosperity. Indolent and oppressive native chiefs stimulated at once and restrained. Landholders restored to comfort, and cultivators to long-deserted and happier paternal homes. And all this following as an easy and natural result of subjection to British rule, and of the gradual development, as circumstances required, of that benevolent administrative capacity which has so distinguished the dominion of the East India Company. Next to their gallantry in battle, indeed, perhaps the most characteristic feature of the servants of the Company in India, is the remarkable administrative talent they have so generally displayed.

While we look with a natural national pride on the great result which has subjected a vast continent to British rule, it is delightful to feel that, in so many cases, the details of this rule will bear such close inspection; that in the remote corners of that far-off land, solitary Englishmen and Scotchmen, in isolated commands, spend long years in the patient performance of works which must command the respect and approbation of the purest philanthropy. Instead of saying of us, as was said of the ancient masters of the world, *solitudinem faciunt, pacem vocant*, the future historians of Mairwara and the Aravulli hills will write of their British conquerors—"They found us a nation of robbers, they left us a nation of husbandmen; they found us few and in poverty, they left us numerous and

rich; our country was a parched desert, they left it a well-watered garden."

The above is a brief summary of the interesting volume of Colonel Dixon upon Mairwara, of which we have prefixed the title to the present article. It exhibits all the romance of an Indian narrative, while it possesses all the truthfulness of a pure statistical statement. The beautiful volume is now before us, and we heartily commend it to such of our readers as are interested in the less public measures carried on in so many places by the East India Company, for the material improvement of their wide dominion. Our attention was first drawn to the labours of Colonel Dixon in Mairwara by a brief summary of them appended to the first volume of Captain Baird Smith's report on Italian irrigation, of which book also we have given the title. And, as the reader may have observed, we have made our extracts from this abstract of Captain Smith, not only because they were well adapted to our purpose, and supply some additional information, but because we have been charmed by the frank and ungrudging manner in which he details, praises, and seems to rejoice in the successful labours of a brother officer, as if he felt his own honour and exaltation identified with that of the service to which he belongs. Both books are written by officers of the East India Company's service, and both are full of interest to the general reader. We don't know what recompense both may be thought worthy to receive at the hands of the Company, for the successful efforts they have made to exalt its character in the estimation of the British public. We hope by and by to find space for a brief analysis of Captain Baird Smith's own book, which is rich in valuable information, not only upon Italian irrigation, but upon the more gigantic irrigation operations of India, both in ancient and modern times.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY COMMISSION REPORT.

UNLESS the country is destined to be agreeably deceived, and Conservatism, beyond all expectation, constitute the policy of the present Administration, there will probably hardly be a quarter in which the sinister influence of the recent change of Government will be more sensibly felt than in that venerable University to which the following pages are devoted. Many of the recommendations of the Oxford Commission Report have, as we shall subsequently show in detail, deservedly provoked the strongest opposition: many, on the contrary, are such as we would gladly see adopted; but it was not the unconstitutional character of that Commission, nor its one-sided composition, and the well-known prejudices of its members, which excited our liveliest alarm. However plausible the professions, and confident the assurances of the advocates of reform, no man could trust in the finality of the contemplated changes. Even the secretary of the Commission declared his inability to foresee what sweeping measures might be engrafted on the suggestions of the Report, by the ultra-Liberals in the Lower House, in whose hands Lord John was confessedly a mere tool.

The impropriety (to use a modest term) of issuing the Commission is, we presume, hardly questionable. We readily avow the distinction drawn by the Crown lawyers of the late Government between the present measure and the commissions of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, illegally armed with legislative powers; but the precedents cited from modern practice by Sir George Grey were torn into tatters, and consigned to summary contempt by Mr Gladstone, in his speech in defence of the University. The proper and constitutional course would have been for the Crown first to have exerted its visitorial authority over those colleges which were subject to it. A friendly minister has a thousand avenues for influencing the universities for good, and other visitors would

probably have followed such an example. Instead of this, Lord John thought fit "to pass by precedent and principle, and to fall back on an arbitrary, indefinite prerogative, without any basis in history or law"—a prerogative, indeed, which virtually "asserts the preposterous proposition, that the Crown has the right to make any inquiry it pleases, however great the nuisance, provided it does not assume the exercise of coercive powers."* It would then have been time to solicit Parliamentary aid, when the instruments of redress provided by statutes, and maintained by law, had proved ineffective.

However, we must still hope that it is not too late to revert to constitutional machinery for carrying out really valuable measures. Indeed, long before the issuing of the Commission, the energies of the Colleges had been aroused, by the urgency of the crisis, to forestal foreign intrusions by domestic amendments. Corpus had opened her exclusive portals, and Magdalene her embattled towers, to the free admission of commoners; and Trinity and New College had invoked their Visitors, to advise them on the subject of desirable reforms, and the safest method of achieving them. The Bishop of Winchester responded to the invitation, and commenced his visitation in Oxford on the 2d of December; and even the Hebdomadal Board, the most Conservative institution in the most Conservative University in Europe, has appointed a committee to consider the suggestions of the commissioners, and expressed its readiness to receive and weigh the written or oral opinions of members of Convocation upon any topic touched by the Report. The Tutors' Association, to which the University is much indebted for the recent expansion of academical studies, has also been revived, and is engaged in discussing the various questions of reform. So far, therefore, as the University only is concerned, there

* Mr Gladstone's Speech, p. 37.

is every prospect of an early and satisfactory adjustment. But, in the case of the Colleges, numerous and complicated difficulties will be found. No Academical Parliament can touch them; and the delegacy of the Hebdomadal Board has surely overstepped its legitimate functions in consenting to receive suggestions, in relation to corporate bodies, beyond the sphere of its decrees. All the exigencies of the crisis can, we fear, hardly be satisfied by conferring upon the Colleges enabling statutes. So stringent are the provisions devised by many of the founders to repel all innovation, that some of the most conscientious academicians would assuredly decline the proffered instrument of emancipation, though they would undoubtedly obey an act repealing antiquated statutes. A vast deal, however, may unquestionably be effected by the Colleges themselves, either by direct appeal to Parliament, or by the enlargement of the visitorial authority: it will then only remain for the Legislature to lay down a few broad and general principles; and opportunity may be taken to confer upon the University and the Colleges increased powers of internal administration, which will render it altogether needless for the future to apply to the Lords and Commons for aid.

Following, for convenience of order, the method of arrangement adopted by the commissioners, we shall now endeavour to pass in review the most important of the meditated changes. We cannot but feel that even those to whom the defence of the institutions of Oxford is a congenial task, owe, in deference at once to the highest interests of the University, and to the exigencies of the occasion, a rigid abstinence from petty hostilities and captious criticism. Questions of vast academical importance are now awaiting their decision, and ought to be discussed by a reviewer with the liveliest sense of "the fallacy of objections," and on the broadest grounds of constitutional justice and expediency. Not a few of the reforms suggested by the Report have been forestalled by the Conservative organs of the press; not a few of its most valuable measures received the advocacy of the *Quarterly* in 1835; and

howsoever unfavourable the auspices under which the Commission was issued, it is vain, and might prove suicidal, to deny that the crisis for a temperate reform has arrived—a reform which may shortly be consolidated under the influence of a Government in which the Colleges count several friends, instead of being adjourned only to gather virulence and malignity from popular prejudice and clamour, and finally to be carried, like the question of Parliamentary reform, in a shape, and with a precedent, equally pernicious, amid the storm and tempest of revolution.

The ancient government of the University seems to have been vested in the House of Congregation, which originally consisted of the resident academic teachers, but has long since subsided into a mere phantom of authority, meeting "only for the purpose of hearing measures proposed which it cannot discuss—of conferring degrees to which candidates are already entitled—and of granting dispensations which are never refused." The constantly increasing number of masters interested in academic affairs, though unemployed in tuition, was the signal for the institution of a larger council, entitled "Convocation," comprising all who held a certain rank in the University, and charged with legislation of a wider and more comprehensive character, while the management of matters within their own province was left to the actual teachers. It can hardly excite surprise that the larger should have gradually absorbed the lesser assembly, even prior to the era of Leicester and Laud, memorable in University annals for the transference of many of the functions of Congregation to the Hebdomadal Board, or weekly meeting of the Heads of Houses and Proctors. The functions of this council were consolidated by an ordinance, which, in 1636, was inserted in the Laudian code, investing it with the sole initiative power in the legislation of the University, and with the chief share in its administration. For, by virtue of this statute, the House of Convocation can entertain no question which has not been submitted to them by the Board: its right of debating is virtually annulled by the necessity of speaking in Latin, and

it has not even the power of amendment. Such is the constitution which, as the Commissioners attest, has evoked the strongest language of dissatisfaction from all save one—himself a member of the Board—of the authors of the evidence supplied them.

It would, however, be worse than folly to ignore those advantages of the existing system, which, amid the prevalence of a well-grounded discontent, have not of late been adequately acknowledged. Amid the overweening confidence in mere legislation, characteristic of the age, checks upon rash and precipitate measures ought not to be hastily repealed. In the general fondness for debating societies, it is wise to fetter the license of public discussion; and the old maxim, "*Corruptissima republica, plurimæ leges*," is emphatically true of an academic community, where rashness and inconsistency in law-making is the greatest trial to the respect and obedience of the pupils; and a multiplicity of laws is always in an inverse proportion to the wisdom of the governors and the virtues of the governed. On the other hand, the charge so thoughtlessly levelled at the University by the clamour of her ignorant libellers, that of "sleeping at her post on a heap of obsolete statutes," is easily refuted by the fact that, since 1750, she has scarcely allowed a year to pass without some plan for consolidating, amending, or enlarging the Laudian statutes. Not, however, that we dispute the desirability of a further change for which all parties are solicitous.

Several years ago a petition was presented to the late lamented Chancellor by one of the most Conservative members of the academic community, the Rev. W. Sewell, the well-known tutor of Exeter College, for some expansion of this close corporation; but the Duke, evidently regarding the heads of the Colleges in the same light as those awful authorities the officers of a regiment, somewhat curtly declined entertaining the question. The prominent mischiefs of the system are fairly stated in the following extract from the Report:—

"It is anomalous that the government of this great institution should be com-

mitted to persons, the great majority of whom are elected by the Fellows of the several Colleges out of their own narrow circle, often for reasons of a personal and social nature, and with little or no regard to the welfare of the University. It is more anomalous still that the literary interests of the University should be committed to persons who are not necessarily chosen for literary qualifications; while, on the other hand, the professors and the Tutors have, as such, no right to suggest or amend, or even to discuss, any measure, how much soever it may affect the literary and educational interests of the place, and can, at most, reject or accept what is proposed to them in Convocation in common with hundreds of others whose sole title to interfere is a degree."—Pp. 11, 12.

The Commissioners rightly decline to remedy these evils by expanding the powers of Convocation, on the obvious ground that it is undesirable to invest a large promiscuous body, scattered over every part of the country, with extensive powers of legislation, especially in matters affecting education. They propose to create a new initiative Council, by reconstituting the ancient House of Congregation, and admitting within its walls the heads of houses, the professors, and the senior tutor of each college. We cannot but think the substitute proposed, in the main, a happy suggestion. "A body thus constituted," to use the language of Professor Vaughan, "will bring into action most of the valuable elements of legislation which the place can supply; age, intellect, ability, practical habits, the feeling and opinion of the time, a knowledge of the subjects which the University proposes to teach—of its state, moral and instructional—and of its trusts, property, and finances."

The agency of committees will easily secure to such an assembly an executive and manageable character; nor will it abrogate other elements in the actual constitution of the University. The Hebdomadal Board will *share* in the initiation of those measures, the origination of which ought not to be exclusively vested in their hands; while the simply administrative functions of maintaining discipline, and transacting the ordinary business, are unreservedly continued to them, as a body closely connected with the

College, alone possessing the traditions of government, and having adequate leisure at their command. On the other hand, the House of Convocation will retain its right of *veto* on all measures submitted to it by the Upper Chamber; the composition of which guarantees a certain amount of reciprocity of sentiment between the two Houses, and so far promises a cordial co-operation in their common task. The commissioners, we understand, have claimed a credit we are not disposed to withhold, for the Conservative character of this reform, which is indeed an act rather of reconstitution than of innovation. But we cannot deny our sympathy with the apprehensions felt for the oligarchical tendency of this new initiative Chamber; a tendency which might easily be met by admitting within its pale a definite proportion of the more eminent members of the tutorial or collegiate staff, in place of restricting a seat to the senior tutor exclusively. Beyond this single modification, we will not except to the commissioner's proposal, which seems to us one of their happiest conceptions.

It is certainly desirable that a legislative body constituted on such a plan as the proposed House of Congregation, should have some such control over all branches of the executive as that implied by the suggestion of the Report, that every standing delegacy should be bound to lay an annual account of its proceedings on the table of the house. Those delegacies or committees enjoy a wide sphere of administrative power, which is in many cases absolute and irresponsible; and if the business of the University press is now admirably managed, it was in a very different state on the accession of its present staff.

Amid the general clamour for University extension, scarcely sufficient attention has been paid to the important question, whether there is really any large demand for further accommodation. Subjoined are the remarks tendered by the commissioners on this point:—

"While we entertain a strong hope that the benefits of the University may be more widely extended, we limit our

expectations by the circumstances and exigencies of modern times. It would be vain to look for the almost fabulous multitudes which are said to have resorted to Oxford in the reign of King Henry III. At that time, the University of Oxford was, we may almost say, the chief charity school for the poor, and the chief grammar school in England, as well as the great place of education for students of theology, of law, and of medicine. The oldest of the great public schools was not yet founded. The Inns of Court and the schools of medicine had no existence; and many students from foreign universities thought their education incomplete until they had visited the most celebrated seat of English learning. There is, however, much to encourage the belief that many impediments to the greatness of Oxford may be removed by the University or the Legislature; and that large classes, at present excluded, may, in future generations, and even in our own, be attracted by the excellent education and the ample rewards which Oxford may be easily enabled to offer. We shall hereafter show, on the authority of the highest names, that it is possible to render Oxford a place of preparatory education both for law and medicine. Professional knowledge, in a strict sense, cannot be given in a provincial town; it must be acquired where the professions are practised—that is, in Chambers and Courts of Law, and in the hospitals of great cities. But young men intended for the higher branches of those professions might with advantage spend the three or four years after seventeen, in Oxford, provided that, besides the general training of the place, they were enabled and required to master the principles of those branches of knowledge which they must afterwards study in detail. The changes which are taking place in the administration of justice seem to render it necessary that persons in all grades of the legal profession should receive an academical education. It is certainly desirable that the manufacturing and mercantile, which has arisen by the side of the landed aristocracy, and which is exercising a great influence upon the public councils, should seek to have its sons brought up where so many eminent statesmen of past and of present times have been trained; and that the universities should not cease to send forth a succession of persons qualified to serve God in the State as well as in the Church."—P. 19.

The number of graduates of all ranks residing in Oxford does not appear to exceed three hundred.

Cambridge, though her colleges are fewer, and her endowments much less considerable, accommodates many more. One of the chief causes which has thinned the Oxford register, is probably the fact that the education there is not such as to conduce to the advancement in life of many persons, except those intended for the ministry of the Established Church. Many are, in these days, raised to the highest judicial functions, who have not been members of any university; few physicians are educated at Oxford; nor are there many who take a degree with the view of entering the legal profession as solicitors, notwithstanding the favour shown to graduates by the Legislature, as regards the duration of their articles. But it is surely no presumption to augur a large accession of fresh members from the recent expansion of academical studies. In one quarter of the University at least, this liberal system has already borne generous fruit. Not only is there a larger proportion of noblemen at Christ Church now than there has been for many years, but there is not, we believe, a single member of the titled corps now resident in college, who is not intending to be a candidate for honours. In days like these, when it is not easy to overrate the importance of the personal character and legislative ability of every peer, it will be fortunate, indeed, if such studies as political economy and modern history, now happily encouraged by the University—to say nothing of her time-honoured classical system—shall prove to possess greater attractions for our hereditary senators, than enrolment in the Guards on quitting a public school—too commonly the training of those whom birth has entitled to share the deliberations of the Upper House. On the other hand, the long-acknowledged desirability of organising a plan to insure the more liberal and scientific study of the principles of jurisprudence, surely encourages the commissioners in the hopes they entertain, that a far larger proportion of our future barristers and solicitors will seek an Oxford education, if, as we shall endeavour to show, the University should prove, under its recently adopted system, the fittest school for learning the

elements of legal science. An attempt, it is well known, was made several years ago to combine the theoretical with the practical culture of law, by instituting a Lectureship in general jurisprudence in the Middle Temple. Had the University been the scene of the labours of Mr Long, it is more than probable that a high degree of success would have rewarded the efforts of that accomplished lecturer.

“As it is very important,” says Mr Stephen Denison, “that a knowledge of the principles of law should be deemed a desirable element in a liberal education, it should be taught at those places which usually form the final stage of general education, as distinct from special or professional education. At the universities, all youths who were so disposed might study it; whereas, if taught at the Inns of Court, it would be extremely unlikely that eldest sons, or, indeed, any persons except those destined for the bar, would subject themselves to the needful restraints, or have the same stimulus which would naturally attach to a university course of study. In short, it would be too late to begin it when the university career is completed.” . . . “It is highly desirable,” he adds, “to combine with the elementary study of the law, the kindred studies of logic, rhetoric, evidence, and history; all of which might be eminently useful to illustrate, enliven, or vary it, while law might, in its turn, give to them a more real and practical bearing than they have at present. All this would naturally be done at the universities; whereas it would not, and probably could not, be done at all at the Inns of Court.”

The University has already incorporated the elements of jurisprudence within the pale of academical studies; and nothing remains save to constitute the Vinerian Professorship on a basis that may convert it from a sinecure and sham into a reality. It cannot, indeed, be said of the generality of medical men, with the same truth as of lawyers, that they enter upon their profession with no sufficient preparatory education: but the commissioners are fortified by the high authority of Sir Benjamin Brodie in their opinion that—

“It is very important that those who are to be engaged in the practice of a liberal and scientific profession, such as

medicine or surgery, should have their minds prepared for their professional studies, by a good preliminary education, which may be obtained at the universities more easily than anywhere else. I believe," adds Sir Benjamin, "that if these institutions were to afford the means of studying chemistry, botany, the elements of mechanical philosophy and physiology, (which might be done without interfering much with other studies,) a great deal might be learnt there which would be useful to those who are afterwards to engage in the study of medicine and surgery. Young men, with their minds thus prepared, would not only be more fitted by their previous habit of attention for acquiring a knowledge of anatomy in the dissecting-room, and of disease in the hospital, but would also be able to do this in a more efficient manner, in consequence of their minds being less distracted by a variety of objects, than would be the case if they had no previous knowledge of the preliminary sciences. Nor need the University education, in the case of medical students, be attended with any great additional expense. At present, the English College of Surgeons requires of those who propose to be members of the College, that they should pass three years in the medical schools; while for those who are candidates for the Fellowship of the College, it requires six years of study in the medical schools, allowing one year to be deducted where a candidate has attained the degree of B.A. in an English university; but I have no doubt that for those who have had their minds well trained, and have gone through such a course of study as I have suggested, in a university, these periods might very safely be considerably abridged."—*Letter of Sir Benjamin Brodie—Report*, p. 81.

Politically speaking, it is most desirable that the members of optimate and patrician families, especially considering the *inertness* of Conservatism, should be trained, by their academical studies, to foil demagogues with their own weapons. Nor will it be less conducive to the true interests of the nation, to extend the blessings of an Oxford education to the future representatives of the chief manufacturing and mercantile houses, whose comparative estrangement from the Church, and utilitarian policy, are but the legitimate issue of the auspices under which they have been trained.

The prospective increase in the number of students is so obviously a

cardinal point in the question of academic extension, that we need not apologise for entering into the above details, which at once serve as a commentary upon the remarks we have cited from the Report, and suggest every hope of considerable reinforcements from four classes of society—the aristocracy, the future votaries of the law and of the medical profession, and the higher section of the middle ranks. If to any one among these—and, indeed, to society at large—an early academical training is likely to prove a special boon, it is surely to the novices in surgery and physic. In asserting the character of medical students to be in general highly susceptible of elevation, we hazard the imputation of truism rather than of novelty. There is, however, a totally different class, that of "poor scholars," in whose interests the cry of extension has been raised, and re-echoed till it has been lost in its own unmeaning reverberations—public sympathy having been singularly deaf to the appeal. The remarks of the commissioners, in reference thereto, are so just and philosophical, that we cannot refrain from presenting them at length to our readers.

"Doubtless, colleges were eleemosynary foundations; but their sole object was not, like that of an almshouse, to relieve indigence. They were intended, no doubt, to maintain scholars who were poor; and in an age when learning was regarded as ignoble by the great, and when nearly all but the great were poor, persons willing to enter the University as students could hardly be found, except among the poor. If, in modern days, those who impart or seek education in the universities are not indigent, it must not be thought, therefore, that the poor have been robbed of their birthright. Rather the universities, among other agencies, have so raised the condition of society, and mental cultivation is now so differently regarded, that persons intended for the learned professions are at present found only amongst the comparatively wealthy. Such persons, if elected for their merit to fellowships and scholarships, would most faithfully fulfil the main objects of the founders—namely, the promotion of religion and learning. We have no wish to encourage 'poor scholars' to come to the University because they are poor. If we look to the wants of the country and the Church, we must believe that what

is wanted is not a philanthropic scheme for counterbalancing the inequalities of fortune, but rather enactments which will provide that neither the rich nor the poor, if they have the necessary qualifications, shall be deterred or debarred from following the course in which they can be most useful. What is needed is justice, directed to the removal of every impediment, every unnecessary expense; not charity, designed to produce, under artificial stimulants, a large class of students without vocation for a learned profession."—Pp. 39, 40.

The perfection of a plan for University Extension must evidently consist in its elastic flexibility to all our social requirements. To remove the impediments which obstruct the career of meritorious poverty—to keep open the avenues through which the honesty and talent of the lowliest may rise to the loftiest stations—and to receive, with equal favour, the noble and the wealthy, is a problem no less suited to the national genius and the temper of our constitution, than worthy of solution by the highest intellect in the land. The thin ranks of the parochial clergy, it is said, urgently demand recruits; and it is plausibly contended that, if the Church of England is ever destined to influence the poor so powerfully as the rich, it must be through the agency of ministers drawn from the class to whom their consolations are addressed, and with whose hopes and fears, wants and feelings, they can more fully sympathise. There is much to confirm such a conclusion in the remarkable antithesis which distinguishes the English and Italian communions. Nothing is more unusual in our own country, nothing more common in Italy, than to hear the Church and her ministers reviled by the aristocracy and the higher classes: in Italy, Romanism acknowledges her truest children in the poor; in England, Dissent, in its varied forms, finds its readiest proselytes among them. This, of course, may be partially attributed to the easy sway maintained by superstition over poverty and ignorance; but it is, in our opinion, mainly to be ascribed to the humble extraction of nine-tenths of the Italian clergy—to that skilful adaptation of instruments to ends, of which the versatile genius of Roman-

ism is so consummate a master. Fully admitting this, the relevancy of the contrast, and the exigencies of our own Church, we cannot believe Oxford, constituted as it is, adapted for a vast nursery of parochial clergy, drawn from the lower orders of society. To administer every aid and encouragement to youths, whom poverty alone debars from distinction in the service of Church and State, by multiplying and increasing the value of existing exhibitions and scholarships, would indeed be a well-directed munificence; and, considering the generous spirit which so honourably characterises the youthful society of Oxford, men of such a stamp would have comparatively little to fear from the humiliating contrast of indigence and wealth. But once systematically allow the claims of *poverty as such*—once institute "poor men's halls" on a distinct and exclusive plan, relying upon the ministry of isolation and a rigid discipline to repel the inevitable contagion of collegiate habits and manners—and what will be the result? Not only will you multiply ten thousandfold the mortifications of poverty and the haughtiness of wealth, but the moment the enthusiasm of its original founder has yielded to the irresistible fate of all such transitory impulses, the institution will degenerate, and, instead of being poor only, will become *simply low*. We should be sorry indeed to be suspected of anything approaching to indifference to the pressing necessities of the Church; but we have a strong feeling that, in the extension of her ministrations, not zeal only, but discretion, must be enlisted; and we firmly believe that some such measure as that recommended by the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert—that of attaching clerical colleges, superintended by the canons, to the cathedrals, and incorporating them with the University—will be found, on reflection, infinitely more promising than this enthusiastic but visionary and shortsighted scheme.

Having gone through these details, with the view of forming an approximate estimate of the probable demand for further accommodation, we shall now invite attention to the proposed methods of extension. Our readers

are doubtless aware that the present restrictions on the increase of the University are imposed by the Laudian code, which provides that no student can be a member of the University without being a member of a college or hall, within whose walls he is compelled to lodge every night. The repeal of this statute will open the field to the choice of three expedients:—

The establishment of new halls, whether as independent societies, or in connection with colleges.

Permission to under-graduates to lodge in private houses, more generally than at present.

Permission to students to become members of the University, and to be educated in Oxford, under due superintendence, without subjecting them to the expenses incident to a connection with a college or hall.

While the commissioners leave it open to private enterprise and energy to adopt any of these schemes, they allege against the first the reasonable objections, that affiliated halls can only be founded by colleges, blessed not only with an appropriate site, but with superfluous wealth—conditions which are only true in the case of Magdalene; unless, indeed, fellowships are to be confiscated in their favour—a cool suggestion of Mr Temple, of Kneller Hall, which, happily for their own credit, finds little favour with the authors of the Report. There is, however, good reason to hope that, if a project of this kind were sincerely favoured by the University authorities, it need not languish for want of funds. Several years ago, a memorial was presented to the vice-chancellor, signed by some twenty gentlemen of rank and influence, among whom figured the names of Lords Sandon and Ashley, and Mr Sidney Herbert, professing their readiness to contribute to the cause of academical extension, though chiefly with a view to the reinforcement of the Church. The Hebdomadal Board, with their usual excellent policy, quietly smothered this liberal suggestion, protesting that the University would probably decline to incorporate new colleges or halls, and that additional edifices would mar the symmetry of Oxford! It is evident, however, that affiliated halls would have several advantages over inde-

pendent institutions. The gain, in point of economy, would be considerable, since the kitchen, library, chapel, and hall of the college, would all be available; and since the hall would be merely a regular extension of the old house, the residents in both would be on a footing of equality, and the term would no longer be one of disparagement—a sense which it has contracted at Oxford only from the circumstance that the halls have hitherto chiefly been places of refuge for the outcast members of the colleges. Though in no degree desirous of discouraging the erection of independent halls, we believe that the expediency of enabling well-constituted colleges to extend a beneficial system, and usefully to employ those members of their staff whom they cannot at present engage in public tuition, owing to the limited number of their under-graduates, must be generally allowed. There are several colleges who would gladly avail themselves of such a channel for their overflowing energies, besieged as they at present are by applications for admission from candidates who would do honour to their register. Either of these plans we should decidedly prefer to the second, which, though not especially favoured, is yet sanctioned, by the commissioners—that of permitting members of colleges to reside in lodgings, either indiscriminately, as at Cambridge, or by dispensations to a few of trustworthy character, or by a contraction of the statutable term of residence within college walls. If, however, we were compelled to canvass the alternative, we could not hesitate to give the proposal a preference to the third of those above mentioned, although this last has been honoured by the special patronage of the commissioners; viz., that students should be permitted, under due superintendence, to become members of the University, without any connection with a college or hall. In its behalf, they insist upon the desirability of counteracting the absorption of the University by the colleges; the expediency of stimulating their energies by competition, the absence of which has caused, in their opinion, the apathy of many of the most wealthy among them; that this plan is susceptible of

rapid contraction and indefinite extension ; that it offers opportunities of domestic superintendence, and of a more kindly and effective discipline ; and especially, that it alone promises to render an Oxford education accessible to a much poorer class than that which at present is the life-blood of its system. We agree with the *Edinburgh Review*, that no proposal of the commissioners will startle the world so much as this. The safeguards it provides for discipline and morals are very unsatisfactory, since the poorer class of students, thus indiscriminately admitted to residence in lodgings, are subjected to the control of mere university functionaries, who, it appears, will not necessarily, nor even generally, live under the same roof with them, and whose supervision, therefore, will be somewhat too cold and remote to realise "the moral influences of a home." The proposal is apparently based upon an idea, which Englishmen are not as yet sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, that instruction and education are convertible terms ; and that the moral culture, which has hitherto been the essence of our academical training, is to be resigned in favour of a system which aims at nothing higher than the inculcation of knowledge. It would be truistical to expatiate at length on the benefits of collegiate life ; they are acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the land ; and we may safely defy the advocates of this obnoxious scheme to rival our time-honoured system in the formation of character and the modelling of men. The commissioners contend that the opportunities to vice would not be greater in lodgings than they are in colleges—an assertion, the truth of which, from Cambridge experience, we may fairly question, while its relevancy we totally deny. Reverend divines, like the authors of the Report, ought not to have forgotten that, in dealing with the young, it is better policy to multiply the incentives to virtue, than to decrease the "opportunities to vice." If within the college walls there is a chance of evil company, yet happier influences, both in the character and example of the society, and in the numerous safeguards with which the affectionate

solicitude of the Church has shielded the youthful members of her flock, undoubtedly predominate. But this is not all : there are yet graver objections to be urged against the plan. It is incontestible, on the one hand, from the constitution and ordinances of the Church, that the tutors of colleges were destined to hold the pastoral relation to their pupils. The services of the college chapel, and the celebration therein of the Holy Communion by the fellows and tutors, with the accompanying invitation to open the conscience, in cases of doubt, to the minister ; the isolation of the college from the charge of the parish priest, which can only be accounted for on the theory of peculiarities ; the fact that the tutors are, in compliance with the statutes, almost invariably clergymen ; coupled with the express injunctions of the 23d canon, which, according to Dr Cardwell's rule, is binding *in foro conscientie*, even though it may not be enforced *proprio vigore* in courts of law—speak in tones that cannot be mistaken. On the other hand, the notion of a guardian—that is, a representative of the parent—is inherent in the very name of tutor, whether construed as a classical or a legal term. To elevate the office of the mere lecturer and instructor, to the sacrifice of the higher duties of maintaining a constant and kindly intercourse with pupils—of superintending their conduct, and of moral censure and admonition—is not only to ignore the system and discipline of the Church, but to descend below the standard of *pagans*,

"Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco !"

Even Dr Arnold avowed that the charge of a school was a cure of souls—that his school was his parish ; an idea, it seems, past the conception of the very reverend gentleman who succeeded him at Rugby, and has since been charged by her Majesty to reform the University of Oxford !

We are glad to find that the commissioners abjure the patronage of the violent means wherewith they have been advised to encounter the vexed question of academical debt. Bad instances of collegiate liabilities

are undoubtedly rare; and the public indignation they excite is never very discriminate, and is apt to exaggerate the evil. Bursar's bills admit, in general, of but little curtailment; and the amusements and private entertainments of the under-graduates avowedly constitute their chief expenses. Racket and cricket playing subject their votaries to inordinate charges; and we cannot help wishing that a petition, lately presented to the vice-chancellor, with the view of rendering the latter enjoyable at a cheaper rate, by providing grounds at the University's cost, may meet with a favourable reception. Racket-grounds at many public schools occasion no further expense to the players than the charge of occasional repairs; and though the monastic constitution was thoroughly in keeping with the original destination of the colleges, it can hardly be equally congenial, now that education is their highest aim. The authors of the Report justly invoke, for the further discouragement of extravagance, the aid of College tutors, and especially of parents, with whom the responsibility chiefly resides; for youths bred in luxury and indulgence at home will not be slow to develop the habits and principles of their early training wherever they may go. The experience of sumptuary laws is not favourable to their recall; and the expansion of academical studies has already reclaimed many a votary of idleness, always the parent of extravagance. But the facilities given to credit by the Oxford tradesmen are too great a snare to the thoughtless and improvident, and certainly call for the seasonable check which, it appears to us, will be realised by the following rule, if authorised by Parliament:—

"That no debt whatever shall be recoverable which has been contracted by a minor in *status pupillari*, unless the bills shall have been sent to the young man in the same term in which the articles were supplied, and unless, in case of non-payment, a second bill shall have been sent to his tutor within a given time after the delivery of the first, the suit to be commenced within six months of the date of the earliest item in the bill."

The next point in the Report which challenges our attention, is the alter-

ation proposed by the commissioners in the recent examination statute, whereby, as we have already in some degree explained, the studies sanctioned by the University have been materially extended. At the period of this enlargement a third examination was added, it having been proved by experience that the former system, in which honours were awarded only once, gave fatal opportunities of idleness to the aspirants for a pass, while it accumulated too many separate subjects on the candidates for distinction. The public is probably aware that, in the first examination, a moderate proficiency in grammatical knowledge, and the elements of mathematics, is the sole requisite; while in the second, poets and orators, and the earlier historians, are chiefly studied, logic being indispensable for honours; and, in the third, a wider field is opened—every candidate being required to pass in two out of four schools, which consist of classics, mathematics, and physical science treated mathematically, natural science, and law and modern history. With the actual average of schoolboy knowledge, it was impossible to include the higher classics in the second examination; and a wise regulation has maintained classical studies as the groundwork of academical learning, by rendering a pass in classics at the third examination indispensable to a degree. It is so very undesirable to unsettle a constituted scheme of study, much more to intrude premature and fanciful amendments upon it, that the happiest suggestion the commissioners could have tendered would have required every apology at their hands. But, with the characteristic modesty of Liberals, the authors of the Report have undertaken to be wiser than the University and the country together, and politely offer to remodel our happily organised system by an innovation destructive of sound classical learning. For they recommend that "the studies of the grammar-school"—as they contemptuously term such authors as Aristotle, Thucydides, and Plato—should be restricted to the first public examination; and the only apology so mischievous a suggestion admits of—viz., that it is prospective on an advancement in the standard of

schoolboy proficiency—is neutralised by the character of the substitute they propose. In place of the present school of classics, which, besides theology, comprises logic, moral philosophy, and political science, founded upon the great works of Aristotle, Plato, and Butler, and ancient history, they suggest—

“A school of mental philosophy, comprising the analysis of the moral and intellectual powers, the principles of taste and art, and the history of philosophy.

“That of philology, in which the student may be examined in Greek and Latin, or (!) the Oriental and modern European languages, or in comparative philology.”—*Report*, p. 73.

We are truly sorry to seem ungrateful for this liberal offer, and these fascinating alternatives; but, nevertheless, we are bound to record the vital objections we entertain against the scheme. When placed side by side with the existing system, it must be seen by all who are competent to judge, that it tacitly cancels the cardinal principle which distinguishes the English from foreign universities—the principle that instruction should be conveyed by lecturing upon standard authorities, instead of abandoning students to the ambitious novelties of theorists. It is *the* principle of the tutorial system; not that we are hostile to the recall of its counterpart, the professoriate. In their legitimate spheres, as we shall presently endeavour to show, they may conspire very amicably together; but the tendency of the present movement, and especially of the recommendations of the Report, is unduly to exalt the latter, and to reduce the tutors to the post of a mere subordinate staff of the professors, and we cannot, therefore, too strongly protest against it. Thucydides and Herodotus, Aristotle and Plato, are, to borrow the language of an eminent critic, “the classical professors of our universities;” nor is it only as unparalleled models of composition that we select those ancient writers, but in order to invigorate the mind, and accustom the student to think for himself, instead of blindly receiving doctrines as they fall from the lips of speculatists. We cannot better illustrate the point at issue than in the following words of Dr Whewell, which

fully display the evils of the professorial system, as a vehicle of instruction, when unrestrained:—

“I conceive that the mind of a young man employed mainly in attending to teachers of this latter kind, tempted by their dependent position to think more of novelty than truth, and unrestricted in the foundations of their theories—that such a mind must fail to acquire any steady and unhesitating conviction of the immutable and fixed nature of truth. This constant change in the system of received doctrines must unsettle and enfeeble his apprehension of all truths. He has no time, he has no encouragement, to take up the doctrines which are placed before him, and to study them till he is firmly possessed of them, secure that their certainty and value can never alter. He lives among changes, and has not the heart to labour patiently for treasures that may be ravished from him by the next revolution. The state of Germany, for instance, has of late years been as unfavourable to the intellectual welfare of its students as the condition of the most unstable government of the East is to the material prosperity of its subjects. A great philosophical conquest is made by Kant, and a universal empire is supposed to be on the point of being established. But Fichte, who began by being a follower of Kant, ends by deposing him. Schelling carries away the allegiance of Germany from Fichte; and then Hegel becomes more powerful than any of his predecessors, and a younger Fichte raises the standard against all these rulers. Now, amid all this change and fear of change, how can any man eat tranquilly of the fruit of his own field under his own vine and fig-tree? He becomes, almost irresistibly, a wild and restless speculator, criticising what has already been done in philosophy; attempting to guess what will be the next step, and destitute of those clear ideas, and those habits of exact thought, through which alone any real advances in knowledge can be appropriated. Again, another mode in which this system of teaching operates unfavourably on students is this—it makes them critics instead of pupils. In mathematical and other practical teaching, the teacher is usually much the superior of his scholar, and the scholar cannot but feel this, and must, consequently, be led to entertain a docile and confiding disposition toward his instructor. On the other hand, when a system is proposed which offers its claims to him, and asks his assent, which he may give or refuse, he feels himself placed in the situation of an equal and a judge with respect to his

professor ; and if, as is very likely to be the case with active-minded young speculators, he goes through several phases of opinion, and gives his allegiance to a succession of teachers—he can hardly fail to look upon them with a self-complacent levity which involves little of respect. Now, this want of docility, confidence and respect, when it prevails in the student towards his teacher, cannot, I think, be looked upon otherwise than as a highly-prejudicial feeling, and one which must destroy much of the value and usefulness of the education thus communicated.”—*Remarks on the Principles of English University Education*, p. 47.

To this testimony, we beg to add that of a very different, though equally valuable witness, Professor Pusey, who speaks “from long observation of the systems in this country and Germany.”

“For myself, I should think that there are few subjects in which the catechetical system is not the best calculated to call forth the energies of the mind, or promote its healthful independence. More good can be effected by correcting or enlarging the ideas which the student may himself have framed, and thus leading him onwards to further truths, or a deeper insight into things, than by any mass of information which may have been imparted, or by any knowledge of the systems of other men. *What he thus acquires becomes his own.*”—*Cathedral Establishments*, p. 47.

Nor is this the only objection. The course of philological lectures will, as regards Latin and Greek, form a most unsatisfactory and meagre substitute for the direct study of the classical authors. Young men, as all who have been engaged in academic education are well aware, are already sufficiently disposed to study illustrative commentaries at the expense of the originals, and to patronise other methods which promise to supersede the labour of original thought. And the alternatives suggested will expose classical studies to a competition from which they cannot fail to suffer. In these utilitarian days modern languages and literature are sufficiently attractive, without being placed on a level with those higher branches of learning whose salutary fruits centuries attest. Nor is this all: a profound acquaintance with the history of roots and inflexions is not the

highest attribute of the classical scholar; the culture of the principles of taste, and of the perception of classical beauties, both of sentiment and style, are, to our mind, the higher qualities justly cherished by the present system; and we are weak enough to prefer such trophies of the juvenile academic muse as the Oxford Anthology and the “*Arundines Cami*,” to the overlaboured “*Cratylus*” of the learned Donaldson.

On the other hand, the University having lately opened her doors to sciences which can be efficiently taught only by professors, the reconstitution of the professoriate, within due limits, is an object of the utmost importance. Before, however, we endeavour to define those limits, we shall mention the arguments so plausibly urged by the commissioners in behalf of the professors. In the first place—

“It is generally acknowledged,” they say, “that both Oxford and the country at large suffer greatly from the absence of a body of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science, and to the direction of academical education. It is felt that the opening of such a career within the University would serve to call forth the knowledge and ability which is often buried and wasted, for want of proper encouragement. It is evident that, for literary men, academical rather than ecclesiastical offices are the fittest rewards and the most useful positions. The fact that so few books of profound research emanate from the University of Oxford, materially impairs its character as a seat of learning, and consequently its hold on the respect of the nation. The presence of men eminent in the various departments of knowledge would impart a dignity and stability to the whole institution, far more effectual against attacks from without than the utmost amount of privilege and protection; whilst from within, it would tend, above all other means, to guard the University from being absorbed, as it has been of late years, by the agitations of theological controversy. If the professoriate could be placed in a proper condition, those fellows of colleges whose services the University would wish to retain, would be less tempted, and would never be compelled to leave it for positions and duties for which their academical labours had in no way prepared them, but would look forward to some sphere of usefulness within the University

for which they would have been fitted by their previous occupations. A professorship would then indeed become a recognised profession."—P. 93.

The apprehension that the professorial system will introduce into Oxford a tone of teaching and opinion similar to that of foreign universities, seems to us to be fairly met by the following remarks of Mr Vaughan, which are embodied in the Report. After observing that the poverty of our home-grown literature compels us to adopt the works of foreigners on many subjects, and therewith their general principles of criticism and philosophy, he proceeds thus :—

"Had we a professorial system of our own, embracing all the great subjects of instruction, the national character and genius would assert itself in their works. The spirit of our own institutions, intellectual character, domestic life, and moral qualities, would necessarily be at work in the minds of our professors to form a literature and philosophy independent, native, and, in the truest and most valuable sense, congenial; it would therefore not tend to make us copyists of foreign systems either in form or spirit, but would open for us a new source of independence in these things."—*Report*, p. 96.

With the single exception of theology, we have no hesitation in avowing that learning is very inadequately endowed at Oxford. The restrictions of celibacy, not less than the narrowness of collegiate incomes, are fatal to devotion to any special branch of learning on the part of the Fellows and Tutors. It cannot be for the honour of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge that the standard works on their own studies, like those of Mill, Grote, and Colonel Mure, owe no debt of gratitude to them; and whether original publications, or editions of meritorious but forgotten works, constitute the chief want of the age, it must be most important, especially since the mutilation of the cathedrals, to maintain a staff of eminent men, who may be enabled, by an adequate provision, to drink deep of the fountains of learning. But we cannot sympathise with the argument of the Report, that, so far from professors having been superseded by the invention of printing, they are now

as urgently demanded by the abundance, as they were formerly from the poverty, of books. Surely a very intelligible line of distinction may be drawn upon the following principle. In those sciences where there are no standard works, as in most departments of physics, and especially abstract or general jurisprudence—or in those, again, wherein there is so much fluctuation that standard authorities become rapidly antiquated, as in political economy—oral lectures are indispensable. But the commissioners have certainly not made out a case for saddling the University or the colleges with a salary of £1000 a-year a-piece, for their contemplated professors of ancient and modern history. A college tutor will readily indicate the merits of our principal historians; and where so much has already been written, the lectures of a professor would surely tend to supersede original thought and research on the part of his pupils. Since the professors, too, are to be examiners in their several sciences, there is an obvious danger of a subservience to their theoretical predilections or party views, in a province so replete with these as that of modern history. The commissioners have needlessly and mischievously multiplied their beloved professors on a scale that must cause them constantly to encroach on the sphere of the college tutors. The absence of clearness of principle which characterises their recommendations upon this point, is visible enough in their avowed inability (p. 100) to determine the functions of the rival systems, whereby they have incurred the summary vengeance of Mr Bonamy Price, who, in his article on the Commission in the *Edinburgh* of last July, reproaches them with rejecting the advice which he and Mr Jowett had tendered them: advice, however, which would hardly have rescued them from the difficulties they have incurred; difficulties that would never have embarrassed them, had they but followed the simple rule which so spontaneously suggests itself—viz., that the elements of logic and ethics should be taught by the tutor, while the more advanced pupil should listen to the professor; that such sciences as jurisprudence and

political economy should be taught by the professor only—grammar and the text of the classics by the tutor.

The *Edinburgh Review*, as we have just remarked, complains of the very vague and indefinite language in which the Report alludes to the functions of the new class of instructors. Besides the College tutors, the commissioners have added professors and public lecturers; the latter subordinate to the former, but clearly distinguished in their contemplated sphere from the tutors, as is evident from p. 100 of the Report.

The authors of this new arrangement, therefore, can hardly benefit by the apology we have heard tendered in their behalf—that the institution of the lecturers was prospective upon the admission of students living in lodgings, who would find in their services an equivalent for those of the College tutors. And yet, in what manner the commissioners propose to find room for this triple class of teachers entirely surpasses our conception, as it obviously has surpassed their ability to explain in detail. They trust that the private tutors will be gradually absorbed among the lecturers; but they have left the want supplied by private tuition totally unprovided for—that of easy adjustment to individual capacities and knowledge; terms which their contemplated lecturers can never fulfil, as they, like the College staff, are destined to address *classes*. We are, therefore, fully inclined to credit the prophecy of the writer in the *Edinburgh*, that the new, like the former instructors, if their respective provinces are so loosely defined, will surely be “undetermined by the remorseless attacks of the private tutors.”

In their view of the system of private tuition, the commissioners have been as much at variance with the tenor of nine-tenths of their evidence, as in their advocacy of residence in independent lodgings. The *animus* they evince may possibly be owing to the notorious antipathies of one among them, who used to signalise himself in the University pulpit by his invectives against this devoted engine of instruction. Not, however, that we are blind to its defects, which we will balance against its virtues,

and against the merits of substitutes we have heard proposed in its stead; but, since it is a question in which we would readily listen to others rather than rely upon our own opinion, we have selected from the evidence on the subject, that which seems the most discriminate, and which possesses every claim on the public attention, as it is tendered by a gentleman high in academical position, and one whose views are founded upon a large experience of both systems;—we allude to Mr Rawlinson, the well-known tutor of Exeter College. He distinguishes between the private tuition of passmen, in which he thinks the evil preponderates over the good, from its liability to degenerate into “cram,” and that of candidates for honours, of which he speaks in the following terms:—

“With respect to the private tuition of candidates for honours, I regard it as a most important part of Oxford education, and as working most decidedly for good. Among my cotemporaries, I have scarcely known any one of much intellectual power who did not feel that he had derived the greatest benefit from the instructions of his private tutor. Individually, I most entirely participate in this feeling. The advantages of private over public teaching are the following: The close contact into which tutor and pupil are brought by the complete privacy of the instruction, enabling the tutor to concentrate his entire attention upon a particular case; to address himself to the individual difficulties of the man; to illustrate in the way most intelligible to him; to lecture up to the level of the hearer’s capacity, and enabling the pupil to throw off all *mauvaise honte*; to state his difficulties freely, and to get instruction exactly on the points on which he feels that he requires it. I regard this direct personal contact and privacy as invaluable to the student, and as the *only* means whereby rapid progress is made in the higher branches of knowledge.”—*Evidence*, p. 218.

Among other advantages, he mentions the peculiar character of the connection, voluntary on both sides; the favourable opportunity for exerting a good moral influence, afforded by the circumstance that the private tutor is not obliged *ex officio* to preach morality, and is felt to speak sincerely and *ex animo*; and the freedom of

choice which the pupils possess, whereby a large amount of multifarious talent is thrown open to the whole body of students, and they are enabled to select their own teacher on the subject which they wish to master out of a large number of well-qualified persons, and have it in their power to change, if they do not make the progress they expected. Yet the prevalent objection that men's minds are forced prematurely into the later stages of mental development, and cramped and made to grow in a particular shape, so that originality and freshness of thought are apt to disappear, seems but partially encountered by the argument, "that it is rather an objection against tuition than against private tuition, for the professor and the College tutor equally stimulate and force the mental growth, and give it a particular direction, and solve difficulties, and supply thought, and thereby check originality." For the private tutor undeniably lies under greater temptations to court popularity, and it would have been wiser to have treated the objection as an argument against the *abuse* of the system—an argument rejected with contempt when applied to every human institution, always excepting Convocation! Another objection repeatedly urged, that private tuition places the poorer students at a great disadvantage as regards honours, is easily defeated by the obvious answer that it is too broad to be relevant, the influence of wealth being equally diffused, and acting with irresistible force, throughout the whole sphere of education, by enabling fathers to send their sons early to public schools, to obtain for them the best private tuition before they come to Oxford, the best books, and other aids to knowledge, from which the sons of poorer men are debarred. "But the cases are very rare," adds Mr Rawlinson, "in which a poor man is prevented by his poverty from obtaining as much private tuition as is of real service to him for the schools. Friends and relations, or not unfrequently College authorities, provide the money necessary, and the private tutor often lowers his terms, or even foregoes

remuneration. Add to this, that at Oxford, men seldom read with a private tutor for more than a year; and then the expense is far more than repaid by the same pupils becoming tutors in their turn."

To own the truth, we hold cheap education in much the same estimation as cheap goods in general. It is always a sign of degenerate times, when people exhibit a uniform propensity to cut down their children's school-bills rather than deny themselves any article of luxury. Juvenal's satirical contrast of the miserable fee doled out to the schoolmaster of his age, and the munificent largesses squandered on the satellites of pleasure, will not die for want of illustration in certain quarters at the present day.

"In legislating," says a distinguished member* of the University in his evidence, "with a view to promote the intellectual vigour of the University in the present day, it would be a great mistake to give too much weight to merely eleemosynary considerations. In an age of mental activity, and one in which education is sufficiently prized to be worth investing money in, a purely charitable education, like most other things given away in charity, will not usually be the best of its kind. If it is desirable to retain within the University teachers of sufficient ability to find employment for their talents elsewhere, it will be almost as great an error to adapt the character of the education to the lowest possible purse as to the lowest possible intellect, both being the misfortune, and not the fault, (*virtue*) of their respective possessors. The most efficient system will be one which combines the private tutor, the College tutor, and the professor, holding out at the same time sufficient prospects to able men of advancing from the lower offices to the higher."

In this opinion we think it highly probable our readers will coincide. To absorb the private tutors in the contemplated staff of lecturers, we have already shown to be impossible. Two other plans, however, demand a brief examination.

It has been thought that, by carrying out systematically the principle of the division of labour in College lectures, private tuition may be super-

* Mr Mansel, p. 21.

needed. We are sorry to be compelled to reply, that in the only College in which this has been attempted, (Balliol), and that the most flourishing educational establishment in Oxford, it has not been found to succeed in practice; and, indeed, it is obvious that it depends upon the unanimous concurrence of the whole College in its favour. But even then it cannot answer the demands of those who feel the absolute need of tuition in the strictest sense relative to their own wants. The advocates of the plan are so sensible of this that they propose to raise the income of the College tutors, in order that they may devote themselves more to individuals than they at present can. It is highly probable that many efficient and conscientious members of the College staff are at present underpaid, but there are also many who are only too well paid: it would be impossible to institute invidious distinctions; and to augment expenses indiscriminately would be obvious injustice to the pupils.

It is every way undesirable to increase ministerial interest in the private concerns of the University; and though the Crown may assuredly claim a certain share in the nomination of professors, we only echo the general opinion in expressing our regret at the extravagant amount of patronage conceded to the Prime Minister by the recommendations of the Report. Another mode of election—that by limited bodies of eminent men—has been, by the confession of the commissioners, especially successful; and a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* happily suggests a somewhat similar scheme, which has worked admirably at Leyden, and other foreign universities—that of appointments by a board of curators, two of whom must be chosen by the Crown, and three by the heads of houses, the professors and lecturers, and the tutors. Supposing two-thirds of the elections vested in such hands, and the remainder in the remodelled House of Congregation, which will represent the University in the truest and most liberal sense, an immeasurable advantage will be secured—that of assuring meritorious candidates, who have distinguished themselves in the inferior offices of academic educa-

tion, that their claims to the vacant professorial chairs will be weighed by the most competent judges.

It now only remains to notice the changes advised in the constitution and government of the Colleges. So considerable are the alterations which have been effected in these bodies by the lapse of time and circumstances, that it seems most desirable to liberate the present and future generations from taking oaths to observe statutes for the most part thoroughly obsolete. In their characteristic features, these societies exhibit a remarkable inversion of their original destination. In the first place, they were designed to be eleemosynary foundations, suitable only for those who could not obtain a subsistence without forsaking their studies. This prominent type has long since been obliterated in a great degree, though the Commissioners seem to us to have exaggerated the deviation from the letter of the statutes. Again, they were instituted as communities under a strict rule of life: a system of surveillance was to be carried on day and night by the seniors over the juniors; in some, the machinery of secret denunciation was established, and the minutæ of manners, dress, and behaviour, were fettered by the strictest injunctions: even private prayers were dictated; and at Magdalene the Fellows were commanded "to walk with pricked ears, according to the holy canons." To speak of a non-resident Fellow would, in most cases, have been a contradiction in terms. We need hardly enter into details, to show that in all these points the revolution has been complete. Another essential, but partially antiquated, feature of the early societies was, the religious purpose of the founder—that the Fellows should offer prayers in behalf of the living and the dead. All-Souls was established, in the words of the statutes, "not so much to ply therein the various arts and sciences, as to pray for the souls of Henry V., Thomas Duke of Clarence, and all the souls of those whom the havoc of warfare hath drenched with the bowl of bitter deaths." Like hospitals, then, the Colleges were eleemosynary; and, like monasteries, subject to a rule of life; but their most important object was to serve

as refuges for study. Student Fellows, however, have long been the exception, not the rule, the energies of the residents being almost entirely absorbed in education. It is at first sight calculated to excite surprise that, in the midst of this general revolution, no effort has been made to emancipate the colleges from the manifold and highly mischievous restrictions which fetter the election of their Fellows. But it is easy to account for this anomaly. They have been maintained by the vigilance of personal interests, fortified by the statutable appeal to the Visitor in case of grievance. The province of the Visitor, in almost all colleges, is unfortunately only that of an interpreter of the law; he is commissioned *jus dicere*, not *jus dare*; he has no original jurisdiction, save in the solution of a questionable statute, but can only act on appeal. The founders, little versed in the history of corporate establishments, evidently assumed that their institutions were to be immutable, while everything was changing around them. If, however, any further considerations were needed to strengthen the argument in favour of cancelling oaths to observe obsolete injunctions, it might be supplied by the circumstance, that the societies, until the era of the Reformation, had a resource they no longer possess. "Probably," says the editor of the Oxford University Statutes, "no great exertion was requisite on the part of the men of that age to disembarass themselves of the nets and toils of statutes, inasmuch as they had at hand a cheap and easy remedy, and the sanctuary of innocence would open at their bidding, seeing that, in those days, the Pope superseded innocence by the courtesy and kindness with which he indulged impunity to sin. The Tiber succeeded to the Jordan for the cleansing from all the leprous guilt contracted by the constant obligation to commit perjury." And we have the authority of Antony Wood for the statement, that in 1511 it was a common thing for the Chancellor graciously to license all masters to choose suitable confessors for the remission of all their sins, whereof the chief was perjury. The commissioners justly propose to alter the obsolete statutes in addition to prohibiting the

oaths; for, if the former remained unrepealed, they would still be a fetter to the conscience. It is doubtful whether the colleges, even with concurrence of the Crown, have the power of self-emancipation: many of them, whatsoever the desirability of such a step, would hardly stir in it, since, like the president of Magdalene, they have themselves sworn "neither directly nor indirectly to obtain an alteration of their statutes." It would, therefore, probably be needful for the Legislature to effect this reform, which might easily be done without entering much into details, and therefore without intrusion upon the rights and internal government of the University, by laying down a few broad and general principles, and enlarging the powers of administration confided to colleges for the future. One of the most important reforms recommended by the commissioners is unquestionably the abolition of restrictions in fellowship elections, to which we have already referred. It has, at first sight, all the air of a violent attack upon chartered rights; and it is evident that its defence must repose, not upon abstract doctrines of expediency, however plausible, but upon the acknowledged principles and precedents of civil and constitutional justice.

The mischievous results of these limitations may be inferred from the fact that, out of 542 fellowships, there are only twenty-two in such a sense open that a young man sees his way clear towards them without any other bar than may arise from his own defect in talent, character, and industry. Not only are the incentives to study thereby materially weakened, but the value of an Oxford education is much deteriorated, and men who would be useful as country clergymen are bribed because they are born in some parish in Rutland to linger at Oxford, though they have no vocation for a life of study.

The authors of the Report allege that these restrictions are oftener a mischief than a blessing to the very classes who consider themselves privileged; that youths who have no aptitude for learning are thereby constantly enticed into an education and a position for which they are totally unfit; that a fellowship is far more

valuable, when bestowed on the native of a parish on account of his merits, than when an accident throws it into the hands of a person who has no qualification for a learned life; that the colleges owe their present greatness to their absorption of the University, and have thereby attained a national character which must subject their internal arrangements to the general good; that the advantages of open fellowships are broad and patent in the exalted reputation of those colleges who are favoured with them; that the studies recently patronised will lack needful encouragement if there are no fellowships to reward distinction in them; that the greatest authorities, and among others Coke and Hallam, recognise a wide difference between private and corporate property—Hallam, in particular, “admitting the full right of the Legislature to new-mould and regulate the latter in all that does not involve existing interests, upon far slighter reasons of convenience than could justify interference with private rights;” that if it be not allowable to effect this change, the rights of the present holders, by whom far greater innovations have been made or admitted, must be questionable; that there is no danger of checking the liberality of future benefactors by such alterations, since it is presumed that men will more readily endow such institutions when convinced that they hold some security for their right administration; besides a few other arguments of less importance, which it would be tedious to enumerate at length.

Mr Dampier, a member of the Commission, in his “legal statement,” argues that the stringent oaths against change, required by the founder, are illegal, inasmuch as they constitute an indirect attempt to obtain a perpetuity, not of property, (which is allowable), but of the laws affecting the object of that property, which would be overruled in a court of justice as “contrary to public policy;” that it is a definitive principle of law, that when there is a particular and a general paramount intent, the latter shall prevail, whence he infers that the primary object of the founder—the encouragement of study—ought not to be defeated by his secondary intentions; that a scheme

of compensation may be applied to colleges similar to that whereby private property is every day alienated for public purposes, by throwing open all the foundations—which, however, would only be strictly fair in the contingency of all counties or dioceses being, collectively, equally favoured by the College founders; and this is far from being the fact.

It is in vain to deny the force and plausibility of these arguments; and, in our opinion, the only constitutional ground upon which they might have been opposed has been undermined by the precedent of the Ecclesiastical Commission. The Legislature, on that occasion, deliberately violated the principle of law upon which depended the integrity of the endowments of the Church—the principle that the Church possesses no property as a corporation applicable to general purposes, but that each particular corporation, whether aggregate or sole, holds its property separate, distinct, and inalienable, according to the intention of the original foundation. In pleading the cause of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester before the House of Lords, Mr Hope maintained his assertion, that such acts of suppression and mutilation were totally unknown to our law, save when the institutions attacked could be proved to be positively injurious to the public weal, as in the case of the Templars and the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. Many, however, will reply, that an unconstitutional precedent ought not to be followed. We must, nevertheless, be prepared to find a busy commercial people like our countrymen disposed to judge of institutions by their visible fruits. And the genius of English law seems, in some respects, to favour the commissioners. At the end of so many lives, private property, however strictly settled, reverts to the will of its actual proprietor; and if perpetuity is conferred upon corporate property, it is only in deference to the supposed interests of the public, in subservience to which it must, it would seem by implication, submit to occasional readjustment.

The commissioners have fortunately retained another class of restrictions, whose validity has not been affected

by the revolutionary tendencies of time. We allude to the salutary connexion maintained between schools and colleges through exhibitions and scholarships, which annually contribute powerfully to stimulate the energies of pupils, and to create a reputation for the school, which it is held a point of honour to sustain. The seminaries allied to Pembroke have fared ill at the hands of the commissioners, but the temperate and constitutional change recommended in the relations of Winchester and New College seems to us one of the happiest suggestions of the Report. The actual constitution of these illustrious bodies violates the law which is essential to the virtue of such a connexion—viz., that the number of scholarships shall bear a small proportion to the number of the candidates. The fellowships at New College are so numerous as rather to cool than excite the competition of the Winchester boys; and it is therefore suggested that they should, for the future, be thrown open to all pupils educated at that school, instead of being exclusively confined to the members of the foundation.

We should be sorry to see fellowship elections decided entirely by the literary merits of the candidates, as the commissioners recommend. Character and manners are essential

elements of the choice, at once in the injunctions of founders, and in the courts of conscience and experience. "*Indigos castos pios ac proficere volentes*," are the epithets by which Walter de Merton designates the heirs of his bounty, which was destined, more specially than subsequent foundations, to support the falling cause of learning against the ignorance and superstition of the monks.

A severe, if not fatal blow will be given to the independence of the colleges, if Parliament should ever unhappily authorise the commissioners' proposal to intrude Professor Fellows, elected either by the Crown or other external bodies, into the membership of those societies. It is very true that the founders of several colleges enjoined that certain fellowships should be assigned to the most learned candidate, without regard to the restrictions which, in other cases, fettered the choice of the electors. But the nomination was vested in the hands of the societies themselves. If, in some houses, a few fellowships can be equitably appropriated to the institution of professorships, the professors can thereby acquire no right to share the same table and the same roof, apart from the adoption of the College,—or, in other words, to be members of the society.

PALISSY THE POTTER.

FROM time to time we are startled by the resuscitation of the works of some author, whose name has long ceased to exist except in catalogues, and on whose writings the grey dust of centuries has been allowed to accumulate. There exists a class of *litterateurs* whose occupation is precisely that of the seekers for buried treasures. Conscious that of themselves they are not able to create anything which can interest or attract the public mind, they are diligent in their endeavours to find out some previous creation or deposit which has hitherto evaded the researches of their brethren, but which, when scoured, burnished, and regilded, may be of value enough to excite, in our days, that attention which it could not command when new. Nor is this altogether so hopeless a field of enterprise as one might at first sight imagine. Diaries and autobiographies which assuredly would have received no favour if published before or immediately after the death of their compilers, become valuable after the lapse of a century or two. They afford some of the best contributions to history, by enabling us accurately to understand the domestic manners of the times to which they refer; and the labour and cost which has been expended upon their reprint or late emergence from manuscript, by the various book-clubs throughout the kingdom, has been well recompensed by the superior facilities they have given to the labours of the modern historian. But, though a valuable manuscript may now and then be recovered, it is, we apprehend, a rarer circumstance to light upon an utterly neglected book, which, when reprinted, is found to be of such excellence or interest as to excite in the mind of the reader some surprise that it should so long have remained unknown, or that, at the very least, the name of the writer should not have been familiar to his ears. Many authors, whose works are not looked

at by one man out of ten thousand, are tolerably well known by name. They have found a niche in histories of literature, and the like; and it is understood that their writings form part of the cargo of the common vessel, though it may be they are far down among the ballast. Some survive simply in one quotation, and owe their immortality to an apothegm.

We are not ashamed to confess that, until the last week or so, we were entirely ignorant of the history and writings of Bernard Palissy. The name—Palissy—was not altogether new to us; for a respected friend of ours, whose taste lies in the direction of old china and articles of *vertu*, has repeatedly drawn our attention to certain animal vitrifications which he is fond of exhibiting as choice specimens of Palissy ware. We are, however, most thankful to say, that we never had a weakness for porcelain. Not even the touching persuasiveness of a Nisbet could ever induce us to hazard a bode for those mysterious plates which look like the products of the fabled Serendib. Bonzes and idols of all sorts, glazed or unglazed, are our aversion; and—not being of the Medicean family—we long not for the possession of a vase. At the risk of offending our fair countrywomen, we must needs confess that we never could understand their diseased appetite for china. Of what conceivable use is one of those Lilliputian teapots, which could not contain the matter of an ordinary cup—or a razor-edged charger, which would certainly crack under the weight of an average slice of bread and butter? Dresden shepherds with gold-spangled hose, or short-petticoated Cenones of the same material, may suit the solitude of maiden mantelpieces in mansions where there are no children—for, at a certain period of life, the taste for artificial pastorals returns, and elderly virgins still find delight in the perusal of Sidney's Arcadia. But in no shape, save a

utilitarian one, does china find favour in our eyes. We acknowledge the value of a plate fabricated in all good faith for the reception of turtle or venison; but we deny its merit as an exposed drawing-room ornament. For what, in the name of famine, is the use of displaying a parcel of trenchers upon their edges, without even the apology for a banquet? or what beauty is there in the porcelain imitation of a shell, which does not exist tenfold greater in the glowing and transparent original? Nevertheless, we are not inclined to be dogmatical. These opinions of ours may be open to strong censure, and, if challenged, we shall not contest the point. They are, indeed, made principally for the purpose of excusing or palliating our own ignorance; for, to say the truth, when our friend in question was descanting upon the merits of the ware of Palissy, we had no distinct idea whether he was referring to a man or to a locality. And we have a shrewd suspicion that, notwithstanding his knowledge of the fine arts, he would hardly have liked to have been precise upon such a point without some previous notice of the query.

Mr Morley's book is not to be confounded with mere dilettanti performances. Had it been of that nature, however learned, we are afraid it would have escaped our notice. For in this age, when the arts are so advanced, it is almost loss of time to go back to the founders, and to dwell upon their discoveries, and immature researches, with minute accuracy and detail. We should all like to know how Raphael painted, and how Benvenuto worked in metal; because modern genius has reared no rival to such masters: but we do not care so much for the history of inventors of minute branches of art, whose efforts have since been transcended. What would we not give for an authentic and minute account of Guttenberg, the father of printing, whose earliest work, the Mazarin Bible, has never yet, in point of typography, been surpassed? But we can hardly be expected, however ungrateful it may appear, to take like interest in the efforts of the men who, by improvements on machinery, have enabled us to peruse, at our

breakfast-tables, the detailed proceedings of yesterday. That Palissy was a famous potter in his day, may be true; but pottery existed long before Palissy. The art was practised among the Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans; and the first specimen which excited his strong emulation was from the hand of a modern Italian artist. Therefore, as an inventor, at least in pottery, Palissy appears not. He may have learned the art for himself, but he learned nothing that was not known before. He may have struck out a new path—that is the case with every great artist—and made himself conspicuous, in his age, for a successful adaptation of his talent to its wants, requirements, or tastes, however absurd the latter might be. That would hardly justify his resuscitation now. But Mr Morley—whom we hold to be no measure-seeker of the kind that we have indicated above—has come athwart a man who ought to be withdrawn from his posthumous obscurity, less, perhaps, on account of what he did in his limited and obstructed sphere, than from his close observation of nature, and marvellous inductive faculty. Take him at his own trade—that of the potter—and he is a wonder. Not wonderful in his results, but wonderful in his conquest of difficulties, under which the strongest man might have succumbed. We doubt, indeed, whether it is possible to cite any instance of more indomitable perseverance than is afforded by his whole history; certainly it is not from a Frenchman that we should have expected to receive so high a moral lesson.

Bernard Palissy was born of poor parents, somewhere in the Agenois, about the year 1510, when the twelfth Louis occupied the throne of France. He was bred a glass maker or stainer, and was thus the professor of a mystery, which Mr Morley asserts to have been so far privileged that a nobleman might engage in it without disgrace. If so, it is to be regretted, for the sake of the nobility, that some more profitable occupation than this had not been assigned to them; for we are given to understand that the trade was a remarkably poor one, and that those who practised it chiefly

compassed their livelihood by wandering from place to place repairing windows, very much as modern tinkers perambulate the country with the view of mending kettles. Our friend Mr Borrow, in his *Lavengro*, gives rather a fascinating account of the latter kind of circuit; but, notwithstanding the independence of a cuddycart, we are decidedly of opinion that a fixed situation would be preferable. Palissy, in due time, seems to have entered upon this nomad method of life, and no doubt fell in occasionally with queer companions; though we demur to Mr Morley's off-hand method of exhibiting him in contact with remarkable characters of the day, and detailing their conversations—a liberty for which he has not even the shadow of a warrant. Palissy, however, seems to have cared less for men than for nature, of whose open volume he was a most diligent student. He had no knowledge of Latin or Greek, but that was not a loss to him; for natural philosophy was a science which the ancients did not thoroughly cultivate; and mediæval learning was always bitterly opposed to new theories and to physical discoveries. Perhaps it was the antiquity of alchemy and astrology which enabled the professors of these two absurd branches of empirical art to maintain their ground. Even at a much later period, we know what befell Galileo for promulgating his theory of the universe. He might have calculated nativities to the end of his days without encountering opposition—but the instant that he lighted on a truth, he became a proper subject for martyrdom.

In place, however, of Latin and Greek, Palissy contrived to acquire a knowledge of designing and surveying—accomplishments which were more useful than a knowledge of the perished languages. Had Palissy been a scholar, in the common acceptation of the term, he would no doubt have launched into that sea of polemical controversy, which at that time raged over France, and done stout battle for the cause of the Reformed religion. For this was the age of Calvin; and even in France, Protestantism had valiant champions. But the old weapons of the ecclesiastical armoury

were not yet laid aside; and it required scholarship to answer the arguments and instances of those who were resolved to resist innovation. So Palissy, though indignant in soul at the corruptions and abuses which had spread, like ulcerous sores, over the whole face of the church—and, for that matter, of the state too—did not attempt, by setting up for a reformer, to elevate himself above his humble sphere. He took unto himself a wife, settled in the little town of Saintes, or Xaintes, and began to provide, as he best could, for the wants of an increasing family.

Many spinsters entertain a secret grudge against St Paul, on account of his indifferent and uncordial acquiescence in the propriety of matrimony. In the general case, we are clearly in favour of the matrimonial tie; nevertheless, we must express our opinion that there are some men of peculiar temperament, who would act wisely in remaining single. Art is a jealous mistress, and makes most desperate efforts to recall her votaries from indulgence in even the purest of mundane affections. She considers every attention that is not lavished on herself misplaced; and the worst of it is, that she generally succeeds in converting the artist to that opinion. Seldom does it happen that the spiritual mistress and the fleshly wife are of one mind touching the avocations, and even the duties, of the unfortunate individual who has plighted his faith to both. The one points to a radiant pinnacle, and bids him neglect everything else in his efforts to attain it; the other, with more natural rhetoric, shows him her starving infants, and demands food, which must be won through labour, at his hands. Genius is most commonly poor—and it is to the poor man that this most awful alternative is presented. "Either forego all chance of achieving fame, and devote yourself to providing for your family, or struggle forward, night and day, towards the object of your ambition, even though you should behold your children perishing with hunger." A frightful alternative truly, but not so uncommon in its occurrence as the superficial observer might suppose.

But, like most artists, Palissy never thought of this until he found himself

married, and a father; and he was not the kind of man to shrink from the performance of a duty. Besides this, he had not yet arrived at the point when art takes a decided aim. There is a period, and usually a long one, during which a man, destined to be great, is occupied in collecting materials for what purpose he cannot tell. But the revelation is suddenly made, sometimes through the most trivial incident, and then he is aware of his destiny. So he went on, surveying, painting and designing, for a considerable time, no doubt perfectly happy and contented, though not rich; but the moment arrived when Art, jealous of his domestic felicity, sent him a token, in the shape of a cup, to signify that his hour was come. We shall borrow the narrative from himself.

"Learn that it is more than five-and-twenty years since there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned, and enamelled with so much beauty, that, from that time, I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that, if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark. Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish colour; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemi-

cals should have been right; because at one time the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw the blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But again, in working thus, I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial-pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus, having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labour, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time."

To this pursuit, so dreadfully unpromising, Palissy devoted the whole of his time for several years. Mr Morley conjectures that the cup in question, which first stimulated his artistic invention, was brought from Italy, in which country Luca della Robbia, a Florentine sculptor, had practised the art of enamelling. Long, therefore, and circuitous, was the route which Palissy followed; but perhaps no nearer cut was possible. In those days the secrets of art were preserved with uncommon jealousy; indeed, Palissy himself argues against the propriety of divulging them on account of the consequent depreciation. And, as patents were then unknown, an inventor might well be excused if he kept his discoveries to himself. Even on the supposition that some knowledge of the ingredients of a good enamel could have been gained by inquiry and travel, poor Palissy had not the means of making such investigations. At Saintes he was doomed to remain, and to discover for himself every step of that process, which, if acquired, held out far higher prospects for the future than any which had previously dawned upon him; but the acquirement of which seemed at one time to be almost impossible. At length Palissy was brought to an absolute halt for want

of means. As a father and a Christian, he was bound to look after his family; and with a sore heart he flung aside his potsherds, on which no speck of enamel had yet appeared, and betook himself to his old occupations.

A small government job in the way of surveying the neighbouring salt marshes somewhat recruited his funds; but no sooner did he find himself in possession of ready money, than he returned to his experiments with an eagerness rather whetted than blunted by failure. Innumerable were the pots which he purchased, fractured, and baked—countless were the combinations which he made of salts, minerals, and metals; but neither in his own furnace, nor in those of the potters, could he succeed in producing even a trace of the enamel. He then tried the glass furnaces, which, being of greater heat, were better adapted for his purpose; and his first favourable omen was the partial melting of some of his compounds, though as yet there was no enamel.

This slender encouragement—if encouragement it can be termed—induced Palissy to persevere for two years longer in a quest which, to third parties, must have appeared more visionary and chimerical than the endeavours of the alchemists to produce the philosopher's stone. And if, as the Potter hints in more than one passage of his writings, Madame Palissy did not encourage him in his researches, but, on the contrary, opened against him those batteries of female argument before which the stoutest of mankind are wont to quail, we cannot at least accuse her of anything like intemperate impatience. Indeed, in her eyes science must have been identified with selfishness. Here was a man, with a large family, able to work, and capable of earning such wages as would at all events provide his household with suitable food and raiment—neglecting his business utterly, squandering what little money he had saved on fragments and similar trash, buying pots and breaking them with a recklessness terrible to behold, and passing whole nights among the glass-workers superintending the baking of his worthless chips, without having

advanced, in ten long years, a single step towards the discovery! Madame Palissy was human. Could she look at her little children with their pinched countenances and naked feet—at her own tattered gown—at her wretched fire and miserable fare, without cursing in her heart, and oftentimes aloud, the infatuation of her obstinate spouse? We have not the slightest doubt that she would have judged him more leniently had he been addicted to drinking instead of science. And certain it is that it would have been more easy to reclaim a toper from a tavern than Palissy from that everlasting furnace.

A woman has a great deal in her power if she perseveres in badgering her husband; and Madame Palissy, by dint of unintermitting reproach, very nearly succeeded in carrying her point. One last effort the despairing artist made, and he resolved, if this should prove abortive, to abandon the search for ever. He prepared no less than three hundred trial-pieces, which he committed to the furnace, and sate himself down to wait the result. Not the unfledged author at the first appearance of his verses in the poetical corner of a newspaper—not the lawyer at the sight of his earliest brief with a fee marked upon it—not a Whig official at the advent of quarter-day—can experience a spasm of more unmitigated joy than thrilled the frame of Palissy when he perceived that one out of his three hundred pieces, when withdrawn from the furnace, was covered with that very enamel which he had toiled so long to discover! We doubt whether his wife entirely shared in his transports. She might, perhaps, be slow to understand the enormous merits of this discovery, which did not seem to justify or afford the means for any more generous adjustment of the household economy. Indeed, like the spouse of the Scottish mathematician who had succeeded, after the labour of months, in solving the knottiest of problems, she was surely entitled to put the question—"Weel; now that you've gruppit the kittle thing, what's the worth o't in punds Scots?" History does not record the mathematician's answer; nor does Palissy say a word about the exultation of Madame.

What followed was still more disastrous. Writing years afterwards, Palissy admits that he was "a great ass;" and there can be no doubt that, after his discovery, he committed more blunders than before. For, in the first place, he set about making earthen vessels, an art to which he had served no apprenticeship, and of which he did not understand the rudiments—viz., the composition or combination of earths suited for that purpose. This cost him some seven or eight months; and then he set about erecting a furnace for himself, on the model of that belonging to the glass-workers. Heaven only knows how the unhappy family fared all this time! An ingenious modern writer has attempted to depict the sorrows of Mrs Milton; if she wishes for a subject affording scope for more development of passion, we recommend her to try her hand on an autobiography of Madame Palissy. Here he is at his furnace:—

"I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labour than I can tell; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks and carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in this affair. I succeeded with my pots in the first baking; but when it came to the second baking, I endured suffering and labour such as no man would believe. For instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; this done, I put the fire into my furnace by two mouths, as I had seen done at the glass-houses; I also put my vessels into the furnace to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them. But it was an unhappy thing for me; for though I spent six days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamel melt, and I was like a man in desperation. And, although quite stupified with labour, I counselled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and,

seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In this way I had double labour—to pound, grind, and maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded my enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots, in order to prove the said compound, seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself. And having covered the new pieces with the said enamel, I put them into the furnace, keeping the fire still at its height; but thereupon occurred to me a new misfortune, which caused great mortification; namely, that the wood having failed me, I was forced to burn the palings which maintained the boundaries of my garden; which being burnt also, I was forced to burn the tables and the flooring of my house, to cause the melting of the second composition. I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace: it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors! And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman."

Stay, lady fair! From that unusual frown upon your sweet forehead, we conjecture that you highly disapprove of the conduct of Madame Palissy. You say that it was extremely improper in her to reveal the conduct of her husband to the neighbours? Let us see. You have been six months married—indeed! actually nine?—to the husband of your choice; and you are now comfortably settled in a small house, attempting to make ends meet, upon an income of five hundred a-year. Now, let us suppose that your husband (who is a most excellent fellow, but, fortunately for you, anything but a conjuror) had, a week or two after you were located in your new dwelling-house, deserted the drawing-room for the laundry, caused an enormous fire to be lighted therein, and spent unheard-of sums in the purchase of quicksilver, antimony, platinum, palladium, tellurium, bismuth, borax, and all manner of drugs and minerals. Suppose that, when you received the monthly butcher's bill, you had to descend, not to the study, where your better half ought to be, cooperating a condescendence, or

elaborating pleas in law, but to a lower depth still, where you found him, begrimed like Vulcan, puffing at bellows, very dirty, and altogether unfit for the reception of visitors—would you not be inclined slightly to remonstrate against this very unbecoming and altogether incomprehensible conduct? And if, in answer to your inquiry for the means of liquidating the account, he were to point to the furnace, and to assure you that at least three months' income had vanished up the chimney, would you, or would you not, feel rather incensed at the avowal? Now, let us go a little further. Suppose your credit with the butcher, as also with the baker, (not to mention the suspicious individuals whose groceries and beer you intended to consume,) was at an end, and that they quietly hinted at the system of *argent comptant*. Suppose, in short, Jemimal—for these things should be distinctly realised—that you had neither cash nor credit, and that your spouse persisted obstinately in remaining in the laundry, for some purpose which you could not fathom—do you really mean to say that you would submit to such treatment? Your fine feminine spirit revolts at the idea. But that is not all. Suppose that your coal-merchant had declined to serve you any longer, and that, in the absence of fuel, your helpmate had calmly come up to the dining-room, armed with a hatchet, and proceeded to split up the mahogany tables for the service of his infernal furnace—that he had made a deliberate attack upon the flooring, and even hewn at the balustrades—nay, dared to invade your boudoir and lay a sacrilegious hand upon your ottomans and what-nots—would you, with all your feelings of affection for him, have endured such an outrage? Not you. You would have favoured him with your opinion in language more vehement than endearing; and, if the monster still persisted in his demolition of the household gods, you would have rushed forth, and communicated the story of your wrongs to all of your friends and neighbours. No doubt you would have been justified in doing so. In the situation we have supposed, it would be your bounden

duty; and, though we love Palissy, we cannot acquiesce in his indirect censures or innuendoes against his wife, whose patience, faith, and endurance he had evidently tried far beyond the legitimate limit.

After more trials and experiments than it is necessary for us to specify—after having sold the very clothes off his back to pay the wages of an assistant—after having, with his own hands, which were cruelly lacerated in the operation, taken down the half-vitrified furnace, and built another—he did at last hit upon the proper proportions of the enamel:—

“When the said colours were ground, I covered all my vessels and medallions with the said enamel; then, having put and arranged them all within the furnace, I began to make the fire, thinking to draw out of my furnace three or four hundred livres, and continued the said fire until I had some sign and hope of my enamels being melted, and of my furnace being in good order; the next day, when I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented, that I lost all countenance; for, though my enamels were good, and my work was good, two accidents had happened to the furnace which had spoilt all; and that you may be cautious against them, I will tell you what they were. It was because the mortar, of which I had built my furnace, had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire, (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquify,) burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of these flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquified and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful. So, knowing that my furnace was tolerably warm, I let it cool until the next day; then I was more concerned than I can tell you, and not without cause, for my furnace cost me more than twenty-six gold dollars; I had borrowed the wood and the chemicals, and so had borrowed part of my hope of food in making the said work. I had held my creditors in hope that they would be paid out of the money which would proceed from the pieces made in the said furnace; which was the reason why several began to hasten to me after the morning when I was to commence the

drawing of my batch. Yet by this time my sorrows were redoubled; inasmuch as, in drawing the said work, I received nothing but shame and confusion; for my pieces were all beatren with little morsels of flint, that were attached so firmly to each vessel, and so combined with the enamel, that when one passed the hand over it, the said flints cut like razors; and although the work was in this way lost, there were still some who would buy it at a mean price; BUT, BECAUSE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DECRYING AND ABUSING OF MY HONOUR, I broke in pieces the entire batch from the said furnace, and lay down in melancholy—not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family; I had nothing but reproaches in the house; in place of consolation they gave me maledictions; my neighbours, who had heard this affair, said that I was nothing but a fool, and that I might have had more than eight francs for the things that I had broken; and all this talk was brought to mingle with my grief."

There spoke the true artist!—and to that passage we beg to refer any of our readers who may have felt inclined to dissent from our views touching artistical matrimony. Was Palissy right in smashing the imperfect vessels, or was his helpmate right in abusing him for so doing? Try the cause by a jury of artists, and you will have a unanimous verdict in favour of the husband; try it by a jury of matrons, and, our life on it, they will find in favour of the wife!

Having brought Palissy so near the attainment of his object, it would be cruel to dwell upon the remaining disappointments he was doomed to suffer. His long struggle endured for the space of sixteen years.

"I blundered," says he, "for the space of fifteen or sixteen years. When I had learnt to guard against one danger, there came another, about which I had not thought. During this time I made several furnaces, which caused me great losses before I understood the way to heat them equally. At last I found means to make several vessels of different enamels, intermixed in the manner of jasper. That fed me for several years; but, while feeding upon these things, I sought always to work onward with expenses and disbursements—as you know that I am doing still. When I had discovered how to make my Rustic Pieces, I was in greater trouble and vexation

than before; for having made a certain number of rustic basins, and having put them to bake, my enamels turned out, some beautiful and well-melted, others ill-melted; others were burnt, because they were composed of different materials that were fusible in different degrees; the green of the lizards was burnt before the colour of the serpents was melted; and the colour of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labour and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought I should be at the door of my sepulchre."

As the frank admission of previous ignorance which we have made towards the outset of this article, may possibly, in the eyes of some who are not acquainted with the mysteries of reviewing, be regarded as a disqualification against our assuming the explanatory functions of a virtuoso, we shall ask Mr Morley to enlighten us on the nature of the Palissy ware.

"A stranger to the kind of ware produced by Palissy may fairly wonder what he means by his mysterious allusions to the green of the lizards, the colour of the serpents, the enamelled lobsters, tortoises, and crabs. The pottery made by Bernard Palissy, of which, under the name of Palissy ware, exquisite specimens are still existing, was of a kind extremely characteristic of its maker. He wished to make beautiful things, but he was a naturalist, and his sense of beauty was his sense of nature. To reproduce upon his ware the bright colours and elegant forms of plants and animals over which he had hung so often with his pencil in the woods and fields—combining his qualities of naturalist and potter—he founded his reputation on the manufacture of what he called Rustic Pieces. The title which he took for himself was that of Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines, (small modellings,) *Ouvrier de Terre et Inventeur des Rustiques Figulines*. These rustic figures were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other works of nature, tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a vase or plate. The rich fancy of Palissy covered his works with most elaborate adornment; but his leaves, and reptiles, and other 'rustic' designs, are so copied in form and colour with the minute accuracy of a naturalist, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has

been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers, and seas of France."

Presently we find the works of this ingenious and most persevering artist in much request among the great; and himself intrusted, by the Constable Montmorenci, with the decoration of the Château d'Ecouen. Here, among other things, he applied himself to the construction of enamelled tiles, carefully painted with Scriptural subjects, for the pavement for the galleries and chapel. We are told that these were so well contrived, that they gave to the whole pavement a rich effect of beauty that cannot be equalled by the best of Turkey carpets. Then he erected grottoes, an occupation for which he had a peculiar fancy, set up fountains, and indulged himself to the utmost in the development of his successful art.

This was probably the happiest period of Palissy's life. But the times were very troublous. France was then torn asunder by rival factions contending for the mastery. Charles IX., a mere boy, possessed nothing more than the emblems of authority; and a large section of the nobility took up arms against the supremacy of the House of Guise. Then followed war, siege, rapine, and massacre. Ostensibly it was a quarrel between Catholics and Huguenots—in reality, it was a social crisis. The triumphs of either party were stained with atrocities not less heinous than those which marked the great Revolution of last century; and the massacre of St Bartholomew, though it may be regarded as the crowning act, was by no means the only outrage perpetrated in those tremendous times. Palissy, as we have seen, was a reformer, and it never was his custom to conceal his opinions. He had been the means of establishing a reformed congregation in Saintes, among whom an active and beloved pastor diligently laboured. But this was heresy; and when the Catholics got the upper hand, they took a wholesale method of extirpating it.

"The fruit of our little church had so well prospered, that they had constrained the wicked to become good; nevertheless

their hypocrisy has been since then amply made manifest and known; for, when they had licence to do evil, they have shown outwardly what they kept hidden in their wretched breasts. They have done deeds so wretched that I have horror in the mere remembrance, at the time when they rose to disperse, engulf, ruin, and destroy those of the Reformed Church. To avoid their horrible and execrable tyrannies, I withdrew myself into the secret recesses of my house, that I might not behold the murders, cursings, and indecent deeds which were done in our rural glades; and, being thus withdrawn into my house for the space of two months, I had warning that hell was loose, and that all the spirits of the devils had come into the town of Xaintes; for where I had heard a little while before, psalms, canticles, and all honest words of edification and of good example, I heard only blasphemies, blows, menaces, tumults, all miserable words, dissoluteness, lewd and detestable songs, in such wise that it seemed to me as if all virtue and holiness on earth had been smothered and extinguished; for there issued certain imps out of the Château of Taillebourg, who did more ill than the demons of antiquity. They, entering the town, accompanied by certain priests, with naked sword in hand, cried, 'Where are they?' They must cut throats immediately; and so they did to those who walked abroad, well knowing that there was no resistance; for those of the Reformed Church had all disappeared."

The vengeance of the dominant party fell upon those who had indulged merely in freedom of speech; and Palissy was arrested and hurried to a dungeon at Bordeaux.

His art, however, saved him from the gallows. Had there been twelve of his calling and capacity in France, he certainly would have perished as a heretic; but the great could not afford to lose the sole man of his time who was cunning in gimcracks, and able to decorate their mansions. The Sires de Pons and de Burie, and the Seigneur de Jarnac—men of weight, power, and estimation—interceded for him; and Montmorenci—who seems really to have felt a sincere regard for the honest potter—made such interest with the queen-mother, that Palissy not only regained his liberty, but was appointed Inventor of Rustic Figulines to his Majesty of France! Two years afterwards he removed to Paris, where we find him

engaged as decorator of the gardens to Catherine of Medicis, who was founding the palace of the Tuileries. In the precincts of the rising building he established his workshop, and was thereafter familiarly known by the name of Master Bernard of the Tuileries.

The shadow of the palace protected him during the awful massacre of St Bartholomew, which took place in 1572—not in 1562, as Mr Morley, by an evident slip of the pen, has written—and the hand of persecution was again diverted from his head. He now appears in the character of a naturalist; and, certainly, no one can peruse his treatises without being filled with astonishment at the marvellous sagacity which they display. They are greatly beyond the acquirements of the age in which he lived; and even now, when science has advanced so far, they may be read with profit and instruction. With nothing to assist him beyond acute observation, Palissy had mastered the true theory of springs, the process of crystallisation, and some of the most intricate problems of geology. Liebig himself could not have written more soundly on the use of manures in agriculture; and, doubtless, Mr Huxtable will be surprised to learn that his idea of a tank for imprisoning the fugitive nymph Ammonia was anticipated by Bernard Palissy, who gives distinct rules for its construction. As regards forests, he was of the opinion of the Laird of Dumbiedykes, that the planting of trees by the proprietors “would be a public good, and a revenue that would grow while they were sleeping;” and he bitterly denounces the extravagance of the men who caused the demolition of noble forests for the supply of their wicked vices, without giving a thought to posterity.

Upon all subjects—from the laying out of a delectable garden, with many grottoes of his beautiful ware, to a construction of an impregnable city of refuge, an idea which was suggested to him by the formation of a shell—we find Palissy alike ingenious and instructive. The neglect with which the public seems to have received his suggestions, gave him no manner of annoyance. He was not one of those who lose heart for lack of an audience;

for he knew the soundness of every word which he uttered, and had faith in the coming time. Therefore it is that we wish to do him honour now, as a wise, brave, and good man, whose memory we are bound to cherish.

It is lamentable to know that a man of so blameless a life, and endowed with so many gifts, became, even in his old age, the victim of inveterate persecution. The ninth Charles, with the guilt of Protestant blood upon his soul, had been summoned to render his account before the Divine tribunal; and yet no one could venture to say that his successor was a better prince. We turn with loathing from the lewd annals of the court of Louis XV.; those of the time of Henry III. are, if possible, still more revolting. To a sated voluptuary, persecution becomes a positive delight; and in the person of Henry were concentrated the worst appetites of his race. In the year 1585 the exercise of the reformed worship was prohibited.

“Palissy,” says Mr Morley, “was then an old man of seventy-six, still teaching philosophy, and still superintending his workshop in the abandoned palace of the Tuileries. In his lectures and in his book, Bernard abstained from all allusion to the struggles of the time. He preserved his religion pure, but turning from the horrors of the civil strife, in which Scripture texts were written upon flags, and psalms sung to the roll of drum, he abstained wholly from religious controversy. He was known, however, as a Huguenot, and no royal ordinance could alter his convictions, or drive the sturdy Potter in alarm out of the way that he had chosen as the way of truth. It was said, therefore, of the old man, ‘He regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed,’ and Palissy was sent to the Bastille.”

Poor old man! They might as well have taken his life at once; for the book of nature, on which he loved to look, could not be read within the dreary walls of the dungeon. But a virtuous life is its own reward; and there can be no doubt that Palissy, even in his confinement, felt more real happiness than the royal hypocrite in the midst of his guilty pleasures. Nor was he altogether without companionship, for we are told that

"after a time, two fair girls, daughters of Jacques Foucaud, attorney to the Parliament, condemned like Bernard for their firm religious faith, shared with the Potter his captivity. The old man and the girls sustained each other, and awaited death together."

A conclave of the more violent Catholics, supporters of the Duke of Guise, called "the Sixteen," was at this time paramount in Paris. The following extract speaks for itself: it is impossible to peruse it without emotion:—

"For the death of unsentenced Reformers the Sixteen were clamorous; one of them, Mathieu de Launay, who had at one time been a minister in the Reformed Church, solicited especially the public execution, already too long deferred, of the old Potter. This happened in the year 1588, when Palissy was seventy-nine years old, and the age of King Henry III. was thirty-seven. The king, starched, frilled, and curled, according to his own fantastic custom, frequently visited the prisons, and felt interest in the old man, whom he regarded as an ancient servant of his mother. Finding that his age would not protect him from the stake, the king one day held with the Potter this discourse, which has been preserved for us in a contemporary record.

"My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled in spite of myself to imprison these poor women and you; they are to be burned to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "the Count de Maulevrier came yesterday, on your part, promising life to these two sisters if they would each give you a night. They replied that they would now be martyrs for their own honour, as well as for the honour of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to images of clay."

"The girls were burnt a few months afterwards, in June 1588. The news of their death reaching the Huguenot camp,

Monsieur du Plessis said to the King of Navarre, shortly to be King Henry IV. of France: 'Courage, sire! since even our girls can face death for the Gospel.'"

And in the following year, Palissy died in the Bastille.

To Mr Morley we feel greatly indebted for making us acquainted with this worthy of the olden time. But we must be allowed a word or two of criticism. His evident anxiety to do justice to his subject, has led him into an error which we could wish to see amended. Great part of the first volume is a romance, and not a biography—characters are introduced without any actual warrant, and conversations which never took place are detailed. It is quite true that he inserts saving-clauses such as these:—"So might Montluc have spoken in the year 1528," and—"Let us suppose that Palissy was a day's journey from Paris on the 11th of February 1535, being then about twenty-five years old;" but their introduction, in reality, spoils the effect which they are intended to produce. The romancer ought to be the last man to cast discredit on his own tale—the biographer must not be a romancer, else half his credit is gone. The sole effect of these imaginary conversations is to make us doubt the authenticity of the genuine portion of the book; and, now that we have got Palissy, we love him so much that we cannot afford to lose him. We are even afraid that we shall become fanatical on the subject of Palissy ware, and fall a victim to Nisbet, on account of our regard for the Potter. Again, there are by far too many digressions in this book. Surely it was not necessary, because Palissy had surveyed the salt-marshes of Saintonge, to give us an account of salt-making, and a history of the gabelle. We acknowledge the value of the information; but it is out of place, and detracts from the interest of the narrative. Poets are well aware that episodes are very dangerous, as marring the unity of the design; and Homer, the prince of story-tellers, very rarely indulges in such discursions. Mr Morley, on the contrary, is as episodic as Ariosto. In this book of his, we have separate sketches—and not sketches either, for they are elabo-

ately done—of Calvin and of Paracelsus—the Reformer and the Quack—which carry us away altogether from Palissy, who ought to be his sole Achilles. Then, there are long extracts from works which possibly Palissy might have written, but of the authorship of which there is no shadow of proof; and thus Mr Morley really damages himself, without in the least advancing the reputation of his favourite hero. In short, the book is too much spun out. It will stand great curtailment; and, if reduced from two volumes to one, by dint of judicious excision, it will form a work which we should be glad to see in every library.

And for this reason—that never was the nobility of labour more worthily—we may say more splendidly—displayed than in the case of Palissy. He worked for the great men of this world in their generation, but he kept his soul untarnished by their vices. He brought to them, in the unwholesome atmosphere of their homes, lessons which he had gathered under the

influence of the all-seeing sun; and who can say what influence, in a corrupted time, one touch of nature may not produce? As an artist and a philosopher he stands almost in isolation. But he was far more than that. He was a Christian of the temper of the early martyrs—not a reviler of others, nor a highflying eccentric mystagogue—but a man who tested the practice of the Church by the doctrines which it professed to promulgate, but could not change; and who would not, even for the sake of life, refuse his testimony to what he knew to be the truth. There are, in ecclesiastical history, many names, far more conspicuous hitherto than that of Bernard Palissy; but we doubt much—for strong temptations were in his way—whether any one of them is entitled to be ranked higher than “Master Bernard of the Tuileries,” who gave up the ghost at the age of eighty; and of whom it is not irreverent to say, that he both endured the pang, and won the palm of the martyr.

INCOME-TAX REFORM.

THE people and Parliament of this kingdom have now before them a self-imposed task, the magnitude and difficulty of which is not yet fully understood among us—the task of constructing an equitable system of direct taxation. There has of late been shown in some quarters an anxiety to shrink from this necessary consequence of the policy so solemnly approved and ratified by both Houses of Parliament. It has been hinted by some, who now hold high places in the Queen's Council, that a man may be a very good Free-Trader without being a supporter of direct taxation at all. What, then, are we to understand as the meaning of the recent remarkable resolutions? If they have any meaning at all, it is surely this—that we, through our representatives, have entered into a mutual bond and compact to carry out a certain plan, which is as yet only partially commenced—that we have made a national vow, and sworn “to keep it always with an equal

mind,” to go on in our present course—not to stop half way, but in all earnestness and good faith to proceed as speedily as we can to *remove all the indirect taxes that interfere with the free application of capital and industry*. This we have formally resolved to do; and if we can do so, and at the same time maintain the public revenue in any other way than by extending and increasing direct taxation, then is finance assuredly the most occult and mysterious of all sciences.

The question, then, is no longer how to avoid a financial destiny, which has become inevitable—at all events, for some time to come—but how we can best prepare for it. Direct taxation, in some shape or other, we *must* have; it therefore becomes our duty to aid in rendering its operation as little detrimental as possible, and in choosing that form which shall be least oppressive. And, first of all, it is necessary that we should acquire clear and accurate notions as

to the defects of the existing tax on property and income, and of the plans which have been suggested for reforming it. The large body of evidence collected by the Select Committee of 1851-52 has now been for some time before the country; and although we are almost inclined to share in the regret of the insatiable member of Montrose, that the inquiry was not continued further, on some points there are, nevertheless, very ample materials in the two volumes of the Report for forming a judgment, both as to the grievances of the tax, and the extent to which they are remediable.

A very cursory survey of the subject shows the necessity of keeping in view the distinction between those evils which are inherent in the very nature of any income-tax, and are therefore incurable, and those incidental defects arising out of the specific system of our present statute, which are more or less capable of being alleviated or removed. It is to the last class of evils that we wish first to direct attention; and although the following classification of them is obviously not an exhaustive one, we shall, nevertheless, overtake the most prominent, if we divide them into three heads, as arising from—1st, The Exemptions; 2d, The facilities of evasion; 3d, The inequalities of the tax.

I. EXEMPTIONS.—No explanation has ever been afforded which can lead us to understand the principle on which it was determined, in 1842, to fix the limit of rateable income at £150. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that there was any regard to principle at all in the matter, or any actuating reason, except the prudential policy of purchasing popular assent to an otherwise unpopular measure, by holding out the bribe of immunity to those whose opposition would have been most troublesome. Some adequate cause surely was required for so remarkable a deviation from the principles of the former income-tax enactments. When Mr Pitt, in 1798, first had recourse to an impost on income, he determined that it should be made to embrace all incomes whatever, above such an amount as should be equivalent to the wages of daily labour; and in order to exclude these

latter from the operation of the tax, it commenced at £60 a-year, and rose by a graduated scale up to £200. The same amounts were adhered to in the numerous amending acts up to 1803, when an alteration was introduced which stopped the graduation at £150—the lower limit of £60 being still retained. The next change was made by what is called Lord Henry Petty's Act, in 1806, by which the exemption was altogether abolished as to income arising from realised property, with certain exceptions, the most important of which was in favour of properties of less than £5 annual value, belonging to labourers with wages not exceeding 30s. a-week. The same act restricted the exemption on profits of trade, by bringing down the minimum from £60 to £50 a-year. These limits were adopted into all the subsequent acts up to 1816, when the tax finally ceased.

Throughout the whole course of the former legislation, then, we can discern a definite, just, and intelligible principle in the exemption, that there shall be no immunity beyond the class of ordinary day-labourers and artisans, whose earnings are only sufficient to provide the necessary subsistence and minor luxuries for a family; that all beyond that limit shall bear their fair share of the common burden. What reason can be given for our departure from so plain and reasonable a principle, thus ratified by all former legislation, and acquiesced in by the country? With the exception of this single point, the measure of 1842 was, in all its important details, a virtual transcript of the previous enactments of the War Income-tax. What were the grounds for introducing so marked an alteration? We know that the authorities of the Inland Revenue Office were never consulted on the question of the exemption. If their opinion had been asked, they would doubtless have declared then, as they declare now, that its effect is most pernicious and embarrassing. But their advice was not even called for. It was not, then, on account of any anticipated difficulty in the assessment or collection of the tax on incomes from £60 to £150, that this change was thought advisable. Previous experience showed

that there was no practical obstacle to warrant it. It was in vain that the leaders of the Opposition, including Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, and Mr Baring, condemned the arbitrary limitation of the tax, and challenged the Minister to justify it. The challenge was studiously evaded. But the motive for the limitation, though not avowed, was no mystery to any one. Every member of the House saw as plainly as if the declaration had been printed with the votes, that the purpose was to buy up and neutralise the clamorous hostility which was anticipated from that class of small voters who exercise so overwhelming an influence in urban constituencies. Well did the device fulfil its intention. The astutest of Premiers knew well how to lull the vigilance of the Ten-pound Cerberus—

“*Melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam objicit ;*”

and straightway the bristling vigilance of the many-headed lapses into placid slumber.

And thus it came to pass that, under a system which is nominally and professedly the most equitable of all taxes, 660,000 persons, who would have been chargeable under Mr Pitt's Acts, have been for the last ten years wholly excused from bearing any portion of the burden; and that every man of the 340,000 from whom it is now collected has been compelled to pay not only his own share, but that of two other persons.

There is no axiom in political philosophy more self-evident than this, that participation in the benefits of civil government constitutes a valid obligation to contribute to the expense of maintaining government. And the most immediate and necessary consequence to which this axiom leads us is, that *compulsory taxation should be universal*. For as the purposes of government comprehend all interests, the obligation applies to every member of the community to whom the law guarantees the undisturbed possession of his property—liberty of action—the free employment of his labour—the uncontrolled use of his natural powers and inclinations. It is not the possession of property alone, then, or of any parti-

cular species of property, that implies liability to taxation, but any participation whatever in the numerous innumerate benefits which the existence of a government secures to the labouring peasant as well as to the noble. What may be the precise amount of benefit which falls to the share of each individual, it is obviously impossible to determine. You cannot analyse the objects and functions of government, and affix a determinate money-value to each of them. You cannot answer the demand of taxation by saying—here are certain state institutions from which I have derived no advantage; and as it is unjust to make a man pay for what he has not used, I must be exempted. It is clear that the various institutions of a state can only be regarded as integrant parts of an organic whole, and cannot be parcelled out, invoiced, and priced like bales in a warehouse. All those visionary schemes of taxation, therefore, which set out with the specious principle of estimating *the share* of protection which each man enjoys, and of assessing him in strict arithmetical proportion to it, turn out delusive and nugatory. It would be just as easy and practicable for the managers of a theatre to charge each spectator, not according to the place he occupied, but on some vague computation of the relative amount of gratification he had derived from the entertainments. Thus much only is certain—that we do all of us derive some advantage from living under a system of settled law and defence against aggression; and that, therefore, *wholly to exempt* any one from contributing to the expense is manifestly to that extent a spoliation of those who are compelled to pay his share.

The first and most essential general rule, then, of every equitable system of direct or compulsory taxation is, that its operation should be *universal*. It remains to see whether there are any considerations which may limit or qualify this universality.

Exemption from a tax on property and income can be justified on two grounds only. The first of these is founded on the equitable law, that taxation should never trench upon necessities. The right to subsistence

overrides all other claims, and it is superfluities only that form the proper field of the tax-gatherer. All incomes, therefore, that will do no more than provide the necessary food, lodging, and clothing for a family must be excluded from assessment. The determination of the limit must, of course, be in some degree arbitrary; but the amount assumed by Mr Pitt of £60 may, on the whole, be considered a fair and not illiberal one. To that extent their exemption is justifiable. But it is manifest that no vindication on this ground can be pled for the present system. No; one (except, perhaps, the notorious member for Carlisle) can maintain that the requisites of life and health cannot be procured for a less sum than £150 per annum, or that £150 in 1853 is only equivalent to £60 in 1798. It is indisputable, that a weekly wage of 14s. will now go as far in the purchase of the necessities of subsistence, and of those minor luxuries which stand next to necessities, as 20s. a-week did during the war; so that, if any alteration was to be made in Mr Pitt's standard, it ought, in all reason, to have been in the way of reduction, and not of increase.* The only other ground of total exemption is one of expediency. As a matter of convenience, it may be desirable to strike out assessments of so trifling an amount that the produce of the tax would be more than counterbalanced by the expense and difficulty of collecting it—when, in short, it is brought down to a point where it ceases to be profitable. But it is impossible to allege this as a reason for passing over all incomes below £150. The smallness of the amounts was not found to form any practical obstacle to levying on sums as low as £60 under Mr Pitt's scale, and no attempt has been made to show that there

would be any insuperable difficulty under the present one. At the rate of 7d. per pound, the charge on a £60 income would be £1, 15s., which can scarcely be represented as so inconsiderable a sum as not to be worth recovering, especially when we know that no difficulty is experienced in charging and collecting 8s. for a terrier dog, or 12s. for armorial bearings.

When we come to view the question by the light of the evidence taken before the Committee, we find that on no point is the testimony of the thirty-seven witnesses examined by them so decided and unanimous as in condemning the present system of exemption. With the single exception of Mr Stuart Mill, every one concurs in recommending, either on the ground of justice or of policy, that the limit should be greatly lowered; and the majority of opinions indicate the old point of £60 as that at which the tax should commence. One and all of the experienced officers of the revenue consulted by the Committee agree in considering the present exemption not only as an indefensible anomaly in itself, but as forming, so long as it is retained, an insurmountable obstacle to the fair and uniform operation of the other provisions of the law. In the schedules A and C, including rent of real property and dividends of stock, particularly, it is found to give rise to endless evasions and frauds, which there is no means of detecting. The attempts to escape payment of the tax on profits of trade and professional incomes, although very numerous, are checked to a certain degree by the surveillance of the local officers, whose knowledge of the parties enables them to make some rough guess as to whether the amount is over or under £150 a-year. But a tradesman may make good a claim for ex-

* It is worthy of remark, that in the United States, whose system of direct taxation is so often held up as an example to us, *exemption is unknown*. By a separate statute, a certain amount of each man's property (250 dollars) is exempted from being taken in execution, even for a public debt. But the assessment for taxation goes down to the very lowest. In Prussia, the "classen-steuer"—the principal direct tax—comprehends even day-labourers and journeymen. In Bavaria there is a general income-tax, from which the first 200 florins (about £17) of every person's income is exempted. In Saxony a similar deduction is allowed, the amount, however, being about £28. In Austria, the only exemptions are salaries of 600 florins, rents of 300 florins, and the wages of the lowest classes of labourers.

emption under schedule D, and satisfy the assessors that his profits are under the mark, while at the same time he may have a house in Yorkshire, or a mortgage on land in a distant county, or railway shares, which it is impossible for them to know anything about. A vast variety of similar cases occur, which, under the present system, no vigilance whatever can enable the officers to discover or check, but which would be very materially diminished by reducing the exemption from £150 to £60 on all income from realised property, and still more effectually stopped by abolishing it altogether. As matters stand now, the trouble and expense of investigating claims of exemption and of repayment are enormous—the results of such investigation being, after all, most unsatisfactory.

We have not yet touched on the monster exemption in favour of Ireland. We are not disposed to canvass very strictly the reasons which were assigned in 1842 for excepting at one sweep the whole income of that kingdom from the operation of the tax. It is sufficient that whatever strength there was in the claim *ad misericordiam*, then put forward for that division of the empire, is now extinguished. The concession of a ten years' immunity may surely be held an ample acquittal of the debt; and it would puzzle even Hibernian ingenuity to point out the shadow of an excuse for further indulgence. There is one reason sometimes adduced for this exemption which seems to us nothing short of audacious. It is said, that as there are no assessed taxes in Ireland, there is no machinery for levying an Income-tax. What! is the successful evasion of an old tax to be turned into a pretext for shuffling off a new one; or is it pretended that the produce of the tax would not defray the cost of providing the necessary means of levying it? It was one of the few faulty points of Mr Disraeli's admirable plan of Income-tax reform that it continued, to a certain extent, an inequality which ought in strict justice to be totally abolished. If it were still considered desirable to draw some line of distinction, it would have silenced all reasonable grumblers at least, on the other side of the Channel, if income in Ireland, from

whatever source, had been put on the same footing as it has been in England hitherto, and an exemption granted to all below £150 a-year. At all events, it is quite clear that things cannot continue as they are, even for another year. Whoever be the Minister, Parliament can no longer sanction so glaring an injustice as that, while the national creditors on this side of the Channel are inexorably mulcted of a portion of their interest before it reaches them, the accident of a six months' residence in Ireland should enable others to draw no less than a million and a quarter of the public money, in the shape of dividends through the Bank of Ireland, without a single sixpence of deduction. Some time must yet elapse before the mysterious curtain is drawn aside, behind which the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is labouring at that new financial device which is to eclipse that of his predecessor. At present we know nothing more of it than the Attorney-General. All the information we have, is the assurance of Mr Gladstone's admirers that it will contain *no alarming novelties*—an assurance which we have no difficulty whatever in believing. But this we do know, that unless, in dealing with the Income-tax, he makes provision for administering justice to Ireland, or something at least approaching to justice, a British Parliament will know the reason why.

The data which we possess for estimating the probable increase of revenue by extending the tax to Ireland, and to incomes of £60, are necessarily imperfect; but those taken by Dr Farr for the basis of his calculation are probably not very wide of the mark. Assuming that the average of incomes, and its proportion to the number of persons chargeable, is pretty nearly the same as it was in 1801, Dr Farr is of opinion that, by descending to incomes of £50, about 1,000,000 of persons in Great Britain alone (as we understand him) would be rendered liable to the tax who now wholly escape it; and that the amount of income thus brought under assessment would be £83,380,000, which, at the present rate of 7d. a-pound, would yield a clear addition to the revenue of nearly £2,400,000.

What! it is said, do you really contemplate the subjection of so vast a body of the people to a burden from which they have hitherto been free? Do you seriously believe you can carry the proposed extension, however undeniably just it may be, in the face of a million of interested and determined opponents? Will any House of Commons dare even to consider such a proposal?

The question thus sometimes expressed suggests a new and very serious view of the matter under discussion. The truth is, that this question of exemption involves within it another of far weightier import than the adjustment of any single tax whatever. When we look at the history of the Income-tax for the last ten years, and the circumstances under which so large a portion of the taxable income of the country was arbitrarily excluded from assessment, these considerations cannot fail to awake grave anticipations as to the ultimate consequences of an elective system which places in the hands of one section of the community the dangerous and tempting power of relieving themselves from taxation at the expense of their weaker neighbours. As to the facts of the case there can be no dispute. The number of persons in Great Britain enjoying incomes of £60 and upwards is probably about 1,000,000. The number of electors is as nearly as possible the same. Speaking generally, the area of the franchise, and the area of rateability to a £60 Income-tax, are both co-extensive and coincident; they would comprehend nearly the same persons. In a season of great financial embarrassment it is found necessary to have recourse to an extraordinary tax. But the majority of the all-powerful million resolve, through their representatives, that, instead of each paying his *pro rata* proportion of the impost, it shall be assessed exclusively on the minority, amounting to about 340,000. The injured section is, at the same time, coaxed into silence and acquiescence by a pledge and assurance that the burden is only a temporary one, that it will be withdrawn on the first opportunity, as soon as the emergency is over, and at all events at the end of five years.

But not only are no measures taken during that period for redeeming the pledge, but the Legislature, urged by the electoral majority, proceed to cripple the ordinary sources of revenue by reckless reductions, so as to render the promised removal of the tax at the end of the covenanted period absolutely impossible. Its continuation for three years more, with a renewed promise of abolition, is followed by the same faithless policy. The ever-clamorous majority are gratified by still further surrenders of the duties which they consider most inconvenient to themselves; and at the close of the three years, the same plea of necessity is again employed, and again prevails. This last prorogation is now about to expire; and we have yet to see whether the finance minister will attempt a repetition of this stale and melancholy farce, which has deceived no one, and disgusted all; or, in the event of the tax being made permanent, will venture to render it impartial as well as permanent, by extending its area. If not—if it shall turn out either that the Cabinet dare not, or that the House of Commons will not, compel the 660,000 electors under the £150 mark to bear their fair share of the burden—if, in short, the dominant ten-pound interest shall prove unscrupulous enough, and powerful enough, to set the just claims of the minority at defiance, what are we to look to for the future? The rule of equal taxation once repudiated, where is the aggression to stop? Graduation of taxation—which is only a roundabout phrase for spoliation—seems even already a familiar idea to the “most advanced” of the Liberal party. Have our present Ministers—have the owners of real property—the holders of Government stock—the wealthy bankers and merchants of our great cities, pondered these prognostics?—do they see quite clearly to what all this is tending?

It was but the other day that the Prime Minister of the Crown availed himself of a remarkable occasion to assure the House of Lords that the spirit of Democracy is extinct, and the fear of it superstitious—that on all the political horizon he could not descry the slightest indication of such an influence. If we cannot point out

to Lord Aberdeen any positive proof of a democratic tendency, we can at least imagine one. We can imagine the possible case of a government charged with the responsibility of renewing a public impost, and either shrinking from redressing its acknowledged injustice, or evading the task by some illusive manœuvre, from a dread of offending one privileged and powerful section of the community. We know not what Lord Aberdeen might think of such a case; but if it should occur, it would convey to our mind a proof of a despotic and perilous democratic influence as convincing as tumultuous aggression or open revolt. "*Labefactant ii fundamenta reipublicæ; concordiam primum, quæ esse non potest, cum aliis adimuntur, aliis condonantur pecuniæ, deinde æquitatem, quæ tollitur omnis si habere suum cuique non licet.*" As a commentary on the Premier's declaration, we subjoin the following remarks from the *Times*, the truth of which is the more striking, from their occurring in a journal so often swayed *arbitrio popularis auræ* :—

"To confess the truth, justice and morality are now as much out of place in taxation as the music of the spheres, and there is hardly a borough member in the House who would dare to endanger his seat by voting for the enlargement and extension of the inhabited-house-duty. The smaller £10 householders are, as a body, more powerful than the whole House of Lords, not to say the Crown itself. They feel themselves the governing body of the country; and as the privileged classes in France, before the first Revolution, exempted themselves from taxes, so does this new privileged class, created by the Reform Bill, consider itself entitled to exempt itself from paying any direct tax at all, and as few indirect taxes as possible. . . . This is not a righteous or convenient state of things. Justice demands that direct taxation should begin with representation, and that when a man is one of the constituency, he should not object to pay for his privilege."—*Times*, December.

The whole of the views on this branch of the Income-tax question, expressed by Mr Hume in the Draft Report which he submitted to the Select Committee, are conceived in a wise and impartial spirit; and it

appears to us that the easiest, fairest, and most obvious mode of carrying them into execution, would be to revert to the enactments and provisions of the Act of 1806. Whether it might be possible to engraft upon it the plan of a small uniform deduction from all incomes, as is done in several of the Continental states, the evidence affords us no sufficient means of judging. Some of the witnesses, indeed, recommend it; but an obvious difficulty arises in the smallness of the sums which would have to be levied at the lower extremity of the scale,—a difficulty which might perhaps be overcome, however, by giving the owners of the lower class of incomes—say those between £50 and £75—the option of relieving themselves from assessment by the payment of a small fixed composition. But whether this part of Mr Hume's scheme can be carried out or not, there can be no question of the soundness of the general principle with which he concludes his review of exemption :—"As the revenue of the country is expended for the protection of property or of personal rights, and for objects of national utility, your Committee can see no valid reason whatever why every subject of her Majesty should not be taxed in proportion to his means. To levy a tax on a small portion of the owners of the property of the country, is inequitable and dangerous."—*Second Report*, xxiii.

II. FACILITIES OF EVASION.—Among the witnesses who appeared before the Committee in the spring of last year, was a certain Mr Jeffrey, draper of Liverpool, who had been delegated by the Financial Reform Association of that city to expound their views as to finance in general, and the Income-tax in particular. In the course of his examination, he states it as his opinion, that if the tax were fairly adjusted, a false return would be a very rare thing indeed. On being asked what induces him to think so? he replies, with a naïve simplicity, which must have been quite refreshing to the Committee in the midst of their disagreeable labours, "Because, when a man feels that he is fairly taxed, *I believe it has been found he does not object to it.*" So charming a piece of

innocence occurring in the midst of the most startling revelations of systematic fraud on the revenue, looks as oddly out of place as a verse of *Watts' Hymns* in the *Newgate Calendar*. If there be any truth whatever in the worthy draper's charitable aphorism, the Income-tax must be the unfairest under the sun; for never, surely, has such a mass of evasion and deceit been exposed to the public as in the volumes before us. One statement will suffice to give some idea of its extent. If a man, after being surcharged, pays the full assessment without appeal, that fact may, in the majority of cases, be taken as a pretty strong presumption of an attempt at evading payment, either by abstaining from giving a return of his means, or by giving an incorrect return. Now, from a return furnished to the Select Committee, it appears that the number of surcharges made in one year in England and Wales, (exclusive of Scotland,) under *Schedule D alone*, was 43,690; and that, out of these cases, the immense proportion of 32,385 never ventured on an appeal, but quietly paid the surcharge.* If Dr Farr's calculation be correct, that the tax is paid by 340,000 persons, it thus appears that nearly one-tenth of the whole rate-payers can only be forced to pay their fair share of the tax by the stringent *compulsitor* of a surcharge. And even, with such coercion, it is very manifest that a vast amount of assessable income escapes charge altogether. Look at the gross receipts under *Schedule D*; can any one believe that the whole amount of profits on trade and professions in England and Wales, above £150, is no more than fifty-five and a half millions, which is the sum set down for the year ending 5th April 1850? No wonder that we find Mr Stuart Mill saying, "This seems to me a strong proof of the evasion of the tax; for, in a country like this, where trade is carried on to so large an extent, it is difficult to believe that there is not a much larger amount of

income derived from trades and professions than the amount shown under that schedule."—(*Second Report*, Q. 5375.) One of the most experienced officers in the Revenue Office, who has been engaged in the service since the commencement of the century, states, that the extent of evasion is now much greater than it was in 1804 and 1805, when the tax comprehended all incomes down to £60; and, moreover, that its frequency is constantly increasing. Indeed, it is to be feared that the mischief will be aggravated the longer the tax continues. The fact is, that the fraudulently-disposed are becoming every year more adroit in the modes of falsifying returns, and eluding the assessors. One new feature in the art of chicanery seems to be the employment of worthless attorneys and accountants, who make it a special branch of their business to assist parties in "cooking" returns, and intricating balance-sheets, with the view of baffling the Commissioners. There was exhibited to the Committee an original account for services of this kind, which is a curiosity well worthy of the attention of the guileless Jeffrey and his brother financiers. It begins with the date and names of parties, and proceeds thus—"For preparing statements, and making up a general account of the income and expenditure of the above establishment from the 1st of January 1849 to this date, agreeable to your instructions, to enable you to evade the Income-tax payment—a laborious and intricate work, your account extending over a period of 15 months—£6, 6s.;" and a very good bargain, we have no doubt, for the conscientious employer, who, it is evident, if his income amounted only to £300, had thus a very fair profit on the joint "plant" upon Government. But the plunder is not always of such trifling amounts. The following are a few of the grosser cases taken from the list of surcharges by the surveyor of the City of London, as assessed by the additional Commissioners—

* The number of persons in the same year who made returns at less than £150 as the profits of their trades and professions, and claimed total exemption, but were afterwards brought under assessment and paid the duty, was 9687.

No. of Assessment.	Amount of Income Returned.	Amount Assessed.	Result.	
929	...	£2,000	No appeal.	Compounded.
268	£630	1,500	No appeal.	Compounded.
417	500	15,000	Appealed.	CONFIRMED, £15,000.
491	5,500	11,000	No appeal.	Paid.
617	8,000	20,000	Appealed.	Paid on £12,000.
638	4,500	9,000	Appealed.	Confirmed, £9,000.
662	9,160	15,000	Appealed.	And compounded £15,000.
907	17,000	24,000	Appealed.	Confirmed, £24,000.
1,223	...	1,100	No appeal.	Paid.
1,618	5,110	10,000	Appealed.	Confirmed, £10,000.
48	500	1,300	No appeal.	Paid.
1,469	34,949	43,130	No appeal.	Paid.

The list altogether is astounding; and it will be seen that in some of the cases the amount of the tax thus attempted to be swindled would, to many an honest man, be a luxurious income in itself. It is but fair to state, however, that, in the opinion of most of the surveyors, the returns of the larger trade-incomes are, on the whole, fairly made. It is among the smaller manufacturers and retail tradesmen

that the greatest difficulty is found in obtaining true statements; and from a very large proportion of them the truth is only to be extorted by a surcharge. Take, for example, the Birmingham district: The following table shows the total number of assessments under Schedule D, and the relative proportion of surcharges for the three years ending 1850:—

Years.	Total Number of Assessments.	Number Surcharged		Total Surcharged.
		On Returns.	In absence of Returns.	
1848	5334	776	1360	2136
1849	5325	530	1376	1906
1850	5340	701	1472	2173

It thus appears, that of the persons engaged in business in this district, and liable to the tax, 39 per cent, on an average of these three years, either gave in wrong returns of their profits, or no returns at all.

Mr Pressly, the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, draws a distinction between an evasion, or "avoidance," as he calls it, and a fraud,—the former being such contrivances to escape the tax as are just within the margin of strict legality. In a moral point of view, the line of demarcation becomes, in many cases, a very shadowy one; and in all, the loss to the country is of course the same. A London silk-mercantile has ten assistants at salaries of £150 each. At their request he reduces their pay to £149 each; but at the end of the year he presents them with a Christmas-box, in the shape of a £10 cheque, which they divide among them, and thus save each £4, 7s. 6d., while the Exchequer loses £43, 15s. The owner

of a farm in Derbyshire, worth £140 yearly rent, farms his land himself. He consequently has to pay £4, 1s. 8d. as owner, and £2, 0s. 10d. as occupant; but he ostensibly takes his son, who is employed on the farm, as his tenant-at-will: the result of which transaction is, that the father claims exemption under Schedule A, and the son under Schedule B, and the assessor is set at defiance. These, we presume, are "avoidances." The case which follows seems to be somewhat on the other side of the line. A party possesses a North-Western debenture which yields him £65 a-year; he has also £40 a-year of rent from property in Cornwall, £17, 10s. from mining shares, and £21 from shares in the Great Western,—making, altogether, £142, 10s. He produces certificates from each of these parties that they have deducted the tax from him, and thereupon claims and obtains payment from Somerset House of 142 sevenpences. But he conceals

the fact of an additional £15 a-year, which he has from other railway shares, on which he pays the tax; thus escaping for 8s. 9d., while Government lose £4, 2s. 10d.

We are not so sanguine as to believe that any reform of the present statute, or any safeguards that can be devised, will ever put a stop to evasion; but it seems quite certain that there are various means which may be adopted for checking and discouraging it. And when we consider that the work of reconstruction, on which we are about to enter, is undertaken with the view, not only of rendering the existing tax permanent, but also of establishing it on a safe, and, as far as may be, equitable basis for the assessment of other national rates, it becomes a duty of paramount obligation on the Legislature to neglect no available means of getting at the truth, and of preventing the fraudulent from shifting their share of the burden to the shoulders of their honest neighbours. Some of these means are perfectly obvious and simple, while others involve larger alterations of the existing statute.

The most necessary, and by far the most effectual remedy of all, has been already partially considered—a large modification of the present system of exemption. This, as we have seen, is the source of probably three-fourths of the present evasion, whether legal or illegal, detected or undetected. And we have also seen how easy it is for any one who is chargeable under two or more schedules to elude investigation. The fraudulent trader, who has nothing but his profits, is under the eye of the surveyor, who generally manages in the long run to track him home; but if he chance to have property in land, houses, or shares, he is almost as safely out of reach of the authorities as Rob Roy in the fastnesses of Balquhider. Until, therefore, the claim for exemption on income from realised property shall be abolished, there will still remain open a back-door of retreat for dishonesty, which no vigilance whatever can effectually guard. A reduction of the limit of rateability, from £150 to £50

or £60, on all the schedules, would certainly circumscribe the field of fraud, and diminish the pecuniary loss to the revenue; though the number of cases of evasion might probably be increased by the alteration. But by cutting off all exemption under Schedules A and C, we should confine the numbers as well as the amount of evasion within comparatively narrow boundaries. On the whole, we are persuaded that the safest and most efficacious remedy for such abuses, is by reverting, as we have already recommended, to the plain and substantially just regulations which were in force at the expiry of the tax in 1816.

Next to the exemption, the chief facility to evasion is the ease with which, under the existing regulations, inquiry as to incomes from trades and professions may be obstructed or eluded. We proceed, therefore, to notice some suggestions for removing the obstacles which have been found to impede the investigations of the officers, and to shelter the fraudulently disposed; and these we shall now notice separately.

1st, The Commissioners ought to be armed with clear and indisputable authority to order the *production of the books* of persons engaged in trade. At present, they have no such power. All they can demand is a balance-sheet, or statement of account, which, however, there is no means whatever of verifying. If the balance-sheet is so prepared as to exhibit no apparent contradiction in itself, the Commissioners are compelled to receive it—their only safeguard against imposture being the right of calling on the party to swear to its accuracy, which, however, is never done. The Surveyor for the City thus describes the procedure:—“The Commissioners generally ask the appellant, ‘Are you prepared to swear to this account?’ If he says ‘No,’ they will not receive it. If he says ‘Yes,’ they take it, and feel bound to act upon it; but they do not actually swear him. Witness has not known a single case of a person being sworn during the last five years.”*

* *Report*, 863, &c. A similar statement is also made by two of the special commissioners, 1254-1258.

Such a course, however convenient it may be for getting through the business, is manifestly a very slight security for the public. It may be said that the declaration of readiness to swear is as good a test of the truth as the actual administration of the oath. Of this we entertain great doubts, as we shall have occasion by and by to show. But it seems absolutely necessary that the Commissioners should at least have the opportunity, in cases where they suspect fraud, of satisfying themselves whether the abstract laid before them is in conformity with the books or not. At present, they are obviously at the mercy of the unscrupulous, who is perfectly aware that he will not be sworn, and cannot be detected by examination.

2d, The Commissioners ought to have the power of requiring an *oath to all claims of exemption*. Whether the limit is to be continued at £150, or brought down to £50 or £60, it is highly requisite that the authorities should at least have a discretionary right of applying this ultimate test of a man's honesty. We are convinced that the very knowledge that they possessed such a power would deter many men of dubious probity from venturing on a false declaration. In all cases where the grounds of the claim, after due examination by the surveyor and Commissioner, are considered as suspicious, we would have a formal summons served upon the party to attend before the Commissioners on an appointed day, to take the oath to the verity of his statement, accompanied by a printed form of the oath to be administered, and a notice that, previous to the day named, he is at liberty to amend his declaration. This is pretty nearly the course prescribed by the 122d section of the act for verifying declarations under Schedule D; and if, in regard to that schedule, it has been deemed inefficacious, the reason, we apprehend, is because the fact is quite notorious to every one whose accounts are called in question, that the oath never is actually administered. We are fully aware of the weighty objections to the multiplication of unnecessary appeals of this kind on trifling occasions. We are aware, also, that the effect of their

exaction may sometimes be to convert a falsehood into the deeper guilt of perjury. To these anticipated objections we may reply shortly, that it is not in this case unnecessary; that the intervention of such a warrant for truth is at least as important and as necessary to the public interest in the case of the declarations in question, as in the case of the evidence adduced in a common charge of larceny; that, if unhappily there are men so unscrupulous and debased as to disregard an oath, we are not, on that account, to abandon the security it affords for justice to the community; and that if, from such motives of forbearance, we leave a door open to the practice of fraud, we are, in fact, exacting from the honest part of the community a compulsory subscription to save the more worthless members of it from temptation, and maintain them in a very questionable kind of integrity.

3d, *The returns required under Schedule D should exhibit the gross and not the net amount of profits*. It is obvious that this alteration would not only save much unnecessary trouble to the Commissioners, as well as to the fair-dealing ratepayer, many of whom are led into unintentional error from the difficulty of determining what deductions the law contemplates, but would also operate as a check upon one frequent mode of evasion. We need only quote in support of it the following opinion of Mr J. Hyde, in which we completely concur:—"I have always maintained that the law under Schedule D is wrong in its foundation. The law calls upon the individual to return his *net income*; and experience tells me, that of all the evasions which there are under Schedule D, a very large proportion of them arise by the deductions which are made from the gross to the net. I have always contended that the law should call for a return of the *gross income*, with a schedule of the deductions claimed attached to it."

4th, *The profits of every business should be returned in the division where it is carried on*, in order to prevent the possibility of a person chargeable in more than one district playing off one set of Commissioners against another. Cases frequently occur

similar to the following :—"A man made his return to us in the Tower division under Schedule D, stating that he returned and paid his Income-tax in the City. The assessors were dissatisfied, and intimated their dissatisfaction to the surveyor, who ascertained that in the City this person had made a return of £150 a-year, which had been accepted the year previous, and paid upon. On the information which the surveyor got, he charged him £1000 a-year. The appellant came before us; his own books (of course voluntarily tendered) proved that his income derived from trade was much larger than that, and at length he consented to pay upon £1500 a-year for the three years, and is now paying upon £1500 a-year, whereas, had it continued as at first, he would only have paid upon £150." The source of the mischief in this case does not lie in the statute itself, for it distinctly gives the Commissioners authority to require separate returns at each place of business; but the practice obviously requires amendment.

5th, *Employers should in all cases be required to give returns of all persons in their service, together with the amount of their salaries, whether above or below the minimum of assessable income.* In this respect also the provisions of the Act seem sufficiently extensive; but they appear to be so far relaxed in practice, that employers are now required to state the names of such clerks only as receive from them more than £150 a-year. Many of those, however, whose salaries are below £150, are in possession of other sources of income which would bring them under assessment, if their names were known. The surveyors are of opinion that the former practice was a much safer one, of requiring the names of all clerks to be returned, who should be served with schedules, leaving it for themselves to make good their exemption. A return to this practice seems the more necessary, if the limit of assessable income is to be considerably reduced.

These suggestions have been noticed in no expectation that even their complete adoption would eradicate evasion, which seems to thrive under a system of direct taxation like a weed

in a congenial soil, but only in the belief that they afford the best means within our reach of arresting its increase.

III. *INEQUALITIES.*—We have now to turn to that branch of the subject which, both from the perplexing difficulties that surround it, and from the magnitude of the interests affected, has attracted more general attention and anxious expectation than any topic has done since the Corn-Law discussions of 1846. Before entering on it, let us call to mind the axiom with which we started, that there are certain defects which are inherent in, and inseparable from every possible system of direct compulsory taxation, one of which defects is individual inequality. Every such system must be founded upon a groundwork of assumed averages, which very possibly may not correspond with any actual single case. Were a shoemaker to proceed on the plan of making shoes only of one particular size, calculated on the average of feet of all ages and shapes, the chances are that all his customers would grumble. If, then, we must have an Income-tax or a Property-tax, we must take this, its characteristic defect, along with it, and fully understand that the attempt to adjust it to individual cases is as hopeless and endless as the task of the Danaides. All that can possibly be effected is to throw all descriptions of income into a few great groups or classes, as is done in the schedules of the present statute, and to bring these classes to a relative equality.

Viewing, then, the classification of income as we find it in the Act, (and none more complete or satisfactory has yet been proposed,) the one great, prominent, and repulsive feature of inequality that at once arrests attention is the rating of commercial and professional income on the same footing as that from realised property. Other anomalies there are, of no small magnitude in themselves—as, for example, the disparity of the deductions from gross income allowed in the different schedules; but until the capital injustice is in some degree removed, it is impossible to deal properly with these minor wrongs; and we therefore confine our attention at

present to the schemes which have been proposed for remedying it, and the arguments by which these have been supported.

It will save some confusion and repetition if we remark now a defect which characterises the reasonings of many of the actuaries consulted by the Committee—namely, that they consider *temporary* incomes and *precarious* incomes as belonging to the same category—as forming one class, and capable of being adjusted by the same rule. Professional and trade incomes are treated as if they were always resolvable into a terminable annuity for a longer or shorter period, and to be taxed on the same principle. We shall have occasion in the sequel to show that the distinction between a *precarious* temporary income and a *certain* temporary income is one of the utmost importance, which, in fact, necessarily leads to their being treated on a totally different principle.

For the present we must follow out the views of the learned actuaries as we find them given in the evidence, and endeavour to ascertain how far they justify the conclusion at which they all arrive, though by different paths—viz., that the only fair way of levying the tax is to capitalise all apparent income whatever, and assess only the assumed interest of that hypothetical capital; in other words, to convert that which we now erroneously and confusedly call a *property* and income tax into a uniform tax upon real or assumed property only. One thing is abundantly clear, that if we are to make the “ability” of each citizen the ground of one general tax, we must reduce the various quantities of that ability to one *common denominator*; and that this can be done only in one of two ways—either by converting all capital into income, or, *vice versâ*, by computing all incomes as equivalent to so much capital. The last of these alternatives is the one preferred by the actuaries. “The ability of each person,” they maintain, “is measured more accurately, and expressed more clearly, by the *value of the property in his possession*, under the protection of the State, than by any other standard; and the value of the property of each person is best

determined by the sale-value of his interest in real or personal estate, and by the capitalised value of his income derived from skill and industry.” —(Mr HUME's *Draft Report*, ii. 25.)

Having thus hypothetically transmuted all income into equivalent capital, we are then either to deduct from it annually a certain fixed quota, (that nearest to the rate of the present Income-tax being one - thousandth part,) or, what comes to the same thing, we may levy a corresponding rate on the assumed yearly interest of the capital.

In carrying out this capitalisation scheme, there are two things which must necessarily be settled beforehand. We must assume a uniform rate of interest, and a uniform rate of mortality. The first is generally taken at three per cent, and the second fixed on the basis of Dr Farr's English life-tables. With these data there would, of course, be no difficulty in computing the present selling value of any person's *fixed* interest, provided we knew his age. But how are we to deal with interests which are *not* fixed, but uncertain, fluctuating, and precarious?—with commercial, professional, and industrial incomes? No difficulty at all about the matter, say the learned actuaries; you have only to consider such incomes as so many terminable annuities, and capitalise them accordingly. But when we come to ask how this ideal commutation of profits, fees, salaries, and wages into a fixed annuity is to be managed—by what rule a soap-boiler, for example, or a barrister, or a railway station-master, is to convert his income into annuity—we find a vast diversity of opinion among them; indeed, no two of them are agreed as to how it should be done. Some have so strong a faith in figures, that they think data may be found in the transactions of insurance companies and benefit societies for drawing up tables for each separate trade and profession, founded upon the average duration of life, profits, risks, sickness, &c. Others, less enthusiastic, would be satisfied with one average rule for all trade, and another for all professional incomes. But let it be supposed that, in one or other of these ways, the difficulty can be over-

come, and that all such precarious income, after separating what is strictly interest on capital, can be estimated as a fixed annuity for a limited term, and computed as representing a corresponding capital, then the rest of the scheme is all plain sailing. You have only to take one-thousandth part of the property, or 7d. a pound on the interest of the

property, and there, say our actuaries, is your tax cut and dry, as clear as arithmetic can make it, and as just as the scales of Minos. The following cases may be taken as illustrations of the results:—Five persons, A, B, C, D, and E, have each an income of £1000 from different sources, and are each forty years old.

Source of Income.	Amount of Capital.	Tax under present plan.	Tax under proposed plan. 1000th part.
A, Freehold land, .	£30,000	£29 8 4	£30 0 0
B, Consols, . . .	33,333	29 2 4	33 6 8
C, Houses, . . .	16,666	29 2 4	16 13 4
D, Annuity for ten years, .	8,530	29 2 4	8 10 9
E, Profession, . . .	10,927	29 2 4	10 18 6

Omitting details, what we have stated will afford a sufficiently accurate view of the capitalisation plan as explained by the witnesses, and especially, and more precisely perhaps than by any of the others, by Dr Farr of the General Register Office, in his evidence, and in his recent paper on the subject. There is always something attractive in any such ingenious and well-balanced scheme, apparently complete and congruous in all its parts; and our satisfaction in contemplating it is, of course, enhanced when it harmonises generally with our previous impressions of what is just and equitable. But it is not the less necessary to examine carefully, and even suspiciously, the grounds on which this symmetrical structure is reared.

Are the grounds then of this capitalisation scheme sound, or the contrary? Its accuracy is challenged by no mean authorities. Mr Stuart Mill and Mr Warburton concur in regarding it as founded altogether on a fallacy, if we understand, as of course all the reasonings on the subject take for granted, that the tax is to be a permanent one. In order to illustrate their objection to it, let us take as simple a case as possible. The whole question may be debated on the single case of two equal annuities of unequal duration. Suppose, then, that A has an annuity of £1000 a-year for twenty years, and that B has an annuity of like amount for ten years, their ages being equal, it is evident that the capitalised value of A's interest will be just double the capitalised value of B's. Let us say, in round numbers,

that the amount of A's hypothetical capital is £20,000, and B's £10,000. Then if we adopt the principle of Dr Farr, that each person should be taxed every year in proportion to the property possessed (or hypothetically supposed to be possessed) by him during that year, the annual tax to be imposed on A will be £20, and that on B £10. But, then, observe the result of this. A goes on paying for twenty years, but B's contributions cease at the end of ten years. *Ex hypothesi*—the aggregate amount of A's successive contributions to the State *ought to be* £400, and those of B one-half of that sum, or £200. If, instead of paying their contributions to the State in the form of an annual tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to take *one payment once for all*, and sequestrate for the public use a given quota—say one-fiftieth part of the property—then their respective proportions would be as just stated, £400 and £200. But by taking their contribution in annual instalments, B stops payment at the end of ten years, at which time his source of income is exhausted, dried up, and annihilated; and he actually gets off by paying only £100 instead of £200—that is, by paying *one-fourth*, instead of one-half, of A's taxation. In other words, B would, in the end, be £100 richer, and the State £100 poorer, than they ought to be. The conclusion, therefore, is, that B cannot be made to pay his fair contribution to the common fund in any other way than by taxing | income of £1000 dur |

ten years that income will endure. A similar train of reasoning will show that A, the twenty years' annuitant, ought to pay the same tax as the possessor of a permanent annuity. The source of the fallacy, says Mr Mill, "*lies in capitalising the income, without, at the same time, capitalising the tax.*" It appears to me that you ought to do both or neither."—(Q. 5223.) The short annuitant, in fact, secures to himself, by this capitalising scheme, the advantages of both ways of reckoning;—he insists on his income being counted as a permanent annuity, and then he claims to pay only a temporary tax upon it.

Mr Warburton enters into a more detailed demonstration of the fallacy. Assuming, of course, the tax to be perpetual, he compares a terminable annuity with its equivalent in permanent annuity, and shows that the full tax, levied for the short period upon the terminable annuity, will be precisely equal to a diminished tax levied in perpetuity on the permanent equivalent. We cannot transfer to our columns his lengthened tables and algebraical formulæ; but their results may be made intelligible to the reader, by recurring to the simple example already referred to. Or take even the extreme case of a man with one year's annuity,—suppose that B's £10,000 is not spread over ten years, but that it will cease altogether after one more payment, is it just to tax him upon the whole of it at the same rate as a perpetuity? "Yes," replies Mr Warburton, "it is perfectly just, if the tax is made a permanent source of revenue; for if you will estimate the payment that is made upon that single year's income of £10,000, it will be found to be equivalent to the tax that would be levied in perpetuity upon £10,000 invested in property yielding perpetual revenue."—(*Second Report*, Q. 5160.) The conclusion at which he thus arrives is, that "it is perfectly equitable and just to charge annually the same rate upon each annual income, whether it be regarded as a short or a long annuity, or as a perpetuity, provided you regard the tax as a permanent source of revenue."—(Q. 5145.)

It is evident that this objection, if

it can be established, effectually demolishes the whole theory of capitalisation. If the necessary result of the scheme is eventually to exonerate the holder of terminable income from his fair share of the tax, it is of course no longer tenable. But Dr Farr, and his gallant corps of actuaries, undismayed by this assault on their position, come up to the defence with a counter-objection. Mr Warburton's argument, they affirm, is itself founded upon a palpable fallacy—that of *leaving out of consideration the element of time*. "A tax on properties of equal value," says Dr Farr, "to be equitable, must be the same in the same time;" and conversely, a tax on properties of unequal value ought to be different in the same time. The error, then, into which he thinks Mr Warburton has fallen, is in losing sight of the fact that, "the tax being essentially on *present value*, the epochs of taxation and valuation ought always to be coincident." We mark this phrase, "*present value*," because here, it appears to us, lies the source of the whole ambiguity.

Now, we quite agree with Dr Farr on one point—that the resolution of the difficulty depends altogether upon our clearly apprehending, and keeping fixedly in view, the important element of *time*. But this is precisely what Dr Farr himself *does not do*, and thereby vitiates the whole of his reasoning on the subject. His whole defence of capitalisation rests on omitting the element of time *on one side of the account*, and including it on the other. What he seems to insist upon is this—that, in order to make the assessment fair, the assessor is bound to compute the respective values of the permanent interest, and of the terminable interest, *as de presenti*;—that in rating the short annuitant, B, therefore, he shall not be entitled to take into view any *tractus futuri temporis*, or the prospective cessation of B's payments. Now, we are ready to admit, not only that the rule he proposes of taxing *present value* alone is reasonable, but that no other rule is possible; for do what you will, you cannot tax a futurity; and as you cannot tax, common sense tells us you should not *rate* a futurity. We have a right to demand, then, that,

when once laid down, Dr Farr shall keep to the rule—apply it to both parties, the permanent and the terminable annuitant alike, and stand by the result. If, then, we are to look to *the present* only, and eliminate from our calculations all that is *prospective*, is it not manifest that the distinction of “permanent” and “temporary” is at once completely extinguished, and that A and B will then stand before us as owners of precisely equal present means—each having this year £1000 subject to this year’s tax? All we are entitled to look to, we are told, is “the present value.” But the present value of what? If it is the present value of *present means*, then unquestionably A and B are both £1000 men, and must pay the same tax. If it be the present value of *future* as well as present means, (or, in other words, the *capitals* of the parties,) then as certainly A has a right to insist that there shall be kept in view his *future liability* to taxation, from which B will altogether escape. We must choose one of two hypotheses. When a man pays a year’s tax, we may either consider him as paying in consideration of the State protection which he has enjoyed or is enjoying during the year—or we may regard his payment in the light of a *premium* for insuring a permanent prospective benefit. The actuaries seem all to contemplate it in the last light, and as precisely analogous to a premium paid into one of their offices. As regards equity, it matters not in which of the ways we look at it. If we pay for the present year’s security, then all who have £1000 of income within the year have enjoyed an equal amount of security, and must pay an equal amount of the tax. If, on the other alternative, our payment is a premium to insure future security, it must be proportioned to the duration of that security; and if I choose to compute my income as a perpetuity, and consequently requiring perpetual security, the premium also must be perpetual; or, in default of this, its rate must be increased.

When thus analysed, it seems quite evident to us that Dr Farr’s rebutment of the Warburtonian objection is merely falling back upon the original fallacy in another form, and that in reality he is reasoning in a circle.

Another form of the argument used by the advocates of capitalisation has been employed by Mr Hubbard, in his recent pamphlet, as a plea on behalf of the holders of Government terminable annuities, although, with strange inconsistency, he refuses to extend it to life-interests. As an illustration of his views, let us suppose that Smith is the owner of £1000 in Government long annuities, which will expire in seven years, and that his neighbour Jones possesses a fee-simple estate in land, which also yields him £1000 a-year. The injustice of taxing these persons equally on their respective incomes, according to Mr Hubbard, lies in this, that by so doing you tax Smith’s *principal* as well as his interest, whereas Jones is taxed on his interest only. The proper view to take of Smith’s income, Mr Hubbard contends, is—that it consists of two distinct portions—so much interest to be taxed, so much capital to be repaid, which ought to be untaxed. The answer to this view is, that there is in reality no such discrimination of Smith’s income into two parts—that it is altogether ideal; and that whether it shall be wholly capital or wholly interest, or part of both, depends altogether on the way Smith may choose to employ it. All revenue is *potentially* capital; all or any portion of it may be reserved, and employed in future production. On the other hand, all or any part of it that is used unproductively may be termed income. But the distinction is an indefinite and imaginary one, and can never be made the basis of assessment, or of fiscal legislation. Mr Hubbard’s view of the case depends upon the general assumption, that no man ought in any circumstances to reduce what he calls his capital; and he proposes that the Legislature should adopt this assumption—should fix for every man how much of his annual revenue he ought to save, and, whether he actually does so or not, should relieve that portion from taxation. The State, it is said, should promote instead of discouraging a provident economy, and it is therefore impolitic to tax what a man saves, with the view of replacing his capital. But on similar grounds we ought to exempt what he saves with a view of *aug-*

menting his capital; unless we are to hold that accumulation by abstinence is justifiable and laudable only up to a certain point, beyond which it should be discouraged by taxation.

After what has been said as to the unsoundness of the principle of capitalising all income, it may seem superfluous to notice the difficulty of carrying it into execution. Nevertheless we may mention very shortly the decided opinion expressed by Mr Pressly, that although the theoretical soundness of the scheme were unquestionable, it would be impossible to reduce it to practice. In order to make the necessary calculations, the assessors would require returns of the age of each party, in addition to detailed returns of every separate description of property in his possession. We have seen what difficulty there is in procuring the comparatively simple returns required at present—a difficulty which is so much experienced in the assessed tax department that two-thirds of the assessments are made without any returns, and on the private information possessed by the surveyors. Now, were the number and intricacy of these forms increased, as they necessarily must be, and if, further, the tax were extended to incomes below £150, the working of the system, Mr Pressly believes, would be absolutely impracticable; and instead of being an Act to impose a tax upon property, it would become “an Act for collecting voluntary contributions in aid of the support of the State.”

But if the capitalisation scheme is thus demonstrably fallacious, are we therefore to conclude that there are no grounds for discriminating temporary from permanent income? By no means, says Mr Mill; the capitalising theory is wrong; but I will show you the true principle for distinguishing between them. “I conceive that the tax should be in proportion, not to the means only, but that it should take into consideration the means *and also the wants* of a man. I would, therefore, tax temporary or precarious incomes at a lower scale than permanent or certain incomes—not because of their having a less selling value, but because the possessors of those incomes have one

want which those who possess permanent incomes have not. They are liable to be called upon, in most cases, to save something out of that income to provide for others who are dependent upon them; while those who possess permanent incomes can spend the whole, and still leave the property to their descendants or others. It is for this reason that I would tax a temporary income at a lower rate than a permanent income.”—*Second Report*, Q. 5223.

Mr Mill's grounds for discrimination, we regret to say, appear to us quite as unsatisfactory as those which he has so convincingly refuted. One man has a want which another has not; or, in other words, the one has not the means of purchasing a certain gratification which the other can purchase. Are we to understand that this, in Mr Mill's opinion, constitutes a valid reason for taxing them on different rates—that on this account the State is bound to interpose, and, in so far as it can, and specially in the matter of taxation, to put them both upon a level? To assert that B has a want which A has not, is only a roundabout way of saying that A is a richer man than B: that may be an unanswerable reason for making him pay a larger amount of taxation, (which will be the effect of his being taxed in perpetuity,) but certainly not for assessing him at a *higher rate* of taxation. A's fortune of £1000 for twenty years will procure just twice the total amount of bread, wine, clothes, and all other objects of expenditure, that B can buy with his £1000 for ten years. But the State steps in and declares that the rule whereby two is less than four is not a good rule; that in that object of expenditure which is under its control, it will endeavour to reverse the rule, and, in settling accounts with A and B, will take care to compensate the inequality by providing that B's half-crown shall go as far as A's five shillings. Mr Mill, be it remembered, is a strenuous opponent of a graduated Income-tax, which, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, he justly designates as “a mild form of robbery.” But while he thus strongly repudiates a distinction of incomes according to their value, he, nevertheless, with the

strangest inconsistency, advocates a distinction according to their duration—the two things being really the same under different names. The more it is considered, the more apparent it will become, that the basis of Mr Mill's theory is a principle of graduation, and precisely identical with that on which Fourier and the Socialist school have founded their scheme of an "Impôt progressif."

We have now examined the two main arguments hitherto adduced for a discriminating rate between one kind of income and another, and have assigned what seem to us sufficient reasons for rejecting both of them. Is there then no rest for the sole of our foot? Are we to conclude that there is no tenable ground whatever for discrimination, and that there is no choice left for us but to go on as we have done hitherto, and, however revolting it may be to the common-sense and just feeling of all men, to tax every income alike? We are fully persuaded that there are strong and unanswerable grounds for making a discrimination; and we shall now endeavour to state them as briefly as we can.

The origin of the whole doubt and difficulty is the neglect of the distinction already indicated, which seems to us to be a very clear and intelligible one—the distinction between a temporary *certain* and a temporary *uncertain* income. The mere difference of duration, as we have seen, is not in itself a reason for taxing incomes on a different per-centage; for the duration of an income is only another way of expressing its amount. The two things are mutually resolvable into each other. A fixed terminable income can be exchanged at a day's notice for a perpetual one of smaller amount; and a fee-simple income in perpetuity is as readily convertible into a larger annuity for a terminable period. The only distinction between a permanent income, then, and a terminable one, is one of degree, not of kind. There is an *imparity*, but not a difference. As regards temporary *certain* incomes, we hold that there is no justifiable ground whatever for taxing them in a different proportion from permanent and certain incomes.

But when we come to consider income derived from trade, or the exercise of a profession, and to analyse its characteristics, we at once discern the presence of a new and peculiar element—namely, that of *precariousness*. It is plain to the understanding of every man, that a person possessing a fixed income, whether for life or for a term of years, and who, knowing precisely what he has, can adjust his expenditure accordingly, is in a totally different position from him whose income is dependent, not only on the general contingencies which affect all human possessions in common, but also dependent, in a greater or less degree, upon peculiar contingencies—such as the continuance of health, the fluctuations of trade, the caprices of taste and of fashion. The difference is so obvious and so important, as abundantly to justify us in placing in a separate category all incomes marked by the characteristic of *uncertainty*, and in taxing them in a discriminative and lower rate of duty.

Let us, however, keep clearly in view that, although the presence of this element is so easily recognised, it is, nevertheless, incapable of being numerically expressed. It is impossible for us to say *by how much* a gilder's trade, for example, is more precarious than a baker's. While, then, the characteristic of uncertainty affords a real and unquestionable ground for distinguishing a *class* of incomes, it affords us no ground for distinguishing such incomes from each other; for this simple reason, that it cannot be *measured*. We have, indeed, seen that the more *entêtés* of the actuaries, whose profession leads them to think that all distinctions whatever are reducible to figures, cherish the idea of classifying each trade and profession separately. They believe that data are attainable, whereby the risks and chances affecting every single occupation can be calculated, and out of which they may be able to construct a pattern parson, for example, or an average pork-butcher, by which standard all actual parsons and pork-butchers may be assessed—an idea which seems to us quite as whimsically extravagant as Martinus Scribblers's abstract Lord Mayor. The minds of such enthusiastic statisticians are

so preoccupied with the doctrine of probabilities, and so brimful of Cocker, that they think tables of constants can be found for everything, and we have no doubt would undertake to calculate a man's chances of paradise by the rule of three, in the form of a deferred perpetual annuity.

But we must rest satisfied with a less minute degree of accuracy. The distinction of precariousness enables us to throw the schedules of the Income-tax into two great classes, and, to that extent, to equalise its incidence; but it will carry us no further. Under the class of uncertain incomes we would include those now embraced in Schedules B and D—*i. e.*, those derived from the occupation of land, from trade, and from professions; and these we would tax at a lower percentage than the others. In fixing what that per-centage ought to be, it is evident, from what has been already said, that it is impossible to attain more than a vague and approximate accuracy. But we are persuaded that the rate which the late Chancellor of Exchequer proposed to apply to Schedule D is, on the whole, a sufficient and satisfactory measure of justice; and that the class of uncertain incomes ought to be assessed in the proportion of three-fourths of the rate levied on other income.

The only other alterations which need here be noticed, as necessary for the equalisation of the tax, are those which affect the deductions from the gross income of real property. The deductions allowed by the present Act extend only to the land-tax, ecclesiastical rates, and some smaller dues which are payable out of the rent of lands. It seems quite reasonable that such a stated deduction should be made from the rent, both of lands and of houses, as is necessary to maintain the subject. The rate ought to be moderate and uniform; and it must, to a certain extent, be arbitrary. The justice of the claim would probably be adequately met by allowing a deduction of 5 per

cent from the rent of lands, and 10 per cent from that of house property.

It will be seen, then, that the chief features of the plan of reform which we contemplate are similar to those of Mr Disraeli's measure, but more extensive. The conviction that that measure was founded on sound principles, and was substantially a "wise, just, and beneficial" measure, is daily growing stronger in the minds of all classes and parties, in and out of Parliament. No one can doubt that, whoever may be the Minister who attempts a reconstruction of the tax, (and without reconstruction its renewal is impossible,) he must perforce build on the foundation which Mr Disraeli has already laid. His two great principles are, extension of the area, and discrimination of precarious income. The first he applied, in our estimation, with too hesitating and cautious a hand. The most natural, consistent, and legitimate course would have been, and still is, to return at once to the precedent, which ought never to have been departed from—that of the former Income-tax, to extend the assessment to all incomes from realised property, and to all above £50 of uncertain incomes. Were such a course adopted, along with a similar and equally just enlargement of the house-tax to tenements of £10, the task which Lord Aberdeen's Ministry have selected as their *magnum opus*—that of remodelling the franchise—would be a short and easy one. With an Income-tax and a House-tax justly constituted, you have a self-adjusting test of suffrage at once simple, equitable, and unembarrassed by the cumbrous formalities of registration; and we should then at last be enabled to reconcile our practice with the principle which reason points out as the only sound one—that representation and direct taxation should be coincident—that the privileges of citizenship should be made dependent on the due fulfilment of its first obligation.

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the worse for having a place of occasional resort, where they can hear the news and mingle with their fellows—nay, we are decidedly of opinion that the clubs have wrought a marked improvement in many points of minor morals. A club is, out of all sight, a better place than a tavern; and as men must necessarily meet for the interchange and communication of ideas, it is surely better that they should have a well-regulated place of meeting, than be forced to congregate in houses where they are expected to be unnecessarily jovial. We believe that the club-houses have mainly contributed to remove the reproach of deep-drinking from the present generation. The old tavern-clubs unquestionably led to an enormous deal of conviviality. On the night of their weekly or monthly meetings, every man came prepared—yea, determined—to imbibe to the utmost of his capacity. To remain sober was to commit treason against the fundamental laws of the society; and many a well-disposed Christian, who would rather have passed the bottle, was compelled to dispense with heel-taps. This, it will be admitted, was a most abominable custom, and loudly called for reformation. It has been reformed. In all good clubs, drinking is at a discount; and instead of fostering late hours, they have the opposite tendency. Still, there is room for great improvement. In all clubs, except those in London which are essentially political, where latitude must be allowed, regulations should be made and enforced for early closing, and evacuation of the premises. There can be no difficulty about effecting the latter object. A fixed hour for the stoppage of supplies, and another for the inexorable extinguishment of the lights, would be sufficient to settle the business, and disperse even the jovial knot of *habitues* who frequent the smoking-room. Such arrangements would tend greatly to remove the objections which, we fear, even now lie dormant in many a female bosom, and would deprive some miserable caitiffs of the mean excuse which they are now wont to proffer to their wives in extenuation of their irregularities. George could no longer aver with unblushing effrontery, and

without the risk of contradiction, that he had been detained at “the club” until four o’clock in the morning; and who knows but that, with the temptation, the unwholesome habit would subside?

We have heard it said that the comforts of a club are hostile to the interests of matrimony, inasmuch as they indispose bachelors from taking that most important step in life. We do not think there is much foundation for this idea. It is not from amongst that class of men who loiter away their existence at clubs, that we would advise any young woman to expect or accept a husband. Your thorough club man is, in reality, a being of exceedingly limited ideas. He is a member of a diminutive republic, in which he wishes to enact a conspicuous part; and he gradually weans himself from the concerns of the world, to concentrate his whole attention upon the affairs of the establishment. The resignation of the club-master is more to him than a change of dynasty. He would make louder moan for the apotheosis of the butler than for the defeat of Lord Aberdeen; and he feels a deeper interest in the career of his own waiters than in that of any of the waiters on Providence, who are tolerably numerous about St Stephens. The great object of his ambition is to be nominated one of the house-committee; and he enters into as many intrigues for this high aim as ever did Fouché in the plenitude of his cunning. Once on the committee, he becomes a perfect Dionysius. His high sense of moral responsibility imparts to him an almost diseased acuteness of vision;—the waiters tremble at his approach, and shake before the authority of his call. If you have any ground for complaint, you cannot do him a greater favour than make him the confidant of your wrongs. Be sure you will receive as ample justice as though the question concerned the safety of the nation, not the overdoing of a miserable chop. We think it extremely problematical whether any woman could be happy with such a being. We are not, indeed, of the number of those who maintain that it is beneath the dignity of a man to exercise any kind of surveillance over

his household—so far from that, we would have him act like a wise general, who is cognisant of the disposition of the whole troops under his command. But as it is not the business of a general to be punctilious about pipe-clay, perpetually prying into havresacks, and examining the contents of canteens, so neither is it the duty of the master of a house to superintend in person the details of every department. To him alone exclusively belongs the key and custody of the wine-cellar. The remainder of the bunch ought to be confided to the care of his helpmate. Now we cannot help fearing that our extreme clubbist, if married, would assert a larger prerogative. If so, his could not be a happy home: for either the lady will rebel, as we think she is entitled to do for the honour of housewifery; or she will subside into a placid state of indifference, and be all day on the sofa reading novels, whilst her spouse is in the lower regions. We cannot conceive any lower depth of degradation to which a man can descend, than is implied by his personally undertaking the daily dole of tea, sugar, soap, and candles. Better be an Ethiopian at once, than pry into the mysteries of a washing! Yet such things have been, and are; and we have known men of some repute in the world, who absolutely prided themselves on the practice of this systematic infamy.

It is a very erroneous, though general idea, that all men ought to marry. Some there are whom nature evidently designed for celibacy, and these naturally take to the clubs as their proper sphere. Can any one fancy Major Pendennis in the bonds of hymeneal wedlock? And yet how many Pendennises have we all seen and known! Nor let it be supposed that the age of the major was by any means the sole obstacle. Not a week elapses but the apparition of some older bridegroom convulses the countenance of Hymen. Take twenty years and more from the shoulders of the major, and you would find him still the same. He never had a heart to give away—what heart he had, he reserved cautiously to himself; and he would have considered it, in his own phrase, a most hideous sacrifice,

and almost dishonour, “to surrender his independence.” Under no circumstances could a Mrs Major Pendennis—though not only gifted like an angel with accomplishments and charms, but with those more weighty recommendations which are the fertile cause of proposals—have been a happy woman. Therefore, better it is that the somewhat jaded veteran should adhere to his club, wherein he may rank as a nebulous, if not a brilliant star, and perhaps be of more use as a warning than an example to others. For of all pitiable spectacles upon earth, your aged celibate clubbist, aping the language and the gait, and affecting the vices of his juniors, is the most deplorable; and, much as we reverence grey hairs, it cannot be conceded that, in his instance, they constitute a crown of glory, whether openly displayed, or furtively concealed by the ingenuity of an accomplished perruquier.

But we have heard it said, of late years—and principally by matrons who have disposable daughters—that clubs are bad places, inasmuch as they indispose young men to attend, as formerly, balls and assemblies, where they had the best opportunity of meeting with the flower of the other sex. Now, this is a point which really requires consideration; and we shall attempt to approach it with all candour and impartiality. We totally disclaim all knowledge of Almack's; and we cast aside, as chimerical, the notion of exclusive circles. There are, of course, many circles of society, some of which are far more difficult of access than others; but there is a generic feature common to them all—and that is the manner and style of the entertainment. If the Premier Duchess were to give a ball, her example would be closely copied, within a week after, by the dame of a dry-salter; and thus, although the same people may not meet, the same thing is essentially performed. Hamlet is Hamlet, whether acted at Sadler's Wells—now, we are sorry to say, the last refuge for the destitute Shakspeare—or in any barn in the obscurest village-town in the north of England.

We wonder whether it has never occurred to some mortified mother, who for three or four consecutive sea-

sons has paraded her daughters at every ball and fashionable gathering, and undergone more trouble in helping them to dissipate their natural roses than she ever expended in their education—to ask herself the question whether, after all, she is following the best method of securing, not the happiness of her children, but their settlement in life? It is a very momentous question, but we fear that some mothers never take it into consideration. Having, in their own younger days, passed through the fire before the Moloch of fashion, they take it for granted that there is but one custom to be observed, and one course to be pursued. In the ball-room they were wooed and won; and why should not their daughters achieve their destiny in the like locality?

Do not—young ladies—spoil the prettiness of your brows by knitting them too hastily and severely before you have heard our argument. We do not intend, by any means, to pronounce an elaborate discourse against the vanities of social society—neither is it our wish that you should attain that cerulean hue, which, as Dickey Milnes, or some other modern poet, tells us, is grateful in the eyes of Minerva. The “purple light of love”—these are not our words, for the blush-rose is the only fit emblem—on your cheeks, is worth all the indigo in the world. We do not desire that you should be over-literary; and we consider a total indifference for science to be an excellent thing in woman. Never shall we forget the area of the female faces that beamed upon us, when, at a late meeting of the British Association, we read our celebrated paper on “The History of the Lost Pleiad.” We saw, as it were, the glittering of a thousand stars; but all of them shot their rays through spectacles. Never, with our consent, shall you be cooped up, or prevented from indulging to the full in the innocent gaiety of your hearts. But we have a word or two to say to the mammas.

Madam, when you first came out, or made your *début*—for that was then the term in vogue—do you happen to remember what were the manners of the ball-room? Let us refresh your memory. The staple dance was the

quadrille, perhaps not a very lively piece of pantomime, but one which, from its nature, afforded ample opportunity for conversation, (you may call it flirtation if you like,) and was neither, in its form, too reserved nor too familiar. It was all grace and decorum. It admitted of a slight and tremulous pressure of the hand—nothing more—between parties ripe for declaration; and often, during the pause before the last figure, the attitude of some blushing beauty, plucking unconsciously a splendid camellia to pieces, left little doubt of the nature of those whispers which her partner had been pouring into her ear. Like Margaret in the *Faust*, the sweet girl was but essaying to prove her destiny from the petals of the flower. For those in a less advanced stage of understanding, there was the *contré-danse*, and the reel, with various other gymnastics, all of a harmless nature. But Satan had entered into paradise, though in a mild form. We may now, our dear madam, recall, without anything like bitterness of feeling, the days when we indulged together in the sweet intoxication of the waltz. It was really—we confess it with a touch of the old Adam—a most fascinating innovation. You danced divinely; and a more clipsome waist than yours we never spanned. Once, indeed, we thought—but no more of that! You married, of your own free will and accord, that red-haired monster M'Tavish, in virtue of his imaginary rent-roll; and, long ago, our agony of mind, like the remembrance of an old toothache, has departed. But it *was* pleasant to revolve, linked with you, over the floor of the Assembly-Rooms when Spindler was in his glory, and when the waltz was kept, at least, within something like decent limits. Long before then, Byron, who certainly was not strait-laced, had published his poem of “The Waltz;” and without subscribing to his views upon our peristrepheic performances, we must needs own that his satire is of double value now.

The waltz, as we danced it, was decent of its kind. No father of a family, we think, whatever be the practices of fashion, can rejoice in seeing his daughter's waist spanned by the arm of some deboshed dragoon,

whose advances she can hardly refuse without committing a breach of the idiotical rules which modern usage inculcates. Surely, in a free country, a woman ought to be free in her choice even of a temporary partner; and the base notion which prevails, that a lady, by refusing the invitation of one man to dance, is debarred from accepting a more congenial offer, is utterly foreign and repugnant to the rules of chivalry. In the hall, or bower, the ladies are paramount, and they ought to exert their authority—remembering this, the slightest murmur against their decision ought to be considered an offence against knightly courtesy. It would be well if we had a female tribunal, with full powers of expulsion from society, to adjudicate upon such matters.

But not to perpetrate a digression in favour of Provençal usages, let us return to the matter in question. We maintain, now, that Lord Byron, writing under the name of Horace Hornem, was fully justified in the utterance of every couplet. The poet is a seer; and though we, perhaps, in our younger days, could descry no impropriety in the waltz, which merely admitted us to a nearer degree of contact than the former Terpsichorean evolutions, the prophetic eye of the bard foresaw the necessary consequence. The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotatory motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement, similar, no doubt, to the first Thespian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell us, to be in honour of the young *Lyæus*. Then came the galoppe, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphal procession of *Ariadne*. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death-blow. You saw an infuriated-looking fellow throw his arm round a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troop of *Romulus* abducting a reluctant *Sabine*. *Sabina*, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race around the room—jerking, flitting, backing, and pirouetting, without rule, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was

pulled up short on the arm of her perspiring partner. Ghost of Count *Hamilton*! shade of *De Grammont*! has it really come to this? You knew, in your day, something about the *Castlemaines* and others; but never did you witness, in public at least, such orgies as British matrons and mothers now placidly contemplate and approve.

This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed. By what? By the introduction of the polka—the favourite dance, and no wonder, of the *Casinos*. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious *Tom-noddy*? No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—on one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the feats of Egyptian *Almas* almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay, a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practised, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar.

Of course, we do not expect that any of the fair *Bacchantes* will give the slightest heed to what we say. If one of them should chance—tired and languid as she is from the effect of last night's polka, through which she has been hurried in the nervous embrace of Captain *Fitzurse* of the *Dra-goons*—to peruse these pages, she will set us down as a vinegared old Calvinist, who knows nothing whatever of the ways of modern society. We shall

be likened to John Knox, who once took upon himself the ungracious task of lecturing the Queen's Maies. But neither Mary Seaton, Mary Beatoun, Mary Fleming, nor Mary Livingstone, ever rushed frantically through the halls of Holyrood in the gripe of Chastelar or of Bothwell—indeed, had such been the case, the hands of the grim old barons, their fathers, would instinctively have clutched the poignard. We abuse not dancing—we simply contend against its abuse. The effect of it is just this, that the most inveterate devotees of the polka have the least chance of being married. No man of refinement likes to see the object of his affections prancing wildly in the arms of another. Cupid, as the Americans say, is "a skeary critter;" and a very little matter indeed is sufficient to make him take wing. Let the ladies take our word for it, that retinence is a virtue greatly appreciated by mankind. Many a young man has entered a ball-room with a mind thoroughly made up for an avowal, and left it with the determination to have nothing more to say to the lady whose breath has fanned the whiskers of a whole regimental mess. Among the accomplishments which enter into the matrimonial calculation, deftness in the polka has but a very subordinate share. Were it otherwise, the simplest method would be to select a partner for life from the ranks of the *corps-de-ballet*. It is the domestic graces and accomplishments that constitute the great fascination of woman; and these can only be seen and duly displayed in the family circle.

We do not wonder, therefore, that young men, if they have no better engagement, should prefer passing their evenings at a club to inhaling the close atmosphere of a ball-room. We cannot even go the length of saying that we consider them worse employed: for every well-conducted club has its library, which is not among the least of its attractions; and, though study, in the strictest sense of the term, is not compatible with the place, it is still not only possible, but very common, to employ the club hours in a profitable and intellectual manner.

Country members, in especial, have reason to bless the idea which sug-

gested the institution of club-houses. Well do we remember the occasion of our first solitary visit to London—the hunt for convenient apartments in cross streets—the low and smoky parlour which, after many futile attempts to obtain decent accommodation elsewhere, we were forced to engage at a most exorbitant ransom—the cat-hole of a dormitory, and the bed apparently stuffed with ropes—the slat-ternly attendance, the disgusting breakfast, and the myriad hurdy-gurdies in the street! To pass an evening in that den would have tasked the resolution of Luther. We tried it once; and not to our dying day shall we forget the dreary illumination of the dips, or the sputter of the consumptive fire! Talk not of English comfort in so far as lodgings are concerned! It was nothing short of positive purgatory. But let a man enrol himself in a club, and see how his position is improved. He has still to provide himself with a dormitory, but that is all. He breakfasts, of course, at the club, where every conceivable delicacy is ready at a moment's notice, and the morning papers are on every table. He there receives his letters, and can answer them at leisure. All the periodicals and best new works lie invitingly before him; and if the day is wet, and he has no particular business on hand, he can spend the forenoon there quite as comfortably as if he were in his own mansion. These seem little things; but, in truth, they constitute, as little things do, a great part of our existence. On the Continent things are managed differently. There the hotels are clubs. You get your numbered key from the porter; and, thereafter, until you leave the house, the apartments are emphatically your own. You breakfast, just as you do at a London Club; dine or not, as the fancy moves you, at the *table-d'hôte*, and are in every way your own master. What is of far more importance, when you call for the bill, you do not find it such as to create apprehension of ruin. Now, we do not mean to aver that the accommodation in first-rate London hotels can by possibility be surpassed. If you wish to participate in these comforts, drive to one of the private hotels in the neighbourhood of

St James's. You are received at the door by a grave but not saturnine individual, attired in a faultless suit of black, who might very well pass for the *valet-de-chambre* of an archbishop. He conducts you up-stairs to an apartment, luxuriously carpeted, and furnished in the best possible taste. The eye of a critic would fail to detect even the slightest flaw in the arrangement; and your bed-chamber is equally attractive. You have perfect freedom of movement. You are not expected, unless you please to do it, to dine there; and there are no wry faces made, as in the old establishments, where dining and drinking, "for the good of the house," was considered a part of the contract. Nothing can be more faultless than the whole establishment. There is no sign of the bustle and noise that make a provincial hostelry so offensive. The waiters, like sable Ariels, perform their spitting gently—enter with a noiseless step—speak with 'bated breath—and perform your mandates as quickly and quietly as though you had the wand of Prospero.

One of these private, or family hotels, is just the place to which you should conduct your bride on a honeymoon visit to London—that is, if expense is no object to you. But for many like ourselves, who, we almost regret to say, are not in the manufacturing or iron lines, but dependent upon our wits or professions—to attempt such localities is little short of bankruptcy, if the experiment is any degree protracted. Not that your actual consumpt is overcharged—for that is not the case; but when you come to peruse the bill, you begin to understand that Turkey carpets, even in usufruct, are hideously expensive—that Ariel takes tithes, more exorbitantly than any Rector—and that, for the privilege of a fortnight's residence, you are expected to pay at least a year's interest upon the value of the furniture. Also you arrive at the comprehension why wax candles are invariably put down, instead of the lesser luminaries which you employ in your own private abode. Knowledge is always valuable, but you may pay too dearly for it; therefore, on the whole, if your means are limited, we should not recommend

you to try the experiment of a West-end private hotel. The cost of a day's entertainment at such an establishment, live as quietly as you will, comes to more than a week's reckoning at Frankfort. It has long been a reproach against us, who are born on the northern side of the Tweed, that we are economical of our "siller." We accept the accusation as a high compliment. We suit our movements to the state of our purses; and, if we do not launch out in extravagance, neither do we swindle. But there is no wisdom in sacrificing to fashion, when you can command the same amount of comfort for nearly one-third of the expenditure.

"Clubs!" was the old cry of the followers of Jack Cade, and, in later times, it was a favourite whoop among the London apprentices. Heaven be praised, the word has now no such violent significance in Britain, whatever it may have elsewhere. All of us have heard mention of the Clubs of Paris, which attained such fearful notoriety in the days of the barricades. What were they in outward show? We confess that we feel a good deal of curiosity on that point, and should be thankful for information. Clearly they were not convivial institutions where men eat and drank—for refection never goes hand in hand with revolution, nor malt with massacre. No sanguinary conspirator ever grappled cordially with the tankard. Shakspeare, whose fine perception is never at fault, sufficiently indicates this eternal truth in the conspiracy scene at the house of Brutus, in the play of Julius Cæsar, where the host never once thinks of offering his visitors even a paltry stoup of Falernian. Had their business been of another nature, we should have had the stage direction—"Enter Lucius with wine;" and the cheering invitation of "Sit, sirs, and fill!" would have given a vivacity to the gathering. But conspiracy does its work dry-lipped, and that Shakspeare knew full well. Had the high contracting parties, who arranged the defeat of Lord Derby's administration, taken their claret freely, the fine vinous influence would have been an antidote to the factions' poison. But they could not do it. At such a consultation, the best vintage

of Lafitte would have tasted nauseously, for there is an honesty in the pure juice of the grape, which even Archemage could not withstand. So the butler had a sinecure; and Trebonius and Metellus Cimber went to bed with nothing stronger than soda-water upon their stomachs, which fact may account for subsequent symptoms of flatulency, and rumours of intestine disorder. But to return to the French clubs. We can't suppose that they were like our own masonic lodges; for in them, as we are given to understand, a wholesome degree of Spartan conviviality is maintained, within the limits of proper discretion; and the only true bond of fraternity is ratified by a temperate cup. We have a vision of these Parisian clubs. We see before us a darkened staircase, up which young Robespierre is led blindfolded—a vestibule with a hideous apparition—some awful metaphysical signals; and then the neophyte is led into a bare room, where the old mummery of the Vehmgericht is enacted. President masked in red—Council, similarly veiled in black. Hannibal's altar—more daggers displayed thereon than ever graced the belt of Alessandro Massaroni—a considerable sprinkling of skulls, blue lights, and a blasphemous oath—and then the sworn Socialist is dismissed, without knowledge of the locality where these Eleusinian mysteries were performed, but with a ticket, referring him simply to his immediate captain, whose orders he must obey implicitly, in case he can persuade another idiot to undergo the like infernal baptism. Such is our notion of the French clubs, as gathered from contemporary hints; and really we cannot conceive anything more purely diabolical. But it is a startling fact that such societies have existed for nearly sixty years, in France, in Italy, and, what is more our immediate concern, in Ireland. They may slumber for a time—for snakes hybernate—but they do not die; and always, at the approach of a political crisis, they revive. We are no admirers of the new Emperor of the French, because we do not pretend to fathom his policy, and have no great faith in his pacific declarations; but, in his internal administration, which is all that we have

now to deal with, we think that he has acted most wisely in smiting down the clubs at once. A vast deal of nonsense is talked in this country about the freedom of the press. There is no peculiar sanctity, that we know of, in printer's ink. Treason in types is as bad as, nay, worse than, spouted sedition; and when the press has reached that point of outrageous license which inculcates anarchy and revolution, it is the duty of a government to put it under restraint. Sir Charles Wood, by his recent speech at Halifax, stultified himself as a man, and disgraced himself as a Minister of the Crown. He demonstrated, what we have all along believed, that he has no knowledge whatever of the posture of affairs on the Continent; and we doubt not that he has, moreover, convinced Lord Aberdeen of the monstrous blunder which he committed by inviting him to become a member of his Cabinet. Louis Napoleon is quite competent to conduct his own affairs; and, at all events, requires no advice from so very imbecile a quarter. Of course, it never could occur to Sir Charles Wood to ask himself, how it was that the liberty of the press in France, once so unrestricted, came to be finally abolished? Yet, after all, its present degraded position is to us the strongest proof of the necessity which existed for coercive measures. It is not in the nature of things—it is not within the limits of possibility—that a free press, speaking loyally and constitutionally, could have been put into fetters. It sank into bondage solely because it had been the advocate of anarchy. Swiftly, in states, does retribution follow on the footsteps of crime. But for the revolutionary movements, brought about, in a great measure, through the instrumentality of the French press, that Louis Napoleon, who is now charged with being its violator, never would have had it in his power to stretch forth a finger against it. True freedom can only be maintained by a jealous observance of order. Anarchy begets despotism; and it is as unreasonable for a revolutionist to complain of the consequences of his folly, as it would be for a man who has been experimenting with combustibles in his study, to

raise an outcry if his house should happen to be consumed by the fiery element. We, too, have our political clubs; but we are glad to think that, in none of them, is there any talk of treason, or hatching of revolutionary schemes. Each of them is the head-quarter of a state party—or was, because we really do not understand how, under the present arrangements, the old distinctions can be maintained. Why should Sir William Molesworth belong to the Reform, and Mr Gladstone to the Carlton Club? They are both members of one Cabinet—are supposed to be acting in strict political concert—and, in truth, must be acting together cordially, if they are honest, which we doubt not. In clubs, indeed, the ministerial hand is divided. One half of them go to the one, and the other half to the other place of resort. The occupants of the Treasury bench, who have been working all day together, separate amicably in the evening, and form two divisions, one of them enlightening the Whig, and the other the Tory subalterns! Anything more egregiously absurd than this can hardly be imagined; and we need no other argument to convince us that the present coalition is not destined to have long endurance. In this country, so far as our internal regulations are concerned, party is a social tie; and, like all other such ties, it cannot be violated with impunity. The Peelites—we call them such still, in order to indicate the section of men to whom we refer—are chargeable with bad faith in having continued to be members, or rather in frequenting an exclusively political club, after they had ceased to act in concert with the party of which that club was constituted. We say nothing about vested rights of membership, or considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence—all that is fudge. The plain common sense view is, that those gentlemen had seceded from the principles of the Club, and they, therefore, ought to have resigned. A clergyman of the Church of England does not lose the benefit of clergy because he joins the Church of Rome; but he is bound, at all events, to leave his mother church—he cannot, at the same moment, be an Anglican and a Romanist.

If a member of a tee-total society be converted to the principles of Bacchus, we should hold him inexcusable if he insisted on discussing his bottle, or, mayhap, magnum of port, in the presence of the other members of the Anti-jolly-dog Club, who can barely carry their chicory. He has infringed the primordial rule; and, though expulsion may not be a declared penalty for his offence, he ought in common decency to retire. We are very desirous to touch upon this matter with extreme delicacy, because, although it has been made the subject of public remark, comment, and correspondence, it is, strictly speaking, a question only proper to the members of the clubs. But a great political party club is, in our day, an institution of public interest. It is not like a place of entertainment, or a literary, service, or local club—it is a party sanctuary, the sanctity of which depends upon its peculiar worship. Thousands, who are not members, have and feel a strong interest in that; for it is undeniable that those clubs do constitute the grand *rendez-vous* of party. No character can be baser than that of the deliberate spy; and, without supposing that any man, pretending to the character or status of a gentleman, could be guilty of such ineffable infamy, we would merely say that no one of right feeling ought to place himself in such a position as to incur the most distant hazard of such a charge. That charge never has been, and never could be brought against any statesmen, or men in high official situations. They may have acted injudiciously or unwisely in frequenting political clubs, from the general theory of which a change in their political creed, however conscientiously made, may have caused them to differ—but their honour is beyond question. Ugly stories, however, are abroad about less scrupulous eavesdroppers, and snakes in the grass; and it is very desirable, indeed, that even the suspicion should be allayed. Obviously it is intolerable that, at an exclusively political club, no gentleman can speak his mind freely, without taking the precaution of scanning the whole of the apartment, lest, within earshot, there may

lurk some knavish underling of the other party. We have no liking for half-and-half, preferring to have our liquor unadulterated; and we have not the slightest notion of making a confidant of Janus. If a man is to be a Whig, let him say so, and keep to his company; if he is to be a Conservative, let him eschew Whig alliances. The worst of the present system is, that the Liberals have all the advantage. There are no spies in the Reform Club, whatever there may be in the Carlton; and, even on the supposition that the present state of matters is the necessary result of political changes which were unforeseen, we may be pardoned for wishing to see a speedy adjustment.

The truth is that we set great store by the maintenance of these clubs in their integrity. We do not refer to the one more than to the other, being of opinion that the character of an opposition is almost as valuable and important to the country as the character of an administration. We take it for granted that most men are drawn to one or other of these clubs from considerations of political principle. The members of it are his associates, and it is every way desirable that there should be an identity of interest and of sentiment; for there can be no doubt that in every club, of whatever nature it may be, harmony is the grand desideratum. Who would choose to belong to, or continue in, a society where he is sure to meet, every day in his life, with the very persons towards whom he entertains the most antipathy? It may be said that the cases are not parallel, because, fortunately for us, political differences in this country rarely lead to the interruption of private friendship. We admit all that, and are exceedingly glad that it is so; but it must be remembered that the institutions of which we are discoursing were founded for political objects, and for these alone. We have no doubt that every member of Parliament could find more congenial society elsewhere, if he merely consulted his private taste and inclination. But he does not do so. He joins the Carlton or the Reform as a party-man, and we should be sorry to think that the system is likely to be interrupted or to fall into disuse.

Even those who dislike party must admit that it is better than cabal; and, for ourselves, we anticipate, if the disorganisation of parties should be permanent, nothing else than a wretched and unwholesome, as well as dangerous development of cabals. But enough of this. We shall regret extremely, if, in the foregoing remarks, we have given offence to any one, our object simply being to enforce the doctrine that in a purely political club it is very desirable never to lose sight of, nor contravene, the original cause of its foundation.

With regard to other clubs we have absolutely nothing to say. It never was allowed to us to penetrate into the interior of the Oriental, so that we might listen to the legends of its denizens touching Futtighur and Chittapore. It is, we are led to suppose, a little Hindostan in the heart of London, between which and Cheltenham the members are perpetually vibrating; and we imagine it is unsurpassed for its curries. Of the Service Clubs we venture not to speak; nor of the Athenæum, which is the first of the literary establishments. Club life, indeed, is a peculiar feature of the present age, and hitherto there have been no symptoms of decay, though we doubt whether the system will admit of much greater extension. On this point it is worth quoting the opinion of Sir E. B. Lytton, who, in his *England and the English*, written nearly twenty years ago, made the following remarks:—

“Clubs form a main feature of the social system of the richer classes of the metropolis. Formerly they were merely the resort of gamblers, politicians, or *bons vivans*—now, they have assumed a more intellectual character; every calling has its peculiar club—from the soldiers’ to the scholars’. The effect which this multiplicity of clubs has produced is salutary in the extreme: it has begun already to counteract the solitary disposition of the natives; it opens a ready intercourse with our foreign guests, who are usually admitted as honorary members; prejudices are rubbed off; and by an easy and unexpensive process, the most domestic or the most professional learn the views of the citizen of the world. At these

resorts the affairs of the public make the common and natural topic of conversation; and nothing furthers the growth of public principle like the discussion of public matters. It is said that clubs render men less domestic. No: they only render them less unsocial; they form a cheap and intellectual relaxation, and (since in most of the recent clubs the custom turns to neither gambling nor inebriety) they unbend the mind even when improving it. But these are the least advantages of clubs; they contain the germ of a mighty improvement in the condition of the humbler classes. I foresee that those classes will, sooner or later, adopt institutions so peculiarly favourable to the poor. By this species of co-operation, the man of £200 a-year can, at present, command the nobler luxuries of a man of £5000,—airy and capacious apartments, the decent comforts of the table; lights, fires, books, and intellectual society. The same principle, on a humbler scale, would procure the same advantages for the shopkeeper or the artisan, and the man of £50 a-year might obtain the same comforts as the man of £500."

Since the above passage was written, a decided movement has been made by the class referred to, but not altogether in the direction indicated by the author. Lecture and reading rooms have sprung up in every considerable town, but there has been no attempt, as yet, to push the experiment farther. Indeed, we doubt much whether it could succeed. In the first place, there is a certain limit below which the outlay cannot be reduced; and we fear that limit is beyond the justifiable expenditure of persons of contracted means. In the second place, without more leisure than he is likely to be able to afford, a club-house would be to an artisan a mere ordinary, and would too often detach him from his proper domestic duties. Our habits or modes of life must ever be mainly regulated by our means of expenditure; and perhaps the most serious objection which can be urged to the club system, arises from the fact that men of small means can thereby habitually command the luxuries which, in domestic life, pertain to wealth alone. Some men require the

application of the spur. Though very far from being philosophers in the proper acceptation of the term, they have a decidedly philosophical dislike of anything like undue exertion; and if they find that they can live, in one character, as comfortably upon £300 a-year, which may chance to be the amount of their patrimony, as another can upon £3000 in his own peculiar home, not a few of the epicureans will be apt to shrink from undertaking that labour, in which is comprehended the greater portion of the happiness and utility of man.

Doubtless—wits of the Garrick Club—you, in looking over the foregoing three or four pages, consider us as betraying evident symptoms of senility. What would you have? Would it be possible for us, in these hyperborean regions, where the snow is now lying two feet deep, to chronicle your facetiæ—whether they relate to the tonsorial operation said to have been performed upon one of your members, or to any other incident of fun that constitutes the zest of your existence? No! Good fellows all, we greet you heartily; and hope that, in the coming time, your walls may never re-echo with a less burst of genuine fun than has been elicited from them in the happy days of yore!

And now—what is our moral? That, we confess, is rather a ticklish consideration; for, though we began this paper with a distinct moral view, we have been led into so many episodes that we have some difficulty in the summing up. Still, we are not without arrangement. And, first of all, we would beseech wives to be tolerant on the subject of clubs; because these institutions do, to a certain extent, promote the happiness of their husbands, and make them more useful members of society. At the same time, we by no means intend to dissuade them from a proper degree of jealousy. If the husband appears likely to become too clubbistic, let him mildly be made aware of his backslidings; and, if the appeal is gently entered, the odds are that the delinquent will be reclaimed. The comfort of a club, however great it may be, is nothing to the comfort of a happy home; and it is towards the establishment of that that a wife should bend

her genius. Men, in the gross, are not monsters, nor are they exorbitantly selfish—though we deny not that exceptions occur—and, what is as much to the purpose, they are very easily led. Witness that huge hulk, Hercules, whom Omphale compelled to spin, and whom Dejanira trepanned even in the matter of his shirts! The old fable had a distinct meaning. It pointed to the supremacy of the married woman, provided she knows how to set about it. To dowagers, with daughters, who lament that their lot has fallen in evil days, we would breathe a word of encouragement. Let them, too, endeavour to make their houses agreeable places of resort, and we are ready to stake our existence that they will not find the clubs operate to their disadvantage. But if they will persist in the preposterous theory, that the only proper method of exhibiting the accomplishments of young women is the enactment of the part of a Bacchante, we have nothing further to say. Fitzurse, who is the best partner at the polka that can be found, is no fool, at least in so far as monetary notions are concerned. That distinguished officer is in the habit of declaring, at mess, that he won't sell himself—by which the jackanapes means marriage—for less than a certain number of thousands; and nobody can blame Fitzurse, since it is notorious that a lesser amount would not suffice to clear him of his previously contracted debts. But, in the mean time, at every ball or assembly Fitzurse monopolises your daughter, which is surely not the best recommendation for that very handsome and sprightly girl. O mothers! in whatever grade of life you may move, do justice to your children. Teach them what is truly valuable; and, though fashion be against you, keep them from that too close contact and familiarity with the other sex, which, though it affects not virtue, mars the bloom of modesty. Use your own eyes. If we are wrong, you will be able to confute us; but we venture to say that, out of that wilderness of phantoms now rushing past you, as if under the delirious influence of opium, you can hardly select half-a-dozen of whose addresses to your daughter you would approve.

Very well; let us withdraw and inspect that half-dozen. Three of them don't care one fig for any girl in the room. They are there because they like the excitement, which is, in fact, the chief part of their existence; and if you can bring them to book, you will have accomplished a feat which fifty mammas have striven in vain to achieve. We grant that you have some chance with the other three. But what are they? Asses—contemptible in intellect, callous in feeling, and such as do not possess any one quality (beyond acres or dividends) which could possibly recommend them to your notice. "But then, the acres and the dividends?" Madam, we thought we had the honour of conversing with a British, not with a Circassian mother.

If it be the fact, as we have heard it alleged, that beauty is at a discount in the matrimonial market, we conceive that we have stated quite sufficient reason to account for the extraordinary depreciation. And we do not think that, so long as the present system prevails, there is any great likelihood of enticing young men from the clubs, or of altering the rates of quotation. However, that is no concern of ours. We never were fond of preaching; and if the notions which we now propound should be rejected with scorn, we shall endeavour to bear the obloquy. We may, however, and perhaps ought, to say, that these notions are entertained by more young men of the present generation than possibly dowagers are aware of.

Finally, we would recommend the too enthusiastic clubbist not to become too enamoured of his microcosm. Doubtless, within the walls of his pet establishment there are to be found several agreeable companions and associates—Smith the politician, who is great at the breakfast-table, and who, somehow or other, is admitted to the arcana of state secrets, whatever ministry may be in power—Jenkins, the dilettante, who can tell you everything about the opera—Miller, the famous jester—Fitzball, the pride of the billiard-room—and Badmington, the connoisseur of vintages, whose advice becomes valuable about dinner-time. But those excellent individuals

do not constitute the whole world. They are mortal. Some day or other Smith will be as dead as the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—Jenkins will have looked on his last pirouette—Miller will be gathered to the patriarchal Joseph—the fine wrist of Fitzball will be motionless—and Badmington be laid in an alcoholic grave. Of that jovial band you may be the sole survivor, feeding upon melancholy reminiscences, and conversing uncomfortably with ghosts. The time will come—and perhaps it is not very far distant—when you will discover that the best of all possible clubs is but a poor substitute for a home. And this also is undeniable, that no inveterate club lounge ever yet attained to distinction. Have, then, a noble ambition; and, whilst you avail yourself of the pleasures within your reach, do not permit them to enslave you. Every man stands in imminent danger of being carried captive to some Castle of Indolence, and the club may be your moral Bastille.

But wherefore prose we further? Is this a time for moralising, when the only fine frost which we have known for four successive winters has arrested the rivers, covered the lakes with a solid mirror, and is even now inviting us to take part in the national game? For, of all existing clubs, the Curling Club is that which we frequent with

the most intense delight. Let us see. It is now mid-day, and the thermometer is standing at twenty-three in the shade! Already our jolly brethren will be sending the stones roaring up the rinks on the pond of Duddingstone Policy. The lawyer will have flung aside his brief, and the banker deserted his desk, in honour of the exhilarating holiday; and foul shame would it be were we the last at that gathering. On this day, nine of our chosen are to contend for the integrity of their ice against any other nine in Scotland; and though the West produces most famous curlers, with the good and gallant Earl of Eglinton at their head—a chieftain whose removal Ireland will long deplore—

“Scotorum comitem flevit glacialis Ierne”—

and though the men of Bathgate and the Kirk of Shotts, who are sometimes able to practise in the dog-days, may be our opponents, we are yet not timorous for the result. At all events, even if defeated, there will be balm in Gilead; for we already scent beef and greens, from time immemorial—yea, from the days of Fergus the First—the curlers' appointed banquet. Not all the Nine of Parnassus—not even Maga herself—could detain us longer from the fun; and, therefore, with a sudden impulse, we jerk our pen into the fire.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART III.—CHAPTER X.

No dragoons had been seen in Doddington within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, unless the reminiscences of that ancient and shadowy personage could extend back to Monmouth's rebellion, when Feversham's horse had marched through. And when it is remembered what a conspicuous feature her Majesty's troops, especially the mounted and mustachioed portion, form in societies long habituated to their presence, it may be supposed that the sensation they created in this secluded spot was immense, and only to be paralleled by the commotion which those ancient cavalry the Centaurs caused at Pirithous' wedding.

They had been detached to Doddington from the nearest garrison town, in consequence of disturbances in the surrounding district. All the place was agog to see them march in. It happened to be a very rainy day, and instead of a splendid, dazzling spectacle, they presented to the sight a long row of bedraggled figures in red cloaks, which half-covered their splashed horses, and which quite concealed the glories of their uniform, trotting in none of the best order along the slippery and puddled street. But two days afterwards, the weather being propitious, they shone forth unclouded on the gaze of the inhabitants, and produced a great revolution in Doddington. The town was never very important in a commercial point of view, but now you would absolutely have supposed that the only remunerative pursuit that people of any trade or profession whatsoever could engage in was looking after the dragoons. Servant-maids were discharged at a moment's warning, only to be replaced by others just as love-stricken and inattentive. The millinery business, so far as making anything except love, went, was at a stand-still; and the members of it went down in public estimation towards zero, exactly in the same proportion as they rose in favour with the officers. Slander was busy with

the names of the prettiest, and even an ordinary countenance was no protection. Miss Bonady, who had superintended the education of young ladies in the art of bonnet-making for full twenty years, found her time-honoured good name in a fair way to be blasted; for a jury of matrons had been impanelled, and was now sitting on her character. Country lovers, who, up to the advent of the soldiery, had been progressing charmingly with their Dulcineas, suddenly turned green or yellow in colour, and savage in disposition, and took to poaching, or enlisted for soldiers; and, between agitation and tight-lacing, a vast number of children came prematurely into the world, many of whom, of both sexes, were reported to have been born with mustachios.

The beer trade began to thrive wonderfully in Doddington. It was not merely that the soldiers consumed a good deal themselves, but the inns where they were billeted were filled every night with those convivial operatives who came to enjoy military company and conversation; while their wives either stood resignedly, like mournful caryatides, outside the doors, waiting for their lords and masters, or else disturbed the harmony of the meetings, by entering and forcibly carrying off their truant spouses from the society that so enthralled them. Dissenting ministers grew more energetic in their denunciation of all pomps and vanities, especially such as appertain to men of the sword, as their flock diminished in number—for many of their young female disciples had of late ceased altogether to wrestle with the spirit; and many an anxious old lady might be seen, after dusk, inquiring if anybody had seen her Jenny, the said Jenny being at that time probably loitering in some shady lane, having round her waist an arm in a scarlet sleeve.

The officers had established their mess in a large room of The Bush, the principal hotel of Doddington.

Here, at seven o'clock in the evening, the various individual streams of ennui, imprecation, and desire for excitement, that had meandered wearily through the solitary and uncongenial region during the day, were received into one pond, thus fulfilling the great object of that important military institution, the mess, where warriors, who have been all day trying unsuccessfully to kill time in single combat—attempting to ride him down—poking at him with billiard cues, and the like feeble efforts at discomfiting him—are enabled to join forces, and fall upon their enemy in a body.

First at the dinner-hour came Tindal the Major, who lived in the inn. Smart, tight-built, and standing on the hearth-rug with his legs apart, as if there were a horse between them, one could almost swear, even when seeing him on foot, that he was a good rider—an accomplishment by no means so common as might be presumed in the British cavalry. Tindal was a man who liked to live in a large garrison-town, with crack regiments in it, among whom might be got up steeple-chases, wherein he might distinguish himself, with a pack or two of foxhounds within reach, a well-appointed mess, and a rubber of whist afterwards, with dollar points, and a fellow sitting by to bet about the odd trick. These tastes, it was pretty clear, would not be gratified in Doddington, and the Major accordingly cursed, in a calm, deliberate sort of way, the hour in which he was sent there.

Enter to him Cornet Suckling, who has not been long in the service, and whose upper lip looks like a fragment of the body of a young gosling. The Cornet, having heard much of the Major's steeple-chasing exploits, and being (though a weak-minded youth) addicted to hero-worship, has in secret a great veneration for him, and, while speaking of him in his absence as "Tindal," or "old Tindal," or "that fellow Tindal," shows considerable uneasiness as he approaches the hearth-rug, whereon the formidable Major is planted, and throws himself into wonderful and unnatural attitudes, in his attempts to appear at ease. First, he seats himself on the top rail of the back of a chair, and, tilting it over on two legs, rocks him-

self to and fro, in a manner nervous to behold; then he pauses, and punches the pattern of the carpet with his spur; then stooping his long awkward form, till his elbow rests on the mantelpiece, he puts his splay foot on the fender, thereby upsetting it, and bringing all the fire-irons clattering down upon Tindal's heels, who, as he shifts his position, damns him internally for a stupid, young muff. Tindal doesn't like him, and seldom says much to him, except on parade, where he "pitches into" the unfortunate Cornet (who has a fretting charger, and doesn't know how to ride him) in a way that would render him desperate, if he had spirit enough to become so.

Presently hilarious voices are heard laughing their way up-stairs, and after a short delay, occasioned by their meeting with a chambermaid on the landing-place, Lieutenants Wyldes Oates and Harry Bruce make their appearance. Without much in common, except an immense flow of spirits, these two are generally together. Both of them are sharp lads, and though their method of enjoying life is somewhat riotous, yet they do enjoy it, and will be capital fellows by and by, when the effervescence has subsided, and the liquor has got mellow. In the mean time, they are worth a gross, either of languid, irapproachable endurers of existence, or of fast men with low tastes, for they are a pair of gentlemanly scamps. Oates has a florid face, half hidden in shirt collar, in which he affects to imitate his deceased parent, who was a noted sporting character, and broke his neck in riding over a dining-table after dinner for a wager, leaving to Oates, junior, a sorely diminished patrimony and a sporting reputation—two things scarcely susceptible of simultaneous improvement. Bruce is handsome and dark, with brown curly hair and brown eyes, and a face expressive of good-humour and intelligence. They immediately communicate the adventures of the day to Tindal, who listens with grim approval; while Suckling, brightening up, hovers round the outskirts of the conversation, and occasionally fills up an interval with an interjection or an admiring laugh.

"There's a queer old boy coming to dine with me, Major," said Bruce. "I picked him up to-day as I was poking about an old tower in the neighbourhood of the town. He had found a large fragment of stone, with an illegible inscription on it, and being a great antiquary, was staggering home under his prize, when I offered to carry it for him. In return, he afforded me such a quantity of curious information about the antiquities of the place, that we became quite friendly on the spot."

As he spoke, Mr Titcherly was announced, and a little old gentleman entered, in an antique suit of black, with shoe-buckles and a brown wig. Mr Titcherly was the literary lion of Doddington; he was, as Bruce said, of the Dryasdust fraternity, and had devoted his long life to collecting information regarding the antiquities of the town, diving into ancient chronicles, deciphering the inscriptions on old tombstones, and occasionally filling up gaps very ingeniously with theories of his own. In this way he had compiled a complete chronicle of Doddington, from the earliest times down to his own, statistical, descriptive, biographical, and historical, with plates, notes, and a voluminous appendix, for which he had begun to collect materials in his early youth, and had got it finished by his sixty-fifth birth-day, and of which five copies had been sold in thirteen years.

Then came Bagot, bringing with him, according to previous notice to Tindal, his friend Seager. The latter leers at each officer to whom he is introduced as if he had some secret understanding with him, and stares at little Mr Titcherly, as if he were some curious fossil; but Tindal being a sporting man, and as there exists a free-masonry among sporting men, he and Seager understand one another at the first glance.

The soup was brought in by the head-waiter of the Bush, a man of dignified deportment and mature years—a man who had waited on peers of the realm, county members, judges of assize, sheriffs, and the like, with perfect composure and considerable credit, but who had, within the last week, been frequently informed that he was a muff, an impostor, a precious

slow old coach, with other vituperative epithets, tending greatly to stagger his self-confidence.

"We won't wait for the other fellows," said Tindal, as they sat down to table. "Fane seldom favours us with his company, and Sloperton's always late. I believe he takes a couple of hours to dress. Gad, sir, life's too short for that sort of humbug, in my opinion."

"By the Lord," said Bagot, "if I was sure of living to the age of what's-his-name, (that old beggar, you know,) I wouldn't spend a minute more in that way than I do at present, and that's not much. And yet I know some old swells (fellows a precious deal older than me) who get regularly made up by their servants two or three times a-day, and actually think they put their clocks back that way."

"Take some sherry, Lee," said Tindal; "you'll find it deuced bad, I'm afraid."

"Infernal stuff!" said Wyld Oates.

"They say," said Bruce, "that good wine needs no bush, but the Bush is terribly in need of good wine. Shall we try a glass together, Mr Seager?"

Here an odour of various compounded perfumes heralded the approach of Sloperton, who bowed to the strangers as he took a chair. Captain Sloperton possessed a face and figure that no young female of the middle or lower ranks could look upon without presently loving him to distraction. The first time the barmaid of the hotel set eyes on him, she put soy instead of sherry into the soda-water compound she was mixing, and handed it to a thirsty bagman, who, in consequence of drinking it, was very angry at the time, and very sick afterwards. Avenues of ringlets shot out of the doors and windows whenever the captain passed down the street, so that he might almost have fancied himself surrounded by the tendrils of a vineyard. From the number of complimentary epistles in verse and prose he received, one might have supposed that all the valentines written that year in Doddington, after lying in the dead-letter office since the 14th of February, had now been forwarded to

him in a body. Some of these he exhibited at mess, and thereby excited considerable envy in the bosom of Cornet Suckling, who would have given his ears for a correspondence of the kind one-tenth as flattering and voluminous. However, the Cornet, thanks to the prestige of his uniform, made more conquests than ever he had done before, and flattered himself he was becoming a Lothario.

"Shut the door, waiter," said Wyld Oates, as the Captain entered, "or we shall have a rush of love-stricken females after him. How did you give 'em the slip, Sloperton?"

"'Tis a wonder they didn't run into him," whispered Bruce, "for the scent's breast-high. What a bore it must be, Sloper, to be so adorable."

Sloperton took quizzing very calmly, setting it down in general to envy. If he had not been so good-looking, it is probable he would have made a much better figure in the world, for he was by no means deficient in intellect. But the admiration so promptly accorded him by that portion of the fair sex who judge chiefly by the eye, had given a confirmed bent to his ideas, and he had sunk irrevocably into a clever trifler.

"Is Fane coming to mess?" asked Bruce of Sloperton.

"Don't know, really," said Sloperton, pulling down his wristbands; "I'm not in his confidence."

"One of yours?" inquired Bagot.

"Yes; a captain of ours," said Oates. "A good fellow, Fane, but infernally superior—deuced deal of reading and information, and all that sort of thing. I've been told he reads two or three hours a-day. You wouldn't guess it though, for he's a capital judge of a horse."

"He's a great favourite, too, with the women, if he only knew it," remarked Sloperton, speaking slowly, and with a graceful lisp. "I've known some of 'em quite spooney on him. If he only took the trouble to follow up his advantages, and would bestow a little more pains in dressing himself, I don't know anybody that I should consider a more formidable rival."

"Well, sir," said Seager, impatient at the Captain's conceit, and going on with a story he had begun before his

entrance, "the night before the race, Tommy came to me. 'Mis'r Seager,' says he, 'you and I have done a little business together many a time, and I'd as soon do you a friendly turn as any man. Well, I ought to know something about that 'ere hoss, but I don't say nothing, only hedge! Hedge!' says Tommy, holding up his forefinger, and giving me a warning look. 'Your a trump, Tommy,' I said, 'and hedge I will, for I never knew you wrong yet; ' and hedge I did. Gad, sir, 'twas lucky I did so, or I should have been two thousand to the bad—as it was, I netted a hundred and fifty. The favourite wasn't even placed."

"Nothing like a friend at court in these cases," said Tindal.

"Ah, you're right, Major," said Seager; "and I flatter myself no man has more useful acquaintances of that sort than I have. It's astonishing what an effect a little condescension, and an occasional tip judiciously administered, has among fellows of that sort, when it comes from somebody who knows the tricks of the trade. A greenhorn, now, might give twenty pounds to an understrapper in a stable for a bit of information, and the fellow would pocket it, and put his tongue in his cheek and laugh at him for a confounded fool—while a knowing one, by bestowing five, might get a hint worth a thousand."

"You've been a good deal on the turf, eh?" said Wyld Oates, who venerated men who had been a good deal on the turf. Seager grinned, and said he should rather think he had.

"Do you know Dakins?" asked Oates. Seager said he knew him well.

"Ah," said Oates, "he's a great friend of mine. Good fellow, Dakins."

"Splendid fellow," said Cornet Suckling, plunging head over heels into the conversation, and eager to boast his intimacy with the redoubted Dakins. "Do you remember a bay colt of his by Cocktail?"

"Bay, with white fore-legs?" said Seager. "Yes; I remember him."

"I bought him," said Suckling, with ill-suppressed exultation.

"Deuced fine horse—dam by Orville."

"Dam by Orville," repeated Mr Seager. "Ah, indeed; I shouldn't

have thought he was ever worth a dam."

Mr Suckling feebly attempted to join in the laugh that followed Mr Seager's sally, and muttering "Fine horse now—greatly improved since he was a colt," retired precipitately from the dialogue. When he reappeared, it was in a desperate attempt to retrieve his position in the eyes of Seager, by calling the unfortunate head-waiter a "lubber," as that hapless functionary placed a decanter before him. Then, in a reassured tone, he called out "Seager, a glass of wine."

"Horrid beastliness!" said Suckling, setting down his glass after drinking it, and imagining he was quite safe in abusing the wine as everybody else had already condemned it.

"I'm sorry you don't like it, young gentleman," said Bagot, majestically. "It has been liked by good judges. 'Tis some I brought over from the Heronry, Tindal—hope you'll excuse the liberty, old fellow; but I knew the kind of article that was to be got here."

Snub the second for Mr Suckling, whose forehead broke out into copious perspiration, while he felt a horrid sensation all over his body, as if his flannel waistcoat and drawers had been suddenly converted into sand-paper. Wylde Oates added to his discomfort by telling him he didn't believe he knew cider from Johannisberg.

"Superb sherry," said Sloperton, sipping it; "and rather different from the medicinal compound we've been in the habit of imbibing here. Waiter!"

"Sir," said the waiter, darting to the rear of the speaker.

"Tell the landlord," said Sloperton, "with my compliments, that his sherry ought to be labelled 'Cholera, two years in bottle.'"

The waiter attempted to smile; but, seeing the perfect gravity of Captain Sloperton's face, he coughed and said, "Very good, sir." He was frequently charged with messages of this description, but was in the habit of suppressing them.

"I hope, Tindal," said Bagot, leaning back in his chair in the intervals of dinner, with his hands stuck in the pockets of his somewhat gorgeous

waistcoat—"I hope that this infusion of young blood which you've brought to Doddington will put a little life in the old town and neighbourhood."

"'Twouldn't come before 'twas wanted," responded Tindal; "for really, Lee, really, now, 'pon my life, I was prepared for something confoundedly slow, but this is too bad—too bad." And the Major frowned and shook his head, as if slowness in a town was a high crime and misdemeanour, and, moreover, a personal injury.

"'Twasn't always so," said Bagot. "I remember it a cheerful place enough, twenty or thirty years ago. Many a jolly dinner have I eaten in this very room, at elections or assizes, or when the militia was out. But I don't know how it is, all the people who had any life in 'em seem to have died off or left the place. I hardly ever come down now—can't stand it, by Jove."

"How is it," remarked Bruce, "that wherever one goes—at least I find it so—the inhabitants always talk as if life and spirit had passed away from their native places? I could almost fancy a troop of aged ghosts, in pigtailed, pantaloons, and hessians, mourning over the decline of any place I happen to be quartered in."

"Doddington's not what it was when I was a boy," said Mr Titcherly, waking up and joining for the first time in the conversation on the introduction of this congenial theme. "And, when I was a boy, old people used to say the same thing; and when those old people were boys, other old people, doubtless, said so too. Perhaps the present generation will tell their grandchildren, forty years hence, that the old town has degenerated sadly since they were young."

"It almost reconciles me to the shortness of existence," said Sloperton, putting his shoulders into his ears, "to know that we probably shan't be here to participate in the regrets of the said grandchildren for the lost excitements of their dissipated ancestors."

"Doddington," said Mr Titcherly, hastily bolting a half-masticated morsel, in his eagerness to enlarge on his favourite theme—"Doddington was

once a place of consequence. It had a cathedral and many churches—it had a convent of Grey Friars—it had a priory. It had a charter granted by King John. There are parish registers here extending back to Elizabeth's time. I've read 'em all through many times, and they are worth their weight in gold."

"What a precious old maggot!" whispered Oates to Bruce. "What decayed nut did you pick him out of?"

But Bruce rather enjoyed the old gentleman's reminiscences. The roystering propensities which caused him to fraternise with Oates lay only on the surface of his nature, while far stronger and more characteristic sympathies slumbered, almost unknown to their possessor, underneath. So he encouraged Mr Titcherly to resume the subject.

"I remember the convent I mentioned well," he went on, (warming to his work, as Oates said.) "It was in excellent preservation when a parcel of modernising meddlers pulled it down, to make way for a new assize hall—a place, gentlemen, that no human being, except a lawyer, could take an interest in. While they were digging the foundation, I picked up a jawbone, which, I believe, undoubtedly belonged to Friar Treverton, who flourished in Doddington about four hundred years ago, for the spot where I found it tallies precisely with the place of his burial, mentioned in an old manuscript in my possession."

Once started on this subject, it was not easy to stop Mr Titcherly, and he proceeded to enlarge on the antiquities of Doddington, quite unconscious that he and his topics were alike uninteresting to most of his hearers. The very last audience an antiquary should select is one composed of fast men, who have enough to do to look closely into the present, extracting therefrom all the amusement and excitement it will afford them, and mourning over that portion of it which they are debarred from enjoying, without troubling themselves about the past. Fast men, too, are extending their ranks—the term must be widened, so as to include all the most successful and notorious characters of our time. We

have fast speculators, fast statesmen, fast clergymen, who have left the slow Church of England far behind—even history is written now-a-days by fast historians, only to show us how incomparably superior the fast present time is to the past, and their works are lauded by fast readers and fast reviewers accordingly. And he who does venture to look back with regret or respect is an obstructive, a dreamer, a fit object for scorn to point its slow and moving finger at. How, then, could humble Mr Titcherly, who could find interest even in the mortal remains of a long defunct Friar Treverton, hope for attention?

The truth is, I'm afraid, that the fast men of the time don't take much interest in anything—whether it is that the objects which engross them are not such as to call for much enthusiasm, whether they think the expression of it vulgar, or whether they haven't got any to express, I leave to the observant reader to determine.

"Without going quite so far back as all that," said Bagot, "you, Mr Titcherly, must remember when Doddington was more alive than it now is—when the society was better. You remember Squire Oldport, and General Chifney, and Parson Hardbottle, and old Jack Petrock, the little king of Doddington, who carried the corporation in his pocket, and a dozen other jolly fellows who would have been hand-and-glove with their military visitors in two days?"

"To be sure," returned the old gentleman, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "They were my contemporaries; I was at school with 'em all, and now they are all gone—some dead, some living elsewhere. No wonder the place seems duller to me."

"I confess, Colonel Lee," said Sloperton, "I don't so much regret the absence of the excellent old persons you mention, as of their female descendants. I haven't made acquaintance with a single young lady above the rank of a postmaster's daughter. By the by, may I ask, Colonel, who those ladies were that we saw with you a day or two since?" (Sloperton knew perfectly well, having made most minute inquiries on the subject from the waiter.)

"My niece-in-law, Lady Lee," an-

answered Bagot, "and two friends of hers. Fine women, sir. She's the widow of my poor nephew, Sir Joseph Lee."

"Baronetcy of 1600," murmured Mr Titcherly; "one of James's creation—see appendix."

"A charming trio, indeed," said the Captain. "Not many of the sort down here, I'm afraid."

"Well, there's one comfort in a quarter of this sort," observed Seager to Sloperton, who sat next him—"you can wear out all your old clothes, and so get a pull upon your tailor. 'Twould be throwing pearls before swine to bring the new cuts down here."

"Yes, that's one advantage," answered the Captain; "and another is, the chance of picking up some country beauty with a lot of money—something unsophisticated, you know, for one gets sick of your knowing women; one sees so plainly what they're at, you know—that is, any one who understands them. A sharp woman, with her clever designs upon one's heart, always reminds me of the what-d'ye-call-em bird—the flamingo, I think—that puts its head in the sand, and thinks the hunters can't see him. Now, one would like to have an affair with something simple and innocent, if it were only for a change; and if there was money enough with it, why, one might be induced to—a—a—sacrifice one's-self on the altar of Hymen."

"What an infernal puppy!" thought Mr Seager. "Lucky fellow that gets Lee's niece," said he aside to the Captain. "Lots of money, lots of beauty, and lots of good-breeding—no mistake about that. Lee knows what she's worth, and looks precious sharp after her, I can tell you."

"More fool he, I should think," said Sloperton. "What business has he to look after her?"

Seager winked and gave him a poke with his elbow. "I'll tell you all about it by and by," he said; "wait till we get an opportunity."

This did not offer itself till after they had left the table. But first a variety of topics were discussed, of the same nature as those decided in the answers to correspondents of sporting newspapers. Then there were some arguments conducted after the true

mess fashion—that is to say, remarkable rather for confident assertion, tenacity of opinion, and bold denial, than for learning, logic, or deliberation; and in the course of which it was definitively settled by the majority, that the Prussians got deuced well thrashed at the battle of Blenheim; that Sheridan was saved from going to prison by selling his poem of the *Rambler* to his landlady for fifty pounds; that Sitwell of the Rifles won the Grand Military in an orange cap, and not in a white one; and that brandy-and-water, as hot as you could drink it, was a capital thing for gout in your stomach. This last curious medical fact was decided in the bar, where they stopt for a few moments on their way to the lodgings of Mr Wyld Oates, (Mr Titcherly having taken his leave,) to exchange a few compliments with the young lady who presided there, and to charge the waiter to follow them forthwith with a supply of wine, brandy, soda-water, and cigars.

Wyld Oates and Bruce jointly occupied apartments in the house of a Dissenting grocer, somewhat disposed to asceticism in his religious views, and who was sorely troubled how to reconcile the harbouring of these reprobates beneath his roof, with his allegiance to the tabernacle he frequented, and of which he was an important pillar. He partially satisfied his conscience for his toleration of them, by assuring his wife in private that the young men were workers of iniquity, and, to his certain knowledge, would eventually be broken to pieces like a potter's vessel; while the wife, who, from a natural softness of disposition, did not take the same religious pleasure in contemplating the perdition of her fellow-creatures, attempted to excuse them by saying they were "great sperits." On the first day of their taking possession, the good woman had greatly diverted the youngsters by coming up, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and asking them at what hour they would like their tea. "Gad, Bruce," said Mr Oates, "fancy us fellows drinking tea, like a couple of old washerwomen—good idea, isn't it?" On the present occasion the grocer had caused his wife to sit up for their lodg-

ers, and she, opening the door at their knock, was horrified at seeing the two "great sperits" attended by seven other sperits, evidently not come there for the purpose of sleeping, and making such a noise in their passage up-stairs that they woke the grocer, who, before he went to sleep again, consoled himself by a pious vision, wherein he saw the whole party undergoing the fate of Dives.

The sitting-room the youths occupied had a snug respectable air about it, rather at variance with the character and pursuits of the occupants. The chairs and sofas were of a hardness and neatness rather calculated to mortify the flesh than to invite repose. A print of the Rev. John Styles over the mantelpiece, with no shirt-collar, a guileless face, and a collarless coat, appeared somewhat out of place between two favourite works of art belonging to Mr Oates—"The Pet of the Ballet," and "Taking a Rasper;" and it really seemed marvellous how the reverend gentleman could preserve such a bland saintliness of aspect, with an opera-dancer of meretricious appearance, pointing her toe indelicately at him on one side, and a reprobate in a red coat riding furiously towards him on the other.

Immediately on the arrival of the waiter with a supply of liquor and a punch-bowl, Mr Oates proceeded to compound scientifically that seductive liquor called claret-cup, after a valuable and unique receipt bequeathed to him by his departed father; while Bruce, stripping the covers from half-a-dozen packs of cards, arranged a table for whist.

"What's this?" inquired Sloperton, taking up a pamphlet in a brown paper wrapper from a table, between his finger and thumb. "It smells confoundedly of bacon."

"That's a tract," said Mr Oates, with intense disgust, "left here by our precious prig of a landlord."

"He leaves 'em regularly twice a-week," said Bruce, "and they certainly do smell of the shop in a double sense. The last one was called *A Finger-Post to Heaven*, and this is *The Saintly Stoker*. I didn't wish to be rude to him, as he probably means it for civility, so I told him I was afraid I must defer the perusal of

them for the present, being engaged in reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which book I mentioned on account of its decorous title not being likely to shock his prejudices; but he turned up his eyes and told me 'he feared that vicars were little better than whited sepulchres.'"

"Infernal canting humbug!" said Bagot. "He took £20 for his vote last election, to my knowledge. Where do you hang out, Captain Sloperton?"

"Why," answered Sloperton, "I've had considerable bother about my lodgings. I was obliged to leave a house on the second day, after paying a week in advance, because the family were addicted to onions; and I was expelled from a second lodging, otherwise comfortable enough, by a crying baby. I give you my word, sir, 'twas a perfect cherub, and continually did cry. Imagine my feelings, on getting settled a little in a third place, at detecting the servant-maid—a maid whose face and hands actually shone with grease, and who, in fact, had a person altogether perfectly glutinous—fancy my feelings at detecting her in the very act of using my hair-brushes. She did, by Jove, sir!"

Here Sloperton took Seager aside under pretence of getting advice about some turf business, but in reality to renew the subject of Bagot's connection with Lady Lee; and Seager managed so well for Bagot's interest, that he left Sloperton impressed with a due sense of the importance of the Colonel's countenance and friendship, to any one who should entertain matrimonial designs upon her ladyship, as an indispensable preliminary to success.

"Would it be easy to get an introduction there?" asked the Captain, stroking his mustache.

"Ask Lee, there; he's the keeper of the seraglio. Here, Lee," called out Seager, "here's an applicant for a ticket of admission to the Heronry."

"Oh, demmit," quoth the Captain, "don't put it in that way. But really, Colonel, I should take it as a great favour if you would authorise me to call."

"To be sure!" cried the Colonel. "Come over to lunch on Wednesday—come all of you—and I'll give you an expedition into the country."

where. Nothing like a riding-party for making people acquainted with each other."

Tindal was delighted with the prospect of the visit, and took Bagot aside.

"That Miss Payne, now, that I saw with you, Lee," said he—"do you know much about her family and prospects, and so forth?"

"Nothing at all," said Bagot; "but I can easily find out, if 'twould oblige you."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself," returned the Major, affecting indifference; "I merely asked from curiosity. Splendid woman!" he went on; "I don't know when I've been so struck with the appearance and manner of any one."

"Take care!" said Bagot. "I always observe 'tis a serious thing when a man past his verdant days takes a fancy to a girl. He always thinks himself so infernally knowing, that he won't take advice, whereas a young one sometimes will. You should have seen her take her first lesson in riding yesterday, Tindal. Gad, sir, you'd have been enchanted!"

"Yes!" said Tindal, eagerly—"Yes! How did she get on?"

"Never saw such pluck in my life—~~ne~~-ver saw any girl so thoroughly game. By Jove, Tindal, I'm half in love with her myself!" And Bagot related with great zest, and much to the admiration of the deeply interested Major, the events which attended the commencement of Orelia's first lesson.

The claret-cup, pleasant and insidious as that of Circe, was partaken of with much devotion by all, except Bagot and Tindal, who, being older stagers, and knowing that present nocturnal pleasure would be purchased at an exorbitant amount of morning headache in imbibing that bewitching liquor, stuck to their brandy-and-water. It was when the whist came to a conclusion, and the effects of the exhilarating bowl became evident in increased rashness in betting, desire for chicken-hazard on the part of Oates, coupled with impatience at the non-appearance of supper, that Mr Seager took occasion to enlarge on the merits of a little English mare he

had lately purchased—a perfect marvel of a trotting mare, considering, as he said, that she was English. "I don't know what she can do," said Seager, "for I forget to time her; but I fancy she took me something like seventeen miles within the hour."

"Take care, my boy!" said Bagot. "Are you sure of that? I don't know any English mare that can trot seventeen miles an hour."

"Bet you an even fifty she won't do it again," said Wylde Oates.

"Well, it's my opinion she can," said Seager, "and I don't mind backing my opinion."

"I wouldn't bet about time," said Sloperton, who was somewhat flustered from drinking; "but I've a horse that I rather fancy can gallop a bit, and I don't mind making a match with you."

"No," said Seager, "she can't gallop, she's a trotting mare. But I'll back her to trot half-a-mile while your horse gallops three quarters, if you'll give me fifty yards."

This proposition was discussed in a variety of forms and modifications. Seager was secure of his mare's powers; and Sloperton, besides being somewhat excited by his share of the claret-cup, was anxious to produce a favourable impression on Bagot, by making what he fancied a judicious sporting bet. Next to his reputation as a man of fashion, Sloperton piqued himself on his judgment in betting, and luckily he was rich enough to indulge this propensity without so much imprudence as sporting men occasionally exhibit. So Wylde Oates, having risked his fifty against Seager's, and the latter being drawn, with what looked like rashness, (though that was the last infirmity which Seager could ever be accused of,) to offer to back his mare, for a thousand, to do one mile more—i. e., eighteen in the hour—Sloperton took him up; and after some discussion the wager stood in a double form, as entered in Mr Oates's betting-book, thus:—

"Slop. bets Seag. £500 the horse Bouquet gallops three-quarters of a mile before the mare Goshawk trots half-a-mile, less twenty-five yards—to come off within two months."

"Ditto bets ditto, said mare, Goshawk, does not trot eighteen miles

within the hour—also within two months.”

Bagot, too, made an entry to the same effect—though that was needless, for circumstances afterwards caused the bet to impress itself strongly on Bagot's memory.

After a little more betting, the waiter from the hotel was heard knocking at the door, and demanding to know when they would like supper? and Wyld Oates, putting out his head, delivered an order for a variety of stimulative delicacies forthwith, winding up with “a devil, and lots of broiled bones.”

“Broiled bones!” ejaculated the grocer, beneath the bed-clothes—“ah, little do the poor lost creatures think whose bones are predestined to be

broiled; and a devil too—why, its quite prophetic!” and the grocer smiled as he turned drowsily on his pillow.

It was near morning when the dog-cart was brought out, and Seager and Bagot mounted into it, the former taking the reins, for the Colonel was hardly fit to drive, especially as there were some sharp turns in the road. Then, bidding their military friends good night, they rattled off, the silent street echoing hollowly as they sped along.

“Not a bad night's business,” said Seager; “I look on the fifteen hundred and fifty as safe—the mare can do it easy. In a day or two, you and I will go down quietly and have a look at her.”

CHAPTER XI.

The ladies had, as Bagot knew, projected an expedition on horseback into the country. Telling them of the invitation he had given to his military friends, of their wish to be introduced at the Heronry, and reminding the ladies of the obligation they were under to Tindal in the matter of the riding lessons, he found no difficulty in getting them to admit the dragoons to join the riding-party. Rosa's eyes sparkled at the idea—Orelia gave her imperial sanction—*la reine le veut*—and Lady Lee, though rather indisposed to the forming of new acquaintances, was unwilling to disoblige Bagot. The latter, moreover, in order, as he said, that every Jack might have his Jill, had recruited a couple of young ladies from a neighbouring country-house to join the party.

These were the two Misses Clumber, daughters of Sir Christopher Clumber, Bart., and were (considering they were sisters) remarkably different in character. Trepkina, the eldest, was afflicted with such a perpetual thirst for information, that she applied for it at all founts that offered, without much considering what the quality of the supply might be, and, accordingly, she had imbibed some curious facts, such as are not generally imparted to a young lady. The other, instead of improving her mind,

which was naturally so weak as not to be susceptible of much improvement, devoted all her time to the adornment of her person, which was pretty, but not so pretty as she fancied it. They were to join the cavalcade as it passed their lodges.

The Wednesday on which the riding-party took place was one of the last days of May.

The month of May—the words are hawthorn-scented, causing the most unimaginative reader to dream of green fields and fresh flowers and a warm sun. Poets, since first there sprang such a race in England, have conspired to deck May with sunshine and freshness, and garlands plundered from her neighbour June; and notwithstanding the too often sad realities of east wind and rain—notwithstanding the numbers of betrayed and unfortunate persons who, having, in the trustfulness of their poetic temperaments, been seduced into going a-Maying, return with damp dresses and shivering frames, and colds in their heads—still the people, steadfast in their illusion, blindly believe in the delights ascribed to their favourite month, and, spite of wind and weather, invest her idea with the sweets of Paradise—she is the pleasant, the merry month of May.

The fact is, the month—naturally

an asthmatic, chilly month—has been padded into shape. Every succeeding writer who has occasion to mention her name adds his mite of a flower or a gentle breeze, and thus, insolvent as she is in pleasantness and sunshine, her credit is sustained by a paper-currency.

The May morning that shone on the riding-party was, however, one of the old poetical kind, quite restoring one's confidence in Chaucer—warm, sunny, fresh, musical. The few white clouds that floated across the blue depths were soft and vapoury, melting at their edges into thin grey tissues. There was breeze enough to dissipate and convey abroad the heavy perfumes of the furze on the common and the honeysuckles in the lane, but not enough to scatter the unseen multitudes that filled the air with their humming. Voices from low-lying distant fields came with plain intonation on the ear; so did the cawing of the rooks around the elms in the village across the river, and the rumble of the waggon traversing the bridge.

Rosa, looking forth from the window of the breakfast-room, fresh as one of the roses that bloomed beside and around her, saw the cavaliers approaching, their sleek horses glistening in the sun.

Tindal and Sloperton rode first—the former with a slight *souçon* of the jockey in his costume; the latter, after deliberating so long over his multifarious wardrobe that the others were on the point of starting without him, had decided upon a very quiet though exquisitely-cut suit—grey trousers and waistcoat, black riding-coat and neckcloth, simply relieved by white gloves—for the Captain was fond of affecting a great sedateness both of dress and aspect;—and having thus, unassisted by foreign or adventitious aid, made the desired impression, would subsequently come forth in full radiance, and carry all before him. As he approached the house, he straightened himself in his saddle, drew his knees a little back, (for he was a bad rider, and they *would* slip forward out of place), lowered his heels to riding-school trim, and, taking in the whole front of the mansion in one rapid furtive glance, feigned

to be unconscious that anybody was looking at him. His position in the saddle, he flattered himself, was admirable; and on reaching the gravel sweep before the entrance, he rode a little in front of his companion, in order that nothing might obstruct the view of his symmetrical proportions, but was sorely disturbed in mind and seat when Bruce and Oates came dashing alongside at a gallop, and caused his horse Bouquet to curvet unpleasantly, thereby affording great delight to Mr Oates, who whispered to Bruce that "Nobby was deuced near spilt."

Bagot was in the hall teaching Orelia to play billiards, and, hearing their approach, he came out to the door with a cue in his hand.

"Glorious day, boys!" said he; "dismount and come in."

"Deuced nice house," thought Sloperton, looking round the lofty hall, which reached as high as to the second story, with a balcony round the upper part, and was so spacious that the billiard-table looked quite small in the midst of the tessellated pavement. Near the table stood the majestic Orelia, holding her cue something after the fashion of a sceptre.

"I needn't introduce Major Tindal," Bagot said to her, as the Major advanced, so much abashed by Orelia's queenliness that his habitual formality stiffened into an almost awkward shyness as he greeted her; while the self-complacent assurance of Mr Wylde Oates, rebounded from it ineffectually. "Now then, boys, what d'ye say?—beer, after your ride?—capital home-brewed—glass of sherry?—no! then come along to the drawing-room."

"I don't think I mentioned to you that I've the honour to be connected with Lady Lee," said Sloperton to Bagot, as they walked up the broad staircase—"a sort of cousinship."

In fact, Sloperton's father was her mother's first cousin; but the Sloperton family had been so much scandalised at her mother's marrying a country clergyman, that they considered it due to their own dignity, and to the demerits of the offender, to drop all intercourse with her forthwith. Sloperton had reserved the

fact of the relationship, in order that he might judge whether the style of her ladyship's house and society would render such a disclosure advisable or not; and we may safely aver that, had these matters not proved to his taste, he would have kept the "sort of cousinship" a profound secret.

"God bless me!" said Bagot, "you don't say so. I didn't know I was bringing you a relation, Hester," he continued, as they entered the drawing-room. "Your cousin, Captain Sloperton."

Lady Lee looked rather surprised. Probably, if she had met the Captain anywhere but in her own house, she would not have acknowledged him, for she happened to know how affairs had stood between her mother and the Sloperton family. But as he appeared as her guest, she took the hand which the Captain proffered for a cousinly shake, with sufficient civility, though without any warmth. "Ah," thought the Captain, "I see—proud, and a little indignant; we'll bide our time." And, merely expressing his sense of good fortune at having made the acquaintance of such a relative, the Captain, with his most bewitching bow, relinquished the hand he held, and stood aside to let his friends make their obeisances.

Perhaps the calm indifference which marked her ladyship's reception of them was as little calculated to encourage the strangers as the stateliness of Orelia. But Rosa's manner was enough of itself to set all at their ease; she never thought about herself or her own dignity, but received each in a smiling friendly fashion that disarmed all criticism, and caused Mr Oates to eulogise her to Bruce, in a whisper, as a "jolly little girl." Bruce and Rosa were friends at the first glance; they were both of them so open, genial, and unembarrassed, that the slight circumstance of their never having met before in their lives, was altogether lost sight of within a quarter of an hour after the introduction.

"Now, then," quoth Bagot, bustling about, "we'll decide where to go, and then to horse forthwith. You must know, gentlemen, that the ladies, before they were aware they were to have the pleasure of your

company, had each proposed a different point to ride to; and how they'd have settled it without us I don't know. I'll just read to you, from these slips of paper, what each had to say in favour of her own choice, and then we'll put the matter to the vote;" and uplifting his double gold eye-glass, he took one of the three slips from the table, and stooping over it, and moving his head, like an antiquary spelling out an old tombstone, as he followed each line, read the contents slowly.

"First we have The Skyrock, one of the mountain ranges you see from the northern windows." (Here Bagot motioned with the double eye-glass in a northerly direction, and then resumed his reading.) "It towers above the others, and from its top you look on three counties and on the sea. There are no trees except some stunted pines and a mountain-ash or two; it holds a small lake in the hollow of its hand, as it were, in whose grey steely surface are inverted the dark beetling crags, and the sky, and the clouds. There are no small insignificant beauties to fritter away the attention; all is grand and savage desolation."

It needed not Bagot's friendly wink to inform Tindal that this was Orelia's choice.

"Dairy," Bagot read again, from the next paper, "is the dearest little old-fashioned farm-house in the world—as you will say, when you first catch sight of the corner of its white wall and thatched roof among the apple-blossoms. There are wide low meadows all around, with plenty of flowers and cows, giving promise of such nice cream—and they keep their promise, I can tell you—and the river runs at the margin of them, with islands of yellow gravel parting its clear brown streams, and willows fringing the opposite bank. All round are woods, ancient enough and majestic enough to please even some of our grand and lofty-minded acquaintances." ("Personal, by Jove," interpolated Bagot, and Orelia shook her riding-whip at Rosa, who tried to look demurely unconscious, while Bruce smiled at her intelligently.) "And it is undoubtedly a pleasanter and more cheerful scene, to anybody

of proper taste and feeling, than those horrid solemn crags."

"No *ex parte* statements of that sort ought to be allowed," said Orelia.

"Certainly not," said Tindal.

"Nor such low appeals to vulgar tastes, as promises of cream," said Orelia.

"I've a particularly vulgar taste, and like cream excessively," said Bruce.

"The White Fall" (so ran the third paper) "is a cascade shooting out of the rift of a mossy rock, whose faces are all wet with its spray. It is caught in a basin bordered thickly with ferns, from which it drops successively into other basins, till it flows away out of sight. Ascending by slippery steps cut in the rock, you come suddenly on a ruined abbey standing in front of dark massive woods. The scene unites the sentiments of the grand and antique, with those of the picturesque and familiar."

"There," said Bagot, dropping his glass; "most votes carry it." Having collected them, he declared the state of the poll to be in favour of the last proposition, which had emanated from Lady Lee; and for the White Fall they started forthwith.

Bagot marshalled the cavalcade. Lady Lee, disposed to be agreeable to her companion, Captain Sloperton, glanced at him, to try and guess what style of conversation was likely to suit him. "Dear me, what a handsome man!" she thought, at the first glance; then, after a second, "what a pity the expression was forgotten when that face was designed." Sloperton, aware he was being scrutinised, looked over his horse's head with a face preternaturally composed, as if he were sitting for his portrait, saying nothing; not because he wanted conversation, but for fear of breaking the charm. "Let her look," said Sloperton to himself; "it's only your confounded ugly fellows that are forced to go off at score with the conversation." So he sat perfectly still, except that he turned his profile a trifle to the left, so as to bring the outline of his nose into more favourable view.

Presently Lady Lee broke into a

smile. "Has it no voice, I wonder?" thought she, "this military statue of Apollo?" And she waited a little longer to see what time might bring forth; but it brought forth nothing, except the removal of a speck of dust from the Captain's shirt-front with the point of his little finger.

"An amusing piece of sculpture!" thought her ladyship;—"he must have escaped from some wax-work establishment."—"Captain Sloperton," she said, "I'm sure you must be fond of angling."

The Captain turned towards her a face illumined with a smile ineffably sweet, which he suffered to steal gradually over the composure of his aspect. He had known that smile do him yeoman's service ere now, going right through the eyes of a hitherto obdurate lady, till it quivered in her very heart.

"Angling! Why so?" asked the Captain, in his sweetest, softest tone, studying her face in return through his large melancholy black eyes.

"Because Izaak Walton calls it 'the contemplative man's recreation,' and you appear to be a contemplative man," said Lady Lee. "Do you generally pursue your meditations in company or alone?"

"You allude to my silence," said the Captain, with another smile, this time of bewitching frankness; "but the fact is, I never presume to offer any remark at the commencement of an acquaintance, unless I think it worthy of the hearer. I believe, in this instance, I might have waited till doomsday—and, in fact, I was just beginning to despair, when you spoke. Confess, now," said the Captain, gracefully extending his right hand with the palm uppermost, and inclining his head a little to one side, interrogatively as it were, "would you not have considered it an insult to your understanding, if I had begun by remarking, it was a fine day, as if I were an almanac?"

"On the contrary, I should have agreed with the observation very heartily," said Lady Lee. "Do you suppose I expect to find mankind in general carrying the admiration of their hearers by a *coup-de-main*, instead of opening the trenches in form?—like Mr Burke, of whom it was said,

that nobody could stand with him under a door-way in a shower of rain without finding him out to be an extraordinary man."

"Burke was an extremely clever fellow," said the Captain, "undoubtedly, but he laboured under a great disadvantage. I believe, from a portrait I have seen of him, that his idea of dress was perfectly ridiculous; in fact, his dress was by no means equally imposing with his address; and who could listen, you know, to a sage in a disreputable coat or a cravat like a poultice?—the idea's absurd."

Lady Lee laughed heartily at the idea of an acquaintance with Stultz being indispensable to the success of a philosopher.

"It is not very long ago," continued the Captain, following up the impression he considered he was making, "since I heard a person who was dining with a friend in the next box to me in a French eating-house, talk so cleverly and amusingly, that I got quite interested in him. I figured to myself, of course, a remarkably well-bred, agreeable person, dressed with unimpeachable taste. At last, after a most capital story, told with charming humour, my curiosity to see him became so great, that I got up in the middle of my dinner (the greatest bore in the world, you will admit) and made an excursion across the room to the bell, expressly to look at the clever unknown. You'll hardly believe me, Lady Lee, when I tell you he had the impudent bad taste to be witty in a—what do you think now?"

"Carter's frock and hobnailed shoes?" guessed her ladyship, chiming in with his humour.

"Nothing of the kind," said Sloperton. "He wore a brown satin waistcoat with yellow stripes, and a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, while his hands were like huge slices of beet-root, with carrots at the end for fingers. I naturally lost all interest in him at once—his jokes, after that, were all tinged, to my fancy, with the vulgarity of his attire. That, now, is a case exactly in point."

Again Lady Lee condescended to smile. The Captain's foibles were new to her, and his ultra-dandyism

amused her by its strong contrast with the calm melancholy of his aspect. So she continued to give him her attention—and that he always considered as the natural prelude to a woman's giving him her heart—and went on with increased confidence, till he branched off into the flattering and sentimental vein, in which she thought him decidedly tiresome, though he fancied he had been unusually brilliant.

The Major, riding beside Orelia, with the Corporal at her near rein, to which station she had summoned him, surveyed her with a grave and courtteously critical air.

"Upon my word," he said, "either Onslow must be a capital instructor in female equestrianism, or he must have met with a singularly apt pupil. I don't know when I've seen a lady sit so easily and well."

"Pray, give all the praise to Mr Onslow," said Orelia; "and permit me, at the same time, to thank you for giving us such an excellent master."

"Allow me to hope," said Tindal, with the air of one who requests where he may command, "that to-day you will permit me to be your riding-master. We will dispense with Corporal Onslow's services, and—"

"By no means," interrupted Orelia, "I prefer the present arrangement infinitely. That is," (observing the sudden dark flush that overspread the Major's countenance,) "I have great confidence in Mr Onslow—and besides, nobody, you know, can serve two masters. Your systems might clash, though both are no doubt excellent. So," (turning to Onslow,) "pray remain with us."

Onslow listened to the Major's proposition for dismissing him to Orelia's detainer, with the calm expression which he wore when his superiors in rank asserted at all imperiously the distinction between them, and with the slightest appearance of discomfiture. It was the expression of one who, knowing well his superior position, felt no need of being reminded of it; and no meanour appeared, in Orelia's far more dignified than the tragical exhibitions of wrath,

most magnificent frettings on the curb, could have been. "Confound the fellow!" thought the Major, glancing at his handsome, easy subordinate, "I wish he'd take himself off." But he affected to smile, as he bowed his acquiescence to Orelia, saying, "her wishes were law to him, and Corporal Onslow should certainly remain—" at all which, a smile might have been noticed, by a keen observer, to dawn on Onslow's face.

From this moment the Major quite ignored the Corporal's presence, trying to converse as if there were no such person within hearing, or in existence: a mode of proceeding which was rendered somewhat difficult by the frequent appeals which Orelia made to Onslow, for his opinion on matters they conversed of—deeply outraging the Major's sense of military etiquette, of which few had stricter notions than himself. But of military etiquette Orelia knew but little; in fact, being, as we have elsewhere hinted, somewhat of a self-willed young lady, she did not permit etiquette of any kind to rule her conduct farther than she pleased; and, accustomed to see in her riding-master one who possessed the manners and language of a gentleman, she had almost dropt out of sight the fact of his real position.

"The filly suits you admirably," said the Major presently to Orelia. "I should think her a little too hot to be pleasant to the generality of riders—but you, Miss Payne, have a particularly light hand."

"So Mr Onslow tells me," said Orelia, "though, to say the truth, I don't exactly know what a light hand is."

The Major frowned—Onslow again! and Mister too! "You've brought your sketch-book, I see," said he, after a pause—"may we hope for the pleasure of seeing it employed to-day?"

"Certainly," said Orelia. "I always sketch during my rides."

"Might I be permitted a glance?" asked Tindal, extending his hand towards the book. Orelia handed it to him.

"Beautiful!" cried the admiring Major, turning the leaves as the book rested on the pommel of his saddle.

"Most masterly, and evidently done with great ease and quickness. If I might venture to say which I prefer, it is this one—principally on account of that group of figures in the foreground."

"You are right, Major Tindal," returned Orelia, "those figures are excellent. I wish I could hope to rival them."

"Dear me, are they not yours?" said the Major, vexed at his blunder.

"They are some that Mr Onslow was so good as to put in," replied Orelia. "Do you not recognise his rather uncommon style?"

"Indeed!—ah, I was not aware," said the Major coldly—and, muttering something about "fine distances—bold outline—warm skies," he closed the sketch-book, and returned it to the fair proprietor.

"This now," said the Major, presently, pointing with the but-end of his whip at the landscape before them, "allow me to suggest, is a fine subject for a sketch. This clump of trees in the foreground—that white cottage beyond, with the river and those hills in the distance, would in your hands, Miss Payne, make a very beautiful picture."

"So I think," said Orelia, "but Mr Onslow prefers the same view from a point we have just passed. I'm glad to have a champion on my side—pray discuss the matter with him, Major Tindal, and I will abide by the result of the argument."

"Really," said the Major, reddening and frowning, "I am—a—a—not accustomed to—a—you must excuse me, Miss Payne—" and reining suddenly back, on pretence of the narrowness of the road, he rode by himself, much chafed in temper, at some distance behind.

"Your kind notice of me is most flattering," said Onslow, in a low voice, to Orelia—"and, believe me, I feel it deeply. But will you pardon me for saying, that I anticipate consequences which may cause me to regret the display of your goodness."

Orelia turned her face severely and scornfully upon him. "It is I," she said, "who have reason to regret that I should have bestowed any notice on one who is capable of such an anticipation as fear on his own ac-

count. I could not have imagined any one guilty of such a mean feeling. You have shown me my error, and you shall certainly have no cause to fear a repetition of it."

Most men would have been abashed at the scorn with which Orelia turned her face from him as she concluded her speech; but Onslow, smiling, said, "You mistake me, indeed. I would not weigh any consequence to myself against your lightest word. But what I do anticipate is, that the Major, in his evident displeasure, may deprive me of the opportunity of further enjoying the society I have found so—" (he did not say what)—"and may thus," he added, sadly and half-absently, "close suddenly for me the brief vision of paradise that has opened on the dull reality of my life."

Orelia coloured a little at this warmth of expression. "Pardon me," she said; "I was too hasty, and did you wrong. I should indeed regret to be deprived of the benefit of your instructions. We will mollify this doughty chief of yours, and cause him to forget his wrath." And accordingly reining up, and summoning the Major to her, under pretence of showing him some interesting feature in the scenery, she condescended, in a somewhat haughty indifferent way, to smooth his ruffled plumes, and, giving him no further cause for ire, except once or twice, when she forgot herself, and dragged Onslow into the conversation, succeeded to a miracle.

Bruce and Rosa rode together in great harmony, followed at a little distance by Wyld Oates and Letitia Clumber. This latter young lady, besides being naturally stupid, and a very uncongenial spirit for the rattling Mr Oates to encounter, was now particularly indisposed to make herself agreeable, in consequence of pining after the society of Sloperton, for whom she had, at first sight, conceived a warm admiration, which, she was satisfied, wanted only opportunity to become mutual. So at last, Oates, after giving her a description of a steeple-chase which she scarcely even pretended to listen to, and catching her yawning while he was telling her of a wager he had lately won, wherein he had displayed great

sagacity, rode on with her to join the pair in front.

"Hang it, Bruce!" he whispered, as he came alongside; "fair play, you know. Deuce take me, if I can stand that simpering doll any longer, and there are you chatting away with that jolly little thing like a couple of magpies, and not caring a curse about me. Turn about's fair play. You let me ride with her for the rest of the way out, and you shall be her companion all the way back." And Bruce, acknowledging the justice of this arrangement, went accordingly to do penance with Miss Letitia, while Rosa cast after him a glance of regret, which Mr Oates would have thought anything but flattering to himself if he had seen it; for Rosa had discovered that Bruce's sentiments on most matters were entirely identical with her own—that they had the same tastes in pictures and books and scenery—at least, he had always agreed warmly with her expressed opinions—and, in fact, they had got on very pleasantly together.

Bagot was the most ill-matched of the party. Poor old Bagot, having paired off the others to their satisfaction, had good-naturedly undertaken Trephina Clumber, who, with her usual desire for information, had put him, as he termed it, "through his facings" on the subject of the history of horse-racing—its origin, progress, &c., with incidental questions on the feeding of horses and rules of the turf. And Bagot, who had never, even on this his favourite subject, troubled himself with any historical retrospect, was sorely puzzled to reply, and, answering at hazard, communicated to her a fund of information on these heads more curious than correct, as may be seen to this day in the pages of Miss Trephina's journal, where she was accustomed to note down at night all the treasures of knowledge acquired during the day; in which are chronicled, among others, the not generally known facts, that the first King's Plate was run for in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and that Old King Cole was one of the earliest patrons of the turf.

The cascade was reached and duly admired—not on horseback, of course, but the steeds were fastened to trees,

while their riders walked along the rocky path that led to it. And the fountain below the cascade was a wishing-well, with a legend attached to it, which Lady Lee related; and afterwards they dipt their hands in it, and wished silently, and it came to pass that some of them, in the fulness of time, had their wishes granted, and some had not.

When they dismounted, the Corporal prudently turned his horse's head and rode homewards.

Leaving the fountain, they ascended the steps of the rock, and found lunch, which Noble had brought in a spring-cart, awaiting them under an oak; and afterwards the lady artists produced their sketch-books. Trephina Clumber, without any natural taste or talent for drawing, practised the art with a wonderful pertinacity. She had studied innumerable books on light and shade, and colour and perspective, and the human form, and the anatomy of animals, and, in fact, perhaps muddled herself with her researches in art, for they resulted in productions quite unlike anything in nature. She seated herself under a tree, and sent Bagot to fetch her some water in a tin cup, while she arranged her colour-box and brushes alongside. Then she made a sketch, and all the time she was so employed she lectured the Colonel so learnedly on keeping, and aerial distances, and mellowness, and warm effects, and handling, that he felt very little doubt that Trephina was a very great artist, and was somewhat ashamed of himself when, on looking at the drawing afterwards, he took a remarkable cloud in her sky for a wooded mountain—and her own horse, which she had introduced in the foreground, for a goat—mistaking the crutches of the side-saddle for the animal's horns. However, her familiarity with the terms of art quite blinded Bagot to these little defects in her practice, and caused him to regard her as a female Claude. And many greater reputations than Trephina's are constantly established on precisely similar foundations.

Lady Lee, perhaps not finding Captain Sloperton's conversation in harmony with the scene, sauntered away by herself towards the margin of the stream above the cascade.

Before her lay a broad pool, where the stream, though swift, was silent, and which was crossed by large stones at irregular intervals. Between these the water poured smoothly, and flowed rippling out of sight. In the broken water below the stones a fly-fisher was planted, assiduously practising his art. Up the stream the water darkened to deepest brown, as it passed beneath overhanging willows. Lady Lee remembered that, by crossing to the other side, a new and pleasing point of view was obtained, and she accordingly began stepping from one stone to another.

When about half-way across, a stone rolled over and sunk, just as she was in the act of quitting it, and a little extra agility was required to attain the next one. Congratulating herself on escaping without a dip in the water, she stood here, as on a pedestal, admiring the view, which was at this point much more expanded than on the bank she had just quitted, enabling the observer to trace the stream through many a winding, and showing new undulations in the surface of the woods. Having sufficiently enjoyed it, she turned to retrace her steps—and then, for the first time, perceived that the displacement of the stone had rendered this a difficult task. The provoking pebble lay just beneath the surface, with a sharp corner uppermost, rendering it quite unsafe as a support, and the interval to the next one was too wide to be attempted. She was unwilling to call for assistance, partly because the situation seemed to her to involve a little absurdity; secondly, because she dreaded being the object of the gallant efforts which the cavaliers would be sure to make for her rescue. So she began plumbing the stream with her riding-whip, and, after poking unsuccessfully to replace the faithless stone, gathered her dress round her, and half-meditated a spring.

She made up her mind to it seven times, and seven times her heart failed her, leaving her precisely where she was. How often the process might have been repeated is doubtful; but just then she heard a splashing in the water close at hand. The fly-fisher, perceiving her dilemma, was wading to her assistance.

This fly-fisher was by no means an ordinary kind of fly-fisher. He was a handsome, noble-looking man about thirty, with a light mustache, and was as unmistakably a gentleman in his tweed shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat, as if he had been dressed in a coronet and robes. Now, if he had considered a moment, he might have rendered the necessary service to her ladyship by replacing the stone in its old position. Perhaps if Lady Lee, instead of appearing to him more charming than any nymph that ever haunted a stream, had been a respectable old lady with black mittens and a brown wig, he would have done so; perhaps it did not occur to him; perhaps he preferred taking his own course; however, with no other preliminaries than a bow and a few words of apology, half-lost in the murmur of the waters, he took her ladyship in his arms. One would have thought it would have been quite sufficient to carry her to the next stone, and leave her to pursue her way—and it is believed she did make a representation to that effect; but her speech, like his, was lost in the noise of the stream, and he only relinquished his fair burden (which perhaps he liked) when landed safely on the bank. Then, with a few words expressing his sense of "his own good fortune in being of the slightest service," and a rather confused offer of thanks from her ladyship, he, with another bow, went back to his fishing, and her ladyship rejoined her friends, to whom, for some reason or other, she said nothing of her adventure.

They lingered, admiring, chatting, and sketching about the wooded slopes above the cascade, until evening began to shadow the landscape, and to show the broken arches and ruined walls of the abbey strongly relieved against the sky, which gleamed purply through the spaces left originally by the builder, and those made since by Time the unbuilder. Orelia looked on it in an artistic light, and admired the breadth and softness of the shadows, the still brown depths of the river, with a grey glassy gleam where the sky was reflected—the golden scatterings of light where the sunset still lingered on the woody

hills, and the clouds just beginning to put off their evening robes of orange and crimson and gold, as the ruler of the day descended out of sight. Lady Lee looked at it in a sentimental point of view, thinking of the old monks who had seen the sun set behind those slopes, who had wandered through those woods, and had dreamed away their lives in those shattered cells; feeling a sort of sadness mixed with the beauty of the scene, as imaginative people do, when the departing day looks on the ancient abodes of departed beings. And Rosa, who was neither sentimental nor artistic, felt a pleasure she did not seek to define in the stillness and freshness and clearness of air, earth, and sky, and chirped forth her gladness unconsciously and unrestrainedly as the nightingale who was giving life to the neighbouring woods.

Bagot experienced a mixed feeling, compounded of a desire for brandy-and-water and billiards, and a fear that the dewy grass was a bad thing for the gout; so he managed to get them to horse, and to proceed homeward; and when they reached the Heronry, they had a sort of meal compounded of dinner and tea—too informal for the first, and too solid for the last; and then, after some music from the ladies and Sloperton, who sung to the guitar with a clear and sad, though utterly unmodulated and inexpressive voice, the dragoons rode home, all of them well pleased.

Tindal was pleased, because he had latterly found Orelia's manner and conversation entirely to his taste; for the slight haughtiness, and occasional symptoms of imperious temper that she displayed, had of themselves a certain charm for him, harmonising well, perhaps, with the main chords of his own character. Moreover, he purposed putting an effectual stop to the Corporal's lessons immediately.

Bruce and Wyldie Oates were both pleased, because they had found in Rosa exactly what her face promised, and their respective shares of her society had been apportioned on the most equitable principles.

Sloperton was pleased, because he considered he had been particularly charming. "I'm a little past thirty," said the Captain to himself, "and the

variety of these love affairs is getting fatiguing. I've been thinking for some time of settling down quietly whenever I could find a proper person—and yesterday I discovered a white hair in my right whisker. Gad, I may turn grey or bald, and my

chances will be diminished twenty per cent." So the Captain resolved to fascinate Lady Lee, and viewed the design with the calm confidence of a powerful mesmerist about to set to work upon a subject of nervous and susceptible temperament.

CHAPTER XII.

On regaining his quarters on the evening of the riding-party, Onslow, in spite of the *non-chalance* which marked his general demeanour, displayed in his manner some degree of agitation.

He was billeted at the Grapes—a cosy, snug, old-fashioned hostelry, hid away up a by-lane, which was entered from the main street of Doddington by an arch at one end, and which had no passage through at the other—a rambling old building full of dark passages, with steps in the darkest parts, causing those who traversed them swiftly and unsuspectingly to receive shocks extending from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their heads, and making their teeth chatter violently, unless the tongue happened to be interposed between them, like the passengers' bodies between two fast trains running into each other on a railway. The kitchen was always illumined by a sort of comfortable twilight, partly the result of a high wall opposite the windows excluding the sun, partly from the steams of soups, roast meats, mulled beer, and wines, and coffee, that hovered incessantly over the hospitable region. When the eye got accustomed to the place, a stout form might generally be espied, seated in the thickest of the clouds by the fireside. This was the landlord of the Grapes, who, under the firm impression that he was diligently carrying on the business, and acting as the prop and main-stay of the establishment, spent most of his time by the fireside in an easy chair, diversifying the somewhat limited prospect by an occasional stroll out under the archway to look at the weather. A life of this sort, though well adapted to the purposes of a *pâté de foie gras*, would not, at first sight, appear favourable to the healthy operations of the ani-

mal economy; nevertheless, it seemed to agree with the host of the Grapes, if one might judge from the rosy complexion that appeared in the midst of a white fringe of hair and whisker, and the regularity and unfailing zest with which he responded to the call to dinner. That meal took place in a little glass-walled room, like a gastronomic conservatory, looking into the kitchen, presided over by a pretty young lady, the future heiress of the Grapes; for mine host, like Polonius, had "one fair daughter and no more." Her attractions, of which her reputed expectations formed perhaps not the least, drew numerous gallants to the bar of the Grapes, who vied with each other in drinking various spirituous compounds mixed by her fair hands, and seemed to imagine that their success would be proportionate to the frequency and recklessness of their orders for drink—an impression which caused all but suitors of very strong head and constitution to retire from the contest, after probations of more or less duration.

Before the dragoon entered, two admirers were signalling their devotion to the fair spirit of the bar, the upper half of whose person only was visible, as she dispensed the potables which formed her peculiar charge through a portion of the glass frame of her shrine that slid back, leaving a space wherein the worshippers might lean their elbows and deposit their glasses. One of these was an attorney's clerk—a very dashing personage, with a bushy head of hair, and a hat stuck rakishly thereon; the other a young farmer, who had lately spent more time at the Grapes than in agricultural pursuits: he wore a white hat, a brown cut-away with basket buttons, and a blue satin stock, with a great pin sticking in the folds of it. These rivals had held a sort of wordy

tilt of sarcasm on each other, in which the clerk's astuteness gave him a decided advantage over the other admirer; but the latter drank most, appending to his demand for each successive glass the words "damn the expense," indicative of wealth and a liberal spirit; and he was, moreover, the better-looking of the two. On whichever side the balance of fascination might have been, the ministering angel of the bar did not, however, betray any preference, but filled their glasses, and listened to their speeches, with the most laudable impartiality.

While she was in the act of squeezing a lemon into the rum-and-water of the incipient attorney, a clanking step was heard outside, approaching from the archway. The fair bar-maid gave a little start, and spilt some of the hot mixture on her hand. This served to excuse the blush that overspread her plump face as the Corporal entered.

"Good evening, Mr Onslow," said the pretty bar-maid, in a tone, and with a bright smile, that would have induced either of the two rivals to drink himself into insensibility on the spot, and have thought it cheap too. But the dragoon, nodding at her in an absent way, and merely replying, "How d'ye do, Susan?" strode to the fireplace, and planted himself there, with his back to the fire.

Now, the landlord did not admire the dragoon, though his wife and daughter did. The landlord was a man of great weight and consideration with those who frequented his inn, and always exacted a full measure of respect from them, never permitting even those who might be called his cronies to venture on any undue familiarity. But this dragoon, though civil enough, in a condescending sort of way, to the landlady and her daughter, showed no more respect for his portly host than if he had been a stable-boy. Accordingly, that dignitary, with a grunt indicative of displeasure and defiance, drew back his chair a foot or two, and scowled at the dragoon over his pipe. He might have scowled at the warming-pan that glittered on the wall beyond with about as much effect. Onslow, his legs apart, his back to the fire, his

look bent on the floor, thoughtfully whistled an opera-tune, as if no such person as the landlord of the Grapes were in existence.

Opposite the landlord was seated a lodger of much consideration and long standing in the Grapes. He was a bachelor, with a small annuity, which he spent principally in rum-and-water—a hard-featured, red-faced man, with a couple of marks like gashes extending from his nostrils deep down each cheek. From his long residence at the Grapes, his habits were so well known that he never had occasion to give an order; and, being of taciturn habits, this was a great comfort to him. Between breakfast and dinner he always had three glasses of rum-and-water; between dinner and supper, six; and after supper his tumbler was replenished, till he was carried off to bed on the waiter's back.

This gentleman had finished his eighth tumbler about five minutes before, and the landlady—a fat good-tempered woman, with a face and figure very like the reflection of her daughter's, as seen in the convex surfaces of the shining dish-covers hanging to the wall, (*i. e.*, considerably widened and shortened,) glanced at the clock, and brought him his ninth, or last before supper.

"We don't see much of you now, Mr Onslow," said the landlady, standing before him, after she had set down the lodger's glass on the table.

The landlord uttered a short derisive chuckle. He was a man of few words; but the laugh indicated that, in his opinion, it was very little matter whether they saw anything of him at all or not. The dragoon, softly whistling, twirled his mustache absently, and did not notice either the remark or the laugh.

"You're certainly in love, Mr Onslow," said the landlady. "You used to be the politest man—and now one never gets a word from you."

There was a giggle from the daughter in the bar; but still the trooper made no answer, till the lodger, who had a chivalrous respect for the landlady, touched the dragoon's sleeve with the stem of his pipe. Onslow stared at him, and drew back from the contact, when he motioned with the pipe towards the landlady, to

signify that she had done him the honour of addressing him. Then the dragoon lifted up his eyes, and, appearing to perceive the landlady for the first time, nodded to her, bid her good evening, and strode through the kitchen on his way to his own room. "He's certainly in love," said the landlady. "I never saw a man so changed."

He had scarcely disappeared, when the daughter, taking a letter from a shelf in the bar, said, "Law, mother, I forgot to give Mr Onslow his letter—I'll just take it to him;" and, leaving the young farmer and the incipient attorney to entertain one another, she tript after the dragoon.

"Come in," said Onslow, when she tapped at the door, and she entered. The room, thanks, probably, to the young lady's partiality for the handsome lodger, was a very comfortable one—a nice little bed, with dimity curtains, washing-stand, toilet-table, all complete, with some pictures on the walls.

"Here's a letter come since you were away," said the pretty bar-maid, handing it to him.

"Thank you, Susan," said Onslow, "much obliged," and immediately broke the seal, which was a large one, with a coat of arms.

The landlady's daughter was dying to know who the correspondent with the great seal could be, so she lingered, under pretence of brushing the dust off the furniture, till he had finished reading it.

"No bad news, I hope, Mr Onslow?" she said, when he had refolded and laid it on the chimney-piece.

"Quite the contrary, Susan; it assures me I have still a friend, and that's good news," said Onslow, smiling.

"Oh, gracious! I'm sure, Mr Onslow, you might have plenty if you liked—it's your own fault if you haven't," said the pretty bar-maid.

Onslow had relapsed into thought, and did not respond to this complimentary opinion.

"I got the book of poems" (I'm afraid the pretty bar-maid pronounced the word "pomes") "you were wishing for the other day," she said, still lingering. "I borrowed it from Miss Parkins, over the way."

"Thank you, Susan, 'twas very kind and thoughtful of you," said Onslow, flinging his cap into a corner, and himself into a chair.

There were some flowers in a glass on the chimney-piece, which the pretty bar-maid had placed there with her own hands. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "he'll think the chamber-maid put 'em there, if I don't tell him." So she walked up to the fireplace, and, arranging them anew, said, "You like moss-roses, don't you, Mr Onslow? I've brought you some nice ones."

"You're a good little girl, Susan, and a great deal kinder than I deserve," he replied, running his hand impatiently through his black curls without looking at the roses.

All this was rather uphill work for poor Susan;—there was so little encouragement to stay longer, that, with every wish to prolong the conversation, she turned away, and, after announcing her intended departure with two or three little coughs, softly closed the door.

Onslow took up the letter and read it over again; then he opened a desk near, and began to write as follows:—

"MY DEAR VERNON,—Thanks for your renewed and friendly offers of assistance.

"From among all my former associates I selected you as my single confidant, when I placed my foot on the lower step of the social ladder, to the bottom of which folly and ill-fortune had hurled me. Of all, you were the only one who, I felt, could appreciate my motives, when, after enlisting as the only alternative of absolute want, I formed a firm resolve to fulfil all the irksome duties of a soldier, and to work my way upward uncomplainingly, till I could prove myself able, unaided, to retrieve my position. If I failed in this, I, at least, anticipated the pleasure and pride of knowing that I had done much to expiate my follies, and to assure myself that I possessed more firmness and perseverance than the world I lived in of old would give me credit for.

"But, ah, Vernon! who can boast himself of to-morrow? Already I am half-resolved to abandon the path I have followed, sternly enough, these

three years—not because I flinch from the burden I have fastened on myself. I have carried it, let me say, with constancy, with a good heart, and even, perhaps, not without dignity. Use had lightened it, and advancement in the service promised to make it still lighter, till a commission, fairly earned, should restore me outwardly to the rank of a gentleman.

“Why then quit it? you say. Ah, Vernon, thou know'st my old weakness—my besetting infirmity. Already you spy the hem of a female garment in the distance. Even so—my firm resolves have melted, like the wings of Icarus, beneath the glance of a pair of black eyes. Could you but know what I have felt—thrown by chance into frequent contact with one to whom, but for my own folly, I might have aspired without presumption—one who, of all the women I have ever seen, has alone gone deeper than to touch my fancy—who, proud and high-bred as she is, condescends to recognise my native self beneath the dragoon's jacket, and to show her recognition in but too flattering fashion. By heaven, Vernon! the struggles I have had with a mad desire to throw myself at her feet, tell her who I was and am, and what I feel for her, are such as have taxed my self-restraint to the utmost!

“Knowing me as you do, you can well understand how the feeling of degradation, before but little noticed, has grown almost unbearable. Should the temptation become too strong—should I rashly betray myself—there are two prospects before me, both simply damnable. ‘Look you upon this picture, and on this;’ the one shows presumption withering beneath a glance—(such an eye she has, Vernon!)—me, poor, proud, snubbed, and crushed back into my corporal's jacket. The other—is it my vanity only that draws this one more flattering to itself?—but, in any case, what a scoundrel must I be to ask the woman I love to share such fortunes as mine, or to stoop and raise me! No, no! thank God I have some of the ancient pride yet, and should forgive myself in neither case.

“But I feel the conflict get perilous; therefore, Vernon, I adjure you, by our ancient alliance, to be ready, on

getting notice from me, to put the necessary machinery in motion with the powers that be, for my release from this painted thralldom. Fear not for me—where there's a will there's a way—the world shall be mine oyster, though not to be opened with a cavalry sabre; and a word from your potent relative at the Horse Guards will again let me loose on it. So never waste advice or remonstrance, but, like a true man, let that word be spoken when I request it. Thine as of old.”

This epistle Onslow folded, and addressed to “The Hon. M. Vernon, Ditting Hall, —shire,” and sealed it with a seal-ring he wore on his little finger. Then he put it carefully away, and, lighting a cigar, stretched his spur-clad heels across the fender, and smoked himself into a state sufficiently calm to justify his retiring to bed with a fair prospect of sleeping.

Orelia's head was filled that night with thoughts of the mysterious dragoon. The more she meditated on the incongruity between his manners and position, the more she was puzzled, and the more her curiosity was stimulated. He was like a well-written charade. In his person violent contradictions were reconciled so smoothly, and all seemed so fair and plain, that solution appeared an easy task; yet there he was, day after day, defying her ingenuity as imperturbably as ever. As curiosity and uncertainty were feelings that this impetuous young lady suffered with extreme impatience, she resolved to endeavour, during the ride of the next morning, to lead the conversation in a direction which might tend to the solution of the riddle.

Accordingly, the next day, when the hour for the riding lesson was at hand, she descended the stairs, her head filled with cunning designs for entrapping Onslow into revelations of his early life and education, and reasons for enlisting in the army; and flattered herself that, by the exercise of these wiles, and a little imaginative skill to connect the scraps of information thus obtained, she might succeed in “plucking out the heart of his mystery.”

The horses were at the door, and Rosa was mounted, but in place of the Corporal there stood a huge bulky dragoon, with high shoulders, a round face, and a wide mouth, who stared at her, as he saluted, with eyes about as expressive as his boots.

"Tindal has sent a note," said Bagot, "to say he is sorry that Onslow cannot be spared; but he thinks Sergeant Cumbermare will be found equally serviceable." In fact, Tindal had discovered that some of

his young hands were terribly in want of riding drill, and that nobody but Onslow could administer it.

Orelia bestowed on the unhappy Cumbermare a glance so full of scorn, that Rosa expected to see that warrior wither away and sink down into his boots. Then, putting out her lip, she said, "I shall not ride to-day;" and, sweeping round majestically, she re-entered the house; while Rosa, in order that the Sergeant's feelings might not be injured, set out upon a solitary ride.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

THE craving after positive and material knowledge among the masses of the English and American people is every day making itself more manifest in the productions of the press. Large books and small stream from the publisher's warehouse, laden with the wonders of natural knowledge; while the periodical literature, from the weekly *Household Words* and *Leisure Hours* to the heavier *Quarterlies*, find it their interest to minister to the public craving. Two things, indeed, appear remarkable, when we compare the literature of our own time with that of our grandfathers, and much more with the times of Addison and Johnson: *first*, that the positive has obtained such a hold upon the modern mind; and, *second*, that the most distinguished men in the walks of science do not now disdain to render their most abstruse knowledge and discoveries comprehensible to the popular understanding. The same pen which to-day addresses itself to the purely philosophic world in the discussion of a recondite question in natural science, is seen to-morrow committing to paper the most elementary demonstrations for the instruction of the general multitude, or for the use of the primary school. The severe logic of the philosopher is exchanged for the florid imagery of manifold illustration, and the charms of literary style and of artistic embellishment are added to

the accuracy of the highest knowledge, that the eye and ear may aid in conveying to the educated masses not only exact ideas upon subjects of natural science, but an appreciation in some sort of the beauty which invests them, and of the singularly interesting links of connection by which its various departments are held together. The botanists, and especially the botanical physiologists, whose researches possess a wonderful interest to those who are in a moderate degree familiar with them, have especially distinguished themselves among the popularisers of positive knowledge. Two names of high standing in England and Germany—Lindley and Schleiden—are found among this class of writers. To laborious, systematic works, like the *Vegetable Kingdom* of the former, both have added purely popular works, like *The Plant: a Biography*, of the latter. And it is not to be denied that both have succeeded in investing their more popular productions with attractions which have tended at once to exalt physiological botany in general estimation, and to awaken a fondness for natural knowledge in the minds of many previously uninterested readers.

The Plant of Schleiden contains a series of full-length *plant-pictures*, for which original sketches, so to speak, may be found in hundreds in the work of Lindley. But they are pictures, at the same time, which could

1. *The Vegetable Kingdom*. By JOHN LINDLEY. Second Edition. London, 1847.

2. *The Plant: a Biography*. By M. J. SCHLEIDEN. Translated by ARTHUR HUMFREY, F.L.S., &c. Second Edition. London, 1853.

only have been finished by one whose mind was full of their subjects, and out of that fulness could paint in the parts and details, of which, to the uninitiated, the brief touches and technical language of Lindley convey no idea. Thus, to the order *Cactaceæ*, or Indian figs, Lindley devotes one page of scientific, and less than another of general description; while Schleiden, in the book before us, gives a whole lecture to the "Cactus tribe," in which description is heaped upon description, picture upon picture, and fact upon fact, with the view of familiarising the mind in some degree with the peculiarities and uses of this singular tribe of plants, and of their effect upon the natural landscape and life-sustaining capabilities of a country. And so the plants which yield a milky sap, such as those from which the caoutchouc of commerce is obtained, form the subject of another lecture, in which the peculiarities of this tribe are explained in an equally full and interesting detail. But to treat all the orders of vegetables in such a manner would be tiresome and unsatisfactory in the extreme, even should there be no objection in the great bulk to which the descriptions would necessarily swell. And so the reader, after treating himself to the single popular volume of Schleiden, finds it a relief to turn again to the brief sketches and hints of Lindley, and from a single page to gather the outlines of a vegetable picture, which he finds it a pleasant exercise, to the best of his ability, to fill up for himself.

The Plant of Schleiden, however, is, in many respects, a striking book, and will well repay the perusal of almost every reader. The edition before us, which is the second, contains fourteen lectures, in most of which we have met with things either altogether new to us, or placed in a novel point of view. We shall select a few of these, and place them before our readers.

The first lecture is on the structure of the eye and the microscope, preparatory to the second, on the internal structure of the plant, which has only of late years been determined by the aid of this instrument. In this department of structural botany Schleiden himself occupies a high rank, and what

he says in reference to it is clear, simple, and decided. The cell is the germ of the plant. It is a living organism, rather, having an independent life of its own, giving birth, indeed, as a mother, to other cells like itself, and thus building up the full-grown plant. All living vegetating cells consist, in their walls, of a double layer. A firm colourless outer one, the proper cell membrane, covers a semi-fluid, viscid, somewhat yellowish substance, which constitutes the inner coat of the cell. The proper cell-wall is formed of *cellulose*, which consists only of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. The semi-fluid inner vestment contains also nitrogen. It is called by Mohl the primordial utricle, and is intimately connected with the life of the cell.

"We may regard the cell as a little independent organism, living for itself alone. It imbibes fluid nutriment from the surrounding parts, out of which, by chemical processes which are constantly in action in the interior of the cell, it forms new substances, which are partly applied to the nutrition and growth of its walls, partly laid up in store for future requirements, partly again expelled as useless, and to make room for the entrance of new matters. In this constant play of absorption and excretion, of chemical formation, transformation, and decomposition of substances, especially consists the life of the cell, and, since the plant is nothing but a sum of many cells united into a definite shape, also the life of the whole plant."—*Schleiden*, p. 45.

The plant is an accumulation of such cells, in each of which, while young, molecular movement and chemical change are continually going on. The growth of the plant is simply the multiplication of such cells, and this sometimes takes place with such marvellous rapidity, that, in a rapidly-growing fungus, the *Bovista gigantea*, as many as twenty thousand new cells are formed every minute! As they grow and accumulate, these cells press each other into flattened or hexagonal, or into elongated forms, which lengthen into tubes, and their inner walls thicken in various ways, and after different patterns. Some of these tubes are filled with solid and fluid matters of peculiar kinds, while others become gradually filled with

air, and are distinguished by the name of vessels, or air-vessels. Only in the external layer of the plant, (the covering of the leaves and stem,) the cells are united together with more firmness, and are covered with a coating of wax or resin, which is impenetrable to fluids. In this outer layer exist those interesting orifices—called stomates or mouths—by which the inner plant communicates with the outer air, and draws in from it that wondrous form of aerial nourishment, which is fixed into the solid oak of vast forests by the hidden chemistry of the living cell.

One of the most strange accidents, as we may term it, of these little living things, is their power not merely of multiplication, but of reproducing new cells, which develop constantly and uniformly, for thousands of years, into the same external forms. By what incomprehensible instinct does that minute microscopic cell, all unaided, pick up and select its food, and arrange its materials so as to present us at last with a perfect double of the graceful palm or of the queenly Victoria, or of the gigantic Baobab? The microscope in the hands of Mohl and Schleiden has detected the cell and separated its walls, and they have rejoiced in the discovery of the *primordial utricle*; but what amount of real knowledge as to the early plant-life have they obtained or given us? They have only heightened the wonder, mystery, and incomprehensibility of vegetable reproduction, by showing us that all this power lies in a particle too minute for the unaided eye to detect. The more closely, in fact, we press nature, in every department, to disclose herself to us, the more hidden does the unknown become; and the more our wisdom seems to grow, the deeper and darker our ignorance appears at the same time to become.

In those plants called *Phanerogamic*, or evident-flowered, the reproductive cell, called the *pollen*, is produced upon a peculiarly changed leaf, called a *stamen*. For the development of this cell, it is necessary that it should enter into a special receptacle, called the *germen*, by a small orifice, called the *stigma*. Now, in order that this entrance may take place, it is necessary that the pollen

should be ready to fall when the stigma is ready to receive it, and that it should fall on the exact mouth of the opening; and in most cases this conjunction of circumstances happily takes place, and fructification is secured. But in plants called *Diœcious*, (double-housed,) in which the male and female organs are produced upon different plants, the possibility of the required conjunction appears to be dependent upon the *accidental* winds of heaven, which in the desert, for example, carry the pollen of the date-palm on their wings to the stigma of the female tree. And in other plants—such as the orchid—the organs are often so irregularly constructed, that it is impossible that the pollen should reach the stigma in a natural manner. But here, again, fructification is secured by what appears, in one aspect, an accidental circumstance, and, in another, a preconcerted and pre-arranged contrivance through the medium of insects. To each grain of the pollen a portion of a glutinous matter is attached, which causes it to adhere to the insect in search of honey, which, in roving from flower to flower, carries unknowingly the pollen of the so-called male plant to the stigma of the female, and thus causes the perpetuation of these singular vegetable forms. In cases like these, who can define the limits of the intended, the certain, and the accidental? What new dark lines present themselves, the more minutely we examine the very light itself, which the progress of science throws over the kingdoms of nature!

“When a glutinous substance is produced along with the pollen of a plant, it is easily comprehended that the pollen must then necessarily adhere to the bees; and it is certainly simplest and most natural to assume that, in their subsequent roving, this pollen becomes merely *accidentally* deposited in its right place. That a rivulet should play in little ripples, and thus bring the pollen of water-plants floating on it to the expectant female flower—that the wind which bears along the hot sand of the Sahara should carry about the light pollen of the date-palm—these are, of course, natural events, and depend upon invariable laws of nature. And yet, when we look at the phenomena as a whole, we can

neither repel nor answer the questions that press upon us. What has the wind to do with the date harvest of Bileduljerid, and with the sustenance of millions of men? Knows the inanimate wave, which bears the cocoa-nut to far and uninhabited islands, on the shores of which it shall germinate, that thus it paves the way to the further diffusion of the human race? What cares the gall-fly that on its activity depends the fig trade of Smyrna, and the food and support of thousands of human beings? Or does the beetle, whose theft facilitates the increase of the Kamschatkan lily, imagine that their bulbs shall be the means to save the whole population of Greenland from starvation in the following hard winter? If all this is the result of insubstantial natural laws, whence this wonderful interdependence and connection of subordinate forces, to bring to pass events which have so deep an influence on the history of humanity? We do indeed see into the mechanism of the puppet; but who holds the strings, and directs all its motions to *one purpose*? Here closes the office of the naturalist, and, instead of answering, he turns from the world of space and lifeless matter upward to where, in holy anticipation, we seek the Ruler of worlds."—*The Plant*, p. 74.

Equally mysterious is what is called the morphology of plants, and even more unsatisfactory our knowledge of the forms, development, and functions of their several parts. How strange it sounds to the common ear,

"That the grateful juicy part of a strawberry is but a portion of the *flower-stalk*, while the actual fruit is the little inedible granules; on the other hand, that in a raspberry we eat a quantity of little genuine fruits, (the *carpels*,) which have become fleshy and succulent, while the same portion of the stem which delighted our palate in the nearly-allied strawberry is here represented by the little white spongy cone; that in the apple we eat a part of the *flower-stalk*; in the cherry, part of a *leaf*; and that, in the nut and almond, we devour a whole diminutive plant—root, stem, leaves, and buds."

So different are the forms and functions of similar parts!

In like manner—

"To those who have never been accustomed to look through the modes of external appearance into the essential internal connection of the variations of form, it will indeed seem paradoxical to say,

that the globular, furrowed, fleshy cactus, with its splendid blossom, is properly nothing but a tropical gooseberry bush; that the palm-like stem of the *Dracaenas*, often thirty feet high, with mighty bunches of great lily-flowers, belongs to exactly the same circle of forms and development as our plain-looking garden asparagus; that the wild mallow, creeping over and adorning all the banks of our country lanes, is far more nearly allied to the old giant-stemmed Baobab, which has lived to six thousand years on the west coast of Africa, than to the wild poppy growing beside it; and yet all this is undoubtedly true."

The repulsive, prickly, horrid, and leafless cactus only a tropical gooseberry bush! The power of looking through external forms leads to such unexpected analogies as this. And then what a singularity this cactus is in vegetable nature! How varied its graceless forms; how contrasted with these the brilliant beauty of its nightly blossoming flowers; how limited its geographical distribution; how peculiar its organisation; and yet how manifold its uses! Distinguished by an extraordinarily fleshy stem, clothed with a greyish green, leathery cuticle, and beset, in place of leaves, with tufts of hair and pointed spines—

"The torch-thistles rise, in the form of nine-angled or often round columns, to a height of thirty or forty feet, mostly branchless, but sometimes ramifying in the strangest ways, and looking like candelabra. The Indian figs are more humble; their oval, flat branches, arranged upon one another on all sides, produce special forms. The lowest and thickest torch-thistles connect themselves with hedgehog and melon-cactuses, with their projecting ribs, and thus lead us to the almost perfectly globular *Mammillarias*, which are covered very regularly with fleshy warts of various heights. Finally, there are forms in which the growth in the longitudinal direction prevails, which, with long, thin, often whip-like stems, like that of the serpent-cactus, so often cultivated here, hang down from the trees upon which they live as parasites."—*The Plant*, p. 216.

This strange cactus family is limited, as an aboriginal production, to the American continent, its geographical range is confined to 40° north and 40° south latitude. In the Pampas it gives the land its peculiar character. For

verdure of our happier climes, we have the pale, grey-green, melancholy forms of this tribe of plants, horrid with threatening thorns; while in the plains of Mexico they spread undisturbed over the bare and naked *Tierra Caliente*, and where, under the older civilisation of the Incas, industrious husbandmen laboured a fruit-bearing soil. Linnæus was acquainted with only a dozen species, which he united together under the name of Cactus. We now know more than four hundred species, which are distributed into about ten genera. Almost all delight in a dry situation, and many of them in a dry sand, covered by scarcely a trace of vegetable mould, where they are exposed, besides, for three-fourths of the year, to the parching beams of an unclouded sun. And what is remarkable, notwithstanding, they all contain a vast amount of watery juice, as if even from the arid sand and the suffocating air they had the art of extracting an abundant moisture.

"This peculiarity gives them inestimable value to the fainting traveller; and Bernardin de St Pierre has aptly called them the 'springs of the desert.' The wild ass of the Llanos, too, knows well how to avail himself of these plants. In the dry season, when all animal life flees from the glowing Pampas, when cayman and boa sink into death-like sleep in the dried-up mud, the wild ass alone, traversing the steppe, knows how to guard against thirst; cautiously stripping off the dangerous spines of the *Melocactus* with his hoof, and then in safety sucking the cooling vegetable juice."—*The Plant*, p. 217.

This beneficent quality the Cactus owes to its being covered with a thick leathery cuticle, which is poreless and impenetrable to water. What these plants take up in the period of rain, they retain in their succulent tissue for their support and refreshment during the rainless season. We have the same wise provision in a less degree in our apples and potatoes. These are covered by a thin layer of almost impervious cork, which prevents them from drying up or withering when collected for preservation. Hence the potato can be kept for months at a tempera-

ture of 86° Fahr. without losing more than three per cent of its weight.*

And beneath its singular and repulsive appearance, the Cactus conceals a capacity for manifold economic uses. Not only do its flowers delight by their rare beauty, and its succulent juices refresh in the parched desert, but nearly all its species bear edible fruits, some of which are among the most delightful refreshments of the hot zones in which they ripen.

"Almost all the larger *Opuntias*, known by the name of Indian figs, furnish, in the West Indies and Mexico, a favourite desert fruit; and even the little rose-red berries of the *Mammillarias*, which with us are tasteless, have, beneath the tropics, a pleasant, acidulated, sweet juice. We may say, in general terms, that their fruit is a nobler form of our native gooseberry and currant, to which also they are the nearest allies in a botanical point of view. Succulent as is the stem of most of the Cacti, yet, in the course of time, they perfect in it a wood as firm as it is light. This is especially the case in the tall columnar species of *Cereus*, the old dead stems of which, after the decay of the grey-green rind, remain erect, their white wood standing ghost-like among the living stems, till a benighted traveller seizes it in that scantily-wooded region, to make a fire to protect him from the mosquitoes, to bake his maize-cake, or burns it as a torch to light up the dark tropical night. It is from the last use that they have obtained their name of torch-thistles. These stems, on account of their lightness, are carried up on mules to the heights of the Cordilleras, to serve as beams, posts, and door-sills in the houses; as, for instance, in the mayoral of Antisana, perhaps the highest inhabited spot in the world, (12,604 feet.) Just as their allies, the gooseberry-bushes, are used by our country people to form hedges to their gardens, are the *Opuntias* in Mexico, on the west coast of South America, and in the southern part of Europe, and with greater success in the Canaries. Their firm, shapeless branches soon interweave themselves into an impenetrable barrier, opposing, by their dreadful spines, an insuperable obstacle to the intruder. Lastly, the medicine-chest does not go away empty, for the physicians of America make abundant use of the acid juice for fomentations in inflammations, and give the boiled fruit in affections of the chest."—*The Plant*, p. 218.

* Johnston's *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*, 6th edit., p. 329.

The Cactus has also its indirect uses. Among these we may mention the property possessed by the *Opuntia tuna* in Mexico, and the *Opuntia coccinellifera*, of nourishing an insect of great commercial importance.

"This is the cochineal insect, (*Coccus cacti*), a little insignificant creature, externally very like the little, white, cottony parasite, which is so often found upon the plants in our hothouses, and yet, through the invaluable colouring matter it contains, so infinitely different from it. Formerly the culture of cochineal was confined to Mexico alone, and the government took care to keep it secret. In the year 1725 there were animated debates in Europe as to whether the cochineal was an insect or the seed of a plant. Thierry de Menonville carried it, at the peril of his life, to the French colony of St Domingo in 1785. It was also introduced into the Canaries, through Berthelot, in 1827. In recent times, successful experiments in its culture have been made even in Corsica and in Spain. But although it is now abundantly raised in Brazil and the East Indies, Mexico still produces the greatest quantity and the finest kind. According to Alexander von Humboldt, the export of cochineal from Oaxaca alone is now valued at £500,000—an enormous sum, if we recollect that a pound costs about thirty shillings, and contains some seventy thousand insects."—*The Plant*, p. 219.

But we must leave this tribe, so remarkable for its external forms, and turn to others which are equally so for the substances which they internally produce. There are three great families, the Spurge-worts, (*Euphorbeaceæ*), the Nettle-worts, (*Urticaceæ*), and the Dogbanes, (*Apocynaceæ*), which, though differing very widely in a botanical sense, yet agree remarkably in the production of a milky sap, such as is seen to flow from the broken stem of a lettuce that has run to seed, or from the broken flower-stalk of a dandelion. This sap, in all the three families, contains more or less caoutchouc in small globules floating in a colourless fluid. In some the sap is so rich in this substance that it is collected and dried for the manufacture of caoutchouc. Such is the

case with the *Siphonia elastica* among the Spurges, from which, in South America and in Guiana, a large quantity of India-rubber (the bottle India-rubber) is obtained and shipped to Europe, and with the *Cynanchum ovalifolium*, amongst the Dogbanes, which yields the best caoutchouc at present known, that from Pulo-Penang. That which comes from Sumatra also, and from Madagascar, and part of that which we draw from the East Indies and from Brazil, are derived from different trees belonging to the Dogbane group. Of these the most important to the Indian Archipelago is probably the *Urceola elastica*, a climbing plant of rapid growth and gigantic dimensions, one of which, by tapping, will yield annually from fifty to sixty pounds. Then among the Nettle-worts—so varied in form as to include our humble Pellitory of the wall, our nettles, our common cultivated hemp, and our graceful hop, with the aromatic mulberry, the sweet fig, and the not less stately than useful bread-fruit—among these—

"An elegant tree, the *Holquahuil* of the Mexicans, or *Ule di Papanla* of the Spaniards, (*Castilloa Elastica*), furnishes the caoutchouc of New Spain, while the inconceivable quantities of this substance now brought from the East Indies are collected in great part from the venerable fig-trees in which that Asiatic tropical world is so rich. On a trunk of giant girth, but seldom more than fifteen feet high, rests the enormous crown of the banyan or holy fig, (*Ficus religiosa*;) the branches often run a hundred feet horizontally out from the trunk, sending down to the ground, at various intervals, long straight roots, which quickly penetrate and take firm hold, thus becoming props to the long branches. These wonderful trees, each one resembling a small wood, are dedicated to the god Fo; and the helpless, lazy Bonze builds his hut, not unlike a bird-cage, in its branches, in which he passes the day, sometimes asleep, sometimes dreaming in contemplative indolence, in the pleasant cool shade. These great fig-trees, (*Ficus religiosa*, *indica*, *benjaminea*, L., *elastica*, Roxb.,) have sweet fruits, and their milk-sap contains the interesting caoutchouc."*

* Although, after its application to the water-proofing of garments, the consumption of caoutchouc gradually increased, the importation into the United Kingdom in 1830 appears not to have been more than 50,000 lb. In 1842 the import of this article had increased to between 700,000 and 800,000 lb. Up to the present time the consump-

But in all the families, also, this milk-juice often tempers down into a sweet, agreeable-flavoured, apparently nutritious fluid, which is used in various countries, as we do our common cows' milk. Hence the name of *Cow trees*, given to several species of these peculiar families. Thus the *Tabayba dolce*, (*Euphorbia balsamifera*, Ait.) one of the spurge-works, yields a juice which is similar to sweet milk, and which, when thickened into a jelly, is eaten as a delicacy by the inhabitants of the Canary Islands. So also the *Hya Hya* (*Tabernomontana utilis*, Arn.) of British Guiana, one of the dogbanes, is rich in a white and milky sap, which has a pleasant flavour, and is taken by the savages as a refreshing drink.* "Still more pleasant, probably, is the juice of another of these dogbanes, the Ceylon cow-tree, or Kiriaghuma, (*Gymneura Lactiferum*, Rob. Br.) which, according to Burman's narrative, the Cingalese use exactly as we do milk." Of the nettles, also, several yield a similar harmless juice. The most remarkable of these is the *Palo de vacca*, or *Arbol de leche*, the cow-tree of South America, (*Galactodendron utile*), first made known to us by Humboldt. "When a tolerably large incision is made into the trunk of this tree, a white, oily, fragrant, and sweet fluid very similar to milk gushes out, in a sufficient quantity to refresh and satisfy the hunger of several persons."

But the most interesting and often wonderful circumstance connected with these milk-saps is, that in certain species of all the three families they degenerate, as we may call it, into most deadly poisons. Among the spurge-works, the most curious in

this respect is the *Jatropha Manihot*. This is a shrub about eight feet high, which is cultivated for food all over the tropical world. The root often weighs 30 lb., and is full of venomous juice, which, if taken internally, or introduced into a wound, produces death; and yet, when grated, washed, and dried on a hot plate, it yields the well-known edible cassava. Schleiden thus speaks of it:—

"Throughout all the hotter part of America, the culture of the *Mandioc-root* (*Jatropha manihot*) is one of the most important branches of husbandry. The native savages and the Europeans, the black slave and free man of colour, alike substitute for our white bread and rice the *Tapiocca* and the *Mandiococa farinha*, or cassava-meal, and the cakes prepared from it, (*pan de tierra caliente* of the Mexicans,) which are all obtained from that most poisonous plant. The sweet *Yuca*, (*Yuca dulce*), which is the name applied there to the mandioc plant, must be distinguished from the sour or bitter kind, (*Yuca amara*.) The former, which is cultivated with great care, may be eaten at once, without danger; while the latter, eaten fresh, is an active poison. They serve the uncivilised son of the South American tropics for food, and we will watch him for a moment in his haunt. In a dense forest of Guiana the Indian chief has stretched his sloping mat between two high stems of the magnolia, he rests indolently smoking beneath the shade of the broad-leaved banana, gazing at the doings of his family around. His wife pounds the gathered mandioc-roots with a wooden club in the hollowed trunk of a tree, and wraps the thick pulp into a compact net made from the tough leaves of the great lily-plants. The long bundle is hung upon a stick, which rests on two forks, and a heavy stone is fastened to the bottom, the weight of which causes

tion of India-rubber has prodigiously increased. One port alone in South America is said now to send to Great Britain nearly 4000 cwt. annually, and one establishment at Greenwich to destroy by distillation 8 cwt. daily. To the large consumption in the United Kingdom, and on the European continent, we must add that of America, where the application of caoutchouc has been much more general and successful even than in our own country.—*Reports of the Juries of the Great Exhibition*, p. 591.

Gutta-percha somewhat resembles caoutchouc, and, though less elastic, promises to rival it in application to manifold uses. It was first brought into public notice in 1843; in 1845, 20,600 lb. were already imported; this had increased in 1848 to above 3,000,000 lb., and, during the last four years, the importation has continually augmented. It is the produce of the *Isonandra gutta*, a tree belonging to the *Sapotaceae*, an order distinguished also by its milky juice, and nearly allied to the Dogbanes.

* Lindley describes this as one of those Cow trees of Central America, which pour forth a copious stream of thick, sweet, innoxious milk.

the milky juice to be pressed out. This runs into a shell of the calabash gourd (*Crescentia cujete*), placed beneath. Close by squats a little boy, and dips his father's arrows in the deadly milk, while the wife lights a fire to dry the pressed roots, and by heat to drive off more completely the volatile poisonous matter. Next, it is powdered between two stones and the cassava-meal is ready. Meanwhile the boy has completed his evil task; the sap, after standing some considerable time, has deposited a delicate white starch, from which the poisonous fluid is poured off. The meal is then well washed with water, and is the fine white tapioca, resembling in every respect arrow-root. In a similar, more or less skilful, manner, are the mandioca and tapioca everywhere prepared."—*The Plant*, p. 192.

To the spurges also belongs the famous manchineel-tree, a drop of the milky juice of which falling on the skin burns like fire, forming an ulcer often difficult to heal, and which is reputed so poisonous that persons are said to have died by merely sleeping under its shadow. But the dogbanes again rival the spurges by producing the terrible *Wourari* poison, which the dwellers on the Orinoco concoct from the juice of one dogbane, (*Echites suberecta*), and the bark of another (*Strychnos guianensis*). Dipping his arrows in the deadly preparation, "the savage steals upon his unoffending foe, who is perhaps busy in preparing a dainty meal from the newly-killed deer. No rustling noise betrays the practised foot that comes gliding on—no eye perceives, through the dense thicket, the deadly reed, from which, impelled by a strong puff of the mouth alone, the winged messenger of death noiselessly and surely reaches, even at a distance of thirty paces, the unwarned and defenceless victim, who from the slightest wound in a few minutes expires in convulsions." Nor are the poisons of the nettle tribe less associated with romance. The famed upas-tree represents the nettles, and in its history are concentrated the elements of all that is strange and fearful in romance. Of the wonderful things that have been said of it, the following extract gives a summary view:—

"In the 16th century, stories circulated about the Macassar poison-tree of Celebes; and physicians and naturalists came

gradually to tell of the action of the poison. The description of its qualities had become so terrible, that if the smallest quantity entered the blood, not only immediate death resulted, but its action was so fearfully destructive, that within half an hour afterwards the flesh fell from the bones. The first description of the tree was given by Neuhof in 1682. Dreadful as the poison is represented to be by this old author, his accounts are free from the gloomy fables which subsequent writers promulgated. At the end of the 17th century, Gervaise asserted, that merely to touch or smell the tree was fatal; and in Camel (1704) we find the story, that the vapour from the tree destroyed everything living for a considerable distance around, and that the birds which settled on it died, unless they immediately ate the seeds of the nux vomica, by which, indeed, their lives were saved, but with the loss of all their feathers. Before this time, Argensola (*Conquista de las Islas Molucas*) had told of a tree in the neighbourhood of which every one fell asleep, and, if he approached on the west side, died; while if he came to it on the east side, that very sleep shielded him from the deadly action. It was now said, also, that the collection of the poison was committed solely to criminals whose lives were forfeited, and who escaped their punishment if they successfully completed their task. From Rumph we learned that the poison-tree is also met with in Sumatra, Borneo, and Bali, as well as in the Celebes. But the Dutch surgeon Försch first spread the wild tales of the poison-tree of Java about the end of the 18th century. His letter upon it appeared originally in 1781, and, after a time, was translated into almost every European language, its contents being received into all the manuals of natural history and geography. The Commissioners of the Batavian Society, Van Rhyn and Palm, gave a very different report in 1789, for they not only declared that all Försch's narratives were false, but wholly denied the existence of such a poison-tree in Java. Staunton, Barrow, and Labillardière, expressed similar opinions; while, on the other hand, Deschamp, who sojourned in Java several years, declared that the upas occurred pretty frequently in the district of Palembang, but that there was no more danger in its vicinity than in that of any other poisonous plant. In 1712 the cautious and sober Kämpfer added, in his ample account of the poison-tree of Celebes, 'but who could repeat anything after an Asiatic, without mixing up fables in his statement!' Nevertheless, the more recent researches of Lechenault

(1810,) of Dr Horsfield (1802-18,) and, lastly, of Blume, have fully confirmed the accuracy of all the different reports, and shown us how the confounding and mingling of very distinct things gave rise to all those certainly partly fabulous narratives."—*The Plant*, p. 202.

The admixture of fable and truth which characterised all these early descriptions arose from confounding the deadly qualities of two very different trees, which grow side by side amid the luxuriance of the Japanese forest. The one is a climbing shrub, belonging to the dogbanes, from the roots of which the *upas radia*, or sovereign poison, is prepared. The other is a tall cylindrical tree, with a tender and easily wounded bark, the milky sap of which produces immediate and dangerous ulcers. This sap is the ready-made poison so widely known, and which is especially employed in poisoning arrows. From Schleiden's description of a Javanese forest we take the following passage:—

"All is full of animal life, a strong contrast to the desert and silent character of many of the primeval forests of America. Here a twining, climbing shrub, with a trunk as thick as one's arm, coils round the columns of the dome, overpassing the loftiest trees, often quite simple and unbranched for a length of a hundred feet from the root, but curved and winding in the most varied forms. The large, shining green leaves alternate with the long and stout tendrils with which it takes firm hold, and greenish-white heads of pleasant-smelling flowers hang pendant from it. This plant, belonging to the dogbanes, is the *Tjettok* of the natives, (*Strychnos Tienté*, Lesch.), from the roots of which the dreadful *Upas radia*, or sovereign poison, is concocted. A slight wound from a weapon poisoned with this—a little arrow made of hardwood, and shot from the blow-tube, as by the South Americans—makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions. The shrub itself is harmless, and he whose skin may have been touched with its juice need fear no consequences. As we go forward, we meet with a beautiful slender stem, which overtops the neighbouring plants. Perfectly cylindrical, it rises sixty or eighty feet, smooth, and without a branch, and bears an elegant hemispherical crown, which proudly looks down on the more humble growths around. and the many climbers struggle around. Woe to him who heed-

lessly should touch the milk-sap that flows abundantly from its easily-wounded bark. Large blisters, painful ulcers, like those produced by our poisonous sumach, only more dangerous, are the inevitable consequences. This is the *Antiar* of the Javanese, the *Pohon upas* (signifying the poison-tree) of the Malays, the *Ipo* of Celebes and the Philippines, (*Antiaris toxicaria*, Lesch.) From it comes the common upas, (*Anglicé* poison,) which is especially employed for poisoning arrows; a custom which appears to have extended formerly throughout all the Sunda Islands, but which is now, since the introduction of fire-arms, only to be met with among the savages of the rugged and inaccessible mountains of the interior of the islands."—*The Plant*, p. 204.

To this common upas apply many of the legends of the early travellers; but the exaggerated reports as to the noxious properties of both poison-trees were mixed up, in Eastern minds, with equally exaggerated statements regarding another natural phenomenon of a not less rare and striking character. The mountains of Java are the seat of numerous volcanoes, which in modern times have been frequently in activity, producing numerous changes in the local surface, and extensive devastation. One consequence of the upheaval of the rocks so often seen in volcanic countries is the production of cracks and fissures, often of great length and width; the sinking of portions of the surface, so as to form valleys, sometimes only of small extent; the elevation of hills or mountains, &c., &c. Now, through the fissures thus produced a heavy kind of air, very generally known now to educated people by the name of *carbonic acid gas*, is found in volcanic countries to issue often in very large quantity. It does so near the living volcanoes of Italy and Sicily, but in still more marked quantity in the extinct volcanic region of Andernach and the Laacher See, on the left bank of the Rhine. Where this gas issues into caves or pits, it collects and forms an atmosphere which is fatal to animal life. Where it flows at once into the open air, it is generally carried off by the wind as fast as it appears, and so speedily mixed with the atmosphere as to produce no injurious effects. But if the locality in which it rises be low-lying, and sheltered from the passing breeze,

it may accumulate so as to form an atmosphere of a limited extent, in which no living thing can draw more than one single breath. Such a spot exists in Java; and in the days when the gas of which we have spoken was unknown, and its general evolution in volcanic countries not understood, it was no way surprising that the existence of this poison-valley should be connected with that of the poison-trees which grew at no great distance from it. It was natural both for the comparatively ignorant Eastern writer so to connect the marvellous effects of each, and for the intelligent European naturalist to copy some of their mistakes, which his defective science did not enable him to detect. Our author thus vividly describes the poisonous locality:—

“Leaving the thickets of the forest, and climbing a moderate hill, suddenly, in a narrow flat valley, a horrible wilderness, a true palace of death, spreads itself out before the eyes of the shuddering wanderer. No trace of thriving vegetation screens the naked sun-scorched earth. Skeletons of all kinds of animals bestrew the ground. There is it often seen how the terrible tiger, in the moment when he has seized his prey, is himself overtaken by destruction; how the bird of prey, hurrying to feed upon the fresh carcase, falls into the maw of death. Dead beetles, ants, and other insects lie in heaps around, and testify still more how apt the name, “Valley of Death,” or, “Poison Valley,” as these places are called by the natives. The formidable character of these localities is owing to exhalations from the soil, consisting of carbonic acid gas, which, on account of its weight, is a long time in diffusing itself through the air. Exactly as in the celebrated *Grotto del Cane* at Naples, in the vapour caves of Pyrmont, this gas causes inevitable death by asphyxia to all near the surface of the soil. Man alone, to whom God has given it to walk erect, traverses usually uninjured these deserted tracts, since the poisonous exhalations do not reach up to his head. As the natives of the Himalayas ascribed the difficulty of respiration experienced in the higher alpine passes, 15,000 and 16,000 feet above the sea, to the exhalations of poisonous plants, so were the terrible phenomena of the death-valleys connected with the action of the Antiar poison and the deadly touch of the Pohon upas; and it is natural that the legends should have gradually assumed their so frightful character, since, even up to the present time,

no antidote to those violent and rapidly-acting vegetable matters has been discovered.”—*The Plant*, p. 206.

A band of unlettered savages sets out on a religious pilgrimage to the crater of Galung Jung, the most remarkable of the Javanese volcanoes. On their way through the forest they dig up the root of the tjettek, and poison arrows for their defence as they traverse the woods, fierce with wild elephants and beasts of prey. Hastily proceeding, one of the party incautiously wounds the bark of the deadly antiar. His cries and sudden pain arrest his comrades, who crowd around him beneath the tree. A random arrow has grazed an upper branch, and the milky sap, exuding, drops on the naked shoulders of the gathered group. Again pains and cries alarm them, and all flee from the fearful tree. The infected soon lag behind, and are left to die, while the others hurry forward till the outskirts of the forest are reached. They walk in amazement over a field of skeletons and bodies half-decayed. An antelope rushes from the wood behind them, a tiger follows, and while each savage prepares his shooting reed, both animals drop dead before them. They rush across the bony space, and breathless pause beneath the first group of trees on its farther margin. They fling themselves on the naked earth to rest. Some, with face to the ground, sink instantly to sleep; others, on their backs, more slowly become motionless and insensible; while others again, who lie where a gentle breeze from the coast comes through the mephitic air, sink into natural slumbers, and awake refreshed. But their companions are beyond awakening, and a new terror seizes the survivors, when they find so many of their companions unaccountably bereft of life. The poisonous gas, now too shallow to arrest even the smaller quadrupeds, still spreads snake-like along the soil, and brings death to the reclining head. Returning from their unfinished journey, the sad and lessened band recount, in exaggerated words, to credulous Eastern ears, their disastrous experience. And thus in popular legends were naturally interwoven all the marvels of the fabled upas-tree—false in so far as they were ascribed to the agency of one natural

cause, yet all substantially true as descriptions of observed natural effects.

Thus, in tribes of plants far removed from each other in external structure and in botanical classifications, we find circulating a similar milky juice. Chemical analogies present themselves where structural analogies fail. And in each tribe this same juice exhibits itself, in some species, as an abundant source of useful varieties of caoutchouc; in others, as a pleasant and nutritious substitute for common milk; and in others, again, as a poison of the most deadly quality. And thus to all the diversities of outward form, which arrest and puzzle the morphologist not less than the ordinary observer of nature, are to be added endless diversities of internal substance, even among those which exhibit, as the milk-sap yielders do, the closest resemblance in their fluid contents.

And now, if from this excursion into the wide field of variety in plant-form and plant-substance, we turn back to our starting-point—to that minute microscopic cell from which, as the first beginning, each different plant-species arose—such reflections as these again irresistibly force themselves upon us. How incomprehensibly wonderful the mechanical powers with which these minute existences are gifted, that they should methodically proceed in their work of growth, adding cell to cell, until the finished operations end infallibly in a hoary cactus or a graceful palm! With what other chemical gifts, more subtle still, must they be endowed, that out of the same common plant-food they can form substances so diverse; now producing agreeable and nutritious food for man and beast, now yielding materials most valuable to the arts of life, and now ministering to the vilest passions of degenerate man, and arming him with the deadliest poisons! And lastly, in these minute cell-germs, to us apparently so simple in structure, and so little diverse, what inconceivable differences of structure must in reality exist, and how indelibly must these differences be impressed upon each reproductive cell, that from generation to generation should flow from it one and the same outward form only, made up of

exactly the same internal substances! In truth, it is only the rude and bulky in the structure of things that we are able, with all our instruments—that we are fitted or intended—to perceive. What we cannot perceive with the naked eye we call small; what our microscopes refuse to make clear, we describe as too minute for examination. But our ideas of magnitude have relation only to our own senses. Beings may exist to whom the minutest plant-cells seem large, and who can perceive and admire in them some of those peculiarities in structure and in chemical endowment which are so hidden and mysterious to us. Even we, too, may hope one day to attain to a small measure of the same capacity!

Other high questions press upon us in reference to these mother-cells. Are they sentient things, choosing to grow and propagate under particular conditions only? Why does the cactus limit its wandering to a zone of 80° in width, and to the plains and mountain heights of the Western Continent? Why do these wonderful milk-plants confine their most striking productions—their nourishing cow-trees, their priceless caoutchouc and gutta-percha yielders, and their terrible wourari and upas poisons—to the same fierce climates which nourish the stealthy tiger and the fatal snake? Where does each vegetable form choose to live?—within what limits, upon what soils, beneath what suns, and why? Then how do they live? On what common food do they exercise that incomprehensible chemical skill, compared to which the most refined synthetic jugglery of our laboratories is but child's-play and simplicity itself—elaborating from forms of matter, apparently few, and almost elementary, the thousand of rare combinations with which vegetable nature is crowded? For what purpose do they live? What relations, necessary and pre-arranged, do they bear to earth, air, water, to each other, to the animal races, and to man? What place does the plant—the cell, that is, which forms it—bear to the physics, the chemistry, and the physiology of the globe? We may hereafter be able to take up some of these questions.

RAMBLES IN SOUTHERN SCLAVONIA.

It is hard to say how so interesting, and, in some respects, valuable, a book of travels as these Slavonian Wanderings has, for a full year after publication, escaped notice at the hands of English reviewers. Published anonymously, its reputed author, Dr Neigebaur—from whose pen, we believe, there is no doubt of its having proceeded—displays a lightness of touch and flexibility of style not very usual amongst German writers of his class. His impartiality is another merit. Rambling over ground still red with the blood of Servian and Magyar, he avoids the temptation to which most writers on the same subject have yielded, and never descends into the partisan. With friends on both sides—dear and near ones in exile for Hungary's sake—he espouses the cause of neither of the two parties, but tells what he heard them say, and what he himself saw. Dr Neigebaur is a physician, and, if we are not misinformed, has held a consular appointment in Wallachia. What more nearly concerns his readers is, that he is an acute observer, an intelligent man, and that he set out upon his tour in Slavonia with a very competent knowledge of the Servian language and literature.

It is on board a Danube steamer, in sight of the fortress of Peterwardein, that the Doctor, manifestly a foe to preludes and verbiage, abruptly opens his book. A glance at the map shows that he is in the heart of the late battle-field. Scarcely a name in the neighbourhood but recalls a fight. Here is Cerevich, the scene of repeated skirmishes—here Kamenitz, where the Servians had their camp and trenches, stretching as far as Karlovitz, and beleaguering the Magyars in Peterwardein, the strongest, after Komorn, of Hungarian fortresses. And here, where the steamer stops, are the ruins of unhappy Neusatz. Dr Neigebaur had been recommended to lodge at "The White Ship;" and a little Jew boy, who, as he stepped

ashore, pounced, with hungry and imploring looks, upon the traveller's portmanteau, promised to conduct him thither.

"Are you able to carry that?" said I to the weakly lad, whose dress consisted of an old soldier's cap, laced with the imperial colours, of a threadbare Honved coat, to which fragments of the tricolor still clung, and of the ragged remnants of a pair of hussar trousers.

"Why not?" replied the boy, in a jargon which left no doubt as to his origin. "And were I not able, I still must do it; for I want to eat something to-day."

"Have you no parents to take care of you?" I asked.

"Parents?" replied the boy, taking my valise on his back, and preceding me. "A mother I have; they killed my father, just a year ago."

"And who killed him?"

"God knows. He went out early in the morning, and in the evening he was found dead outside the town. Who ever asked, in those days, by whom any one had been killed? particularly when the dead man was of our people. When a Hungarian met a Jew, he slew him, because he was friendly to the Servians; and when a Servian met him, he slew him too, because he was friendly to the Hungarians. Mother knew not what to do to find food for me and my three little sisters, and grieved sadly. Then came the fire; the house we lived in was burned to the ground, and all we had burned with it. The little we saved was taken from us in the night by soldiers—whether Croats or Hungarians, we knew not; and next morning, not as much as a crust of bread remained to us. Since then, my mother is ill, and can earn nothing; she lives with the little children in a village not far from here; and I go every day to the steam-boats to gain something, and take it to her."

"And do you earn something every day?" I inquired of this scarce

ten-year-old provider of a whole family.

" 'I must, sir,' was the reply; 'or we have no bread to eat. If there is nothing to be got at the steam-boat, I make something by taking cigars into the fort, for sale to the officers and soldiers. On each bundle I have four krenzers (three-halfpence) profit, and I sell three bundles a-day.'

" 'And is that enough to feed you all?'

" 'It must be enough; and, what is more, I have managed to lay by three florins since the beginning of the year. With them I will buy pipe-sticks and lucifer-matches; and when I can save a little more, I will buy thread, and laces, and cloth, and then things will do better.'

" The barefooted Jew boy struck me as a living type of his whole race. So often bowed down—so often broken—so often crushed by misfortune, the Jew may lose everything save that elasticity and energy of spirit which enable him again to begin where he before began—save that patience, by which he at last turns stones into bread, and stivers into ducats.

" A small causeway, on both sides of which the overflowings of the Danube have formed an extensive swamp, sprinkled here and there with willows, leads from the landing-place to a little island, scantily covered with grass, and thence to the town.

" 'Here's where we lived!' said the Jew boy, as we reached one of the first houses, of which four bare walls alone remained. 'Here, and in many other places, the fire broke out at the same time. That was a blaze! It began before daylight, and by noon the whole town was one flame. We saw it from a distance. The smoke extended many miles.'

" The few streets I had to traverse sufficed for me to appreciate the full extent of the misfortune that had overwhelmed the most flourishing and prosperous town of the Backa. The flames had not done their work superficially, and passed on after destroying a roof here, a staircase there, but had leisurely revelled in the work of destruction, gutting the houses from gable to basement, and utterly consuming everything that would burn. As far as the eye could reach through

the long broad streets, by which one still may see that Neusatz was not unjustly called the handsomest and pleasantest town on the lower Danube, not a roof was to be seen—nothing but the blackened holes where windows were, fallen masonry, calcined timbers.

" From the chief square, where the tottering old town-hall had alone escaped the conflagration, we turned into a side street, if, indeed, two parallel lines of ruins may be called a street. As if preserved by chance, in the midst of the rubbish a roof arises, that of a one-story house. A small blue sign-board announces that it is the inn I seek, the 'White Ship,' for the time being the best—because the only—hotel in Neusatz, and which originally had assuredly not been intended to receive travellers. The accident that saved it from the flames had elevated it from the obscurity of a wretched public-house, where poor peasants found a straw bed for themselves and their horses, to dignity and importance. I asked for a room, and, after being referred backwards and forwards to several persons, was at last shown into a damp chamber, next to the stable, just large enough to contain two frameworks of planks, which did duty as beds, and two straw chairs. Thus furnished, scarcely standing-place remained. Nevertheless, possession of this wretched lodging was not conceded to me until I had agreed to the price demanded—fully equal to the charge in the best Vienna hotels—and had further consented to share the narrow crib with a Turk, who had occupied it since the previous day.

" I dismissed my guide and began my ramble through the desolate town.

" My ramble! It was a dismal wandering in war's footsteps and over dreary ruins!"

Dr Neigebaur returned to the principal square. In its centre stood an old image of a saint; a few paces off was a one-storey house, falling into ruins. In front of it was heaped up a quantity of old iron, bars, hoops, window lattices and bells, and a few Heydukes sat idling upon charred beams. This was the old town-house, abandoned for years on account of its ruinous condition, but reoccupied by the chief magistrate when the tem-

porary building in which he awaited the construction of a new and magnificent hall was destroyed by the flames. Entering, the Doctor discerned, through grated windows to his right and left, emaciated, wretched figures. The town prison was here. As he stood, reflecting on the state of anarchy from which Hungary had hardly emerged, and on the misery it had left behind, the door of a cell opened, and a Heyduke led out a pale, fair-haired lad, some twelve years of age. His head and feet bare, scantily clad in a shirt and wide trousers, the boy seemed little affected by his position as prisoner, but with a bold step followed his conductor across the court and up a staircase to the apartment where the magistrate was trying criminal causes. What had this child done, was the natural inquiry. He was a Magyar, the doctor was informed: a fortnight previously, he had quarrelled with a Servian boy, and had stabbed him in the back with a pocket-knife. Such cases were common enough. Though Hungarian and Servian had been compelled to sheath the sword, their mutual hatred was still fierce and deadly—smouldering like the ashes of their burnt dwellings—and their children rarely came in contact without bloodshed.

Melancholy, indeed, was the aspect of Neusatz when the doctor perambulated its ruins. The spacious main street, once thronged and busy as a bazaar, was desolate and solitary. Only here and there had some tradesman or mechanic tried to establish himself in the ground floor of a house, and scarcely an effort had been made to remove the wreck and rebuild the dwellings. Yet this was the part of the town where most activity was found. In other streets the stillness of death prevailed. Two thousand houses lay in ruins. Fern and nettles grew in their courts, grass sprang up in the streets, moss covered the walls, ivy twined through doors and windows. Here were literally green fields and grassy hillocks, where stood, before the fire, well-filled granaries, warehouses of rich merchandise, and the dwellings of wealthy burgesses. Houses, granaries, all had disappeared; and their owners had either fallen in the fight or wandered forth into the

wide world. Of its twenty thousand inhabitants, Neusatz retained but six thousand, who dwelt in a few hundred cottages and peasants' huts, chiefly at the northern end of the city, suffering every privation, and a prey to all the diseases of that feverish climate, rendered doubly fatal by the crowded state of their abodes. Dr Neigebauer's account of the destruction of the town is a concise, lucid, and heart-rending narrative.

"A terrible day," he says, "was the 12th June 1849; terrible in its operations, lamentable in its results, and utterly devoid of all military advantages. When the Ban drew his army into an ever-narrowing circle around Peterwardein and Neusatz, those inhabitants of the latter place who were Servian in their opinions made up their minds to quit the town, and to sacrifice themselves to his designs. They were rich enough to put up with the loss of their houses, and to content themselves with rescuing their movable property, their silver and gold, their money and merchandise. The Ban appeared before Neusatz, to drive out the Hungarian garrison, and throw it back upon Peterwardein. Before the Servian portion of the townspeople had time to prepare for coming events, the Ban's advance entered the place, speedily followed by larger bodies of troops. The Servian inhabitants were informed that it was needless for them to quit the town, which in a few hours would be completely in the power of the Imperialists. Inexplicable it is how, at the Ban's headquarters, the fact was overlooked that the occupation of Neusatz could be but a very precarious gain, since the whole town was commanded by the batteries of Peterwardein, whose Hungarian garrison, there could not be the slightest doubt, would do everything in its power to compel the Croats to retreat. When the Ban's troops entered, that part of the population which was Magyar in its predilections left Neusatz, and withdrew, with the Hungarian garrison, to the Bridge Fors, as the *tête-du-pont* on the Neusatz side was called. The retreat—almost without resistance—of the Hungarian detachment, and the simultaneous emigration of the

Hungarian inhabitants, were sufficient to indicate that something extraordinary was in preparation. And in fact, towards three in the morning, the guns of Peterwardein began to pelt every part of the town with burning projectiles, which instantly set fire to it in several places. A wind, which just then sprang up, spread the flames from roof to roof, and in one hour's time a sea of fire raged through the streets. None had time to save property; bare life was more than all could rescue. In terror and anguish, the unhappy people thronged out at the gates, many finding death beneath the falling timbers upon the way. At the same moment the Hungarian garrison sallied from the bridge-head, and pressed into the burning city, now occupied only by the rearguard of the Croats. Hungarians and Croats broke into the deserted houses, and ravaged and plundered as long and as much as the rapidly augmenting conflagration permitted. Towards noon the town resembled a lake of fire, which vomited showers of sparks and embers as far as Peterwardein, alarming Kiss, who commanded there, for the safety of the fortress. Neusatz was not only burned down—it was also plundered. Whither its scared inhabitants betook themselves, who can tell? Many sought new homes in Croatia, Slavonia, Syrmia, in the towns of the Voivodina, and even in Belgrade and other parts of Servia.

"In Neusatz was the first and most powerful impulse given to the preservation of Servian nationality: from it was sent, to the Hungarian Diet, that deputation of citizens which included Kostich and Stratimirovich, and which demanded from the Hungarian lawgivers the enunciation of the words—'equality of rights.' On the 8th of April (1848) was this deputation greeted with *eljens* in the halls of the House of Representatives, and declared itself ready to sacrifice property and life for the Hungarian fatherland. On the same day Louis Kossuth declared that he recognised but one nation in Hungary—that of the Magyars; that the Servians and all others were but '*fajta*,' and must submit themselves to the former in the interest of the state, or else the

sword should decide. And thus was cast the die of that bloody game in which Neusatz was destined to be one of the greatest of the lost stakes."

Dearly, indeed, did Neusatz atone its forwardness for freedom; and harrowing is the picture sketched by Dr Neigebaur of the scenes he saw. In describing these, he not unfrequently hits upon expressions both apt and felicitous. Evening surprised him wandering and musing amidst the ruins, whose angular, irregular forms stood out strangely through the twilight against the dusky red of the western sky. In the swamps that now stagnated, where lately populous dwellings stood, the frogs croaked out their dismal night-song, and a cool wind rustled through the rank weeds that crowned the ruins. "Truly," says the Doctor, "a journey in the track of war is a pilgrimage through graveyards. But whilst the bodies of the slain rest in the cool earth or in the deep rivers, hidden by spring-flowers and by the murmuring waters, the carcasses of the towns and villages which war has trodden beneath its burning hoof, are entwined but not hidden by herbage; they become swamps, but are not overflown by the waves. Like the unburied corpses of murdered men, they lie by the wayside, and stretch their shattered limbs continually to heaven." Darkness surprised the Doctor still absorbed in his reflections, and he had difficulty in finding his way through the labyrinth of ruins. He looked in vain for the blue sign-board of the White Ship, when suddenly he distinguished, through the fast-deepening gloom, a female figure, clad in squalid rags, seated on a fallen stone—her long hair floating in the breeze, and her head resting on both hands, as she vacantly gazed at the last streak of sunset. "I thought," he says, "of the mourners of ancient days, and of the widows who sat by the graves of their husbands, awaiting, in mute despair, the hour of death." He asked the woman what she did there.

"I have just come home," was her answer, "and sit here a while, before lying down to rest."

In some surprise, the traveller inquired if she lived *there*.

"'That is my house,' she replied; 'and, though nothing remains of it but those few stones, still it is my house—and yonder, under the elder-bush, is my bed. Certainly I have known better times here, when I did not think that I should ever come to daily labour for a bit of bread; but since it has so come to pass, I will bear it; but I will not leave my house—I must protect it from the Magyars. Have you heard, sir, that this night the Magyars mean to burn down Neusatz again?'"

The poor soul was crazed. For want of a better guide, however, the Doctor asked her to show him the way to the inn. By day, she said, she would willingly have done so, but not at night. Had he not heard her say that she could not leave her house? What if her husband came home in her absence? They had loved each other long, and had been married but a week. He had marched out to the camp in front of St Thomas, and might return at any moment. But yonder lay the White Ship; and she pointed in a direction which the Doctor forthwith followed, shuddering and depressed as he thought how many a long month had elapsed since the butchery of St Thomas, and how little doubt could exist of the fate of the poor creature's husband. He found the inn, however, and, on the threshold of the damp crib allotted to his use, his Turkish chamber-fellow awaiting his arrival. The Luledschiah Usta Hassan, from Belgrade, proved conversible, and by no means a bad fellow. He had been for three weeks a rambler in the land of the Christian, seeking the red earth used to make pipe-bowls. Although his evening's stroll had saddened the Doctor's mood, he could not refuse his attention to the good-humoured Mussulman's narrative of his adventures amongst the Infidels, or decline his hospitable invitation to visit him when he should go to Belgrade. The Doctor was then on his way thither, but by short stages. Outside the works of Peterwardein, light peasant-carts were all day stationed, ready to transport travellers to Karlowitz, distant about a league.

"These little osier carts, which contain but three persons besides the

driver, played an important part in the enterprises of the Servians during the late war. In that army, not very well equipped, they supplied the place of cavalry; were used for speedy conveyance of troops, for the carrying out of rapid movements, in pursuit and for retreat. There were often hundreds of them drawn up near the camp. Was an attack to be made—the allotted detachment threw itself into the little one-horse vehicles, drove out of camp in the night, and appeared in the morning, suddenly and unexpectedly, in front of the enemy's position. Here the troops alighted—the carts were left in a wood behind bushes, or in a maize field—order of battle was formed, and the fight began. Often was the issue of an affair decided by these carts; partly through the unforeseen appearance of the Servians, and partly because they left the foe in doubt as to the strength of his opponents—as, for example, at Werschetz, where the Hungarians mistook the carts, concealed in a field of Indian corn, for a second Servian column, and were thereby withheld from pursuit."

In one of these wicker war-chariots Dr Niegobaur rode to Karlowitz, throwing off political and military sketches by the way, and thence proceeded by water to Semlin, the most convenient spot for carrying out his intention of crossing the Danube into Turkish territory. This intention was very nearly frustrated. A pass or permission was necessary, and the Doctor, ignorant of the strict measures then in force to prevent Hungarian refugees from escaping into Turkish territory, was unprovided in that respect. He knew no one in Semlin who could answer for him, but fortunately he bore about him a letter of introduction to the Servian general, Knicanin. This gave him credit with the Austrian commander at Semlin, and he got leave to go to Belgrade "for four-and-twenty hours." But the authorities were more easily propitiated than the elements. It blew a storm, and the Danube, which had not yet subsided since the spring rains, was in violent commotion. At noon the Austrian boatmen, who till then had sat rocking in their boats awaiting better weather, left the

shore, declaring it out of the question to get to Belgrade in such a tempest. A number of Servian merchants had previously quitted the landing-place, and but five or six persons remained still bent on effecting a passage. Amongst these were two ladies dressed in black, seemingly mother and daughter, who strongly excited Dr Niegebaur's curiosity and interest. At the commandant's house he had accidentally seen their passport. It was signed "Haynau," and bore the word "emigration." These ladies paced impatiently to and fro, and repeatedly sent a young Servian, who accompanied them, to a neighbouring tavern, to inquire of the boatmen if it were not possible to cross. At last a young beardless man, whose garb and turban told that he came from the opposite shore, approached them, and, after exchanging a few words in a low tone, handed them a paper. They read it with joyful emotion, kissed it repeatedly, and hurried away with the Turk.

"Half an hour later, a boat was seen pulling out into the river. The waves tossed and sank it as though they would have swallowed it up. The foam washed over it on both sides at once. With nervous arms four Turks wielded the oars; the passengers by the frail skiff were the two ladies in black. 'I would wager,' said a Servian merchant who stood beside me, 'that those are Magyar women! For it must be owned that the Magyars know not what fear is.'"

It would not do, thought the Doctor and two or three of his companions, to show themselves less courageous than those brave Hungarian ladies, so they ascended the river a few hundred paces, to the landing-place for Turkish boats. These were lighter and weaker than the Austrian, but the Turks are bolder and better boatmen than their Christian competitors. The Doctor approached an old man with a brown Arab countenance, a beard like silver, and a white turban, who sat cross-legged on the sand, blowing from his tchibouk, with prodigious dignity and gravity, a dense cloud of blue smoke.

"Will you take us across?"

"Without disturbing himself in the least, or even vouchsafing us a glance,

the old man made a negative motion with his head.

"You doubtless think there is no chance of the storm abating to-day?" continued I.

"The Turk removed from his lips the amber mouthpiece of his tchibouk, cried '*Jok, Jok!*' nodded his head, as if to signify assent, and made a clapping noise with his tongue, as though he would set the stamp of infallibility upon his opinion. Very little edified, I turned to the merchants, and asked what was to be done, since even the Turks refused to risk the passage.

"That is impossible,' one of them replied; 'a Turk would put out, though the waves were washing over Belgrade.' And he proceeded to repeat the questions I had addressed to the old Turk, who said, in reply, that he had already declared he would take us across, but that he must first smoke his pipe out, during which time his people would be back from the town.

"It was not till later that I learned that the motion of the head which, with us, means a negative, is an affirmative with the Turks, and that a clapping with the tongue, accompanied by a nodding of the head and a closing of the eyes, signifies a negative."

This was only the commencement of Dr Niegebaur's initiation into Turkish peculiarities and characteristics. Landing at Belgrade, he found, for the first time in all his travelling experience, no officious hands ready to seize his baggage. A few paces off in front of a tavern, sat several Turkish porters, smoking their long pipes. The Doctor doubtless looked helpless enough, standing beside his portmantau, but not one of them rose to offer his services.

"Will no one earn a piece of money?" I at last called out to the smokers, as I observed that my waiting was likely to lead to no other result than carrying my own baggage.

"All of us, willingly!" replied the porters, almost with one voice, but without stirring from their seats. 'But which of us shall serve you? Whom do you wish?'

"Come who will!" was my reply.

The porters puffed hard at their pipes and looked at each other in

silence. At last one of them, seemingly the oldest, spoke. 'Allil,' he said, 'have you had a job to-day?'

"No," was the reply of a slender young Moor, attired in a white turban, white jerkin, and large red trousers.

"Then carry the gentleman's baggage," rejoined the other; and the Moor rose from his stone seat to take possession of my portmanteau."

As active now as he had previously seemed apathetic, Allil led the way to the Zdanja, (literally the "Building," *par excellence*,) an hotel which may vie with the best in Europe as regards structure and appearance, but where Dr Neigebaur had great difficulty in finding any one to receive him and attend to his wants. Once installed, he sallied forth, according to his custom, to ramble at random through the city. What a contrast with his evening stroll amidst Neusatz's ruins! Bustle enough in Belgrade. Throngs of Turks and Servians in dresses of many colours, in fez and turban, varied here and there by the white hat of a traveller or the black cap of an official. The Doctor turned down a long steep street.

"Although the sun had already sunk behind the hills, the shops of the traders and artisans were still open, and all hands busily employed. Here behind his counter stood the Servian merchant, marking with numbers and prices the stuffs and cloths he had just received from Vienna or Leipzig; yonder sat the Bosniak, cross-legged, upon the raised floor of his shop, offering saddlery and harness for sale; in a third place a Bulgarian armourer hammered at a long silver-mounted gun. Here a Jewish money-changer reckoned his gold and silver coin; and there a Turkish *duhendschiah* cut the last *okka* of odorous tobacco to the fineness of a hair."

Returning to the Zdanja, Dr Neigebaur, who has a talent for rencontres, fell in with a Hungarian refugee, who took him for an Austrian police agent, and astonished him by his discourteous avoidance. The chapter entitled "An Evening with Emigrants," in which the two Magyar ladies reappear after a narrow escape from drowning, gives an interesting picture of the Hungarian refugees in Turkey; but we

pass over it to accompany the Doctor on his visit to the Turk who had shared his chamber at Neusatz. At the bazaar he found a young Turk who knew where Usta Hassan dwelt, and volunteered to conduct him thither. After passing through several narrow streets, and before the house that had been inhabited by Prince Eugene, the guide came to a halt in front of a little out-of-the-way workshop. There sat Usta Hassan, the Luledschiah, (whom Dr Neigebaur seems to have taken, at Neusatz, for some rather distinguished personage,) cross-legged, his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, a tight white cap upon his shaven head, working hard at his trade, which was that of a pipe-maker. Beside him sat a Turkish boy, scarce seven years old, kneading with his little white hands the red clay which had been the object of Hassan's journey into Christendom. From time to time Hassan took a piece of the clay, squeezed it into a leaden mould, scooped a hollow in its centre, and then, with great nicety and care, turned it out as a perfect *lule* or pipe-bowl. Opposite to him sat a bearded man, who, as the bowls issued from the mould, scraped them smooth with a small knife, removing inequalities, filling up holes, and finally, with delicate steel implements, carving upon them all manner of decorations. Then they were laid out to dry. Through a little dark door at the back of the shop was seen the red glow of a coal fire; that was from the oven in which Usta Hassan burnt his *lules*.

The pipe-maker received Dr Neigebaur as an old acquaintance, with a nod of the head, and without quitting his work. His apprentice spread a carpet on the floor, upon which the Doctor seated himself, and, falling into Hassan's humour, began familiar gossip. The pipe-maker told him that his father had been one of the richest proprietors in Belgrade, until the Servians got the upper hand, when his fine houses and beautiful gardens were all wrested from him, and his son was fain to knead clay that he might not want bread. Hassan told his tale with so good a grace, and with such cheerful resignation, that the Doctor complimented him, and remarked that few would bear such grief as he did.

with such exemplary patience. This the pipe-maker denied. " ' We are all so,' he said, shaking his head. ' There, hard by, is my neighbour Jussuf, the old white-bearded cobbler, whom you may have seen in passing. He was worth two hundred thousand ducats, and had forty wives. Black George (Kara or Czerni George, the liberator of Servia from Turkish rule) took everything from him, and gave him his head as an alms. Jussuf took his head, looked at his fists, and found they were still fit to work; so he took up an awl, and set to mending shoes. Now he sings the whole day long; so that I am often obliged to send and beg him to be quiet for a little while. He mends my shoes for me, and never forgets to say *Eralah* (I thank you) when I pay him his twenty paras.' "

As the physician and the pipe-maker thus conversed, the sound of a deep, but somewhat tremulous, bass voice was heard, reminding the Doctor of the quavering modulations of some old precentor in a synagogue. " Do you hear him? " said Hassan, " that is Jussuf; " and he sent the apprentice to fetch him. Presently the quavering bass was heard approaching; and an old man, in bright-red trousers, sky-blue jacket, and with a flowered shawl twisted round his fez, appeared and seated himself on Hassan's work-bench, one foot tucked under him, the other hanging down. The costume, once very handsome, was now so worn that the colours were rather to be guessed than distinguished, but the wearer's gait and carriage were dignified almost to haughtiness. This was Jussuf the cobbler, once the owner of two score wives and ten score thousand ducats.

" If you have sent for me to fill my pipe," quoth the ex-millionaire, " well and good! But if your shoes are torn, you may go home barefooted for me, for I work no more to-day. "

" And why not? " inquired Hassan's journeyman.

" Because I have money enough to last till to-morrow," was Jussuf's laconic reply.

Coffee and pipes were brought, and Jussuf and the Hetjim-Basha (physician) from Vienna, fell into conversation. The former talked freely of his

reverses, and seemed proud of them. It was not every Turk in Belgrade, he said, who could boast that he was the son of Abdallah, the Pasha of Rumili, and that he had come down to be a cobbler. Dr Neigebaur pressed him to sing, and a meeting was fixed for that evening, in Hassan's garden, when Jussuf promised to bring his grandson Achmed, whose voice, he said, was like that of a bulbul in the gardens of Stamboul. Then the Doctor rose to depart, but the kindly, hospitable Turks would not suffer him to do so empty-handed. " You must not leave us thus," said Hassan, hastily wiping the red clay from his hands; " such is not our custom. You have visited me in my shop, and must take a gift with you. " And he fetched from a drawer a delicately-wrought pipe-bowl, and presented it to his guest.

" Nor must you quit me empty-handed," cried Jussuf. " I cannot present you with a cobbled shoe, so take this rose. " And he handed the Doctor a rose he wore in his girdle. " It will keep fresh till evening, and keep me in your memory; and to-night I will offer you a gift that shall last far longer than the pipe-bowl. "

The letter of recommendation to General Kuicanin, to which he owed permission to cross the Danube, caught the Doctor's eye as he re-entered his room at the hotel, and he resolved at once to deliver it, the general's hour for reception being then close at hand. Braving the terrific heat, which brought the sweat out in big drops upon the face of the sentinel in front of the guard-house, he made his way to the general's quarters, where he was surprised by the total absence of all pomp or ceremony. The servant did not even announce him, but pointed to a small door, and bade him enter. Kuicanin had just awakened from his siesta. " Opposite the door, upon a sofa covered with carpets, sat a powerful, broad-shouldered man, in a plain, dark blue coat, a broad belt buckled round his waist, and sustaining two silver-mounted pistols, upon his head a high red fez with a long silken tassel. His shoes lay upon the floor beside him, his head seemed to rest upon the great amber mouth-piece of a long

tchibouk, which his finely-formed right hand firmly grasped. A winning expression of benevolence and friendliness was to be read in his full, intelligent, and, I may say, noble features. This was Knicanin. Whoever had once seen his portrait by Jovnovich could not but immediately recognise him."

The letter brought by Dr Neigebaur was from one of the general's best officers, and procured him a friendly welcome. Amongst the Servians, as amongst the Turks, it is a sacred duty to show honour to a guest. The poorest Servian offers his visitor the scanty contents of his larder, or, if that be empty, he is never so poor but that he can present him with a pipe of fine cut tobacco. With the higher classes the degree of consideration in which a guest is held is to a certain extent indicated by the nature of the refreshments offered. The tchibouk is never wanting; the attendants bring it without orders, and even in their master's absence, whilst the visitor awaits his coming. Thus, scarcely had the Austrian doctor taken his seat upon a *mindeluk* (a kind of sofa) in Knicanin's cool apartment, when the servant brought him a pipe as long as a musket.

"A tchibouk must never be refused. One may or may not be a smoker—a distinction with which the Servian is totally unacquainted; one may be used or not to the beautifully aromatic, but all the more narcotic, Turkish tobacco; he must accept the pipe, or pass for a man utterly devoid of breeding. It is not so indispensable to smoke it. It suffices to take the pipe, or at most to take one pull at it, and then it may be laid quietly aside, or held in the hand and suffered to go out, the more so as neither Turk nor Servian smokes continuously, but only gives a gentle puff at long intervals, as though his sole object were to keep his pipe alight. Neither is it customary to smoke the tobacco out. When a third of it, or at most a half, is consumed, the pipe is laid aside, or refilled. I availed myself of the indulgence shown to guests, and after showing, by lighting the tchibouk in the orthodox Turkish manner, that it was not the first I had ever put to my lips, I clasped the handsome cherry-

stick tube lovingly in my arms, and left the delicious tobacco to its fate."

The Doctor's quality of a physician would perhaps hardly have procured him further refreshment than the pipe, had not the friendly but proud Servian senator, glancing again at the letter, observed what he had previously overlooked, that his visitor was recommended to him as a man who took particular interest in the Servians, who had studied their history and literature, and was now bound upon a pilgrimage to their battle-fields. This discovery at once promoted the traveller from smoke to sweetmeats. Knicanin clapped his hands, a servant entered, at a sign went out, and presently returned, bringing, upon a large silver tray, glasses of fresh water and preserved rose leaves, a favourite delicacy with the Servians, who prepare it with great skill. The conversation then turned on the recent war. Knicanin spoke freely of the men to whom he had been opposed. Of all these his highest praise was for the Poles, and especially for Bem, whom he called a *junak* (hero) and a very skilful leader. Perczel, he said, was a hot-blooded church-breaker; Messaros, an old sergeant in general's uniform; Kosuth, a man who knew what he wanted but not how to do it, and who dealt more in fine words than in wise counsels.

"Of all the foes," said Knicanin, "against whom I ever fought, the Germans were the bitterest. Magyar prisoners were soon upon good terms with my men—the Germans never. Once they brought me a young man whom they had captured upon a foray. He was a fine-looking fellow, with long flaxen hair, and seemingly intelligent. I had him brought into my tent, just to hear what the Germans said of us. He was from somewhere near Berlin, and said he was a writer of books. I asked him why he fought against us? First, was his reply, because you are enemies to freedom; and then, because, as Slavonians, you are the natural enemies of Germans. The contest was between German liberty and civilisation, and Slavonian slavery and barbarism; one or the other must be overthrown. . . . I gave the young man his liberty, that he might handle

the pen instead of the sword—learn to know the Sclavonians better, and so endeavour to be of use to us and to his countrymen. A week later he was again seen in the thick of the fight. He fought like a madman, and my people said that he remained upon the field. I was sorry for the young man."

Duty called the general away, putting an end to their interesting conversation, and leaving Dr Neigebaur at liberty to join the musical party at his friend the pipe-maker's. It was one o'clock by Turkish time, nine in the evening according to European reckoning. Hassan made the Doctor wait a moment at the door whilst he hid away his wife, and then led the way to his garden, whose door he bolted behind him, probably as a check to the lady's curiosity. The party included men of many nations. Dr Neigebaur had taken four acquaintances with him, a Pole, an Italian, a Hungarian, and a German, all of whom were made as heartily welcome as himself; to these were soon added Jusuf and his grandson, and a young Servian who had shared in the recent war. Inhaling, in the soft moonlight, the fragrance of Hassan's rose-trees, the motley group sat singing till far on in the morning.

So great were the attractions of Belgrade that the twenty-four hours, for which Dr Neigebaur's abode there was authorised by the Semlin commandant, had several times elapsed before he could persuade himself to take leave of the numerous friends and acquaintances he had made, and to recross the Danube, which he descended by boat, to the frontier town of Pancevo. The few hours he had to pass before the departure of a steamer that was to take him farther on his journey, were consumed in wearisome passport formalities. At last he reached Weisskirchen, where he unexpectedly fell in with a friend, a brother-author and physician, Dr Frederick Bach, with whom he agreed to go on a few days' excursion into the mountains and to the mining village of Oravitza. Their road lay through a district of rock and wood, and through the solitary Robber's Valley, which had merited its name by the many outrages committed in it. Only a short time previously a

party of Honveds had robbed and shot, in mere wantonness, two peaceable burghesses abroad on their affairs. And scarcely had the two physicians reached Oravitza—which they entered before they saw it, concealed as it lies in a mountain-ravine—when news came that, in the neighbouring village of Guruja, robbers had beaten a man almost to death. Dr Bach hurried off to render surgical assistance, leaving his friend to admire the fair-haired beauties for which Oravitza is famed, and to explore the mines. These are of copper, but one yields gold, although in but small quantities. The word fell with musical sound upon the Doctor's ear, and after donning a miner's dress he descended the Elizabeth shaft, the California of Oravitza. After considerable wandering through crooked passages and down ladders, progress being sometimes made on all-fours, the old miner who accompanied him elevated his lamp. "There is gold!" said he to the Doctor, who toiled along some paces in his rear, and who hastened his steps forthwith, expecting to feast his eyes upon a glittering store. To his surprise, a barrow-full of grey earth, which a miner just then wheeled out of a side passage, was the gold referred to by his companion.

"*Bun lukre!*" said Matthew, employing the usual salutation of Wallachian miners, in which philologists will recognise the Roman *bonum lucrum*."

"*Bun lukre!*" replied the miner, setting down his barrow for a moment and wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Here you have the gold," said Matthew, holding up a handful of the grey earth for my inspection.

"Have you then no pure gold in your mines?" I inquired.

"They say there was once, but it is lost," replied Matthew. "We must be contented now when we find this stuff. 'Tis no great prize, certainly, and hardly repays the trouble, but gold is a rare thing."

"And how," I asked, "did they manage to lose the trace of the pure vein?"

Upon this question the old miner seated himself upon a piece of rock, and began one of those tales common

in the mining and mountainous districts of Germany. Many years before, he said, a poor devil of a labourer passed all his time—save that portion of it employed in earning a bare subsistence—in wandering about with a divining-rod, seeking gold. To his inexpressible joy the rod one day gave infallible sign of the precious metal. But he lacked wherewith to work the vein. So he marked the spot and betook himself to an Old Wallachian woman, who was reputed to have saved money, and who had sometimes counselled him to abandon his profitless gold-hunt, and resort to honest industry for a living. Feigning to take her advice, he succeeded in borrowing of her a hundred florins—her little all—wherewith to buy horse and cart. Instead of so expending it, he bought mining tools, hired two men, and, after a week's toil, gold, bright virgin gold, was discovered to his delighted gaze. Hastening to the mining authorities, he took the necessary steps, and paid the fees, to secure his right to the mine. Advances were proffered him on all hands, and so rich did the vein prove, that in little more than a year he was a wealthy man, had paid the old woman and all his creditors, had built a fine house, drove four horses, and had fifty thousand ducats in his chest. One day, fire broke out in the village, and the first house consumed was that of the old Wallachian woman who had lent him her savings. The flames extended, until the proprietor of the mine feared for his dwelling and treasure, and, thinking the latter would be safer in the mine, conveyed it thither, and hid it in a secret nook. Before morning, however, the conflagration was got under, with the loss of only three houses. Then came the old woman to the rich miner. Her cottage was burnt down, her little store of florins had disappeared, she had not bread to eat, and craved assistance from the man she had so greatly obliged. It was harshly refused, and, as she persisted, her former debtor struck her on the cheek and threatened to set his dogs at her.

"God shall reward you according to your deeds!" cried the old woman, making the sign of the cross over his

house, and another in the direction of the mine, whose owner did not heed her, but mounted his horse and rode off, to see after the miners and take a look at his ducats. But, as he approached the entrance, the men rushed to meet him. "Master!" they cried, "the mine has fallen in!" Pale as a corpse, he sprang from the saddle and hurried into the stulm, but could not advance ten fathoms. Shaft, stulm, passages, all had fallen in and filled up. There was no trace of them—and of course none of the chest of ducats. The unfortunate miner beat his breast in despair. Just then the sound of an alarm bell was borne upwards from the valley: the fire had broken out again, and his house was in a light flame. This drove him completely frantic. "House! ducats! gold!" he shouted, "all gone! Then the devil may have me!" And he rushed like a madman into the stulm. Scarcely had he entered, when there was a terrible noise and commotion. The passage had closed upon him, and the last trace of the mine was obliterated. Since that day, many had been the attempts made to hit upon the old vein, but none had succeeded. The mountain had turned to solid rock, and the gold found scarcely repaid extraction.

Such was the wild tradition of the Oravitza mine. Dr Neigebaur had scarcely heard it out, and completed his subterranean ramble, when his friend Bach, who had been detained setting a miner's broken leg, returned to carry him off to Gura, in one of the sturdy carriages of the district, harnessed with four Wallachian horses. The case of the ill-treated Jew they were going to see was rather a curious one. A party of well-armed men—some said as many as twenty—thinking that there must be something worth plundering in a Jew's house, had forced their way in, bound the unfortunate old Hebrew, taken everything they fancied, and left him covered with wounds and bruises. At the first alarm his terrified family had run out into the street, shrieking for help. The whole village turned out, and surrounded the house, and the men talked of arresting the robbers. Then came forth, as for a parley, one of the daring depredators of the Puzta, and

appealed to the Christian feelings of the population. "Surely," he said, "you will not meddle with honourable Christians and your true-believing brethren because they are taking away a few dirty florins from a Jew, or seize them and send them before the tribunals for the sake of the wretched Hebrew's life? Surely we are all Christians and brothers!" The reasoning was admitted as good, and the villagers looked quietly on whilst the robbers took their departure with bag, baggage, and plunder, followed by the lamentations of the family they had reduced to beggary. It was the unfortunate father of this family whom the two physicians went to visit, but his wounds were beyond human skill to heal, and, leaving him at the point of death, they set out again for Oravitza. It was evening, and, as they drove across the desolate heath, they did not feel quite easy as to the chances of the road, but looked out with some anxiety, expecting every moment to come upon a plump of Hungarian spears, bound, not upon chivalrous enterprise, but unscrupulous pillage. These picturesque highwaymen are met in parties five or six strong, well mounted, and armed with sabre, lance, and gun, and with a sort of lasso or rope for catching their prey. Thus equipped, they suddenly emerge from a hollow in the ground, the shadow of a thicket, or from amongst the tall maize, and pounce upon the traveller.

"At a distance, in the bright moonlight, the driver sees something glister. Is it the branches of the willows rustled by the breeze, or are yonder dark forms those of men? Not a breath of wind is stirring. 'Betjars!' he exclaims, and raises high his whip. With might and main he lashes the lean and weary horses, which spring forward as though they snuffed the approaching danger, and gallop madly over the echoing ground. The wheels no longer roll, they fly over stock and stone, over hillocks and holes. There is only one chance of escape, and that is to take advantage of a moment when a cloud covers the moon, or when a thicket intervenes, to turn off in another direction, to plunge into a field of lofty maize, or to lose one's-self in the darkness. But the clatter of hoofs

comes nearer and nearer. The cry, 'Haho!' a thousand times repeated, resounds close at hand. It is in vain! yet a moment, and the horsemen surround the vehicle. One grasps the reins, another cuts the traces, a third drags the driver from his box, and the others the travellers from the carriage."

Feeling no desire for an adventure of this kind, and their imaginations having been somewhat wrought upon by the robber stories with which they had that day been regaled, the two doctors resolved to pass the night at a village on the road, where Bach had a friend, the chief magistrate of the place, who prided himself on his cellar, and whose aunt's baked fowls were the best in the Banat. A most hospitable reception awaited them. Crossing a little bridge into the courtyard of the magistrate's house, they were forthwith surrounded by servants with torches and lanterns, whilst a whole pack of dogs barked joyfully around their weary team, and a large family of young porkers grunted a welcome of savoury promise. Five minutes later the two doctors were seated at a massive oaken table, in company with the judge and with a young Magyar, remarkable for a black beard of extraordinary beauty, whilst a terrible racket in the poultry-yard announced that the judge's aunt was intent on hospitable cares; and a braided hussar, the magistrate's official servant, brought bottles and glasses. Dr Bach inquired if the Guruja robbers had been captured? The judge replied by a negative, and as if rather surprised at the question. Somebody had brought in a ramrod belonging to one of them, and that was all he expected ever to see of the poor Jew's murderers. Dr Bach protested that, if that was the way matters were managed in Hungary, he would rather be a robber than an honest man. The judge pleaded the state of transition in which the country found itself. The Magyar maintained that things went far better when the Hungarians governed themselves, and appealed to Dr Bach if robberies were ever heard of then? Bach could not say, but remembered there was a good deal of hanging and shooting during that

period, and instanced the martyrdom of a judge strung up without trial or sentence. As there was no regular executioner at hand, a knacker was compelled to officiate, and managed the business so clumsily that the victim fell twice from the fatal tree. This was fun for the lookers-on; he was only a *vad rácz*, (wild Servian,) they said, and they seemed quite sorry when a third essay proved more successful, and their sport was at an end. The Magyar, indignant at this tale, which he did not, however, attempt to refute, still maintained that there was less security than in the days of Hungarian rule. This Dr Bach did not deny. He admitted that there was little enough safety for anybody, except the robbers themselves, who were often in league with the judges. Cattle were lifted, horses stolen, Jews plundered, travellers picked off upon the high-road; every finger was pointed at the offenders, and still they dwelt unmolested in their villages. "How long is it," said Dr Bach, "since a robber went to a judge, and said to him, '*Spectabilis*, I have done a good stroke of business; here is a part of the profits for you!' The robber went his way, a great noise was made about the robbery. The judge sent out heydukes in all directions, and stormed, and swore he would hang the knaves—but the knaves were never caught. How long is it since the robbers of Y— plundered a man upon the *Buzta*, (heath,) taking rings, watch, money, and all he had. The man went to the judge to ask assistance and redress, and saw upon the judge's table his own handkerchief, in which the robbers, who had preceded him only by five minutes, had wrapped their free-will offering to the functionary! What did the *spectabilis*? Instead of hunting down the robbers, he had five-and-twenty blows of a stick administered to their victim, as reward for recognising the handkerchief. The story of the coat-tail is very recent. A person who had been robbed entered the cabinet of a judge, carrying in his hand a piece of a coat-skirt, which he had torn from the robber whilst struggling with him. With the judge was a man in whose coat that very piece was deficient. The plundered man immediately de-

nounced him as his assailant; he recognised him perfectly, and there was the torn garment for proof. Whereupon the upright magistrate straightway sent the accuser to prison for calumniating a respectable man, and thus gave the delinquent time to escape." Dr Bach's scandalous anecdotes were interrupted by the entrance of the domestic keeper, preceding the judge's estimable aunt, with the baked population of an entire hen-coop. Behind the lady came a tall, broad-shouldered, bearded man, whom the master of the house greeted as *Herr Sicherheit's-Commissair*, (commissary of public security,) and who came to prove how very insecure the country was by reporting that, only a few hours before, nine armed men had entered a neighbouring village, posted sentries, surrounded the house of a rich baker, taken an hour and a half to plunder it, wounded one of two soldiers who chanced to pass, and finally retreated in good order with their booty. The country being in a state of siege, and the inhabitants disarmed, the banditti had it all their own way. Representations had been made to the general commanding. "Defend yourselves with sticks!" was his reply—of itself a mockery. And so, as Dr Bach said, in spite of judges and security-commissaries, the robbers were nearly the only people in the province whose lives and chattels were safe. Recent accounts from Hungary do not argue a very improved state of things in the winter of 1852, from that which existed in the summer of 1850.

On his return to Oravitza, Dr Neigebaur had an opportunity of witnessing a Wallachian wedding, of which he gives an interesting account in his usual lively and characteristic style. One of its most notable peculiarities was the difference of age between bride and bridegroom, the former being much the older of the two, such undesirable disparity being not the exception, but almost the rule of the humbler classes in that district. Every chief of a family marries his son as early as possible for the sake of his wife's aid and service in the household, whilst, upon a similar selfish calculation, he keeps his daughter single as long as may be. The wed-

ding over, Dr Neigebaur reascended the Danube to Karlowitz, whence he proposed visiting the battle-fields of the late war. On the eve of his departure, whilst seeking a guide, he was so fortunate as to meet with a young officer who had been all through the war, and who proposed revisiting the ground he had fought over but a year previously. The Doctor joyfully accepted his offer of companionship, and, with three horses, they entered a boat to cross the Danube. A striking and affecting incident occurred during the passage. To a plaintive melancholy air, the boatmen, when at a short distance from shore, began to sing a *naricanje* or dirge, such as it is the custom of the South Slavonians to chant over their dead. When they ceased, the officer asked them whose fate they thus bewailed.

"Look yonder, sir," one of them replied, pointing with his oar to a place where something white appeared upon the river's surface. "Do you not see the human head upon the water? It is that of a Magyar officer, a tender mother's darling, a daintily-bred lad, who, last summer, dragged himself, covered with wounds, to the shores of the Danube. A compassionate Servian woman took him into her house, nursed him like her own child, and did all she could to save his life. But all was of no use, and in three days he was dead, and we buried the poor boy in the meadow next the river. This spring the waters overflowed the meadow, and have not again retreated. And thus has the poor Magyar been washed out of his dry grave, and has come to a wet one, and doubtless has no notion how it happened. But we never come this way without singing him a *naricanje*, since neither his mother nor his sister can sing him one; for surely they little think that he is lying in water and mud, hard by Karlowitz."

Gazing in the direction indicated, the travellers distinguished the outlines of a human body in a shallow part of the stream not far from the bank. The head had wasted away to a bare skull, the eddies of the stream played with the thin arms, and the tattered remains of a grey military cloak floated in the sunshine on the water. The effect of the

ghastly object was heightened by the melancholy aspect of the scenery, as the travellers approached, after half an hour's descent of the Danube, the convent of Kovil, the goal of their little voyage. Surrounded by poplars and willow-trees, and reflected in the still waters, then perfectly calm and clear, the ruins of the Servian convent rose upon the very brink of the Danube. Right and left the eye met nothing but an endless and wearisomely uniform expanse of reeds. Not a single inequality of surface, grassy hillock, or wooded knoll, varied the monotony of the scene, whose silence was broken only by the stork or wild-duck. The convent was as still as the stream and swamps that surrounded it. It consists of a single house, whose upper portion was formerly tenanted by the archimandrite, the lower being divided into cells for the monks. But Perczel's torch has passed that way; and when Dr Neigebaur visited the place, the ruins afforded scanty shelter to six monks and the needy family of their convent servant. Only one monk was at home, a venerable white-bearded man, bowed with age, who joyfully greeted the Doctor's companion as an acquaintance whom he believed to have remained on one of Hungary's bloody battle-fields. The old man showed them over the place, bitterly bewailing the havoc war had played with his tranquil abode. "Small respect," he said, "did Perczel show for sacred things when he passed here in April last year, on his retreat to Peterwardein, after the lost battle of Moschorin. We had all fled. The convent was empty. On our return, we not only found it in ashes, but the graves had been opened and profaned, the bones of the dead scattered about, the mouldering corpses thrown into the wells, whilst half-burnt fragments of the coffins were found at the places where the sacrilegious horde had had their watch-fires. We collected the bones and buried them in one grave." He led the way to the larger of the two churches. A grave-stone of red marble, wrenched from the earth, lay across the entrance, and they had to climb over it. The interior of the building had once been magni-

ficient. All splendour had now disappeared. The walls were blackened with smoke, and disfigured by innumerable bullet-marks. An image of the Virgin had served as target to the soldiery. The marble pavement was torn up and broken, and the vaults exposed to view.

"Where is her grave?" anxiously inquired the officer of the old monk.

"There, sir, to the right, near the entrance, there lies Maria Stratimirovich, the young wife of the Servian leader, who died on the 4th August 1848, killed by the terrible emotions occasioned her by the circumstances of the time, and especially by the political discord in her own family—her father being an enthusiastic Servian, and her brother, Stephen Zako, as zealous a Magyar. She it was whom Perczel's soldiers chiefly sought when they ransacked the graves. But a miracle protected her. Her resting-place escaped discovery."

The future historian of the Hungarian war will find the latter half of Dr Neigebaur's second volume quite worth an attentive perusal, containing, as it does, a lucid and interesting account of some of the most important movements and actions of the campaign, given to the Doctor upon the ground by his military companion. The chapter entitled "Kac and the Roman Sconces," is a particularly graphic and well-told narrative of the battle which exercised so great an influence on the future course and termination of the war. We cannot here do more than cite the heroism of Stratimirovich who, when his Servians were in confusion, and on the eve of flight, drew a pistol from his belt to commit suicide. "Go!" he said, to his faltering followers—"go, all of ye, whilst I remain and blow out my brains; for, to share your flight, or perish by the enemy's hands, were equal disgrace!" The threat was effectual—the Servians again turned their faces to the foe, and, after a desperate struggle, drove them back to Neusatz. Thither Dr Neigebaur and his friend followed in their footsteps, and, after passing a night in the same damp crib at the White

Ship which the Doctor had formerly shared with Hassan the pipe-maker, set out next morning for the pleasant village of Kulpin. "Like four black flashes of lightning," writes the Doctor in his usual fresh and pleasant strain, "sped the stallions, harnessed to our light carriage, through the bright sunny morning. The sleeves of the peasant drivers—who seemed to consider it an honour to drive an officer to whose name was attached the memory of many a bold enterprise—fluttered in the piping breeze; the whips cracked, the manes streamed, the earth groaned beneath the hoofs, and the cloud of dust that enveloped carriage and horses might have made the distant passenger believe that all the hussars who lay buried around in the cool soil of the *puzta*, had risen from their graves, and were charging, in serried squadron, to plunder and burn some Servian village." At Pirosh, horses were changed, and whilst this was doing, the travellers entered the inn. Here was considerable excitement amongst a party of peasants, who sat at a table in their loose linen trousers, wide-sleeved shirts, and blue jackets, with their cocked hats on one side of their heads, and their short pipes stuck under their black mustaches. A man, apparently from the town, dressed in a suit of summer stuff, of a large lattice-work pattern, with spurs on his boots, a riding-whip under his arm, and a white "democrat" (hat so called) on his head, paced the little room with jingling strides.

"Acquitted, say you?" exclaimed the peasants, almost with one voice, just as the Doctor entered the room, and striking their fists upon the table.

"Acquitted like a saint! Declared innocent as a child! Washed as clean as the dirty floor of your rooms at Christmas! May become *obergespan** any minute, if he only pleases!" cried the bespurred man, his voice rising into a yell as he spoke, whilst at every sentence, as if to clench its truth, he lashed the air with his riding-whip till it whistled again.

"Eh, but that must—" the peasants began to object.

* A Hungarian title, equivalent to that of Count.

"What must? who must?" interrupted the man in lattice-work, spreading out his legs, colossus fashion, and propping himself with both hands upon the table. "Has any one of you anything to object to his acquittal?" And again he paced the floor with long impatient strides.

"I was there at the time!" said one of the peasants. "I heard the thing myself!"

"Then go and say so, if you have the courage!" retorted the gentleman with the horsewhip. "Acquitted and released, I tell you! I saw him yesterday at S——, at the tavern;—drank wine as if he had never seen blood in his life."

"Perhaps you were deceived by a resemblance, Mr Notary," suggested one of the peasants.

"Deceived?" repeated the notary, laughing out loud—"I deceived? And what if I show you in black and white that C—— is acquitted and free? What will you say then?"

"I can't believe it," replied the other. "It is possible there may be two of the same name, and that one of them is really innocent."

"But when I tell you that it is C——, the same C——, the C—— who had the two old men shot at Kula?"

The peasants shook their heads and said nothing.

"I was then at K——," said one of them, an elderly man, after a pause of some duration, "a few days before the Magyars had plundered our village, and I had fled. In the whole of K—— not a single Servian was to be seen. The Hungarian Commissary had forced them all to leave in one day; and I myself was protected only by my knowledge of Hungarian. One morning I met, outside the place, two old Servians, grey-haired men, emaciated, and in tattered clothes. They were the two oldest inhabitants of K——, Nica Marian, and Gaja Grozdic. 'Whence come you?' I asked them. 'From the swamps,' they answered: 'we live there in concealment, with the sky for our sole roof; but the women and children are dying of hunger and fever, so we are going to the Commissary at K——, to beg him, in God's name, and for our poor children's sake, to suffer us

to return to our homes.' And the two old men entered the place, and got themselves conducted to C——. With a sort of foreboding of evil, I followed them, and stationed myself under a tree in front of the house, whilst Nica Marian and Gaja Grozdic were inside, supplicating the Commissary. I could make out nothing but crying and cursing, and then two shots, that seemed to go through my heart. It is all over with them, I thought. That evening the heyduke came into the tavern, and sat down to a bottle of wine. Some Hungarian peasants joined him. 'What is there new, Janos?' asked they. 'Nothing,' answered he; 'we shot a couple of *vad razzok* in the court of the house, two decrepid old dogs! You should have seen how the rascals knelt before his worship, the Commissary, and embraced his knees, and wanted him to let them come back to K——! But his worship is a true Magyar and a patriot, and not the man to be mollified by a couple of old wild *Räczen*. 'Hallo there!' he calls to me; 'what are we to do with these Servian beasts?' 'Beat them well, and kick them out, your worship,' says I. 'No, not that,' said he. 'Then send them before the tribunal,' I answered. 'The tribunal would let them escape; the knaves have done nothing,' said his worship. Then he walked up and down the room a bit, and at last,—'I tell you what, Janos,' said he, 'take them out into the court and shoot them, and so we shall be quit of the dogs!' I did not need twice telling, but bound the old ruffians at once, and shot them down like mad hounds.' And then," concluded the peasant, "I got to know what had been done with the poor fellows; but what could I do?"

"And now," said the notary, "you know also what has been done to the commissary. If he comes to be *obergespan*, and hears that you heard the two shots, he will have a bench put under your belly and fifty blows upon your back, as a reward for not having fallen dead upon the spot."

"That is not the worst that might occur!" interposed another peasant. "There might happen to you what happened to the Pope of Z——. The Hungarian commissary viewed him

unfavourably, but knew not exactly how to work his will upon him. One day, in the depth of winter, he asked him to dine with him. The Pope, suspecting no harm, drove over. The commissary sat alone with him in his room, and drank to him again and again. The poor Pope could not imagine to what he owed such a great honour. At last, when the Pope had had more wine than enough, the commissary drew a pistol. 'You have drunk, you Servian dog,' he cried, 'and now pay!' And he shot his guest through the heart. Then he called his servant, wrapped the body in a cloak, bade the Pope's coachman put his horses to, and then, with help of his servant, lifted the corpse into the carriage. 'Now drive your drunken master home,' cried he to the coachman, 'and have a care he does not fall into the snow.' The coachman drove home, and it was only when they came to lift the Pope from the carriage that they found he was shot dead."

The indignant peasants had got into a narrative vein, and the necessity of departure alone prevented Dr Neigebaur from hearing further revelations of Hungarian misrule, revelations that may be discredited by partisans, but of whose foundation in truth there can unfortunately be little doubt. It is equally certain that there was much mutual aggravation. Dr Neigebaur confirms the worst accounts we have met with of the ill blood subsisting between the various races that make up the population of Hungary. From Kulpin the doctor proceeded to the town of Temerin, the scene of some desperate fighting in the month of August 1848, when, by a night attack, Stratimirovich and his servants wrenched it from its Hungarian garrison. Accidentally, or by design, the place was set on fire, a high wind fanned the flames, and the victors were compelled to abandon their conquest, of which, in the morning, but a heap of ruins remained. Two-and-twenty months later, Dr Neigebaur visited the place, accompanied by one who had taken part in its storming. As yet there were no signs of rebuilding. The roofless houses looked sadly desolate. Scarcely one-half of the popu-

lation had returned, and wretched was the plight of most of those who had. The travellers entered a court, where a family had established itself. A roof of reeds scarcely sheltered them from the rain. A trunk, some straw for a bed, a jug, and the image of a saint, composed the whole furniture of the place. In one corner a quantity of rusty iron—horse-shoes, axes, chairs, fittings of carriages, and the like—picked out of the ruins, was carefully collected. In another corner of the court, upon a patch of earth a few yards square, was a wretched kitchen-garden, where beans and cabbage grew. "You have sad times of it," said the Servian officer, in Hungarian, to a woman who came to meet the strangers. Sad enough they were, she said, but she and hers consoled themselves with the thought that they had not brought their misfortunes upon themselves. They wished no war, and would have given up the place, but the Hungarian gentlemen would not hear of it, and so ruin overtook them. Cold and hunger had been her lot all the previous winter, but now there was grain in the ground, and between that and harvest-time some houses would be built. As yet, all their efforts had been directed to establish mills to grind their corn when they got it. The first thing was bread to eat, the second a roof to eat it under. At Temerin, the Servians had destroyed the place and occasioned all this misery; a few miles off, at St Thomas, the Hungarians had had their turn. For one year and a half, the fields and moors between the two places were the scene of daily and desperate conflicts, and on either side the road are the graves of thousands of stout combatants. Dr Neigebaur's closing chapter is devoted to St Thomas, and to its heroic defence by the Servians, whose final defeat, by overwhelming numbers, threw the whole of the Bachkor into the hands of the Hungarians. The tale has been often told, but still the Doctor contrives to make this chapter as interesting as any in his book. We are compelled to limit our extracts from it to a few reflections suggested to him by a stroll through the town, and by the traces of barbarous violence he there

witnessed. Until its capture by Perczel, the place had suffered little. But Perczel's presence in a conquered place implied fire, pillage, and profanation of all things holy. And whilst on this subject, Dr Neigebaur expresses himself as follows:—

"The memoirs of Hungarian notables, and the published accounts of recent events in Hungary, are inexhaustible in descriptions of the cruelties exercised by the Servians. It has been the fashion—indeed a condition of a liberal treatment of the subject—to attribute robbery, murder, every excess and cruelty, in short, exclusively to the opponents of the Hungarians. The Hungarian newspapers, of the years 1848-49, have given this tone, and whoever writes about Hungary cannot sufficiently put forward the humanity and chivalry with which the Magyars carried on the war, and the barbarity displayed by the 'Raizen.' But let any one travel through South Hungary, and see the Servian places in which Hungarian troops, the Hungarian places which Servian troops, entered, and he will assuredly dissent from an opinion that threatens to introduce an untruth into history. I write now of what I have myself seen, and all who have written otherwise have either seen nothing, and have not, like myself, taken the trouble to traverse the country in all directions, or they have wilfully suppressed a portion of the truth. I write as I now do, although fully aware that, in the eyes of thousands, no man can be of enlightened political opinions who is not ready to pin his faith to the humanity with which the Hungarians carried on the war; and I affirm that Austria, that Germany, that the world in general, has no conception of the degree of inhumanity with which the Hungarian army played havoc in South Hungary. I shall be asked for facts. I do not confine myself to mere assertions; in the course of my wanderings I have brought forward many facts, and I will now bring forward more."

The Doctor then describes the aspect of St Thomas, and especially of its church, which had been treated in the same way as that of the Greek convent at Kovil. And he establishes one striking difference between the conduct of the two parties. During the whole of his travels, he did not meet with a single Hungarian church which the Servians had in the slightest degree profaned, although opportunities were certainly not wanting, since, in almost every place inhabited by Servians, there are both Evangelical and Catholic churches, with congregations composed of the Servians' mortal foes. But he adds that, as far as he went through the country, he found no place, through which the Hungarians had even merely passed, where the Servian church had not been profaned, ravaged, burned, and put to the most filthy uses.

"We left the church. On the public square was a troop of young girls. The bagpiper played, and they danced. Music and dancing amongst ruins! It bespeaks a prodigious elasticity of soul. There were only girls dancing, however, and young newly-married women, who, amongst the Servians, enjoy certain privileges of maidenhood for a year after marriage. One girl was particularly remarkable for her high spirits. I asked her why she was so joyous?

"'Perczel has burnt my house down!' she gaily answered. 'Were I sad, I should get no husband to give me another.'

"The young men sat or stood upon beams and fragments of wall, without the circle of dancers.

"'Why do you not dance?' the officer asked them.

"'Sir,' was the reply, 'since we learned to fight, we have forgotten how to dance.'"

Thus characteristically does Dr Neigebaur close his narrative. A more agreeable and interesting German book of the class has not, for a long time, come under our notice.

JOHN RINTOUL; OR, THE FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"It's a' because ye will have your ain gate. What ails ye to stay as night langer at hame? Black March weather, and no a star in the sky; and me your married wife, John Rintoul!"

"Eh, Euphie, woman!"

John Rintoul made no other answer; but he scratched his black head dubiously, and throwing one wistful glance at his pretty wife, as she gathered herself up in her elbow-chair, cast another at the window, through which the lowering sky without, met him with an answering frown. The wind was whistling wildly round the point, which deprived the waves in Elie bay of their full share of the turmoil without; but even here, sheltered though it was, the roll of the surf on the shore sounded like a perpetual cannonade; and the dark sky lowered upon the dark water, with only the fierce crest of a wave, or the breast of some benighted sea-mew, desperately fluttering to its nest, to break the universal blackness of the storm.

Scarcely the breadth of an ordinary street interposes between this window and the high-water mark to which these waves have reached to-night. The room has a boarded floor, very clean and white, just brightened here and there with a faint trace of the golden sand which Captain Rintoul crushes under his heel, as he sways himself between his wife's chair and the window. The twilight is slowly darkening into night—all the earlier for this squall; and the fire-light leaps about all the corners, throwing a brilliant illumination upon the bed before it, with its magnificent patchwork quilt, and curtains of red and white linen. At the foot of the bed, the chest of drawers stands solemnly, conscious of its own importance, supporting, with sober dignity, the looking-glass, and the family Bible, and two or three of the grandest shells. Between it and the door, gravely discoursing with those fugitive moments

whose course it tells, the eight-day clock, sagacious and self-absorbed, glorifies the wall with the carvings of its mahogany case. There is a small round table—mahogany too, with a raised ledge round it, like the edge of a tray—in the middle of the room. On ordinary occasions, this table stands in a corner, tilted up into the perpendicular, for display, and not for use; but to-night Mrs Rintoul has had a solemn tea, and her table, in all its magnificence, has been doing service, as on a very great occasion, though only a family party have assembled round it. One still sits by it, playing abstractedly with its carved rim. You can see his blue sailor-dress, his short black curls, and how his face is half-turned towards Agnes Raeburn by the fireside yonder; but a brown hand, well formed, though scarred and weatherbeaten, supports his forehead, and the face itself is in shadow.

Mrs Rintoul sitting there, half-angry, half-crying, in her elbow-chair—at present convinced that she has said something unanswerable—was Euphie Raeburn a year ago, the belle and toast of Elie. The fire lights up her pretty self-willed face, with its full red pouting lips and flushed cheeks, and the soft flaxen hair, which hangs in short thick curls just under her brow. She is only two-and-twenty, an acknowledged beauty, a wife whose husband is very proud of her—as Euphie herself feels he has good reason to be—and, crowning glory of all, a young mother, whom every one has been petting, and nursing, and hushing, since ever little Johnnie came home—after all, only a month ago. Little Johnnie lies on her knee, his long white frock sweeping over the arm of her chair; and she herself has still something of the state and dignity of an invalid. No wonder that tears of vexation and impatience glitter in Euphie's eyes, and that a flat contradiction of her will, seems an impossible thing to John.

So he stands between the window and the table, rubbing his fingers through his short black hair, and swaying on one heel helplessly. John Rintoul, sailing long voyages for ten good years, and being the most frugal of good sailors all the time, is rich enough now to call himself joint-owner of the strong little sloop which rocks yonder on the troubled water at Elie pier. Joint-owner with Samuel Raeburn, his father-in-law, writing himself Captain of the "Euphemia," and having his own father, an old respectable fisherman, and Patrick, his young brother, for his crew. They are to sail to the Baltic in a day or two from Anster, another little town a few miles down the Firth; and John had made up his mind to proceed so far to-night.

"It's no canny sailing at night," said Agnes from the corner. "Stay at hame, John, lad, when Euphie wants you—what's the good of vexing Euphie?—and ye can sail the morn's morning, when the blast's by."

"Gin the morn's morning were here, ye would wile him to bide till the morn's night," said a deep voice from the window. "I'm no the man to vex a woman—'specially a bit creature like Euphie there; but I've brought him up a' his days never to gang back of his word, and I canna change my counsel noo. John, you're captain, and I'm naething but foremast Jack; but if you're no coming, I'll step down to the sloop mysel—the wind'll be on afore we round the point, if ye're no a' the cleverer."

"Eh, my patience, hear till him!" exclaimed Euphie, "as if the wind hadna been on, and routing like a' the beasts in the wood, for twa guid hours and mair!"

There was no answer; but the dark figure in the recess of the window shut out the faint lingerings of daylight as the experienced father examined the sky—and Euphie lifted up her infant to its sorely-tempted father, and Patie Rintoul, under the shelter of his hand, cast sidelong glances at Agnes. Free of all responsibility in the matter, the youth waited for his orders—and John himself, captain and superior as he was, strong in the old filial reverence which the fisher

patriarch had done nothing to lessen, waited for his father's decision with an anxiety which he scarcely could conceal.

"I never gang back o' my word," said the old man at length, slowly; "I've been kent by that sign as far as the northmost fisher town that ever sent boats to a drave; but your mother at hame has kent me coming and gaun this forty years guid, and nae miscarriage, the Lord being bountiful; and I've faced a waur nicht than this, baith on the Firth and the open sea. Is't the year out, Euphie, my woman, since John and you were married?"

"No till a week come the morn," said Euphie, with a little sob, "and that was what I wanted him to bide for, to haud the day."

"Weel, weel—ye'll haud the day yet mony a blythe year," said the old man with prophetic gravity, "and ye're no to take the first ane as an ill sign, if it's no so cheerie as it might be;—but I mind it's the auld law that a man should bide and comfort his wife till the year's dune; and as Euphie is so sair set against ye sailing the night, for a' ye passed your word to Bailie Tod to take in your lading the morn—if ye take my counsel, you'll stay at hame, John, and I'll be caution for the sloop that naething but the will of Providence keeps it out of Anster harbour this night: ye can come east on your ain feet, and join us the morn."

"Eh, John, ye'll bide now!" cried Euphie, eagerly—her anxiety did not reach so far as to tremble for the safety of the first John Rintoul.

"Its very guid of ye, father," said the captain with hesitation, "and I'm sure I would have nae man gang for me where I was feared to gang mysel; but it's no for the night, you see—I dinna care a button for the night; its a' Euphie, there; she's but a bit delicate thing, that's had her ain gate a' her days; and I dinna ken what glamour's on me—I canna gang against her."

"Nae occasion—nae occasion, John," said the old man, shortly; "I maun be stepping mysel: good night, lad—ye'll get nae ill of pleasuring your wife. Patie, I would like ye to gie a look in, and see your mother. I

took fareweel of her mysel, an hour ago; but I'll gang by the door with ye, on the road to the sloop. Euphie, ye'll be guid to a'boddy, and mind your duty, the time we're away; you're no a young lassie noo, ye ken—you're a married wife, with a house to keep, and bairns to bring up, godly and soberly—guid nicht to ye, my woman; and fare-ye-weel, bairnie, and God send ye grow up to be a comfort. Nancy, lass, fare-ye-weel; its a gey lang voyage we're sailing on—an auld man may never see ye a', young things and blythe, again."

He had stepped out into the full glow of the firelight, an old man, rugged and weatherbeaten. It was not necessary to see him first in Elie kirk, in his Sabbath dress, and with his grave slow movements and reverent face, to understand the place he had reached among his fellows—Elder John—not without a solemn consciousness of the weight of office, a respect for the eldership in his own person, a conscious responsibility in all matters where advice seemed called for, and a little tendency to "improve" events for his own edification, as well as for the use of listeners. A personage in his appearance—old age, and storm, and trial, adding a certain homely dignity to the form and stature, which in earlier manhood were famous for nothing but strength—old John Rintoul had a visible will and energy about him, which gained expression in every word and step, in every emphatic motion of his head, and deliberate syllable of his speech. Honourable and upright beyond suspicion, as

tenacious of the respect belonging to his humble name as if it had been a duke's, and unused for many a year to veil his bonnet to any created mortal, unless on chance occasions, or on questions exclusively belonging to their sphere, to the minister and the good wife—only one or two other men in Elie held such a position as John Rintoul, fisherman though he was. His heavy eyebrows, reddish, but deeply grizzled, his furrowed brow and patriarchal locks and solemn deliberate speech, not without its pomp of stately words,

"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,"

were in perfect keeping with each other. So were the profound religious feelings, strong enough to startle into touching meekness and humility, on extreme occasions, a spirit by nature and habit proud, and the deep, unacknowledged, undemonstrated tenderness lying at the bottom of his heart.

They gathered round him with something like awe, as he stood in the firelight bidding them farewell, and Euphie bent over her baby to hide the chill presentiment which his words brought over her; and Agnes watched his moving lips with dilated eyes, full of tears which she was afraid to shed. Then his hard, strong hand grasped theirs successively—then the sand upon the floor crashed under his heavy footstep—the door opened and closed, admitting a sudden blast; and John Rintoul and his youngest child, the Benjamin of his heart, went out into the storm.

CHAPTER II.

Early darkness, shutting in gradually, one by one, the pale streaks of sky in the west—out seaward, an unbroken gloom already settling upon the western point of Elie bay, like a wall of defence against the advancing storm, and lines of deadly white running out here and there upon the Firth, like the pale horse of the prophet—a fierce March wind chafing itself to passion here, among the few trees which skirt the suburbs of the little town, and leaping forth with a loud howl like a hungry wolf to join

its brother madmen on the sea—a rush of waters close at hand, the angry surf of Elie shore, and a distant groan, more ominous still, telling how they fight upon the unprotected rocks, along the coast where the sloop must take its journey. The spray comes up dashing upon Patie Rintoul's face, as they leave his brother's door. The young sailor puts up his hand quietly to wipe it away. His heart is absorbed, beholding the little figure in the fireside corner, and meditating how he can steal away

from Anster harbour in to-morrow's gloaming, to say another good-by to Agnes before he goes to sea. But to-night's voyage does not trouble Patie, for these waves have been his playthings since his earliest remembrance, when he himself slowly woke into consciousness, sitting in the sunshine with a great stone in his lap to keep his little baby figure upright, while his mother baited the lines, and his father put on his seagoing gear, in preparation for "the drave."

But the stately step of old John Rintoul falters a little on the stony road. Strange, solemn fancies come into his mind, whether he will or no; and, with a singular intense excitement, he thinks he sees little figures of children beckoning to him from the low black rocks, or out of the tawny surf of the advancing sea. "Willie, Mary, little Nelly," murmurs the old man, unawares; and then, gradually waking up, he passes his hand over his eyes, to put away the mist out of which these little figures have sprung; but still there is something glistening under his heavy folded eyelids, and his heart repeats, out of the deep love and sorrow which cannot desert the dead infants of his house, these names of his children who have "gone before."

Why does he think of them now? Willie, had he lived, would have been a man, nearly forty years old to-day! but his father sees him, and yearns over him, in his little white night-gown and close cap—the first-born, the beginning of his strength. It is the living who have faded into shadows. Even Patie here, whom they call the father's favourite at home, becomes as indistinct and remote as John whom they have left—and the old man's heart is with the little children, the blossoms of his youth.

"It's the wean that's put them in my head—it's the wean that's put them in my head," says the old man, half-aloud, and his eyes are full of tears.

But Patie, meanwhile, with his heart wrapped in a soft twilight of its own, walks silently by his father's side, a very world apart from all his father's dreamings. The love-charm

is strong on Patie; and all the songs that heart of man has woven for itself, to give its youthful rapture utterance, are chiming through his fascinated mind. Far from him, and invisible, is the spiritual world from which angels come to minister; for the earth, always young, thrills with warm life to the youth's every breath and footstep, and his heart beats high with sweet inarticulate joy, and grows breathless with sweeter hope.

Father! father! little hands seem to clasp your fingers—little gentle touches come upon you, and small white figures beckon and voices call out of the night, out of the storm, floating away like fairy music into the unseen sea. What brings these heaven-departed children out of the Master's presence, and over all this lifetime of years—what brings them here to-night?

"And the sloop's no sailed yet—and my man and my two sons to gang down the Firth this night," said Christian Beatoun, John Rintoul's wife, as she stood at her door looking out. "Ye needna speak to me, Ailie; I ken of as mony kind providences and preservations as ony man's wife in the hail town; but it's owre precious a freight—far owre precious a freight. Ye're ill enough yoursel when ye have aye in peril, and it's nae good, John or you either telling me; for do I no ken it's a clean tempting of Providence to trust a hail family, and a' ae puir creature has in the world, to ae boat? Eh, woman, it's easy speaking; but losing aye would be losing a', if it was the Lord's pleasure to send such a judgment on me."

"Ye're meaning, ye can trust Him with aye, but ye canna trust Him with a', Kirstin," answered her sister-in-law, somewhat severely. Ailie Rintoul had all the harsher features of her brother John, and was of less visible kindness—a childless wife, too, wanting the mother's manifold experiences.

But Kirstin only wrung her hands and repeated, "Eh, woman, it's easy speaking!"

Her husband and her son were approaching just then the little triangular corner in which her house stood—it was out of the direct way to the shore,

and the old man hesitated at the angle of the street.

"I bade your mother farewell an hour ago," he said, half within himself, "and yet some way I canna pass the door. She's been a guid wife to me this five-and-forty year—Kirstin, poor woman! I would like to see her face again, whatever may happen; and if the Lord spares me to come hame—"

The old man turned the corner abruptly, all unobserved by the happy absorbed Patie, who was still too much engrossed with his own fancies to perceive his father's.

"Is't you back again, John?" exclaimed Kirstin. "You'll no be gaun to sail the night?"

"I came for naething but a freit," said the old man; "just a bairnly fancy in my ain mind, and to bring Patie to say farewell to his mother. I'm for away this very minute, Kirstin; the ither man is sure to be waiting on us in the sloop, and I've gien John my word to take her on to Anster: he's to join us there the morn; ye'll see him before he leaves the Elie. Now, my woman, fare-ye-weel ance mair. I'll aye uphaud ye've been a guid wife to me, Kirstin Beaton, if it was the last words I had to say, and the Lord gie ye your recompense in His ain time—though I dinna need to tell *you* that such a thing as recompense comesna frae our merits, but His mercies. I canna tell what's come owre me the night; my mind's aye rinning on little Willie and Mary,

and the rest of the bairns that's departed. But fare-ye-weel, Kirstin, ance for a'—and pit you aye your trust in the Lord, and wait to see what an ill providence is to bring forth, before you let your heart repine—noo, I maun away."

"John, you're meaning something," cried his wife, anxiously; "you're wanting to break some misfortune to me!"

"No me—no me!" said the old man. "I'm no just sure what I mean mysel; but ye'll mind it, Kirstin, and it'll come clear some time. Fare-ye-weel, Ailie—fareweel to ye a'. I maun away to the sloop. I've sailed mony a coarser night, and never thought twice about it."

Saying this, with a prompt and ready step, as of one whose mind was disburdened, John Rintoul went his way. His wife followed him for a few steps, eagerly directing his attention to the storm; but the storm was checked by a momentary lull, and the clouds breaking overhead gave a glimpse of a tragic moon climbing these gloomy heights from point to point. The sailor's wife received her son's farewell with a relieved heart, and returned to the door, from which she could watch them as they hastened to their little vessel. She was too much accustomed to such departures to think of remonstrating and weeping like the impatient Euphie; and her fears were calmed by the lessening violence of both winds and waves.

CHAPTER III.

The fire is trimmed, the hearth swept, the lamp, high and remote, burns solitarily for its own forlorn enjoyment, over the lofty mantel-shelf, and the little circle round the fireside is silent, listening with various musings to the subdued sound of the wind without, and the murmur of the sea.

The baby has fallen asleep softly on the bosom of the young mother; she is bending her face over him, half in shadow—rosy shadow, warm and glowing—and touching gently with delicate fingers, now his little clenched hand, now his downy infant cheek. The awe with which her father-in-

law's farewell filled her has faded from the light heart of Euphie; but she has fallen instead into the stillness of a dream.

A year ago Euphie Raeburn dreamed romances—dreamed distinct histories, full of joyous events, and words that made her heart beat; and you almost could have read them then in the absorbed eye glimmering under the drooped lid, in the soft cheek under the pressure of her sun-browned hand, and in the hasty scar of the breath of the half-closed lip. Now, sweetly now the calm breeze comes, and goes upon the baby's brow,

over all her fair face lies such a shadow of repose, such a full unspeakable content, as might charm all fear and danger out of sight of this new home. The little eyes are closed, the little lips apart—one small hand clenched upon the baby's breast, the other resting on the mother's—and Euphie's heart broods over her child, dwelling here in love and rest unspeakable—no longer busy with imagined scenes, or needing words to give her gladness vent, but her whole being possessed and overflowing with delicious quietness and repose.

And the father sits before the fire, leaning his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, gradually lengthening the tender looks he casts upon Euphie and her child, and suffering himself to be slowly beguiled out of the uneasiness which has already begun to disappear from his face. It is not the storm that brings upon John Rintoul's brow its look of troubled restless fear; for himself he would heed the storm little, and it seems to be dying away into a long sighing gale, whistling about the low strong walls, and chafing the waters still, but powerless for the desperate mischief which alone could make a sailor tremble. A dread of *something* haunts him—he cannot tell what, nor has it any definite form—but in the silence he is constantly hearing hasty footsteps, as of some one rushing to his door with evil news, and two or three times has started out of his reverie, with far-away sounds, as of voices in distress, ringing into his very heart; but the night goes on noiselessly, the awe and excitement lessen, everything remains as it was—and softening thoughts and tender fancies, and a sensation of something like the same sweet repose which is upon Euphie, steals over the relaxing mind of John.

But Agnes, the youngest of them all, rocks faintly back and forward in her chair with the restless motion of anxiety, and clasps her hands tightly together till the pressure is painful, and fixes her vacant eyes, now upon the window, now upon the fire, with wandering abstraction, starting to every whistle of the wind, but entirely wrapt and unaware of things nearer to her side. Agnes is slightly formed and rather tall, with grave blue eyes,

very different from Euphie's, and an abundance of dusky hair of no decided colour—and no one has ascribed character or position to Agnes through all her twenty years. She has been an average good girl, doing the usual offices of their humble life—helping her mother, admiring and serving Euphie—having her own little quarrels and jealousies—and to all appearance knowing no emotions deeper than a little wonder, and perhaps a little wounded feeling, at finding herself, among all her young companions, the only one loverless and unfollowed. To tell truth, Agnes Raeburn has nourished considerable pique, and felt herself greatly injured, ruminating over this. Her pride could not bear the neglect easily, and she did not at all appreciate the advantage of being fancy free—at least of being unsought; but a change has befallen her—and never was imperious beauty more haughty in her reception of humble suitor than Agnes has been to Patie Rintoul to-day.

Not that she objects to the bashful homage of Patie, or is at all displeased with his shy glances and reverent attendance—but Agnes has registered a vow, in the intense pride of being neglected, and is resolute to cast off and reject peremptorily her *first* wooer, whoever he may be.

But her heart is heavy, restless, agitated, she cannot tell why; and she sways herself in her chair, and wrings her hands with unconscious, involuntary emotion. Her mind is constantly going back to the old man's leave-taking, turning his words into every conceivable shape, and drawing all manner of indefinite dreads and terrors out of the tremor of the voice so little given to faltering, and from the glistening of the deep eyes so little used to tears. And it is, after all, a wild, imaginative, impulsive mind, which has dwelt so quietly these twenty years under Samuel Raeburn's roof—and but a touch is necessary to send it away on an unknown erratic course, and to fill it with all the thronging possibilities and suppositions of fancy. The dark night—the wild sea—the waters sweeping over the little deck—the sails springing wild from their fastenings—the sloop plunging among the furious waves—

and Agnes presses her hand on her heart, to still the cry that is bursting from its depths as this picture grows before her. The warm firelight dies away from her eyes—she can only see the ghastly glimmer of the moon on the broken water, and how the surf curls over the glistening rocks, like the foaming lip of a ravenous beast snarling on its prey.

"It's aye bonnie days in April," said Euphie, as her baby, waking from his sleep, roused herself from her happy dreaming over him; "if ye werena so set on your ain will, ane might ask ye never to sail till April, John."

"The sooner we're away, the sooner we'll be hame, Euphie, my woman," said the laconic John.

Euphie shook her head impatiently. "Ane kens naething about it, when ane's a young lassie," she said, with a mixture of petulance and importance. "It's a' very easy to be phrasing and fleecing then—but when ane's a married wife, and ought to ken about a' the affairs of the family as weel as ony man in the town, and have a right to ane's judgment as weel—the guidman shakes his head—set him up!—and gives a laugh in your face, as guid as to say, 'Haud ye still, bairnie; I ken, and it's nae business of yours.' If I was just like you, Agnes, this night, I would never take a man if I lived a hundred years!"

But John, not unused to such little ebullitions, only stretched out his great finger to be enclosed in the baby's vigorous clasp, and laughed at his impatient wife.

"Naeboddy has ony call to laugh at Euphie," said Agnes, on all occasions the sworn defender of every caprice of her sister. "Euphie's aye had her ain way a' her days—and it's ill your part to gang against her, John Rintoul!"

"Hear reason, woman!" exclaimed the startled John; "when do ever I gang against her? for a' she's the most provoking fairy that ever threw glamour in a man's een. Had her ain way?—and I would like to ken wha it is that has *my* way too, as muckle as if I was a wee doggie rinnin in a string?"

"See, man, there's your son," said Euphie, thrusting the infant into his father's mighty arms. The argument was irresistible, and John, with a growl of delight, gathered in the little mass of white muslin to his breast, and looked the happiest man in the world.

But Agnes Raeburn sank back into her corner, breathless with fearful fancies—though now her greatest strain of excited listening caught no longer, except in a shrill but not uncheerful whistle, the sound of the calmed wind.

CHAPTER IV.

"It's turned out a fine, light, quiet night after all," said John Rintoul, as he went to the door with his wife's young sister. It was so; but to the excited eyes of Agnes the broad white moonlight, and black depths of shadow, had something weird and fearful still. Not a creature stirred along the whole extent of the shore; and the slowly-retiring waters in the bay, and their own voices, as they said good night, were the sole interrupting sounds of the deep stillness, unless when now and then a sudden gust of wind rang like a pistol-shot among the echoing rocks.

There was no escort needed for the few steps of the familiar way, and, only pausing a moment to glance again upon the sky, which was not

quite so promising to a second look, John Rintoul closed the door, and put up the simple, ineffectual bar which professed to secure it. Hurrying on, a black shadow in the moonlight, Agnes ran softly past her father's door—past the few remaining houses, till she reached the farthest point of the bay, and breathlessly climbed the high bank to look out upon the sea. Some wild terror of seeing the wreck, even there below her feet, possessed her for an instant; but there was nothing but the slowly-vanishing foam, lying white upon the rocks, and the water ebbing gradually, with now and then a desperate backward leap, dashing spray into her very face. The sky was wild and troubled; the moon flying aghast and terrified, as

she could fancy, through those black mists which hovered round her, trembling before the heavy pursuing clouds, which hurried upon her track; and the water was still heaving and swelling in its broad channel—a sea to make a landsman shiver. Agnes, born to look upon its different moods without fear, trembled not for it. She could see there was nothing to appal a stout heart, even in the restless swell and dashing spray of the dark Firth before her. But with all her imaginative soul, she shivered, and recoiled, from the forlorn wan light and terrible blackness—the ghastly and dismal colouring of the night. The wind came creeping about her feet in her exposed standing-ground—creeping with furtive stealth, till it seized her like a secret traitor, and had nearly thrown her down over the steep headland into the surf below; and Agnes drew back with superstitious dread, her heart beating quick against her breast, and her frame thrilling all over with terror. But as far as her anxious eye could reach, up and down the Firth, there was nothing visible but the broad white moonlight and the dark water; not a sail or a mast, to break the depths of black silvered air, between the sea and the sky.

“The sloop’s safe in Anster harbour long ago,” said Agnes to herself; “and if it’s no, there’s mony men been in mair peril. It’s nae concern of mine. Eh, but Kirstin Beatoun! she would never haud up her head again, if ill came to John.”

And Agnes stole away home, persuading herself that Kirstin Beatoun, and no other, was uppermost in her benevolent thoughts; and suffering herself now to tremble with anxiety and fear, and suggest consolations to her own heart, which her own heart refusing to accept, yet could not blame; for she thought of the men in peril, the households that might be desolate, and shut her ears, even while her breast heaved, with a long hysterical sob, at some strange fairy whisper of the name of Patie Rintoul.

The evening was ended in Samuel Raeburn’s house, and his wife had taken off her cap with the edged borders, and put on a plain, unadorned muslin one, and was secretly untying

her apron under her shawl, and making other preparations for rest. The kitten—which all day long had tormented Mrs Raeburn, ever on the watch for her clue, and remorselessly weaving its thread round all the chairs in the family apartment—now lay confidently at the house-mother’s foot, overcome with sleep, like a tired child; and watchful greymalkin stalked about the corners, with fierce moustache and stealthy footstep, assuring herself, with savage complacency, of the coming darkness, which should call her victims forth to meet their fate. The shutter was up upon the window, the fire gathered, and Samuel Raeburn himself loosed his heavy shoes by the fireside, and bade the goodwife “take heed to that monkey Nanny, that she never was out again so late at e’en.”

“Deed, I wouldna have grudged her to bide with Euphie a’ night, and the puir thing left her lane,” answered the mother, whose fondness had made a spoiled child of John Rintoul’s pretty wife.

“But John’s there himsel, mother,” said Agnes. “Euphie wouldna hear of him sailing on so coarse a night, and he stayed to please her; and auld John and Patie, and Andrew Dewar, are away to Anster with the sloop.”

“And what ailed the skipper to gang wi’ her too?” said Samuel. “I never agreed to trust my gear and my boat to auld John. Ye may say he’s an elder. I wadna gie a prin for your kirk-officers; and if he was a’ the kirk-session, or the hail Assembly to boot, is that to say he’s studied navigation and a’ the sciences, and is fit to have such a charge? What business has John Rintoul to waste his guid time (specially when it belongs to me as weel as to himsel) for a woman’s havers? I never got biding at hame to please my wife; and if I’m no as guid a man ony day—”

“Ye never tried, Samuel,” interrupted his wife, in a tone of admonition. “A man can do mony a thing when he likes to try—and I’ll no say I ever was just like Euphie mysel; but the night’s as quiet noo as need be, and nae fears o’ the sloop; and the best place for you is just your

bed. Do ye think onybody ever caught auld John Rintoul in a public, wearing out baith body and spirit wi' thae weary politics? A hantle guid they'll ever do the like of us! And it's naething but the pride of a bow from Sir Robert, and being fleeced and made o' at election times, because you're a baillie, that gars ye heed them. Ye needna tell me—I just ken mysel."

"Guidwife, hold your peace!" said Samuel authoritatively. "It's no to be expected the like of you should understand, and I'll no fash to explain; though it's weel kent in the town that few men could do it better, if I was so disposed. I'm gaun to my bed, (no for your bidding, but for my ain pleasure;) and if I hear as muckle as a mouse stir by the time the clock chaps ten, I ken what I'll do."

So saying, and throwing his heavy boots into a corner with defiance, Samuel Raeburn went wisely to bed.

So did the mother very speedily,

after some confidential complainings to Agnes; and Agnes, who dared not make even her own heart her *confidante*, crept away to her own little bed to pray confused bewildered prayers for men at sea, and listen with cold tremor and shivering while her casement shook and rattled as if some hand without was on its framework, and wild sighs flitted past the window upon the fitful wind.

There was a strong vein of superstition in this fanciful and visionary mind, and Agnes trembled to see some unknown figure crossing the street in the broad moonlight before she went to rest, and hid her head, and shook with dread, when the mysterious creaks and unexplainable sounds of midnight stirred in the silent house. There seemed to her some strange presence abroad, pervading everything with a terrible brooding awe and silentness; and all her life long she never forgot the feverish dreams and wakings of that March night.

CHAPTER V.

A fresh boisterous March morning succeeded this night of so many mysterious fears and so little apparent danger; and after their early breakfast, John Rintoul took tender leave of his wife and his mother, who had come to bid him farewell, and set out upon the Anster road. No one, not even Agnes, remembered, under the clear sunshine, the terrors of the previous night. The morning light laughed out a joyous defiance of dangers visionary and actual—ghostly presence and ghostly sound fled before it mocked and discomfited; and the Firth, heaving and swelling over all its broad waters still, champed at its bit only like a high-blooded horse, which the brave bright day, open-eyed and dauntless, reined with a firm and vigorous hand, exulting in the restive resisting might which its own higher strength could keep in curb so well.

"I needna bid ye fareweel, Euphie," said John. "I wouldna say but I may come west and stay anither night at hame before the sloop's ready to sail, and ye'll come to

Anster the morn, if ye get nae word before, and see us gang down the Firth. It's a grand wind—the sloop will flee before it like a bird."

And so he went away—the wind was in his face, freshening his cheeks into glowing colour, as he turned round again and again to wave another good-by to them. His road was along the shore—along the range of "braes" which made a verdant lining to the rocky coast—and he went on with a light heart, resolved upon a pleasant surprise to Euphie, whose face his peradventure of returning at night had brightened into such flattering gladness.

The close green springy turf of the braes was drenched with rain and spray, its grass blades all glittering and trembling under the sunshine. Humble little cowering plants of gowans put up a pale deprecating bud here and there, propitiating the favour of the rude elements; and the low wild rose-bushes, full of brown budded leaves, which should yet make that sea-side road fragrant in summer-time, caught at John Rintoul's feet as

he passed, like importunate beggars asking help or sympathy; but the gay exhilarating rush of the waves on the shore, the sparkling of the light in the broad water, with its many tints and diversities of colour, the red sail of yon flying fisher-boat, and its own exulting pace and shower of spray, quickened the sailor's pulse, and made his face glow. The day was full of mirth and involuntary laughter, the wind playing pranks like a schoolboy wit, and the whole earth rousing itself, fresh-hearted and elastic, to meet the unclouded smiling of the sun.

What are these few broken bits of wood lying here in a little cove where the green brae slopes downward to the very rocks? In calmer weather, the water here is like a charmed mirror, softly laying itself over these folds and ledges of many-coloured stone, till all their various hues shine and glisten as if they caught a very life from the clear medium you see them through. The rocks project on either side, leaving only a tortuous narrow channel, all broken and interrupted, to show you that this clear small ocean here is not a separate pool, but belongs to the ebbing and flowing sea. As it is, recluse and silent, shutting out everything but the beautiful clear water and the sunshine, it might be a fit bath for a princess of romance; for the braes fold their soft slopes together to conceal it, leaving only one deep sudden dell between them, a shadowy path by which you may descend.

And down upon the grass there, where the princess might repose herself when her bath was done, what are these rude fragments, wet and jagged and broken, with sharp nails projecting from their sides, and traces of bright painting worn old by time and drenched by sea-water, lying on the peaceful turf? The water has been high here over-night, as you may trace by the mazed line of seaweed and broken shells half-way up the brae. Memorials of some old wreck, perhaps—perhaps sad tokens of the storm of yesternight. Softly, John—take care that your heavy boot does not slide down all the way upon that wet and treacherous grass: as it slips from below you, and you

catch at the small thorn rose-trees, and leave the mark of your resisting elbow upon this harmless family of gowans, there comes upon your face a light-hearted smile, while you think of many a joyous roll and tumble upon this self-same sod.

Fragments of a wreck, beyond question—of a recent wreck, for the rent is fresh, and the jagged edges sharp. The budded hawthorn, peering down from the edge of the brae, curiously broods over the secret here. The gowans, crushed under the weight, avert their childish heads, as if they would not hear the story; and, softening as it reaches this sunny pool, the water leaves the laughter which rings along all the farther coast, and whispers about the rocks with mysterious murmurs, as one who knows the story, but will not tell.

Warmly the strong life of manhood flushes on your bronzed cheek, John Rintoul; and the hand that lifts this piece of wood with sympathetic interest—moved at sight of the fate which every sailor knows may be his own, but otherwise all untroubled—could hold the helm, without trembling, in the wildest night that ever chafed these northern seas. But Heaven have pity on the strong man's weakness! what sudden spasm is this that blanches his hardy face into deadlier pallor than a woman's fainting, and shakes his sinewy arm like palsy? John Rintoul!—stout sailor!—easy heart!—what is there here to smite you like the hand of Heaven?

Nothing but his own name—his own name cut in awkward characters, as schoolboys use to inscribe them; and there sweeps back upon his fancy the very hour, when the ship-boy, on his first voyage, sick for home, opened the sailor's knife his father had given him, to cut these uncouth letters on the companion door;—how the skipper saw and swore at him, and took the precious knife away;—and how, in the darkness that night, when it was no longer needful to be proud and manly, he swung in his hammock unslumbering, and wept salt tears. He does not know, nor ever pauses to ask, why this childish grief comes back to his remembrance so clearly. Oh, Heaven!—oh, Lord, ruler of earth and heaven!—of danger,

misery, and death!—his father! his father! Where is the old man now?

And, desperately springing to his feet, he rushes along the low sharp rocks, plunging here and there knee-deep in the dazzling water, to cast a wild look of inquiry upon the unanswering sea—far out, upon the farthest perilous point of all the range, with the waves laughing round him in a din of derisive mirth, foaming over his feet, throwing their salt spray in his face, gurgling away in wild sport from his side, shivering into hosts of dazzling diamonds, returning again with a shout and bound to leap upon him. Go home, poor heart, and weep, and seek Heaven's aid and counsel—it will but madden thee, this joyous sea.

Still holding in his hand the fatal token of shipwreck, and unconsciously tightening his chill fingers upon it, he comes back slowly over the rocks, his brow throbbing as if with twenty lives. Pausing a moment to gather to him his stunned faculties, he climbs the brae again with two firm strides, and resumes his journey—not home: assurance may be false, and the very certainty of sight deceitful—another 'prentice-boy may have carved John Rintoul upon the companion of another sloop, and father and brother be safe in Anster harbour still.

The road flies under his long, solemn, hurrying strides, as he passes along the coast like a spirit. One or two wayfarers, pausing with smiles to greet him, have turned away, scared and fearful, before the road is half-traversed. John sees nothing but the sea, and its glimmering rocky margin, and never turns aside nor pauses, save when other fragments cast ashore call for his feverish eager scrutiny; bits of far-travelled drift-wood, borne from Norwegian forests; fragments of masts and spars long since broken by the waves: nothing that his keen eye can identify—nothing but this.

Past the old grey church of St Monance, through the still street of Pittenweem—and now he sees masts like his own rising above Anster pier. The wood in his hand drops a slow drop of gathered moisture now and then, like a tear, and his own fingers clasping it are benumbed and cold as

death; but his heart leaps upon his side with terrible throbbings, and his brow beats with audible strokes, that deafen his ears and choke his breath. Ears and breath—what of them? the man's whole soul is in his eyes—gazing, gazing, gazing—Heaven help him!—with blind impotent rage and fury, upon the blank vacant waters of Anster harbour—on fisher-boats and stranger vessels, and men whose lives are nought to him—but the sloop is not there.

He has leant his head upon the wall of the pier, and given way to a momentary burst of convulsive weeping—tears that scald his cheeks, long-drawn audible sobs that shake his whole strong frame; for John Rintoul has a tender heart like a child's, and even now, with a home and household of his own, regards his father with reverent affection and pride, his young brother with joyous hopeful tenderness; and the strong love in his good heart shakes the whole balance of his being, as he meets this sudden blow.

Composing himself after a little interval, John turns to look again wistfully along the whole broad horizon, and, after a moment, with more vivid curiosity, to examine the faces of fishermen who come and go, and sailors from the little schooner which lies at anchor near. But there is no intelligent look shrinking from his eye—no consciousness of dreadful news to tell him. Now and then he receives a nod and good-morrow, but it is very clear that here is nothing to be told.

A portly figure, in the rusty everyday dress of a little country "merchant," advances from the point of the pier, as John stands slowly and painfully deliberating what his next step must be. It is Bailie Tod, owner of the freight, which now should have been stowing into the hold of the Euphemia, and he has been looking up the Firth for her with impatience, grudging the good wind which this delay may make her lose.

"Is this you, John Rintoul?" exclaimed the bailie, hastily—the sloop was somewhat too small a craft to give its skipper the title of Captain, and, saving municipal distinctions, few other honorary handles were

usual to the plain names of these plain townsmen—"something's happened to the sloop, I reckon. I'm nae way bound to put off my business for ither men's dallying—and if there was onything to repair, ye needna have waited till now."

"The sloop left Elie harbour by six of the clock last night," said John, with startling abruptness; "and word or token of her I can find none but this."

"Lord bless me! and what's this?"

"I sailed my first voyage in her," said John deliberately, looking down upon his tragic carving. "It's fifteen year ago, and her name was the Merry Mason then, and she belonged to one Peter Ness, a buidler in Crail. She was a grand boat, new built, and making easy voyages, and little stressed with sair weather or heavy seas a' her days, if it werena last year in the Pentland Firth, when I took round a cargo of farming gear for Comielaw's young son. I looked her a' owre mysel, me and—and a better judge than me," gasped John convulsively, unable to say his father's name; "and Samuel Raeburn, the wife's faither, gaed halves with me to buy her. As steive and sound in a' her timbers as if she was new out of the buidler's yard—and weel seasoned and proved forby, and as guid a sailor as ever ran before a wind—but I can find nought of her but this."

The bailie was not used to delicate handling of any subject, even so serious a one; and perhaps a more soothing and gentle response would have increased instead of broken the heavy stupefaction gathering over the mind of John, little accustomed as it was to violent emotions. "Do you mean the sloop's lost?" cried Bailie Tod.

John looked up for an instant with eyes fiercely glaring upon the speaker, as if the question were an insult. Then his glance fell slowly upon the token in his hand. "I cut it mysel on the companion-door," he said, with heavy distinctness of utterance. "The Lord help me! how do ye think I am to gang hame with such a story in my mouth?"

Half an hour after, a little group of experienced sailors had collected round John Rintoul on Anster pier.

Neither signal of distress nor sound had reached Anster during the night, and no one had thought more of the storm than of a "gey gale" or "a black east wind," disagreeable while it lasted, but nothing to have disturbed the customary hardihood of any among them. A St Monance fisherman, arrested in passing, declared to have heard nothing of the sloop; and there were the clear unencumbered waters before them, and in all the Firth nothing like her visible to their eager glance—no sign or trace to be seen. Nothing but this; and John Rintoul held fast in his stiffened benumbed fingers the fragment of wreck, with its boyish carvings, and its fearful significance of destruction and death.

"A man might cut his name, being a laddie, on mair places than ane," said an old fisherman. "Are you sure of your ain hand, skipper, that you never did it ony place but there?"

John shook his head almost angrily, with the quick impatience of grief. He could not bear to have ignorant doubts thrown on his certainty, though he himself caught at doubts far more fantastic, and possibilities beyond the reach of any but the most excited fancy.

"Or they might see a wilder sea than they cared to face, and have slipped back, and missed the Elie, and gotten aground on Largo sands," said another speaker, "and be safe enough themselves, whatever had happened to the boat."

But John, in answer, only held up his hopeless silent messenger—and the voice of his comforters failed—and they could suggest no further hope.

"Then there's naething remaining but to gang hame," said the fisherman, an elder too, and contemporary of old John Rintoul—"to gang to the minister, and get him to break it to the women-folk, and give thanks to God the auld man was a righteous man, and say the will of the Lord be done. It's what your faither would bid you, if he were here this day, John Rintoul."

And the men separated a little, and, though they still surrounded him, had loosened their ring and showed plainly enough that they saw nothing possible to be done. "Thanks to ye a'," said

John, hurriedly; "I'll gang hame—my mother must ken. If you would gang up the length of St Minans with me, just to ask a question or twa, I would be thankful, Robbie Seaton;

and I'll get a boat and gang up to Largo sands as soon as I've seen them at hame. Ye're a' very kind friends—thanks to ye a'. I'll gang hame."

CHAPTER VI.

"The auld man says we'll spoil the bairn among us," said Kirstin Beatoun, reluctantly resigning her baby grandson into the arms of Ailie Rintoul: "ae bairn among sae many grown-up folk is sure to be owre muckle made o'—I see that mysel."

Stern, tall, hard-featured Auntie Ailie made no response. It was only when little John was in other arms than her own that *she* saw the dangers attending his many-friended infancy.

Euphie's room was nearly as full as its dimensions permitted. She herself, enthroned in the elbow-chair, with its cushions of checked linen, sat by a fireside as clear and brilliant as the fresh day without, and her mother-in-law had just laid lightly round her shoulders, over her bright lilac shortgown, an additional comforting shawl. Euphie's pretty hair curled wilfully under her muslin morning cap, with its little narrow border of lace—lace over the price of which the elder Mrs Rintoul and Mrs Raeburn shook their heads with secret pride; and the pretty delicate colour in her soft cheek had grown a little brighter with the sweet exultation of her young motherhood, and the genial warmth of the atmosphere, both physical and mental, surrounding her. For Euphie had an innocent enjoyment of being petted, and cared for, and "muckle made o',"—it had been her fate all her life.

The carved mahogany tea-table of last night's entertainment has been removed to its old corner, and, carefully polished and shining, holds its round top and elaborate rim in a perpendicular slant of complacent exhibition; and it is only a plain deal table, for common use, by which Kirstin Beatoun stands, in her dark-blue woollen petticoat, and dark-blue linen shortgown, her dress relieved only by the white lining of her turned-over collar, and by her trim check apron, glistening from the press. A little weatherbeaten, as becomes a fisher's

wife, there is still a fresh bloom upon her cheeks, though they have seen more than sixty years; and with curves about her brow and eyes, and quiescent lines round the mouth, which betray many a past anxiety in the family mother, the eyes themselves are neither dimmed nor mottled, but shine with all manner of affectionate capabilities still. Upon the table beside her lies a bundle of warm blue woollen stockings, her own winter-evening work, which have to be added to her son John's stores before he goes to sea; and Kirstin herself, on "the muckle wheel," which stands in a corner of her cottage room, has spun every thread of the yarn which her bright wires afterwards manufactured into those substantial articles of comfort, with which she congratulates herself the old man and Patie are bountifully supplied.

But Ailie Rintoul is a skipper's wife, a person of consequence, with a much finer house, and higher proprieties about her than her sister-in-law. No shortgown, but a full dress and petticoat of black silk, not very long since degraded from its rank of Sabbath-day's apparel to be worn through the week, as after all a very thrifty dress, endues the tall and somewhat meagre person of Mrs Plenderleath, whose rank fully qualifies her to bear her husband's name and her matronly title. This is entirely a matter of rank in these simple seaport oligarchies; and no one thinks of calling Kirstin Beatoun, good wife and kindly as she has been for five-and-forty years by any other than the maiden name, which, according to law, she relinquished so long ago, to be John Rintoul's wife. Auntie Ailie has taken off her bonnet, which lies on the bed, looking very prim, and well preserved, and thrifty; but no one sees the dignified Mrs Plenderleath stir abroad without one; whereas Kirstin wears no upper covering over her snowy cap. Ailie Rintoul is a year or two younger than her sister-

in-law, and is harsh of feature and slow of speech, like her brother—conscious of being an authority, too, like what he was, and full of a solemn importance, still more marked and evident; but other qualities less visible, and on the surface—powers of the judgment and the heart—well developed, although peculiar, and marked by strong individual characteristics, are there as nobler witnesses to testify the relationship between Mrs Plenderleath and John Rintoul.

A little basket of new-laid eggs, the produce of her own beloved hens, stands beside Kirstin's stockings. Ailie has strong antipathies, and an active, cherished dislike to the remote members of her husband's family; so that her own childlessness has made her feel herself more and more emphatically a Rintoul, and she feels a personal gratitude to pretty little spoilt Euphie for the heir whom she holds in her arms.

Mrs Raeburn cannot come west this morning to join the family conclave, but Agnes is here in her place. Agnes stands by the other corner of the fireside, turning the spinning-wheel idly. There is no yarn upon its polished round, as it moves in a slow measure, quite unusual to it, under the musing eyes which veil all their light with dreams. Agnes is dressed in a bright-coloured printed gown of home-made linen, and looks nothing so melancholy or abstracted as she was last night; but the conversation of the matrons does not fix her wandering thoughts, and the gentle heaviness of girlish reverie falls upon her unawares. There is something soothing, slumbrous, drowsy in the lingering motion of the wheel; and so is there in her thoughts, which gradually grow slower, till they glide along in conscious silence, her mind only aware of them, but never exerting itself to lift the eyelids, which droop so pleasantly, and see what manner of thoughts are these. By and by she is seated, still in this charmed silence—still spinning unseen tissues over the vacant wheel. The baby leaps in the old arms which hold him so proudly: the young mother, enjoying with all her heart the tender sympathy surrounding her, answers Kirstin Beatoun's anxious questions, and is confidential about

herself and her baby, while her "goodmother" encourages her, from her own experience, and Ailie is didactic and instructive; full of occult knowledge of the "ways of bairns." They are all occupied, each as suits her best; and no one interferes with the musings of Agnes, or with the empty wheel.

But round and round this fated house, in the clear sunshine, goes one with guilty steps and haggard face, like a midnight thief. A dozen times his feet have faltered at the door, but he sees the peaceful group through the window, and dares not enter—dares not go in with his terrible news in his face, to plunge them all into misery. Such a strange assembly, too, for one who has this news to tell—John Rintoul's faithful wife, Patie's loving mother; Ailie, only sister of the lost, nearest to him in blood, in disposition, and in sympathy; Agnes, over whom this strong light of sudden grief throws an instant revelation too, disclosing her in her unconscious reverie, just entering the enchanted ground whither Patie Rintoul had gone before her, drawing with him her girl's heart; and, scarcely last, the sorrowful messenger thinks of his own delicate Euphie, so little able to bear such a shock—and he shrinks and trembles at the door.

The hair upon his brow is wet; there is a cold dew over his face, and his fingers now will scarcely lose their hold of that bit of broken wood. But they have seen him within, and some one rushes suddenly to the door. He hears a great cry of mingled voices, asking what it is, and feels them all crowding round him. There he stands by his own bright hearth, his wife clinging to his arm, his mother gazing in his face, till he thinks his heart will burst—stands full in the rays of the gay firelight, which mocks him like the sunshine, holding his witness in his hand.

Nor has he obeyed the injunctions of his humble sympathisers, and transferred the painful task of telling the news to the minister. He has come to do it himself, alone and unsupported; and the questions they pour upon his ears—questions suggestive of some trivial misery, so much under the mark of the true one that he could laugh at them in bitter

mockery—go near to make him mad. And at last, suffering far too intensely himself to remember any of the commonplaces of preparation, the usual modes of “breaking” such a piece of terrible intelligence to those most dearly concerned, John bursts into the heart of the subject with one desperate effort. He would fain say something gentler, but he cannot. Nothing will come from his parched lips but the abrupt and utmost truth.

“The sloop’s gone down atween this and St Minans; they’ve never been heard tell of in Anster. I found a bit of the wreck on the shore—ye a’ mind it; and there’s no anither token of them, man or boat, except at the bottom of the sea!”

John’s hoarse breathless whisper was broken by a scream—it was but Euphie, who had in this intimation only a great shock, but scarcely any bereavement—and on his disengaged arm Ailie Rintoul laid a savage grasp, griping him like a tiger—“Say it’s a lee—say it’s a story ye’ve made—and I’ll no curse ye, John Rintoul!”

But Kirstin Beatoun said not a word. Her eyes turned upon her son with a vacant stare, and her fingers kept opening and shutting with a strange idiotic motion; then, suddenly starting, she lifted up her hands, and bent her cowering head under their shadow, pressing her fingers over the eyes which would not close. John made no answer to the fierce question of his aunt—said nothing to soothe the terror of Euphie; his whole attention was given to his mother.

There was a solemn pause—for even Ailie did not venture to speak now, till the wife and mother, doubly bereaved, had wakened from her stupor—and nothing but the low moans and sobs of Euphie disturbed the silence. It was but momentary, for they woke the stunned heart of Kirstin, and roused her to know her grief.

“Comfort the bit poor thing, John—comfort her,” said his mother suddenly; “for she has her prop and her staff left to her, and has never heard the foot of deadly sorrow a’ her days. The auld man and Patie—baith gane—a’ gane—I ken it’s true—I’m assured in my ain mind it’s true; but I’ve nae feeling o’t, man—nae feeling o’t—nae mair than could iron or stane.”

And with a pitiful smile quivering

upon her lip, and her eye gleaming dry and tearless, Kirstin turned to pace up and down the little apartment. Strangely different in the first effort of her scarcely less intense grief, Ailie Rintoul turned now fiercely upon John—

“Have ye nae mair proof but this? A wave might wrench away a companion door that wouldna founder a sloop—are ye gaun to be content with this, John Rintoul? He’s gane through as mony storms as there’s grey hairs on his head—and ilka ane of them is numbered. Am I to believe the Lord would forsake his ain? I tell ye ye’re wrang—ye’re a’ wrang—I’ll never believe it. He may be driven out a hundred mile, or stranded on a desolate place, or ta’en refuge, or fechtin on the sea;—but ye needna tell me—I ken—I ken—I’ll believe ye the Judgment’s to be the morn, afore I believe my brother’s lost.”

Hot tears blinded Ailie’s eyes, and all the stiff sedateness of her mien had vanished in the wild gestures with which these words hurried from her lips; she paused, at length, worn out and trembling with feverish excitement, and turned to the window to look out on the sea. John, still more completely exhausted, and lost in the deep hopeless despondency which had now succeeded to the first impatience of grief, stood at the table silent and unresponsive still; and the slow, heavy footsteps of Kirstin Beatoun sounded through the room like a knell.

“And it was for this ye minded of the bairns!—oh, John, my man, my man! and it was for this the Lord warned ye with a sight of them, and put dark words in your mouth, that I kent nae meaning to!—Na, Ailie; no lost: blessings on him where he is, where nae blessings fail! I never had dread nor doubt before, but put him freely in the Lord’s hand to come and gang at His good pleasure—and he came like the day, and gaed like the night, as constant, serving his Maker. He’s won hame at last—and the Lord help me for a pair desolate creature, that am past kenning what my trouble is. Patie, too: bairns—bairns, ye needna think me hard-hearted because I canna greet—but it’s a’ cauld, cauld, like the blast that cast our boat away.”

And the poor widow leaned upon

the wall, and struggled with some hard, dry, gasping sobs; but no tears came to soften the misery in her eyes.

Agnes was cowering in a corner,

like one who shrinks from a great blow; Euphie wept and lamented passionately and aloud—she felt the stroke so much the least of all.

CHAPTER VII.

That day the Firth was scoured up and down, from Inverkeithing to St Andrews, and anxious scouts despatched along the whole line of coast to search at least for other evidence of the wreck. Other evidence there was none to be found—nothing, save this solitary fragment, had found its way to the home-shores of Fife, and the sea closed hopelessly over all trace and token of the lost vessel and her crew. The weather continued brilliant and glowing, full of sunshine and fresh winds; but not even the strong high tides, which covered Elie shore with wreaths of tangle and glistening sea-weed, and scattered driftwood on the braes, brought any second messenger ashore, to confirm the record of the first. In a little empty chamber, in the roof of John Rintoul's house, this tragic token was itself preserved; and Euphie, when he disappeared sometimes, knew, with an impatient, half-displeased sympathy, that he was there—there, turning over the senseless fragment in his hand, carefully pondering its marks, and feeling his heart beat when he discovered a new jagged point in its outline, yet never drawing forth from it further tidings of the mystery which it alone could tell.

And by and by a stupifying calm fell over all their excitement. The loss of the "Euphemia" came to be a matter of history in the district, of which people told with heads sympathetically shaken, and exclamations of grave pity, just as Kirstin Beatoun herself spoke last year of the boats lost at "the drave." There were circumstances connected with the story, remarkable, and claiming special notice; as for, instance, the total disappearance of the wreck—all but the one singular token which John Rintoul himself had found; but the story itself was not remarkable—nothing more note-worthy or lamentable than the fall of a knight in harness, of a soldier in the field of battle, was the loss of a sailor in the wild element which he lived but to struggle with; and only another story of shipwreck,

distinguished by a special mystery, was added to the far too abundant store of such calamities known to the dwellers of the east coast.

And "the Elie," with its quiet monotony of life—the bustle of leave-taking with which its few small vessels sailed, its fishing-boats went and came, and its little commotion of country business—the market of its small province of farms—went on without a change. A visible outward gravity and solemnness fell upon two or three households, who made no moan of their affliction—no small repining and complaint on the part of Samuel Raeburn and his wife, now suddenly fallen into comparative poverty; but all the widening outer circles had died out of the placid water, and only a single spot remained to tell where so many hopes had gone down into the sea.

And looking into Kirstin Beatoun's sole apartment, with all its minute regularity of order—its well-swept earthen floor and shining fireplace, with the great empty "kettle," which she once needed in the old family times, standing upon the side of the grate, even when the little vessel she used herself hung from the crook, a speck in the large hospitable chimney—you scarcely could have fancied that the house was desolate. There were one or two signs noticeable enough, if you had crossed the threshold before, ere this blow fell on Kirstin's life. No sound in the hushed house but the constant voice of the eight-day clock, telling hours and minutes, of which none were spent idly even now. No bits of tunes hummed out of the house-mother's contented heart—no little communication made to herself or to a passing neighbour, and even no passing neighbour throwing in a word of daily news from the threshold, as they used to do every hour; for the door itself stood no longer open, inviting chance visitants or voices. Like a veil over a widow's face, this closed door chilled all voluble sympathisers round, and impressed the

neighbourhood with a deeper sense of widowhood and desolation than almost any other visible token could have done. The very children paused and grew silent, wondering with wistful eyes before the closed door; and solemn was the greenish light within, coming solely, as it never came before, through the thick small window-panes and half-drawn curtains, upon Kirstin herself, sitting before the fire in the profound silence, working nets or knitting stockings, spinning wool or hemp—no longer for the kindly household needs which it was such joy to supply—no longer for the winter fishing, or the herring drave, in which she herself had all the personal interest which a fisherman's wife takes in the success of "our boat,"—but for the bare and meagre daily bread which she had now to win with her own hands.

She is sitting there now, with the fire throwing some ruddy shade upon her—sitting in the full daylight, in the middle of the floor. There is a significance even in the place where she chooses to put her chair and wheel, for Kirstin is in no one's way now, and does not need to leave the "clear floor," for which she would once have contended. Without, it is a May day, fresh and fragrant, and the clear water on Elie shore has forgotten the boisterous mirth of early spring, and out of its schoolboy din has gone back into an infant's sweet composure, and breaks in sunny ripples, soft and quiet, upon the narrow rim of golden sand. But there comes no sunshine here, to throw a passing radiance upon this still figure, with its drooping head and widow's cap, the wheel moving rapidly before her, and the monotonous continual motion of foot and hand. There is something strangely impressive in this combination of perfect stillness and constant mechanical motion—a mystic mesmeric effect binding the spectator as by a spell. The wheel moves on, and so does the hand that sways it; but not by so much as the lifting of an eyelid does Kirstin show any sign of animation except this.

Yet she has visitors to-day. By the side of the fire, just opposite that great wooden arm-chair which no one ventures to sit down in, Mrs Plender-

leath, with a black gown heavily trimmed with crape, and ghastly black ribbons about her cap, sits solemnly silent too. Kirstin has no mourning except the widow's cap which surrounds her unmoving face—her everyday petticoat and shortgown remain the same, and she can only afford to wear her new mournings on Sabbath-days; but there is a satisfaction to the richer Ailie in bearing constantly the memorials of their woe. Cold and grey, and sharply drawn, the thin lines of Ailie's face bear something like a high strain of irritation and impatience in their grief. Her eyes are excited and wandering—deeply hollowed, too, within these few painful weeks—and her lips have got a fashion of strange rapid motion, quivering, and framing words as it seems, though the words are never said.

Just behind Kirstin, sitting on a low wooden stool, and half leaning against the elbow of the vacant arm-chair, is Agnes Raeburn. Samuel, her father, has taken the loss of the sloop as a personal offence, and has no commiseration to spare for the sailors who lost his property along with their lives; nor has he ever professed to mourn for them: yet Agnes has a homely black-and-white cotton gown, as cheap as cotton print can be procured, whereby she silently testifies her "respect" for the dead. And something more significant than her mourning speaks in those dark shadows under her eyes, in the pallor of her thin cheek, and in the lines which begin to grow far more clearly marked and distinct than they should have been for years, around the grave mouth, which never relaxes now to anything but a pathetic smile. But it is here only, or in the solitude of her own chamber at home, that Agnes permits herself the indulgence of this grief. Out of doors, and among strangers, her pride sustains her. She will not have any one say that she is breaking, for Patie Rintoul, the heart which he never sought in words.

Though now Agnes is solemnly assured that he would have sought it, and that Patie, whose dawning devotion she had scorned so far as appearance went, bore for her that high love at which her heart trembles, and which none may scorn. She knows

it. How? but Agnes thrills over all her frame, and shrinks back and shudders. She cannot tell. A dark figure crossing the street through the world of white unshadowed moonlight—a distant step echoing over the stones when all the peaceful house-keepers of Elie had been for hours asleep—something at her window shaking the casement like a hand that fain would open it, but might not—and stealthy sounds, as of subdued footsteps, stealing all night long through the silent house. She thinks that thus he came to warn her—he, Patie—now the one perpetual unnamed He on whom her heart dwells; she thinks the passing yearning spirit took this only means in his power to let her know his love, as he parted with his mortal life; and the thought wraps heart and soul of her in a dim dreamy awe.

At present Agnes is knitting. It is Kirstin's work—work that she does at night to preserve her eyes for the more remunerative labour;—and so they sit together in perfect silence, Ailie Rintoul now and then rustling the sleeve of her black silk gown, as she lifts her large brown bony hand to wipe the continual moisture which overflows, as out of a cup, from the hollow rim under her eyes—Agnes moving her fingers quickly, and making a sharp rapid sound with her wires—Kirstin, like a weird woman, with rapt head and look of perfect abstraction, spinning on, with that constant monotonous movement of foot and hand;—but no one of them stirring, except with this involuntary gesture, and none saying a word to the other.

After a long time spent in this silence, Ailie rises slowly to go to the window. The children without think her something like a spirit as they see her long colourless face, surrounded with borders of narrow net and bits of black ribbon, looking out over the curtain. Slowly returning and resuming her seat, Ailie speaks.

"You said John was to be down from Leith the day?"

"Euphie was looking for him," said Agnes. "The owner of the brig was to let him ken whether he would do for mate this morning, and Euphie was busy at a' his claes, for he thought he would get the place."

Ailie shook her head bitterly. Kirstin made no sign; but the humiliation, and loss, and poverty, were an aggravation of the misfortune to her sister-in-law.

"And Euphie said, if you would gang there—if you would only gang hame!" said Agnes, rising to lay her hand hurriedly on Kirstin Beatoun's shoulder; "for it breaks everybody's heart to see ye living your lane, and working this way night and day."

"A'body's very kind," said Kirstin steadily, "but I've had a house o' my ain for five-and-forty year, and I canna live in anither woman's now. Na, na, Nannie—my guid-daughter is very weel of hersel, and pleases John, and I'm aye glad to see her—and you're a fine simple-hearted creatur, and I like to have you near me; but I maun bide in my ain house, Nancy, and be thankful that I hae to work to keep a roof over my head; it's aye something to thole thae lang days for. If I had plenty, and ease, and nae-thing to do but to sit with my hands before me, I would either gang daft or dee."

"But there's an odds between gaun to a strange woman's house—though I'm meaning nae ill to John's wife—and coming to mine," said Mrs Plenderleath; "and ye could aye hae plenty to do, Kirstin, and I wouldna be against ye working, for I ken it's a grand divert to folk's ain thoughts."

"Na, Ailie, na," answered Kirstin Beatoun; "I have lost a' thing that made hame cheerie, man and weans, goods and gear; but I maun keep the four wa's a' my days—it's what was hame ance, and it's everything I hae. When my time comes, and I'm done with earthly dwellings—the Lord send it was this day!—the plenishing can be sellt, and the siller laid by for little Johnnie when he comes to be a man; but I maun keep my ain house a' my days."

This was by no means the first time Kirstin had declared her determination; and not even the faintest lingering hope that some one might still come back out of the mysterious sea, which had swallowed up her treasures, to make this once more a home worth living in, inspired her in her purpose. It was simply as she said. Her own house, and the desire to retain it, was all she had now

remaining in this life; and her daily work was her daily strength, and kept her heart alive.

For no one dreamt of the little Dutch smuggling brig storm-driven up the Firth on you tempestuous March night—no one knew of the young pallid half-drowned man whom the Dutch skipper could not choose but turn aside to save; and least of all could any one have imagined the strange pitiful scene on board the "Drei Bruderen," where the poor young Scotch sailor, with that hardening cut upon his brow, lay wild in

the delirium of brain fever, raving fiercely in the unknown tongue, which made his kindly, rude deliverers, grouped round his bed, shake their heads, and look doubtfully at one another, unable to distinguish a single word intelligible to them of all his lengthened groanings. They were on the high seas still, slowly drawing near their haven; and even now, while Kirstin Beatoun sat immovable under the shadow of her great hopeless sorrow, hope, and health, and a new life began to dawn again upon Patie Rintoul.

A TRIO OF FRENCH TOURISTS.

A SHORT time ago, a book was published in Paris, consisting of extracts and compilations from the most interesting and remarkable narratives of travel that have appeared in Europe within the last few years. A French critic, noticing the publication, regretfully commented on the very small quota his countrymen contribute to the common stock of that class of literature. In France there is a notable scarcity, not easy to account for, of a description of book by no means uncommon in England and Germany; plain, unsophisticated descriptions of distant countries, by men whose habitual occupations are not literary, who in most cases have never before written a book, and in many may never again attempt one, but who have sufficient command of their own language distinctly to write down their adventures and observations. In Germany, where the ambition to appear in print is almost universal amongst persons of education, the thing is overdone, and a good deal of waste-paper is the consequence. We are far from asserting that, in England too, a considerable proportion of the tours and travels that annually see the light, could not very well be dispensed with. But in both countries, when the worthless froth is rejected, there remains much that is solid and valuable, contributed not by the profession of literature, but by the general public—by naval and

military officers, by medical men, by men of science, who, whilst making booty of birds and butterflies, plants and pebbles, have still an observant eye for other things besides those of their special pursuits—and by restless spirits whom a pure love of adventure and change drives to exchange the fireside comforts of home for distant and perilous rambles. These are the classes to which Germany and England are indebted for all, or very nearly all, the best books of travel that for many years past have appeared. These are the classes to which belong such men as Wagner, Tschudi, Brooke, Werne, Gregg, Ruxton, Warburton, Walpole, Gardner, Leichhardt, Keppel, Erman, Mundy, and a host of others, of equal merit, whom it were tedious here to catalogue. We write the names as they occur to us, omitting many as good. In France, a very different state of things exists. There, nearly all the books of travel that appear are the production of literary men, who set off with the deliberate intention of making their journey pay itself. The result is not happy. Relying more upon their style and skill than upon the intrinsic interest of their subject, they confine their excursions to convenient countries, at no great distance from home, and their books are more commendable for grace and polish than for freshness and novelty; They are apt to be merely showy and

Italia. PAR THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris, 1852.

Les Nuits Anglaises, Contes Nocturnes. PAR MARY. Paris, 1853.

Lorely, Souvenirs d'Allemagne. PAR GÉRARD DE NEURAL. Paris, 1852.

superficial, where Englishmen and Germans are sensible and sound. The appearance of so startling a work as Missionary Huc's reminiscences of Tartary and Thibet is quite an event, and a rare one, in the annals of the modern French literature of travel.

As specimens of the style of tour-writing most common in France, we have here assembled three volumes of sketches in foreign lands, proceeding from the pens of well-known *feuilletonistes*. Messieurs Gautier, Méry, and de Nerval belong to much the same category of French literary men. They are all poets, novelists, and tourists; they all dabble in the drama, and deal more or less in criticism. M. Gautier is most of the critic, M. Méry of the novelist, M. de Nerval of the tourist. Upon the present occasion we catch all three upon the wing, in directions very different.

Venezia would have been at least as appropriate a name as Italia for M. Theophilus Gautier's most recent volume of travels. With the exception of a few pages at each end of the book, it is entirely taken up by the Queen of the Adriatic. Three cities, it appears, have long had the good fortune to exercise peculiar fascination over the eccentric *feuilletoniste* of *La Presse*. These are Granada, Venice, Cairo. The choice is not ill made. Some years have elapsed since one-third of his desire was gratified, since he roamed through the courts of the Alhambra, and told his travels, amusingly enough, in a book characterised by his usual mixture of foppery and talent, shrewdness and affectation. At some future day he will doubtless tell us about Egypt: for the present he has got no farther than Venice, a city concerning which such a multitude of tourists have scribbled, that only a bold man would attempt the subject. M. Gautier is notoriously intrepid, and that being a quality which fortune favours, he is not unfrequently successful. If not always to be entirely relied upon, he at least is invariably readable and entertaining—excepting now and then, when he rides to death his favourite hobby, description of fine art. His greatest mistakes are a strained originality, and the occasional in-
tion of far-fetched con-

ceits. In his capacity of poet, he deems it right to give the rein to his fancy, which sometimes leads him out of his road to pick up quaint ideas scarcely worth collecting. Upon the other hand he often, in a few well-selected words, gives a particularly happy general idea of the places and objects he encounters by the way. In the present book, his first pause is at Geneva. A childish notion, which subsequent travel had not sufficed to dispel, has made him, he says, picture to himself towns as of the nature of their most celebrated products. Thus he imagined Brussels to be a big field of little cabbages, Ostend an oyster-bed, Strasbourg a prodigious pie of the livers of tortured ducks, Nuremberg a box of toys, and Geneva a watch. "I had imagined," he says, "a vast complication of watchwork, jagged wheels, cylinders, and springs, perpetually ticking and turning. The houses, I thought—if houses there were—had gold or silver cases, and their doors were locked with watch-keys." After hunting this conceit to earth, M. Gautier tells us what he really found Geneva. "It has the serious and rather stiff air of Protestant towns. The houses are lofty and regular; the straight line, the right angle, prevail everywhere—everything is in square and parallelogram. The curve and the ellipse are proscribed, as too sensual and voluptuous; the colour of grey abounds on walls and in garments. The hats and bonnets have an unintentionally Quakerish look; one feels that there must be a good many Bibles in the town, and few pictures." Here, then, a *fanatico per la pittura* could not be expected to abide very long. Quitting the puritanical shores of Leman, M. Gautier is off southwards like a shot, but stops in the way to set his watch by a sun-dial at Isella, the little village on the Piedmontese frontier, where the customhouse stands.

"The customhouse is surrounded by arcades, sustained by columns of grey granite. On the wall we remarked a sun-dial, whose occupation must be almost a sinecure, for the sunbeams can but rarely reach it. It bears the following inscription: *Torna tornando il sol, l'ombra smarrita, ma non più ritorna l'età fuggita*—'The vanished shadow returns when re-

turns the sun, but fugitive age returns no more.' The Italian *conpetto* plays, in the philosophical thought, upon the words *torna, tornando, ritorna*. How much more simply terrible was the warning we once read upon the sundial of the church of Urrufla, near the Spanish frontier. Thus ran the terrible comment upon the flight of the hours: *Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat*—'All wound; the last kills.' Gnomons and dials, we understand your language, and we have had engraved upon our seal, *Vivere memento*—'Remember to live.' When we pass near you, we hurry our steps, even though fatigued, or though the spot would please us to camp; for we are reminded that we must haste to visit this earth, which is soon to absorb us in its vast bosom."

Thus, with a swift step, the traveller passes on to Venice, his pauses upon the way few and brief. He arrives in the night, to his great disgust, he being thus deprived, to a certain extent, of the pleasure of a first impression on entrance. Next morning he is early out on his balcony. One good point in M. Gautier, as a writer of travels, is that he does not pester you with raptures, or strain his pen to describe indescribable feelings. He sketches the scene that impresses him, in the best manner he can, in the hope that his skill may suffice thus to impart to his readers a portion of the pleasure he himself receives. With many he will doubtless be successful. For our part, we confess that mere descriptions of squares and buildings, sculpture and monuments, however splendid and magnificent these may be, do but moderately interest us, even when penned by a masterly hand. At best they but inspire us with the desire to visit, if we have not visited them, scenes and places of which any written account must be cold and imperfect. A book devoted to the description of a city, and in which inanimate objects are dwelt upon at much length, should also include—as a relief to brick and masonry, fountains, statues, and pictures—glimpses, neither few nor far between, of the citizens, their usages and modes of life, their prejudices, pleasures, and popular traditions. On these matters M. Gautier touches rarely and briefly; and, to speak the

truth, he does not seem nearly as much at home in the gallery of Venetian life as in the galleries of Venetian pictures. Now and then he treats us to a legend, and, for the general reader, such passages are amongst the most interesting in the book. Here is one of them, relating to two small lights which continually burn in front of a mosaic Madonna on the outside wall of St Mark's Cathedral:—

"There are two different legends concerning these lights. We will relate both, without comment. Their authenticity is undoubted by sacristans and gondoliers.

"In the time of the republic of Venice, a man was assassinated on the Piazzetta. The murderer, alarmed by some noise, let fall, as he fled, the sheath of his dagger. A baker, upon his way home, saw the silver mounting of the sheath glitter, and picked it up, without observing the body, which lay in shadow. Close behind him came the *sbirri*, who stumbled over the corpse. Seeing a man only a few paces from the victim, they arrested him, searched him, and found upon him the sheath, which perfectly fitted the stiletto withdrawn from the wound. In spite of his protestations of innocence, the poor baker was imprisoned, judged, condemned, executed. Some years later, a notorious bandit, laden with crime, and about to mount the scaffold, felt a twinge of remorse, and declared that he had been the murderer, and that the unfortunate man executed in his stead was perfectly innocent.

"Thereupon solemn reparation was made to the memory of the baker; the judges who had condemned him were executed, and their confiscated property was applied to the foundation of an annual mass, and of a perpetual annuity destined to feed these two lamps. This was not all: lest those two little flickering stars should be insufficient *memento* for the conscience of judges, at the end of every criminal trial, when sentence of death has been pronounced, and the headman is about to take possession of his prey, an officer of the court advances to the foot of the tribunal, and, with imperious tone and air, exhorts the judges to 'Remember the baker!' Then the sentence is annulled, and the trial recommences. The usher's words

constitute an appeal for revision of the sentence on behalf of the criminal.

"Here is the other version:—A patrician, a magnificent noble of the republic, had one day the dismal fancy to descend into the vault of his ancestors, and have their coffins opened. What he then saw shocked him terribly; the bodies, instead of preserving the rigid immobility of corpses, were convulsed into attitudes indicative of a violent struggle. It was as if their death agony had commenced after burial. In short, there could be no doubt that they had been buried alive during a trance resembling death. The noble Venetian then gave orders that, when his hour should, to all appearance, have come, he should be kept as long as possible previously to interment. He awoke one day from a lethargy, just as they were about to put him in the red gondola that was to convey him to his last resting-place. Grateful for his escape from such peril, he made a vow to keep two lamps perpetually burning before this Madonna, for whom he had particular reverence.

"For one of these stories to be true, the other must necessarily be false; but it does not do to be captious in respect of legends, and both have quite the Venetian character. What is certain is, that the two lamps are lit every evening with the stars, and that in coming from a distance one sees them shining at the end of the Piazzetta, like a pious thought not to be disturbed by the noise of the city."

One of the best chapters of *Italia* is that headed "Familiar Details." Seated in his balcony, at the entrance of the grand canal, opposite the Dogana, M. Gautier notes down what passes before him. Here is a party of young girls, wrapped in their long shawls, their hair—of that red auburn so dear to painters of the Venetian school—twisted like cables upon the nape of the neck. They might be the very same models who sat, three centuries ago, to Paul Veronese for his picture of the Marriage of Cana. There are a group of old women hurrying to mass, for which the last chimes of the bell are just dying away. Across the bridge tramp a fatigue-party of Hungarian soldiers, in their blue pantaloons, short boots, and grey linen jackets, carrying firewood

to their barracks. "Yonder, still preserving a dignified bearing beneath their threadbare but well-brushed apparel, *illustrissimi*, impoverished old nobles, are on their way to the *café* Florian, where the aristocracy assemble to drink that excellent coffee of which Constantinople has transmitted the recipe to Venice. Elsewhere, perhaps, these vestiges of a bygone day might excite a smile, but the people of Venice have a tenderness for their old nobility, who have always been good and familiar with them." Then come the street music and sights. At Venice, grinding organs are rowed in boats, instead of being dragged in a truck by man or horse. M. Gautier is an admirer of these wandering orchestras, deemed such a nuisance in London's streets. The music-bearing gondola is followed by a little flotilla of amateurs, and many a boat deviates from its road the longer to enjoy the sweet sounds. Here comes a boat having in tow a sort of blue monster, floundering and splashing, and making the water fly in foam. It is a dolphin, which fishermen are exhibiting, holding up their caps for coppers to windows and gondolas. Strong cords, skilfully fastened, keep the creature half in and half out of water, so that a good view may be had of him. It is to be observed that this dolphin in no way resembles the fantastical invention dear to heralds, and common in coats-of-arms.

On the neighbouring square (we continue to condense M. Gautier) the scene is not less animated than on the canal. Here is the booth of a dealer in fritters, pancakes, fried fish—in everything, in short, that is fryable and popular. The stove is heated, the hot oil bubbles, the smoke taints the air; the *fryer* (the word must not be sought in dictionaries) is a corpulent, red-faced, hook-nosed giant, with rings in his ears, and shining black hair, as frizzled as the fleece of an Australian sheep. Near him is the seller of pumpkins, fruit dear to the Venetians. From a window, a young girl makes a sign to the man, lowers a basket by a string, and draws up a slice, in exchange for a small coin—a manner of going to market characteristic of Venetian indolence. In the middle of the Campo a little crowd

is formed. In the circle in its centre are a tattered man and woman. A covered basket is on the ground before them. A lean dog, with hair on end, but of intelligent aspect, looks at the old couple, as if awaiting orders. Suddenly the man makes a sign. The attentive quadruped springs to the basket, opens one side of the lid with his teeth, and gets in. He remains there for a few moments, then pushing open the other lid with his nose, he issues forth triumphant, in his mouth a small folded paper, which he deposits at the old woman's feet. He repeats this manœuvre several times, and the standers-by dispute for the pieces of paper thus extracted from the basket. The dog draws numbers for the lottery. Gamblers—numerous at Venice as in all unprosperous countries, where the hope of speedy fortune, acquired without toil, acts powerfully on the imagination—have great confidence in canine discrimination.

At three o'clock M. Gautier's gondola came to fetch him. He was to dine at the house of an old fisherman named Ser Zuane, on the island of San Pietro, as celebrated for its fish dinners, he says, as the Trafalgar or Ship at Greenwich, or La Rapée at Paris. The table was laid in the garden, under a trellis dressed with vines, and fig-leaves, and climbing-gourds. The neglected garden was overgrown with luxuriant vegetation and flowers, more picturesque than better-kept parterres. Ser Zuane was utterly puzzled at his guest's preferring a wooden bench under a leafy awning to a horse-hair chair at a mahogany table. But foreigners have everywhere the privilege of eccentricity; and he did not serve them the worse dinner, although the name of its first dish was startling to a stranger. The soup was of *pidocchi* (sea-lice.) It proved far better than its name. It is the classical and indispensable dish at Ser Zuane's. Marseilles has its *gouillabaisse*—Venice its louse-soup. The *pidocchi* are a kind of mussel, found in the lagoons and canals. Properly seasoned with spice and aromatic herbs, the soup made from them is far from unpalatable, although M. Gautier confesses his preference for turtle or *potage à la bisque*. The dinner included oysters from the

Arsenal, lobsters of a rosy-white colour, soles and mullets from Chioggia, roach and sardines. "The repast was moistened with wine from the valley of Policella and from Conegliano, and completed by a dessert of those golden and vermilion fruits which gather fragrance from the sunbeams upon the hills of Esto, Monselice, and Montagnana. During the dessert, whilst we were drinking a bottle of Samos wine, ripe and luscious as some Homeric libation, Ser Zuane's wife came to talk to us, gaily and familiarly, like some hostess of the olden time. She brought a great nosegay, hastily gathered in the garden, and bound round with a reed, to the wife of the friend who partook our repast—a charming person, of Spanish physiognomy, whose white and well-formed arm was seen to advantage amidst the black lace that fringed her sleeve. The old woman was loud in praise of the whiteness and beauty of this arm, which she kissed repeatedly with that familiar grace of the lower orders of Venetians, whose respectful courtesy has nothing servile. Then the bill was brought to us, written on the bottom of a plate. It was tolerably large, but we had made a delicate and curious dinner, and, as foreigners, we must, of course, expect to pay a third more than a native—for the expense of translation."

For a Frenchman, the passage from the dinner-table to the coffee-house is prompt, and almost indispensable; and accordingly, M. Gautier is presently escorted outside the Café Florian, whose proprietor—much esteemed by the old Venetian nobility, to whom he renders various little services—was also the friend of Canova, who once, when he had the gout, benevolently took a model of his foot, for the shoemaker to make him easy shoes from. Around the coffee-drinkers and consumers of ices there hovers a swarm of flower-girls and dealers in preserved fruits, the former "free and familiar enough, but nevertheless ferociously virtuous, if the chronicles are to be credited which tell of Englishmen desperately in love, and throwing handfuls of bank-notes into their baskets without succeeding in touching their hearts. If you refuse to buy, they give you

a little nosegay, and run away laughing. It is not customary to pay them at once; that would be indelicate; but from time to time you make them a present. Then come the loud cries of the fruit-sellers, whose stock in trade consists of a basket, containing grapes, figs, pears, and plums, coated with a glittering crust of sugar. One of these, a little lad, seemingly about twelve years old, amused us by the prodigious volubility with which he cried his goods. We gave him some pieces of money, and he always stopped to talk to us; his dealings with foreigners from all countries had made him quite a polyglot, and there was hardly a language of which he did not know a few words. He was particularly apt and intelligent, and it appears that the viceroy had granted a little pension for his education; but the young sweetmeat-seller had compromised himself under Manin's government: he had been drummer to the republic, and his military prowess had lost him his position of state-pensioner. One evening, a dandy to whom he offered his fruit with perhaps too much importunity, dealt a terrible blow with his cane upon his poor little thin shoulders; he said nothing, nor did he cry, but he darted at the brutal aggressor a glance which seemed to say, 'Good for a *coltellata* a few years hence.' We trust the account will be settled as punctually as that of Loredano."

In the picture galleries, where M. Gautier loves to linger, and to which he allots several chapters, he sometimes picks up one of those wild legends which certain old painters willingly adopted as subjects for their brush. In the Academy of the Fine Arts, he pauses before a picture by Paris Bordone, representing a boatman restoring St Mark's ring to the doge. The story is as follows: One night that the barcarol was sleeping in his gondola, three mysterious individuals jumped in, and bade him row them to the Lido. One of these persons, as far as he could distinguish in the darkness, had a venerable beard, and the appearance of a great dignitary of the church; the two others wore armour beneath their cloaks, and were evidently men of the sword. The barcarol turned his

gondola's prow in the direction of the Lido, and began to row; but the lagoon, previously tranquil, now rose in waves, roaring and splashing in a strange manner: a sinister light was upon the waters, and monstrous forms rose menacingly around the bark. Great was the terror of the gondolier. Hideous phantoms—demons, half-man, half-fish, seemed to swim from the Lido towards Venice, striking myriads of sparks from the waves, exciting the tempest, whistling and laughing; but the flashing swords of the two knights, and the extended hand of the man of God, made them recoil and vanish in sulphureous explosions. The battle lasted long: fresh legions of devils came on, but at last victory declared for the persons in the boat, who had themselves landed at the Piazzetta. The gondolier knew not what to think of his strange customers, when, at the moment of separation, the eldest of the three, suddenly revealing his golden nimbus, said to the boatman: "I am St Mark, patron of Venice. I learned this night that demons, assembled in council on the Lido, in the Jews' cemetery, had resolved to raise a frightful tempest, and to destroy my beloved city, on pretence that it harbours much dissoluteness, giving power to evil spirits over its inhabitants. But as Venice is good Catholic, and will confess her sins in the fine cathedral she has erected to me, I resolved to defend her from this peril, aided by my two brave companions, St George and St Theodore, and therefore I borrowed thy bark. All labour merits reward; thou hast passed a rough night: here is my ring; take it to the doge, and tell him what thou hast seen. He will fill thy cap with sequins." Having thus spoken, the saint resumed his place upon the summit of the porch of St Mark; St Theodore climbed up to the top of his column, where his crocodile was grumbling at his absence; and St George retired into his niche in the great window of the ducal palace. The gondolier, left alone, thought he had been dreaming or drunk; but in his hand was the heavy gold ring, set with precious stones. He went to the doge, kneeled before him, told his story, and produced the ring. The tale appeared

incredible; but, on sending to the cathedral, St Mark's ring was found to be missing. It was kept under triple lock, in a well-guarded treasury; locks and bolts were perfect, but the gem was gone. Nothing less than a saintly burglar could have accomplished this. The gondolier had his cap filled with gold, and a mass was celebrated for the peril past. The moment chosen by Paris Bordone for his picture, is that when the boatman kneels before the doge. Giorgione has selected another episode of the legend, namely, the fight of St George and St Theodore with the demons. This picture also is at the Academy at Venice.

Once out of the atmosphere of lagoons and picture-galleries, M. Gautier relapses a little into his extravagant ways—compares leaning towers to drunken men reeling into town, and perpetrates other far-fetched tropes and similes. With his departure from the city of canals, his book nearly ends—its chief interest certainly concludes.

M. Méry of Marseilles is a writer whose reputation in France has always appeared to us superior to his merits. Poet, novelist, and humourist, his writings rarely convey the idea of painstaking, but rather that their author does injustice to his own powers, and is content to give the reader the refuse of his mind, negligently thrown together. He has an unfortunate partiality for rambling in foreign countries, (on paper, that is to say,) which leads him into many absurdities. One day he is in Italy, the next in China, and then he comes to England. In the last-named country we just now find him. His volume of "English Nights" is a medley of ludicrous tales, fantastical extravaganzas, burlesque or exaggerated descriptions of English scenes and customs. Read as a collection of caricature in print, the book may pass muster, and parts of it are not without humour. But to an Englishman, its most diverting feature is the author's innumerable blunders in writing English words and exhibiting English usages. The least intelligent reader will have little difficulty in discriminating where he is to laugh *with* and where *at* the author, and will often laugh most when it is intended

he should be serious. After skimming the volume, it is easy to sketch, with almost certain correctness, M. Méry's visit to Great Britain. He evidently vibrated between Hampstead Heath and Leicester Square, varying that monotonous existence by trips to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin. After his greasy fare at his foreign caravanserais—a shabby imitation of the French *cuisine*, intolerable to a man used to the restaurants of Paris and Marseilles—his custom of an evening was to wander forth, digesting with difficulty, and sadly missing his gay boulevards, his brilliant coffee-house, his piquant vaudeville, or lively evening party. Perambulating London streets, he made notes on English manners. Having evidently about as much knowledge of the language as would enable him to ask for his breakfast, and labouring, moreover, under that sort of depression which assails most Frenchmen in London, we must not wonder if his criticisms be sometimes rather capacious than complaisant. He is happiest when he uses his eye, not his ears, and describes his external impressions. There is not much to find fault with in the chapter entitled "Summer Nights in London."

"Summer heat," he writes, (mindful, doubtless, of the torrid but glorious summer of his native Provence,) "is intolerable in the north: it is not the frank, expansive heat of southern countries; it is an oppression which seems to impede respiration, as though one placed his lips at the mouth of an oven. In London, summer days are a stifling compound of dust, noise, and of a dew of soot; but the night marvellously compensates the defects of the day. I have seen nights in many countries; in all they are alike; the people sleep, the houses alone remain in the streets. It is only the English capital that has a nocturnal existence peculiar to itself. For the safety of its nights there is not a town in the world comparable to London. All the streets are illuminated like the galleries of a palace. One walks in a continual gleam of hydrogen gas, and the mind becomes bewildered in calculating what it costs to establish and keep up the prodigious subterranean system of arteries and veins which restore light and life

to the immense city. Nothing can be more favourable to nocturnal promenades than the illumination which surrounds you on all sides, and gives safety to your path. The foreigner in London, who has been told of London robbers, treats all such tales as mere fables. One cannot cross a street without meeting policemen, an army of whom are scattered over the town, guarding it in detail. These policemen are grave, inoffensive, silent, and *melancholy* observers.

"In London, people who sleep go to bed about two in the morning; those who do not sleep do not go to bed until after the rising of the sun, or of something that resembles the sun. Until two o'clock, theatres are open, carriages roll, people drink *ginger-beer*, which is very bad, and eat shrimps and lobsters; young men smoke in the divans, and flower-sellers offer their nosegays. The most astonishing prostitution that ever was witnessed—on beholding which, M. Parent Duchateld, were he to return upon earth, would assuredly die a second time of grief—is now seen. At two o'clock the scene changes. The persons still abroad do not seem to belong to this world; a living leprosy glides along the streets; beings without name or sex, without voice or form, ramble vaguely to and fro, like the disembodied spirits that await an obolus to cross to the other side of the river. The strangest repasts are now seen, prepared at the street corners, on rickety tables, surmounted by tottering candles and hideous viands. Other beings, which are doubtless men, pass by in silent groups, and purchase, with imperceptible copper, *enormous raw snails and fragments of antediluvian animals*."

The truths and errors contained in this little extract, which we have considerably condensed, are easily discerned. The following description of daybreak in London is for the most part very exact:—

"At this hour, a view of London, taken from the triumphal arch in Hyde Park, or from Carlton Terrace, is really an admirable picture. The morning vapours mingle with the expiring gas; the graceful summits of the trees are distinctly defined against an opal-coloured sky. All that is false, servile, affected, and massive,

in the pompous indigence of English architecture, and which is brought out and revealed by the pitiless glare of broad daylight, is now lost in the complaisant twilight of the dawn. London might be Palmyra or Babylon, rising from the darkness. The Duke of York's heavy, tasteless pillar profits by the opportunity to enact the Antonine column, and to assume a graceful air. In Waterloo Place and Regent Street the masses of masonry have an imposing majesty; the porticoes of the clubs forget that they are but pasteboard, and give themselves the airs of temples; the Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, which humbly ask pardon of the sun for having disguised themselves à l'Anglaise, affect monumental attitudes that might beguile the eye of a Phidias. On Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery assumes a grandiose aspect; the Duke of Northumberland's palace drapes itself in a Venetian domino, and for a few minutes the lion that surmounts it really resembles a lion; and the equestrian statue of Charles I. no longer brings a blush to the cheek of Vandyke, but rises with the Marcus-Aurelius of the Capitol. On all sides prevail a grandeur, a richness, a profusion of porticoes, colonnades, peristyles, such as was dreamed by their great artist Martin, in a night of storm and tempest, with the livid lightning for sun.

"In proportion as the light grows stronger, the majesty of all this architecture is humbled; and when broad day succeeds to misty-fingered Aurora, all that remains is the most carefully kept, the most correct, the most habitable town in the world, where industry and wealth have achieved the triumph of utility, without calling either art or grace to their assistance."

In the passages quoted, we have M. Méry in his rational moments, when he is talking French sense, which we take to be an indefinable something between common-sense and nonsense. Before discarding him, we will have a look at him with his cap and bells. To do this, we have but to turn to the first page of his book, and read of the fortunes and misfortunes of John Lewing, the wealthy and weak-minded son of a Devonshire baronet, who has a passion for ghosts

and apparitions, whose library consists solely of Mrs Radcliffe's romances, bound in *ghoul-skin*, with black edges, and with cross-bones on the back, and ranged on shelves of cypress wood. In Lewing's eyes, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is the book of books, and he resolves to set out to explore its scenes. So he takes letters of credit on a banker at Florence, and "embarks at Brighton (!) for Leghorn, with a copy of the *Mysteries* and some silk pocket-handkerchiefs for sole baggage." He stops at Leghorn just the time necessary to take tea, and posts on to Florence, where he meets at the *table d'hôte* an octogenarian German, on his way from Munich to Rome, to die before a picture by Cornelius; an Englishman who is in love with the Venus di Medici, and had asked her in marriage of the grand-duke; and three young Frenchmen, who wear long hair and study painting. M. Méry has cocked his cap and jingles his bells at the loudest. The Frenchmen get up a mystification, enact the descendants of some of the principal characters in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and cure Lewing of his monomania. The joke would tell better were Mrs Radcliffe's romances better remembered than they are by most persons at the present day. "The Happiness of a Millionaire" is a still more striking specimen of M. Méry's curious mixture of intentional burlesque and unintentional blunders. It begins as follows. We translate literally, and leave the reader to supply such notes of admiration as this funny Frenchman's mistakes may suggest. The italics are M. Méry's.

"On the Bethford road, when you have passed *Highgate* bridge, thrown across the high-road from London, you notice a charming country-house belonging to a retired Birmingham cutler. This rich manufacturer's name is William, like all the English, and Sheffield, like some of them. During thirty years he sold so many knives that he amassed an immense fortune. On every knife that he sold his profit was the price of the handle; his reputation was unrivalled in *Providence Buildings*. The day upon which his cashkeeper proved to him that he was worth fifteen thousand pounds sterling per annum, he cut his

knives and set up for a gentleman; it was his intention to enjoy life. He took in the *Sun*, merely to read the fourth page, containing the advertisements, like all the English; and this is what makes them such good politicians. Aided by the daily indications of the *Sun*, he purchased estates in the county of Kent, in order to be near London, where he reckoned on ending his days in all manner of enjoyments.

"In the spring of 1834, Sheffield installed himself in this country-house near *Highgate*, and took two servants, decorated with yellow lace and blue gloves. Milne, the famous coach-maker of *Edgar road*, (*query*, *Edgeware Road*, as derived by M. Méry from a cab-driver?) sold him a carriage, three horses, and a black coachman, emancipated since the abolition of the slave-trade. Every day the Bethford coach deposited at his door a fresh salmon and a lobster from the *Adelphi* fishmarket. For a fortnight Sheffield was as happy as a pagan deity. At the commencement of the second fortnight, just as he took his knife to carve the salmon, he sighed, and cast a melancholy glance towards the North of England. His servant mistook this for a pantomimical complaint that the knife was not clean, and offered him a dozen upon a plate. Sheffield struck the plate a violent blow with his fist. The plate flew in pieces; the knives flew about; the servant gave in his resignation upon the spot. English servants are very proud, because they are born free and wear gloves.

"'G—d d—mn!' cried Sheffield, 'I am afraid I have got the *spleen*! I did not know it was so difficult to do nothing. I was so happy at my manufactory in *Providence Buildings*. I must go and ask the advice of my neighbour, Mr Kemble.'

"Mr Kemble is the son of the celebrated actor of that name; he is, moreover, director of the *Quarterly Review*. He is a man of four-and-thirty, grave as his review, and bound in grey. Sheffield had manufactured for Kemble, the father, a collection of innocent daggers to be used in the parts of Hamlet and Macbeth; thus it was that he had become acquainted with the son. Mr Kemble, in *or.* was pondering, in his hothot

article on the Burmese, when his servant announced his neighbour Sheffield. The conversation began as is usual amongst Englishmen. Sheffield sat down and looked at Kemble, Kemble looked at Sheffield; and this exchange of looks lasted half an hour. It might have lasted until night, had not Kemble had to correct the proof of an article on the works of Tapis-Koï, a learned mandarin, who flourished 3588 years before our vulgar era."

As a specimen of nonsense, this extract will suffice. It shows what sort of stuff French authors of talent are capable of writing, and French publishers of repute may be induced to print. M. Méry can do better things when he pleases, but he is strangely heedless and capricious, and needs to work in conjunction with some one able to curb and guide his reckless pen. He has sometimes found a fellow-labourer of this kind. The play of *The Image-seller of Haarlem* was a joint production of his and of that very agreeable and *spirituel* writer, Gerard de Nerval. The author of *The Women of Cairo*, and of *The Nights of the Rhamazan*, is of a far more genial and graceful spirit than the Marseilles poet. We noticed, some time back, his Oriental rambles and experiences. He now presents a volume of German wanderings, the chief part of whose preface consists of an article written by Jules Janin, some years ago, in the *Journal des Débats*. A report had been spread—one of those unfounded but plausible tales, by which an entire public is sometimes distressed, detailing as it does, with specious circumstantiality, the untimely death of a popular and adventurous explorer of pyramids and precipices—that Gerard de Nerval had perished upon a foreign strand. Janin was doubtless deeply afflicted, but who—save the man who, for a score of years or more has been elaborating weekly *feuilletons* out of the slenderest of materials—shall decide how far, in such a case, sorrow is soothed by the supply of a subject? One has heard stories of enthusiastic anatomists, in those dismal days when body-snatchers made fortunes, and subjects were beyond price, coldly experimentalising upon defunct friends and poor relations. In like manner Janin, wiping his eyes, took up the

dissecting-knife. Instances have been occasionally witnessed where dead men of letters have been pitilessly shown up by persons who had long lived with them in intimacy, and profited by their labours. Not thus did Janin treat the friend he thought departed. His light and sparkling review of the life, character, qualities, and works of the young author, so prematurely cut off, was open, perhaps, to a charge of exaggerated praise, but certainly not to one of unkind criticism. Written of a living man, it might have been fulsome; referring to a dead one, it was kindly and in good taste, as well as one of the most pleasing and witty papers of the kind that we ever read from the same pen. M. de Nerval, however, had no notion of being thus killed and buried in the prime of his youth. He was then not thirty. At eighteen, or soon afterwards, he had published a translation of *Faust*, which Goethe himself is said to have read, and regarded with particular favour. After quoting, with artless and pardonable vanity, a portion of Janin's laudatory *feuilleton*, he continues thus:—

"This eulogium—which crossed Europe and my beloved Germany to that cold Silesia, where my mother's ashes rest, to that frozen Beresina, where my father strove against death, his brave companions falling fast around him—filled me alternately with joy and melancholy. When I again traversed the old forests of pine and oak, and the hospitable cities where unknown friends awaited me, I could not persuade them that I was myself. 'He is dead,' they said: 'what a pity such quick intelligence, so good, sympathising with our Germany as with a second mother, and whom we appreciate only when we have lost him; and thanks to an article by Jules Janin. And you, who come amongst us, why do you steal the only thing he has left behind him—a little fame environing his name? We are not to be imposed upon by French adventurers, who pass themselves off as living or dead poets, and thus obtain admission to our clubs and firesides.' For all this I was indebted to the twelve columns in the *Journal des Débats*. In towns where I was personally

known, people received me with a sort of fear and uneasiness, as they called to mind old German legends of vampires and spectre-bridegrooms. . . . To be completely German, I should have entitled the present epistle 'Letter from a Dead Man,' or 'Extracts from the Papers of one Defunct,' after the example of Prince Puckler Muskau. It was that fantastical mediatised prince who first gave me the idea of travelling in Africa and Asia. I saw him one day driving in the streets of Vienna; a crowd followed his carriage. He too had been reported dead, which gave rise to a host of panegyrics, and founded his reputation; in fact, he had twice crossed the fatal lake of Karon, in the Egyptian province of Fayoum. He had brought back from Egypt a copper-coloured Abyssinian girl, who was seated beside the coachman on the box of his carriage. The poor child shivered beneath her plaided *habbarah* as she passed through the elegant crown on the glacis and boulevards of the Corinthian gate, and gazed mournfully at the snow-carpet that covered the turf, and at the long alleys of frosted elm-trees."

For a literary traveller—a tourist projecting a book, at least one of M. de Nerval's numerous German rambles was made under unfavourable circumstances. He was accompanied by Alexander Dumas, whose vivid imagination and rapid pen were pretty sure to forestall any production of M. de Nerval's. They started from different points—Dumas entered Germany through Belgium, de Nerval from Switzerland; and again they sundered, when de Nerval went through Holland. So that, notwithstanding the copious *Impressions de Voyage* with which M. Dumas has since gratified the public, the less renowned traveller still finds where-with to form an agreeable volume, eked out, not inappropriately, by the drama of *Leo Burckhardt*, illustrative of the mysteries of German secret societies, the *Tugendbund*, the conspiracies and mystic ceremonies of the students and *carbonari*. This drama was formerly acted at a Paris theatre, reduced by the censure to two-thirds of its original length. Now printed entire, it will be found well worth the reading, and deficient

neither in merit nor in interest. But our business here is with the traveller, not with the dramatist. M. de Nerval is an enthusiast for the things of Germany. The first section of his book takes him from the Rhine to the Maine, not ordinarily a very eventful route. He manages to give interest to it, and even to meet with adventures. After a glance at Strasbourg, he enters the Black Forest, and relates how it happened that he one day found himself penniless.

"In general," he says, "the most candid tourists are silent on this head; their voracious books resemble those romances of chivalry, which would not dare to inform us where their hero supped and slept on such and such a day, or whether the knight-errant's liuen had not need, from time to time, of refreshment in the river. George Sand certainly now and then gives us details about her blouse, her shoes down at heel, and her meagre suppers, seasoned with travelling bagmen or supposed robbers in suspicious hedge-taverns. Prince Puckler Muskau himself confesses that he one day sold his carriage, dismissed his valet, and condescended to cross two or three German principalities on foot, in artist's costume. But all that is draped, coloured, and charmingly arranged. The old Cid avowed that his courage had once failed him, but who would dare compromise his credit and his pretensions to an honourable establishment, by admitting that he had once been in want of money?"

Having made up his mind to the humiliating confession, M. de Nerval relates the extenuating circumstances in the playful style in which he excels, and not without directing a few good-humoured, but not altogether point-less shafts at his travelling companion, the unscrupulous and egregiously vain Dumas.

"I had planned my journey to Frankfort with one of our most celebrated literary tourists, who has already, I believe, written our joint or distinct *impressions*. I shall be silent concerning the things he has described; but I may venture to speak of what is personal to myself. My companion went through Belgium, I through Switzerland; we were to meet at Frankfort, reside there for a t ,

return together. But as his road proved much longer than mine, inasmuch as he was everywhere feasted, *kings would have him to see them*, and his presence was indispensable at the *jubilee at Malines*, which was celebrated at that period, I thought it prudent to wait at Baden, until the newspapers should inform me of his arrival at Frankfort. A letter, enclosing a remittance, was to reach us at the latter town. I wrote to him to send me my share of it to Baden.

"Here I might invent a great many excuses: I was then at Baden-Baden, and Benazet's gambling-house was wide open; I might say that I had risked a few hundred *Louis-d'ors* at the table upon which the Elector of Hesse daily threw five-and-twenty thousand francs; having won, I might assert that I had been robbed in the Black Forest by some former frequenter of Frascati's, transplanted to the Baden *Conversation's-Saal*, and pining away at the foot of its humid hill. The fact is that you are there between two dangers: the Black Forest surrounds the gambling-house; unlucky gamblers may replenish their pockets within a few paces of the building. You enter with a full purse, and you lose everything on the black and the red, or by the three rascally zaros; you come out a winner, and are ordered to 'stand and deliver' in the shadow of the nearest fir-tree. One way or the other, you cannot but be despoiled.

"Well, I will have recourse to none of these subterfuges. I had been plundered neither at play nor by robbers, nor by any of those charming German baronesses, Russian princesses, and English ladies, who throng the reserved drawing-room, and even place themselves in such large numbers around the green-tables, displaying their white shoulders, their fair hair, and their glittering jewels. The simple truth is, that my purse, as that of a travelling poet, was slender, and I had emptied it. I had lived well at Strasburg and at Baden; here at the sign of the *Sun*, there at that of the *Crow*; and now I awaited my friend's remittance. It came at last, in the form of a bill of exchange, drawn by a Mr Eloi, junior, merchant at Frankfort, on Mr Elgé, merchant at asburg.

"Baden is fifteen leagues from Strasburg; the journey costs five francs, and, after paying my bill at the *Sun*, I had but six francs left. On reaching Strasburg, (without baggage, which I had left at Baden, whither I should have to return,) I hastened to Mr Elgé, who deliberately unfolded Mr Eloi's draft, quietly examined it, and then said: 'Sir, before I pay this draft of Mr Eloi, junior, you must allow me to consult Mr Eloi, senior.'"

To this proposal M. de Nerval made no objection, repaired to his old quarters at the *Crow*, met a friend, saw him start for Munich, and returned a little before six o'clock to Mr Elgé. There was but just time to dine before going to the theatre, where a German company was to give *Anna Bolena*.

"It was then that, from behind a grating, Mr Elgé addressed me in these memorable words: 'Sir, Mr Eloi, senior, has just told me that Mr Eloi, junior, is a scoundrel.'

"His opinion on that subject is to me a matter of indifference; will you honour the draft?"

"After that, sir, it becomes impossible. I much regret it."

M. de Nerval had just one franc in his pocket wherewith to dine at the *Crow*, and get back to Baden; the theatre he resolved to give up. So, after writing a humorous poetical epistle to Alexander Dumas, and eating a basin of broth, he set out, with a few remaining krentzers in his pocket, to walk through the Black Forest to Baden. From Bischofsheim, a tall traveller, with a knapsack on his shoulder, kept pace with him with a pertinacity which at last made him uneasy. To discourage an apprehended attempt at robbery, he took occasion to mention that he was an artist, travelling to improve himself, and that his entire wealth amounted to something less than sixpence sterling. With that, the long pedestrian opined, he had wherewith to sup, sleep, and breakfast, and proceeded quietly to Baden next morning, instead of walking all night. M. de Nerval requested an explanation, and learned, what he had before suspected, that there was a very different tariff for travellers on foot and for travellers by vehicle. The man with

the knapsack was on his way to Constantinople; he had fifty francs in his pocket, which he made sure would cover all charges. He spent barely a franc a-day; two-thirds of this moderate sum paid his lodging, supper, and breakfast; the remainder was for an occasional glass of brandy and a lump of bread at mid-day. He had already, he said, been from Strasburg to Vienna for sixteen francs. The dearest inns were in the countries adjacent to France. In Bavaria, a bed cost only three kreutzers (one penny.) In Austria and Hungary, there were no beds for travellers of that class; they slept upon straw in the common room of the tavern, and had to pay but for supper and breakfast, there twice as cheap as anywhere else. The Hungarian frontier once crossed, hospitality began. From Semlin forward, post leagues were camel's leagues; for a few halfpence a-day, the traveller might ride one of those animals, but it was more fatiguing than walking.

The frugal traveller and honest fellow whom M. de Nerval had at first taken for a bandit of the Black Forest, and who had given him these curious details, was by trade a worker in pasteboard, and maker of card-boxes—what is called in France a *cartonnier*. Why he went to Constantinople to exercise his trade, did not very plainly appear. He merely said that he was tired of France. "The conquest of Algiers has inspired many of our mechanics with a desire to become acquainted with the East: but one can go to Constantinople by land; whereas, to go to Algiers, a passage must be paid—so that those who have good legs prefer the former route."

The two travellers parted company at Schoendorf, where the artisan proposed passing the night, whilst M. de Nerval preferred pushing on to Baden. At some distance farther, however, rain compelled him to put up at a village inn, where he found a number of travellers of the same class as the one he had recently parted from. He mingled with them, assumed plain manners, and hoped to be treated like them, and to pay the same. But the Black Forest tavern-keeper was a man of discrimination, proposed a chicken and wine

instead of the plain roast meat and pot of beer, which was the usual fare of his customers; and although M. de Nerval declined the luxuries, he could not avoid the silver fork, the clean table-cloth, and, above all, the best bed—relinquished by the host and hostess for his use—which swelled his bill next morning to the not very exorbitant sum of two shillings. This being exactly four times his disposable capital, he was compelled to take a lad with him to Baden, where, in virtue of the respectability of his portmanteau, the host of the *Sun* paid his debt and hospitably entertained him until Dumas made him a more available remittance than the draft of Eloi upon Elgé.

From Frankfort M. de Nerval made an excursion into the pleasant little principality of Hesse-Homburg. The object was a visit to the village of Dornshausen, where, although for fifty leagues around German alone is spoken, French was the prevailing tongue. The inhabitants of this village are descendants of French Protestant families, which the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove to seek an asylum in a foreign land. They have preserved their nationality to a wonderful extent. M. de Nerval was greatly surprised and amused at hearing the children in the street talking the same sort of French which St Simon wrote, and using the antiquated forms of phrase common two centuries ago. He was so delighted at this, that, to encourage them to talk, he stopped a woman who sold cakes, and distributed the entire contents of her basket. The exultation of the urchins was most uproarious and demonstrative, and the cake-woman said to him—"Vous leur avez fait tant de joye, que les voilà qui courent *présentement* comme des *harlequins*." It was the French of the seventeenth century, pure and undefiled. The word *harlequin*—now written *Arlequin*—had the aspirate in Louis XIV.'s day, as may be seen in Scudéry's play of the *Comédiens*. The Dornshausen French have always married amongst themselves, which explains this singular preservation of their language—explains, too, their physical degeneracy. They are generally puny; and deformed persons are in unusual number amongst them.

At Mannheim the travellers fell in with the well-known tragedian Jerrmann, who was well pleased to make acquaintance with the French *litterati*, of one of whom he had translated several of the plays, and who volunteered to act as their ciccone. With strangers in Mannheim, one of the first inquiries invariably relates to Kotzebue and Sand; and it was with strong interest that Dumas and de Nerval heard from Mr Jerrmann, whilst walking in the beautiful gardens of the palace, that in one of those pleasant alleys the murderer had met his victim only three hours before he struck him, and had passed him several times without knowing him. Without repeating a thrice-told tale, or going over incidents that Dumas has already sketched in his copious and dramatic style, M. de Nerval pleasantly introduces his own observations and impressions. At a short distance from the palace, Kotzebue's house was pointed out to him. Every one knows the history of the deed there perpetrated. Karl Sand arrived at Mannheim in the morning; on the evening of the same day he went to the residence of Kotzebue, who was suspected of having sold his pen to Russia. Kotzebue expected company; some ladies had just arrived; Sand was shown into a room on the ground-floor; the master of the house entered to inquire his business, and was instantly struck down by the fanatic's dagger. Kotzebue's daughter came in and threw herself shrieking on her father's body. Deeply agitated at this sight, Sand rushed into the street, and, before he could be arrested, stabbed himself. The wound was so bad a one, that he suffered from it during the whole ten months that intervened between the crime and his execution; and it would probably have conducted him to the grave, had his country's justice spared him. "They showed us," says M. de Nerval, for whom, as for most persons of poetical and imaginative turn, traces of this kind have great fascination, "the inn where he stopped, and at whose *table d'hôte* he dined on the very day of the assassination. After the meal, he sat for half an hour talking theology with an ecclesiastic. The whole town is full of the

drama. We were taken to the cemetery, where the murderer and the murdered repose within the same enclosure. But Karl Sand is buried in a corner, a wild plum-tree the only ornament of his grave. For a long time it was a shrine, whither came pilgrims from all parts of Germany: each year, long before autumn came, the plum-tree was stripped of leaves and branches." Outside Mannheim, they stopped to gaze at the green field where the execution had taken place. A respectable-looking old gentleman, guessing what it was that interested them, volunteered copious details. There stood the scaffold, there the troops, under arms from day-break; from yonder direction came the Heidelberg students. These arrived too late—the hour of doom having been advanced. They could but dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of him they called the martyr. The obliging person who gave the Frenchmen these and many other particulars, proved to be the director of the Mannheim prison, who had had Sand for ten months in his keeping, and who offered, if they would accompany him home, to show them a portrait he had taken of him during his captivity. But they decline, being in haste to start for Heidelberg, where they proposed visiting the executioner, son of him who had decapitated Sand. The father had made a large sum by selling Sand's hairs, one by one, to his numerous admirers. Amongst the greatest of these admirers, strange to say, was the headsman himself—so, at least, M. de Nerval assures us; but this admiration seems to have been combined with a very keen regard to the main chance. The following trait is exquisitely German. Sand's executioner cut up the scaffold upon which he had cut off his head, and made it into a summer house, with vines trailing over it. Thither the neighbouring patriots repaired, to drink, in flowing cans of beer, to the memory of their favourite hero. After visiting the headsman at Heidelberg, Messers Dumas and de Nerval went, escorted by his servant, to see the summer-house in question, which they found in a garden on the summit of a vine-clad hill. "A pretty pavilion, formerly open to drinkers, but closed,

since time has cooled enthusiasm, stands in the centre of the little property, and on either side of it is a wooden summer-house, of which the wood disappears under vines. But which of the two is the one dear to the admirers of Karl Sand? Our historical scruples were so severe, that we desired to be able to say whether it was the one on the right or that upon the left. The servant did not know himself, but he said, 'Have you a knife?'—'Yes; what for?'—'To cut a notch in the wood. Scaffolds are made of deal.' True enough, we found that one of the summer-houses was of oak, the other of deal."

The section of *Lorely* (we need hardly explain this fantastical title, the name of the well-known metaphorical nymph or fairy of the Rhine) called *Souvenirs de Thuringe* contains agreeable gossip and criticism, musical, dramatic, and artistic. A performance of Spohr's opera of *Faust*, which he witnessed at Frankfort, leads, naturally enough, to the various traditions relating to the discovery of printing. "Strasburg boasts of Gutenberg, Mayence of Faust. As to Schœffer, he has never passed for anything but the servant of the two others. Faust was a goldsmith at Mayence; Gutenberg, a mere workman, helped him in his discovery; and this combination of the inventive capitalist with the ingenious mechanic produced that which we now use and abuse. Faust, it is said, was the son-in-law of Laurence Coster, image-seller at Haarlem, who had already discovered the art of printing the figures upon cards. Faust, in his turn, conceived the idea of cutting upon wood the legends accompanying the figures; that is to say, the names of Lancelot, Alexander, or Pallas, which until then had been written by hand. This idea suggested to him another, which was to have single letters carved in pear-tree wood, and with them to form words at will. Gutenberg, to whom the arrangement of these letters was intrusted, (the first compositor,) had an idea in his turn—that of casting them in lead; and Schœffer, the inferior workman, who was also a vine-dresser, devised a means of facilitating the reproduction of the characters, by the employment of a machine

constructed on the system of the press that crushes the grapes. Such was the triple combination of ideas that issued from those three heads,—similar, in its results, to the three twisted rays of Jupiter's thunder." Particularly interested, as a translator of Goethe's immortal poem, in all that relates to Faust, M. de Nerval has not spared research, and this short chapter is extremely interesting. He concludes it by referring to Klinger's witty romance, written in the manner of Diderot, and in which Faust, the magician-printer, is seen offering his invention to all the courts in Europe—as Columbus offered his project of the discovery of a new world—unsuccessfully, and at frequent imminent risk of being burnt, hung, or broken on the wheel,—a fate from which, in virtue of their compact, the devil always saves him at the last moment. In every one of the countries he successively visits, he beholds nothing but murder, debauchery, and iniquity: in France, Louis XI.; in England, Gloucester; in Spain, the Inquisition; in Italy, Borgia; until at last the devil says to him, "What! is it for the miserable human race you give yourself so much trouble?" "To save it!—to transform it!" cries Faust; "for ignorance is the source of crime."—"That is not," replies the Evil One, "what we read in the history of the apple-tree."

From Faust M. de Nerval passes, by an easy transition, to Schwanthaler's colossal statue of Goethe, at Frankfort, and then, after some discourse about Herder and Listz, he enters the poet's house at Weimar. He finds it crowded with statues and busts. "As I was examining this artistic wealth," he says, "a young princess, conducted by the same pious curiosity, came to visit the dwelling of the great writer;—her white dress and ermine mantle brushing the marbles and bas-reliefs as she glided amongst them. I rejoiced at the chance which had led thither that august and graceful apparition, as an unexpected addition to the *souvenirs* inseparable from the place." We lay aside M. de Nerval, to give an extract of an article from a French literary and artistic newspaper, which his publisher has appended to the present volume.

"M. Gérard de Nerval," says the *Illustration*, "is the most peregrinatory of our writers. On his way to Berlin, about a month ago, he learned that there was about to be held at Weimar, for the inauguration of Herder's statue, a festival which coincided with the anniversary of Goethe's birth.

"Gérard had been Goethe's friend—almost an unknown friend, for I believe they never met. But, at the age of eighteen, he had published a translation of *Faust*, in prose and verse. Here is what we since have read in the *Conversations* of Goethe, published by Eckermann. This latter gives an account of the conclusion of a dinner to which the illustrious German poet had invited him:—

"Goethe held in his hand the last French translation of his *Faust*, by Gérard; he turned the leaves, and from time to time seemed to read a passage:—singular ideas, he said, pass through my head when I recollect that this book commands appreciation in a tongue over which, fifty years ago, Voltaire reigned supreme. Goethe praised the work;—I no longer care to read *Faust* in German, he said, but in this French translation everything acts anew with freshness and vivacity."

"Gérard could not do less than pause upon his road to pay homage to the German Voltaire, who had condescended to introduce his name into the conversations of his latter years. It is superfluous to inquire if our countryman was well received at Weimar.

"One day, whilst he was visiting the residences of the distinguished men who have lived in the town, such as those of Lucas Cranach, (who has adorned the cathedral with a fine picture,) of Wieland, of Herder, and of Schiller, he made acquaintance with a stranger, who offered to show him the interior of the grand-ducal palace, wherein is found such magnificent testimony of the family of Saxe-Weimar's veneration of true genius. The traveller eagerly accepted, and

examined with reverent curiosity the four great halls consecrated to Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller.

"On his return to Paris, Gérard published, in the *Presse* and in the *Artiste*, the description of the festival at which he had been present. Soon afterwards, the stranger who had so graciously opened to him the gates of the grand-ducal palace, addressed to him the following letter:—

"I beg you to accept my warmest thanks. Impassioned as I am for the literary glory of my country, I naturally desire that it should be served by fame, and nothing can give me greater pleasure than the proof that that glory is recognised and prized in foreign lands. You, sir, have procured me this pleasure; I cannot better acknowledge my obligation than by the hand of Goethe, from which I beg you to accept the enclosed autograph, in memory of Weimar, and of him who remains ever your very devoted

CHARLES-ALEXANDER,
Hereditary Grand-Duke.

From the PALACE of the BELVIDERE,
30th October 1850."

The autograph was a single brief stanza, addressed by Goethe to a portrait of the young Princess Mary of Prussia,* the royal lady whom M. de Nerval had met at Goethe's house, and whom he had compared, as she stood, in the bloom of youthful beauty, in the deserted dwellings, and amidst the cold marble memorials of the departed, to "the divine image of Psyche representing life upon the stone of a tomb." The circumstance must have made the Grand-Duke's present doubly acceptable. M. de Nerval concludes the chapter entitled "Goethe's House" with a playful and graceful tribute to the truly princely spirit in which the sovereigns of Saxe-Weimar have welcomed and cherished poetry and art, personified by their most distinguished votaries. "The country of Saxe-Weimar," he says, "is a literary duchy. Mar-

* Lieblich und zierlich,
Ruhig und hold,
Sind Ihr die Treuen,
Sicher wie Gold.

quisates, counties, and baronies are there distributed to poets and artists. The names of the illustrious men who have inhabited it, mark numerous places and stations which become sacred spots. If ever the flood of modern revolution shall sweep away the old monarchies, it will surely respect this happy corner of the earth, where sovereign power has long sheltered itself under the wing of genius. Charles-Augustus, who made Goethe his prime-minister, chose to be buried in a tomb between those of Goethe and Schiller. He foresaw tempestuous times, and, renouncing the emblazoned monuments of the emperors his forefathers, thought he should rest better between his two friends, whose glory blends with his, and protects it for ever from oblivion."

Although M. de Nerval's German sketches do not offer many novel facts to persons familiar with the works of more than one accomplished English writer who has described the same scenes and places, their moderate length, and pleasing tone and style, will nevertheless insure them many readers. Like M. Gautier's volume, *Lorely* is an example of a trite subject happily handled.

The resuscitation of the French empire, we were assured a few months ago by a partisan of the new order of things, is to give a stimulus to art and letters in France, such as never could be hoped for under a democratic or constitutional *régime*. The vivifying patronage and benign encouragement of the new Cæsar is to bring about (so our sanguine friend predicted) a new Augustan age. It would have been time wasted to have combated such a fixed conviction, so we contented ourselves with acknowledging the great room there was for the improvement anticipated, especially with respect to literature. The stern constriction to which the press has been subjected, and the exciting events that have so quickly succeeded each other during the past year, have been unfavourable to letters in general. Writers have felt a natural discouragement; and readers, distracted and absorbed by the singular politi-

cal drama played before their eyes, have been unable or indisposed to fix their thoughts upon books. To tempt purchasers, and not to remain entirely idle, the Parisian publishers have resorted, with doubtful success, to unprofitable devices. The system of cheap bookselling has been pushed to its very utmost possible limits, and the works of justly esteemed authors are now produced at prices which manifestly preclude the possibility of pecuniary benefit, worth the naming, to any of the parties interested. We may mention, as a striking but by no means an isolated instance of this unprosperous state of affairs, M. Prosper Mérimée's last work — *Episode de l'Histoire de Russie*. It is the history of the false Demetrius-pretenders to the throne of Russia, impostors of the Perkin Warbeck class. It is a work of high historical interest, the fruit of intelligent and patient research through a mass of books and chronicles, most of them in the Russian tongue. M. Mérimée is an academician, of first-rate standing as a man of letters, and his great accomplishments and admirable style are familiar to all who know anything of contemporary French literature. Told in his terse and animated language, the "Episode" is as attractive as any romance. Well, this work completed — and it can have been completed only at the cost of much time and labour — and well printed, on good paper, in the form of an octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, the highest price at which its publisher ventures to offer it to the thankless public, is something less than half-a-crown — just one-fifth, we observe, of that at which its translation has been published in England.

This is an appropriate place to mention the commencement, in the January number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of a work upon the United States, by Ampère, the academician, a friend of de Tocqueville. The chapters that have as yet appeared are agreeable reading, but we defer, until the completion of the work, the expression of an opinion upon its merits.

PEACE AND WAR.

If we cannot conscientiously compliment Mr Cobden on having, since we last had occasion to notice his lucubrations, relaxed from his tone of dogmatism, we are at least able to bear testimony to a considerable improvement in his style. His pamphlet, entitled "1793 and 1853," is by no means badly written: he puts forward his arguments, such as they are, with considerable plausibility, and he enforces them skilfully enough by facts, which might be valuable if they were not distorted. His object is to show that, in the last general European war, the French nation were, in regard to England, not the aggressors, but the aggrieved. Having settled that matter to his own satisfaction, he next proceeds to demonstrate the extreme improbability of the French nation ever going to war again, least of all with us—and his conclusion, of course, is, that we ought to set France a wholesome example by reducing our military establishment. His text, however, is not one which is likely to be received with much sympathy by the country, for it is neither more nor less than a direct censure of the funeral honours which were lately paid to the illustrious Duke of Wellington.

Mr Cobden's notions on the subjects of peace congresses, arbitration, and national defences, are so very notorious and eccentric, that we need not waste time in their refutation—and we are less inclined to do so, seeing that the whole British press, with singular unanimity, has pronounced a clear and emphatic opinion upon the irrationality of his views. Still we are not sorry that this pamphlet has been written. Here and there, amongst the mass of fallacies and preposterous assumptions which it sets forth, we can detect an occasional gleam of sound sense, which perhaps looks the brighter on account of the rarity of its apparition; and as it is obviously of great moment that the country should maintain, under present circumstances, a firm and dignified attitude, befitting its position in the rank of nations, and not rush pre-

cipitately from the extreme of indifference to that of alarm, we are not sorry to have an opportunity of saying a few words on the subject of the present controversy.

We have considered it our duty at various times to draw the attention of the public to the insufficiency of our means for national defence, in the event of the occurrence of a war. War, when it does occur, must have a theatre somewhere; and we have striven most anxiously to warn our countrymen against the fearful peril of incurring, through supineness or shortsighted economy, the risk of an invasion of our shores. We pointed out in the beginning of 1848—when Mr Cobden, with his usual felicity, was insisting upon the pacific feelings and unrevolutionary tendencies of France—the extreme probability of a speedy crisis in that country; and before a month had elapsed, France was in active revolution. Then followed wars and bloodshed in almost every part of the Continent. France, which became a republic after the flight of Louis-Philippe, is now an empire, with Napoleon III. at its head; thus exhibiting, perhaps, the most rapid transition on record from a republic nearly Socialist to what may almost be styled a despotism. Certainly Mr Cobden, when his friend M. Crémieux was in power, never anticipated *that* change. Had any one prophesied, in the spring of 1848, that within five years afterwards France would not only be remaining under the protective policy, but be virtually without Chambers, and under imperial rule, Mr Cobden would have rated him as a maniac. But it is now evident to every one—even, we suspect, to Mr Bright—that, whatever gifts may have been vouchsafed to the hon. member for the West Riding, that of prophecy is not among the number; and really we cannot help admiring the hardihood, almost amounting to heroism, of his perseverance in a course of vaticination, notwithstanding that every wave of time returns his last-uttered augury in his teeth.

Now, upon the Continent there is at least a lull of tranquillity which may or may not be permanent. Permanent it cannot be, if the aspirations of our Liberal press are to be realised. If we are to sympathise with Hungary and Lombardy, as we are daily asked to do, we cannot comply with the request without lending our aid towards opening the temple of Janus, and becoming accessories to the kindling of a general European war. Mr Cobden, the great peace advocate, is also an active sympathiser. Secure upon his Radical platform, he abuses one set of despots, when they come fairly into the market for a loan—and yet, we are amazed to find, on reading his present pamphlet, that he is an anxious apologist for another kind of despotism! In the course of the last month there has been an attempt at insurrection in Milan. Mazzini has put forth a proclamation of the most bloodthirsty character—as was to be expected; and a similar document, to which the name of Kossuth was appended, appeared at the same moment. In order that the pious young ladies, who have undertaken the distribution of the “Olive-leaves”—to which we shall hereafter more particularly advert—may appreciate the peaceful spirit of the exiles, we shall subjoin both proclamations. The first is Mazzini’s manifesto.

“ITALIAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

“Italians! Brothers!—The mission of the National Italian Committee is ended: your mission begins. To-day, the last word which we, your brothers, utter to you is ‘Insurrection;’ to-morrow, mingling with the ranks of the people, we will aid you to maintain it.

“Insurrection! The moment matured, panted for, for three long years, has arrived. Let us seize it. Be not deceived by appearances; be not misled by the cowardly sophistries of lukewarm men. The entire surface of Europe, from Spain to our own land, from Greece to holy Poland, is a volcanic crust, beneath which sleeps a lava which will burst forth in torrents at the upheaving of Italy. Four years ago the insurrection of Sicily was followed by ten European revolutions; *twenty European revolutions will follow yours—all bound by one compact, all sworn to one fraternal aim.* We have friends even in the ranks of the armies who rule us; there are entire peoples whose alarm-

cry will answer to yours. *The national democracies of Europe form one organised camp.* Vanguard of the great army of the people, fear not isolation. The initiative of Italy is the initiative of Europe.

“Insurrection! Sacred as the thought of country that consecrates it—strong in will and in concentrated energy as its aim, which is justice, amelioration, and free fraternal life for all—let it rise, and convert martyrdom into victory. The thousands of victims who have fallen with the sacred name of Italy on their lips deserve this at our hands. Be it tremendous as the tempest on our seas. Be it obstinate, immovable as the Alps which surround you. Between the Alps and the extreme Sicilian sea are twenty-five millions of us, and a hundred thousand foreigners. It is the struggle of a moment, if you do but will.

“Insurrection! Let the grand word leap from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, like the electric current. Arouse, arise, awake to the crusade fever, all ye who have Italian hearts, Italian arms.

“Remind the people of their unjust sufferings, their rights denied them, their ancient power, and the great future of liberty, prosperity, education, and equality,—they may conquer at a bound.

“Remind your women of the mothers, the sisters, the friends, who have perished in unconsolable weeping for their loved ones, imprisoned, exiled, butchered, because they had not, but desired, a country.

“Remind your young minds of thought outraged and restrained, of the great traditional past of Italy which they can continue only by action, of the absolute nothingness of the state they are now in,—they, the descendants of the men who have twice given civilisation to Europe.

“Remind the soldiers of Italy of the dishonour of a servile uniform which the foreigners deride, of the bones of their fathers left on the battle-fields of Europe for the honour of Italy, of the true glory which crowns the warrior for right, for justice, for nationality.

“Soldiers, women, youths, people! let us have for the moment but one heart, one thought, one desire, one cry in our souls, one cry on our lips—‘We will have a country; we will have an Italy;’ and an Italy shall be!

“Attack, break at every point the long and weak line of the enemy. Prevent them from concentrating themselves by killing or dispersing their soldiers, destroying roads and bridges. *Disorganise them by striking at their officers. Ceaselessly pursue fugitives; be at war to the knife.* Make arms of the tiles of your

houses, of the stones of the streets, of the tools of your trades, of the iron of your crosses. Spread the alarm by watchfires kindled on every height. From one end of Italy to the other let the alarm-bell of the people toll the death of the enemy.

"Wherever you are victorious, move forward at once to the aid of those nearest you. Let the insurrection grow like an avalanche wherever the chance goes against you; run to the gorges, the mountains, the fortresses given you by nature. Everywhere the battle will have broken out; everywhere you will find brothers; and, strengthened by the victories gained elsewhere, you will descend into the field again the day after. One only be our flag—the flag of the nation. In pledge of our fraternal unity, write on it the words 'God and the people;' they alone are powerful to conquer, they alone do not betray. It is the republican flag which, in '48 and '49, saved the honour of Italy; it is the flag of ancient Venice; it is the flag of Rome—eternal Rome, the sacred metropolis, the temple of Italy and of the world!

"Purify yourselves, fighting beneath that flag. Let the Italian people arise, worthy of the God who guides them! Let woman be sacred; let age and childhood be sacred; let property be sacred. Punish the thief as an enemy. Use for insurrection the arms, powder, and uniforms taken from the foreign soldiers.

"To arms, to arms! Our last word is the battle-cry. Let the men you have chosen to lead you send forth to Europe, on the morrow, the cry of victory.

(For the Italian Committee.)

"JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"AURELIO SAFFI.

"Maurizio Quadrio, } Secretaries.
"Cesare Agostini, }

"February 1853."

We do not pretend to enter into the feelings of the Lombards; nor have we a right to criticise their notions upon nationality, which is always a ticklish subject. In fact, too little attention is paid to such matters, even in our own country. Nationality lies deep in the heart of man, and never should be wantonly violated. A question as to quarterings and emblazonments has lately been mooted in this country. Some men—and we are of the number—consider that, even in matters which may appear of no substantial interest, due regard should be paid to order, which, after all, is more convenient and easy than innovation. It is absurd to talk of emblems as if

they were nonentities. They are not so. Symbolic indeed they are; but they are symbols of weighty things, and it is better not to disturb them. It is singular how constantly, in our ordinary conversation, we refer to these very symbols. We talk of the British Lion, and of insult to the national flag, just as our neighbours do of the lilies and the eagle; and if these things are to be perpetuated, let them, by all means, remain in their integrity. It is, however, clear that Italian independence, whatever that may mean, can only be achieved by a tremendous struggle, in the course of which it is almost certain that every European nation, not excepting our own, will be dragged into the field. France has already given sufficient intimation of that, by her occupation of Rome. The absurd and inflated notions about German nationality, which led to the war with Denmark, would revive on the first symptom of an outbreak, and probably end in a collision with Russia. In such a state of matters, disarming on the Continent is impossible; and we doubt very much whether even the new Emperor of France could sit steady on his throne but for the support of his army. Really, if these members of what is called the Peace Party had an atom of common sense—if they were not as blind as owls in the daytime—they might see that their notions about arbitration are utterly untenable. There is far less risk of the tranquillity of Europe being primarily disturbed by a war—that is, by a hostile movement of one government against another—than by insurrection, where there could be no arbitration. But if once the torch be applied to the pile, there is no saying how far the conflagration may spread; and it would be well if our sympathisers and orators, ay, and public writers too, would reflect upon the consequences which are likely to follow the first serious insurrection. Heaven knows we are no apologists for despotism, but can any one blame Austria, situated as she is, for maintaining her military rule? It is more than a hundred years since Milan passed into her possession; and she has as much right to retain it, as we have to our Indian territories, or to the occupation of the Cape. Hun-

gary came into the House of Austria by succession; and the present Emperor has as valid a title to be king of that country, as his late Britannic Majesty, William IV., had to be King of Hanover. Yet, whenever there is a rising or rebellion, a certain set of people in this country (who approve highly of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act when Ireland becomes unruly) testify intense sympathy with the insurgents, as if they were performing a righteous duty! We should rather like to examine one of those gentry upon his knowledge of history. Perhaps he would be somewhat puzzled to name the date when Italy was really independent and united.

That one band of insurgents should sympathise with another, is, of course, natural enough. Therefore, simultaneously with Mazzini's proclamation, which is tolerably indicative of pontificality, there emanates one with the name of Kossuth appended to it. The Hungarian chief, however, does not appear to have been on the spot—and, as these sheets are passing through the press, we learn that he has disclaimed its authorship, without, however, repudiating the principles. It is not by means of fraud that a pure cause can be advanced. But here is the manifesto, from which, as the authorship is denied, we have deleted the name of Kossuth.

"IN THE NAME OF THE HUNGARIAN NATION TO THE SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN ITALY.

"Soldiers! Comrades!—My activity is unlimited. I am about to fulfil my intent. My intent is to free my country—to make her independent, free, and happy. It is not by force we have been crushed. The force of the world never has sufficed to crush Hungary. Treason alone did it. I swear that force shall not conquer us, nor treason injure us again. Our war is the war of the liberty of the world, and we are no longer alone.

"Not only the whole people of our own country will be with us, and those once adverse to us will now combat with us the common enemy, but all the peoples of Europe will arise and unite to wave the banner of liberty. By the force of the peoples of the world, the tottering powers of the tyrants shall be destroyed.

"And this shall be the last war.

"In this war no nation fraternises more with the Hungarian than the Italian. Our interests are one—our enemy is one

—our struggle is one. Hungary is the right wing, and Italy the left wing of the army I lead. The victory will be common to both.

"Therefore, in the name of my nation have I made alliance with the Italian nation; the moment we raise the banner of the liberty of the world, let the Italian soldier in Hungary unite with the insurgent Hungarian nation, and the Hungarian soldier in Italy unite with insurgent Italy. Let all, wheresoever the alarm shall first sound, combat against the common enemy.

"Whoso will not do this, he, the hireling of our country's executioner, shall never more see his native land; he shall be for ever exiled as a traitor, as one who has sold the blood of his parents and of his country to the enemy.

"The moment of the insurrection is at hand; let not that moment find the Hungarian unprepared; for, should it take him unprepared—should our nation not improve the opportunity—our dear country would be lost for ever, and our national flag would be covered with ignominy.

"I know that every Hungarian is ready for the war of liberty. The blood shed by the martyrs, the sufferings of the country, have changed even children into heroes.

"No nation yet rewarded her brave sons so liberally as the Hungarian nation will reward hers. After the victory, the State property shall be distributed among the army and the families of the victims of patriotism; but the coward and the traitor shall die.

"And I therefore make it known to you, soldiers, in the name of the nation, that whoever brings you this order of mine is expressly sent to you, that he may report to me who are the favourers of liberty in the army stationed in Italy, and that he may tell you, in my name, how you should organise yourselves.

"Accept the instructions that are forwarded to you by the nation through me, and follow them. Let it be so in every town and district—everywhere.

"Brave ones! the Honveds and the hussars have covered with glory the name of our nation. The world looks on the Hungarian flag as on the banner of liberty. We will preserve that glory, and satisfy that expectation.

"It is principally on you that the eyes of the world are turned, for your number is great; you hold the arms in your hands, a generous blood boils in your veins, your heart beats for your country, and for vengeance on her executioners. Your is glorious and easy, for you are it.

midst of a nation which will give its own millions of combatants against Austria.

"From Rome to the land of the Sicilians—from the Sava to the country beyond the Rhine—all the peoples unite in one cry, shouting, 'mid the clang of millions of arms, 'Let God be the judge; down with the tyrants; long live the liberty of the peoples—long live our country!'

"Brave ones, in this cry your voice will be like Joshua's voice, before which the Jericho of tyrants shall fall.

"So I order: in the name of the nation, let every one obey. I will shortly be amongst you. *Au revoir*. God be with you.

"February 1853."

We recommend this "olive leaf" to the consideration of all concerned.

If the tranquillity of the rest of Europe could be assured, we have not much apprehension of a war breaking out between France and Great Britain. Assuredly it is not for the interest of either nation that such a calamity should occur; and we believe that the majority of the French people, as well as the whole body of our own, are fully aware of that. Both countries have suffered too severely in blood and treasure to be anxious to renew the contest. Interest is a strong motive; and we daresay that Mr Cobden has not exaggerated the losses which France would suffer if engaged in such a struggle. But it is curious to observe how one-sided that gentleman is in every argument. If you read his pamphlet with faith, you must necessarily come to the conclusion, that Englishmen are at this moment animated with a wild belligerent spirit, whilst, on the contrary, the French are as peaceful as lambs in spring. We hope that the latter portion of his sketch is as true as the former is notoriously false. There is anything but a belligerent spirit among us, and we don't want any olive leaves to demonstrate the propriety as well as the advantage of keeping the peace. Our conviction is, that no Ministry, who should act on other than pacific principles, could remain in office for a week. Sir Charles Wood has been already compelled to make a public apology for his most unjustifiable language at Halifax in regard to the French Emperor; and we have no

doubt that Lord Aberdeen will testify his appreciation of the conduct of his incapable colleague, by giving him his *congé* as soon as decency will permit. It is quite true that one section of the public press has acted with great imprudence. Attacks of the most virulent and irritating nature have been made upon Louis Napoleon; and we observe that, more than once, such attacks, when challenged and reprobated, have been repeated with exultation, as if the writers thought they were doing a brave deed by stating what they call the truth. There is no bravery in the matter—for they know very well that they cannot be reached; and what they call truth, has reference, in nine cases out of ten, not to matters of fact, but to matters of opinion. It is not often that we have the good fortune to side with Mr Cobden, but we cordially agree in his disapproval of the tone which has been assumed by a considerable portion of the press in regard to the internal affairs of France. It is, to say the least of it, vastly impolitic; for whatever censure is directed against the Emperor, must necessarily apply indirectly to those who have placed him in his present position. "Burke," says Mr Cobden, "excited the indignation of his countrymen against a Republic which had decapitated a king; now our sympathies are roused in behalf of a Republic which has been strangled by an Emperor. However inconsistent in other respects our conduct at the two epochs may be, we seem in both cases likely to fall into the error of forgetting that the French nation are the legitimate tribunal for disposing of the grievance." It would indeed be most desirable if our journalists would mind their own business, and cease from indulging in diatribes which can only have the effect of misleading the minds of the French people as to the state of public opinion here. All this rancour and impertinent interference with, and criticism of, their affairs, is naturally enough supposed by them to spring from a rooted feeling of hostility. How, indeed, can they construe such things otherwise? Of one thing we are certain, that a tenth part of the abuse which we have seen in English journals, would, had it

appeared in French papers directed against England, have occasioned a very decided and universal feeling of anger. We hope, now that Mr Cobden has taken up this view in regard to France, he will adopt it generally—in which case, we shall hear no more denunciations of Russia and Austria, nor be favoured with another exhibition of his manual dexterity in crumpling up a mighty empire.

Whatever may be the nature of our bite, our bark is harmless enough; and really we are ashamed that there should have been so much irritating but ineffectual baying. A great deal of it arises from chagrin at the consciousness of the wholly erroneous estimate which these writers had formed of the mental powers of the Emperor. They judged him by his enterprises of Boulogne and Strasbourg, and prophesied for him, on his elevation to the presidential chair, a speedy and ignominious downfall. They did not believe that he possessed a single spark of talent, much less of genius—and they are now attempting to revenge themselves for their own misconception. This is miserable as well as hazardous work; and for the credit of the press, and that of the literary profession, we hope it may be discontinued. Certainly we advise no pæans to be sung in honour of Napoleon III.—for we doubt the wisdom of assuming that the present friendly relations between the two countries must necessarily be permanent. But we do not wish to see France insulted through the man of her choice, or to give any countenance to wanton attacks, which can only have the effect of exciting the indignation of the French, and fostering whatever prejudice they may feel against a country which so long has been their rival.

But while we state, what every one of us knows to be the truth, that there is no feeling of hostility to France existing in the public mind of Britain, we are not by any means so certain that France is as amicably disposed towards us. We have it on the authority of Napoleon I. that the invasion of England was his favourite scheme; that he was fully aware of all the risks which he would incur,

but that he was prepared to undergo them all for so mighty an object; and he stated that the defeat of the combined squadrons by Sir Robert Calder frustrated the best-combined plan he had ever laid during his whole career. In the Memoirs of Marshal Ney, published about twenty years ago, there occurs the following remarkable expression with regard to that demonstration:—"The Emperor in vain attempted other expedients, and made repeated attempts to embark. Nothing could succeed for want of the covering squadron; and soon the battle of Trafalgar and the Austrian war postponed the conquest of England to another age." Therefore, in the view of the writer, it was not an enterprise to be forgotten, but a great national exploit to be undertaken at some future time. All of us can remember the popularity which the Prince de Joinville achieved in France by his publication of a plan for the invasion of England; and whatever Mr Cobden may say about the feeling of the middle classes in France, there can be no doubt that with the lower orders and the army such an attempt would be vastly popular. The press, as every one knows, is at this moment in France subjected to a rigorous censorship; and yet it would appear that the most inflammatory harangues against England, and appeals to the spirit of the French people, are allowed to be publicly disseminated. Certainly we cannot complain of this, considering the language which has been employed, not only by a portion of the daily press, but by two Cabinet Ministers, Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood; but it is important to know that there are some men in France, we care not how many, who are not desirous for the continuance of peace. We quote from the *Lettres Franques à Napoleon III.*, by a certain M. Frederic Billot, *avocat*, and, as we are given to understand, now or lately Legitimist. There is no misunderstanding their tenor. In pure brute ferocity, Billot infinitely transcends Mazzini; for the latter enjoins mercy to women, age, and childhood; whereas the former is for entire extermination, "without quarter and without mercy." How much of the

ape there may be in M. Billot, we do not know; but he exhibits in perfection the bloodthirsty appetites of the tiger. The following passage is worthy of Carrier or of Collot d'Herbois:—

"Prince,—In the family of nations has arisen one, consisting of a people altogether exceptional, which, since the discovery of the New World, and more particularly since the treaties of Westphalia, has asserted an insolent authority over other countries, and assumed the sole right of emancipating Europe. In all places does this nation impose its blind and tyrannical will; its diplomacy is everywhere corruptive, its gold subjugates and putrifies all national morality.

"It audaciously and with impunity violates every treaty, and grants to foreigners just so much liberty as it chooses. It holds the world in fetters, and is bound by none. It has arrived at this point,—and I declare it to the shame of Europe,—it can arrogantly say to its equals—'You shall do only what I will,—I despise you.'

"If this which I have asserted of England be true, is not her conduct atrocious, and should she not be outlawed by all other nations?

"If it be true, should we not declare against this impious people a war, not of reprisal, but of extermination?

"If it be true, should not the tocsin sound in the 37,000 communes of France a crusade without quarter and without mercy?

"If it be true, should not the tocsin sound in every place where a Frenchman can hear it, and should not the cry 'To arms!' be repeated, until millions of men, torch and steel in hand, have buried under its ruins this nation, execrated by the whole universe? We have not yet finished with England.

"A struggle more terrible and bloody than ever is about to commence. Our soul is struck with indignation and horror. Shall we wait much longer for the day of expiation?

"Notwithstanding the most solemn treaties of peace, explicitly declared, Protestant and aristocratic England is ever on foot. She must destroy that Catholicism and liberty of which France is always the sublime refuge. She exists against the law of all society,—against the laws of God. Such a nation must perish sooner or later. If your arm be raised against her, an arm more terrible will, perhaps ere long, crush her brutal and perverse insolence. Let her remember that but for the assassination of Paul

I. (of Russia) London would now, in all probability, have been but a French subprefecture. England is but an ambuscade against all other Powers. She watches and spies them like a highwayman, and murders them when she thinks the booty worth having. We have destroyed the pirates and corsairs of Algeria, who were neither as dangerous or ruffianly as the English; and when we fight against her, we will conquer, because the God of Battles—the God of Justice—will fight with us.

"Thus, in chastising England, France offends not against liberty; on the contrary, she gives it that assistance which at this day it requires in every nation. In punishing England, we destroy the last and most dangerous of the civilised barbarisms of Europe.

"France only waits the signal.

"Send, then, your herald, and declare to the most cruel enemy of France that her hour has come.

"Let the tocsin announce it to our towns and country.

"Europe will leap for joy, and 15,000,000 of England's slaves will raise their voices to God, and will bless you.

"Then the injuries of Clive, of Hastings, and Wellesley, will be avenged.

"And the nineteenth century will undo the treaties of Westphalia.

"As at the Crusades, let us repeat, 'God wills it.' Yes, God wills it, for the laws of justice are violated. Yes, God wills it, for the brow of the first nation in the world should no longer be sunk in the dirt.

"God wills it, for the destinies of humanity depend on the destinies of France.

"Let us repeat, with sacred enthusiasm, that France would rather wade in blood than in mire.

"France would rather hear the sound of the thunder than the noise of the chains with which an insolent people destroys our liberties. And then peace will reign in France—in Europe—in the world.

"And the Empire, according to your thought, will be peace—a great, a strong peace, which will pain neither conqueror nor vanquished, because it will be a great victory of civilisation over that which pretends thereto only to destroy the moral interest of all people.

"Justice to France!

"Peace to continental Europe!

"War! war to England!"

And this precious document, along with others of the same stamp, is stated, on good authority, to be exceedingly popular in France!

Now, as we have not shrunk from

expressing our opinion of the impropriety, not to say impolicy, of the line which has been adopted by certain of our own journalists, we are bound to state our conviction, that if anything half as atrocious as this had issued from the English press, it would have been greeted with a universal shout of reprobation. The miscreant who penned it must have the blood of Samson, the superintending engineer of the guillotine, in his veins. But it certainly has not shocked the feelings of the French, as it necessarily must have done, if one tithe of what Mr Cobden wishes us to believe is true. We can assure him that we are as decided advocates of peace as he, or any other man who has spouted on the platform of their ludicrous Congress, can be. Whatever charge may be brought against Great Britain, that of an aggressive or bellicose tendency cannot be preferred. We are, as a nation, averse to going to war, as Lord Palmerston, if appealed to, can testify; for his last escapade about Greece was universally considered in this country as a most shabby affair; and, but for the insignificance of the transaction, he would have been called to a serious account. We may also have incurred obloquy on account of Minto expeditions, and other Whig jobs and devices; but we deny altogether that the general policy of this country, since the peace, has been aggressive. We did, undoubtedly, behave ill to Holland in the matter of the separation of Belgium, by lending our moral influence in aid of France; but that fact can hardly be cast in our teeth from the other side of the Channel. But, on the other hand, all the national recollections of France are connected with acts of aggression. We cannot be surprised if the generation immediately succeeding to that which overran Europe from Portugal to Moscow, and even occupied Egypt, should still be imbued with a desire and undue admiration for military glory. What wonder if, with another Napoleon at its head, the old ideas should recur with something like pristine vivacity, and a desire for conquest be rekindled in the heart of what is essentially a military nation? Even if we were to repose

implicit faith in the pacific intentions of the Emperor—and we repeat our impression, that there is little probability of the occurrence of a war, until the general tranquillity of Europe is once more disturbed by revolution—we have no manner of guarantee that these may remain unaltered. We cannot depend upon the stability of France, still less can we trust to her forbearance.

What we ought to do is very simple. Without betraying any symptoms of alarm, we should proceed steadily in organising an internal force, which shall prove ready and effective in any case of emergency. We must take care that our coast defences are such as may give us a reasonable security against surprise; and we must not allow ourselves to be lulled into false repose by any apparent reduction of forces on the other side of the Channel. France, having no fear whatever of invasion, can well afford to spare 50,000 men out of her 500,000—more especially when these can be reorganised at a moment's notice. With French reductions we have nothing to do—our business is to provide for the safety of our own shores.

Mr Cobden is immensely indignant at the idea of a sudden surprise. "There is," says he, "no instance recorded in history of such a country suddenly casting itself down to a level with Malays and New Zealanders, by committing an unprovoked act of piracy upon a neighbouring nation. Yet we are told to prepare ourselves for such conduct in the case of France!" We do not know what any one else has told him, but this much we venture to tell Mr Cobden, that, if it shall be resolved on the part of France to attempt an invasion, we shall have the very shortest notice that can by possibility be given. Louis Napoleon has been too fortunate in his *coups d'état*, not to be able to perform the same feat on an extended scale. Secrecy, indeed, is the great engine by which he works; you never know what are his intentions until the deed is done. It is at all times difficult to say what is, or is not, to be considered as fair warning; and we should not be inclined to put much faith in previous admonitions. Did Mr Cobden, who appears to have

been lately rubbing up his knowledge of history, never hear the case of the British *détenues* at Verdun? If he is not familiar with that black page, we beg to recommend it to his attention; if he is familiar with it, perhaps he will be good enough to reconcile that proceeding with the *comitas gentium*, of which he represents the French to be so scrupulously observant. No—if the thunderbolt is to fall, it will fall suddenly; and it will be our own fault now if we are not prepared for its coming.

We are very glad to observe that, out of the Manchester party, sound views are entertained on this subject by men of every shade of political opinion. On a recent occasion, Mr Hastie, the member for Paisley, a strong and consistent Liberal, thus expressed himself:—

"Gentlemen, we have great alarms, at least great talk, that in all likelihood we may have some attack from a foreign country. I was afraid at one time, although I do hardly entertain the same fears now, that there was ground for that alarm; but I began to think that, from the national character of the British people—from what has been done already, and from what is about to be done, that there is no danger whatever of such a dire calamity befalling us. (Cheers.) However, looking to that immense commerce which I have just stated to you, I think that any Ministry of this country who could neglect the defence of the nation would be deserving of impeachment. (Loud cheers.) When you come to look at that immense mercantile marine, consisting of no less than 18,000 foreign ships going to sea, carrying at least £73,000,000 sterling of the productions of the industry of the people of this country, and bringing back at least £80,000,000, any Ministry which neglected the protection of that immense carriage of our commerce, I repeat again, ought to be immediately impeached. (Cheers.) And therefore, gentlemen, if it should be in the wisdom of her Majesty's Ministers to come to the House of Commons, and say that it is necessary we should have an additional marine, I feel that I will not be in any degree acting contrary to your desires if I say that we should have that marine extended, but as economically as possible. (Hear, and cheers.) The business and the duty of a Member of Parliament, in my opinion, so far as the expenditure of the country is concerned, is to leave the responsibility with the Ministers of the Crown to say

what is necessary, and to see himself whether that money which they ask and say is necessary, be properly, judiciously, and economically laid out. (Cheers.)"

Indeed, except in France, where his pamphlet was naturally enough received with considerable applause, Mr Cobden is not likely to meet with much sympathy. The whole press is against him; and so conscious is he of this, that he contemplates the propriety of a new Crusade, with Mr Sturge for his Peter the Hermit.

"I look to the agitation of the Peace party to accomplish this end. It must work in the manner of the League, and preach common sense, justice, and truth, in the streets and market-places. The advocates of peace have found in the *Peace Congress* movement a common platform, to use an Americanism, on which all men who desire to avert war, and all who wish to abate the evil of our hideous modern armaments, may co-operate without compromising the most practical and 'moderate' politician, or wounding the consciences of my friend Mr Sturge, and his friends of the Peace Society—upon whose undying religious zeal, more than all besides, I rely for the eventual success of the Peace agitation. The great advance of this party within the last few years, as indicated most clearly by the attacks made upon them, which, like the spray dashed from the bows of a vessel, mark their triumphant progress, ought to cheer them to still greater efforts."

We do not pretend entirely to comprehend the drift of the foregoing passage, which may be a vaticination of the coming supremacy of Quakerism. Neither are we aware that the advance of a party is to be estimated according to the amount of obloquy which is heaped upon it. This is just the maniac's impression, who persisted in believing himself to be sane, because every one else declared him to be mad. Those Peace Congresses, as they are called, have been for several years the laughing-stock and derision of Europe—not because men are indisposed to peace, but upon account of the preposterous trash which has been uttered by the quacksalvers and jack-puddings who exhibit on the "common platform." Now we have a word or two to say about the publications and transactions of this same Peace Society; and we are glad that

Mr Cobden has given us an opportunity of doing so. In commenting upon a recent publication, called *Letters of an Englishman*, he makes the following remarks:—

“It would seem that Mr Burritt, and Mr Fry, having taken alarm at the hostile tone of the English press, had set on foot a scheme for counteracting the mischief. Addresses, containing assurances of friendship and peace, were drawn up in several of our towns, signed by the inhabitants, and forwarded to various places in France. This movement, than which nothing could be more amiable, and certainly nothing more harmless, draws down upon the heads of poor Messrs Burritt and Fry, and the Peace party generally, such a volley of vituperative epithets, that they might almost excite the jealousy of M. Buonaparte himself.”

Of Burritt's existence we were previously aware. Unless we have been misinformed as to his biography, he was an American blacksmith, and therefore can scarcely be taken as a proper exponent of the mind of England. Of Mr Fry we know no more than we do about Katterfelto. But, somehow or other, this passage in Mr Cobden's pamphlet gave us an impression that these persons must have been doing more than forwarding the harmless addresses to which he refers; and that impression was fortified by a passage we happened shortly afterwards to observe in the columns of the *Edinburgh Witness* newspaper. No one who is familiar with the writings of Mr Hugh Miller, the eminent and self-taught geologist, can fail to recognise the powerful style of the following extract:—

“We referred on a late occasion to the meeting of the Peace Convention, which is to take place at Manchester this year, on the 27th and 28th instant. There is, it would seem, a branch of this Peace-Principle Society in our own city. When gazing at a bookseller's window some weeks ago, with our coarse thick plaid wrapped well about us, and our stout stick in our hand, looking, we daresay, more like a south country shepherd than either an Arcadian swain or a city dandy, we were addressed by a really pretty young lady, who thrust upon us a printed leaf, with the brief injunction, ‘Read that.’ And, of course, we did read the printed leaf—for it would have been very

ungrateful and very unpolite not to have read it—and found it filled with nice, quiet, finely modulated twaddle, as if all its sentences had been set to the piano, about olive branches, and brotherhood bonds, and the very shocking evils of war, and the monstrous expense of a standing army. And in connection with this very question, we have oftener than once thought of the nice pretty young lady who gave us the tract. We find that what the Peace people recommend in the event of an invasion, is implicit submission to the enemy. They tell us to prepare good dinners for them, and all sorts of nice agreeable things, and so to shame them into kindness and good-will. And in Mr Burritt's *Bond of Brotherhood* for the present month there is a fine story told about a good Quaker shopkeeper, whom the boys of Bromagrove school tossed in a blanket, for keeping his shop open on the day of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, and afterwards continuing to exhibit in his window a paper depreciatory, on the peace principle, of the services of that great man. They continued the sport until they exhausted themselves, and rendered the Quaker wellnigh insensible; and then they offered to let him go on condition that the paper should be taken down. He stubbornly refused, however; and, finding threats and persuasions equally vain to move him from his principles, they at length unbound him, and, in admiration of his consistency, gave him three cheers at parting, for being, as they said, a true brick and a good Christian. And this is, it seems, exactly what the nation ought to do in case of an invasion. The men should by all means endure the ‘tossing’ intended for them by the enemy, whom, by that very endurance, they are to convert into a friend—like true bricks and good Christians; but we just ask the women of the Peace Society whether this same principle of forbearance and endurance is equally a favourite with them. Are they also passively to submit to whatever an enemy may intend for them? Are they so lost to common sense as not to know that it is *their* prospects, not the risk of life or the loss of property, that weighs heaviest, when an invading enemy is at hand, with fathers, brothers, and husbands? And do they not know, further, that in these latter ages of the world, in which there are no miracles wrought, save false ones now and then by a priest, Providence works by means; and that the only means by which He now protects the life and property of man, and the honour of women, is by the sword of the civil magistrate in times of peace, and by the

pro prowess and courage of brave men in the time of war! We fain wish that the kind young lady who gave us the peace tract would set her pretty little head to work on this special subject. We are sure she would at length come to see, if she but give her faculties fair play, that there are cases in which it might be well to be at least prepared for a defensive war."

We hope the writer will not feel angry with us, if we fairly admit that, at first, we could hardly credit his account of the views promulgated by the Peace Society. That they insisted upon the doctrines of arbitration and so forth, we knew; but really, without the evidence of our own eyes, we were reluctant to believe that there existed, within the circuit of these islands, a being endowed with virility dastardly enough to recommend non-resistance to an invasion. However, the matter is now placed beyond a doubt. We have their publications lying before us, and we are now forced to acknowledge, with deep humiliation, that there are male creatures in England who consider it their duty to sit tamely by—to see their country invaded without resistance, their houses pillaged, and their women violated before their eyes! Such are the principles of the Peace Society, upon the spread of which Mr Cobden relies for the eventual success of his agitation!

There are two distinct serials: the one intended for youth, called the *Olive Leaf*; and the other for persons of more mature years, called the *Bond of Brotherhood*. These serials do not seem to be self-supporting—at all events they are assisted by the contributions of various societies scattered over the face of the country. The *Olive Leaves*, we are bound to say, contain much matter that is good and pious; but there is also in them much that is pernicious. For example, Nelson and Wellington are held up, not to admiration, but to abhorrence; and the doctrine of entire submission to tyranny and injustice is sedulously inculcated. The military profession is denounced as unchristian; and we are favoured with touching stories of good boys who refused commissions in the Indian army, because they did not want "to

be taught to kill men." It must be admitted that these writers have a strong determination of purpose, seeing that they are resolved in the first instance to take the nursery by storm. We shall, however, dismiss the *Olive Leaves* with a single parable by way of sample. It is evidently from a Yankee pen.

"THE WOODCHUCK AND THE RABBIT.

"'Father,' said Eustace, 'I do not like to kill rabbits so well as to kill woodchucks.'

"'Why, my son?' asked his father.

"'Because,' replied Eustace, 'rabbits will not fight. They will not get angry and bite, but they lie down and die, and look so pitiful and beseeching, and seem to say, 'I forgive you.' It always makes me feel sorry to kill rabbits.'

"'How do you feel, my son, when you kill woodchucks?' asked his father.

"'Oh, I love to kill them,' Eustace said, 'for they get angry, and bite, and fight with me: they look fierce and savage, and try to keep me from killing them. That makes me angry, and then I can kill them without pity. I never feel sorry for killing woodchucks.'

"'This story explains the secret of all wars and fightings. The way to conquer is NEVER TO FIGHT.'

The moral of this of course is, that it is our national duty, if assailed, to lie down, and look pitiful and beseeching! Lord help the emasculated poltroon—if he wears breeches—who has come to so deplorable a pass!

But we are anxious to get on to Burritt; and here we find him in the *Bond of Brotherhood*, of which precious periodical he is the conductor. In so far as that journal strives to inculcate peace among the nations, either as a Christian duty, or even from motives of interest, we are at one with it. "Goodwill amongst men" is the highest doctrine that can be preached; and no one can take exception to exhortations against rushing into war on an unrighteous cause or quarrel. But some malicious correspondent has addressed to Friend Elihu the following distinct query, with a request for an unevasive answer:—"Suppose that an army of foreigners landed on our shores, should we not oppose them?" This plain question, which, in reality, is the test of the whole matter, appears sorely to have perplexed the inner man of Burritt. He has devoted no

less than two articles, with the interval of a month between them, to answer it. In his first article, he complains strongly that he should be asked to solve a problem which is "flanked with no protecting probabilities;" and then, after a deal of dodging and drive—for no object seen through ground glass can be more indistinct than this man's ideas—he utters the following intelligible jargon:—

"No reference at all is made to the line of conduct which precedes or induces this invasion; to the character and relations of the invaded and invaders. In the cases of individual experience we have imagined, we had to consider supposed consequences of certain qualities of character and courses of life; but here we are to be driven up to a terrible fact, not a consequence—a sudden, fortuitous eventuality, falling with its fiery train across our path, with as little premonition as a blazing meteor from heaven. And just here, in the face of this inevitable emergency, we are asked, what would you do? Now, to our mind, this extremity is put without the pale of reason and experience. We cannot concede the possibility of such an event—of a foreign invasion dropping upon a country like a thunderbolt from heaven, without a cause or warning. If it comes at all, it must be as the end and issue of a certain line of policy, of extraordinary aims, motives, or provocations. It must come as a consequence or an effect. As such we will meet it, and the question in which it is presented."

And the remainder of his first article is intended to prove that he, Elihu, and the Peace Society, would so arrange matters with the French, before they left their shore, as to put a stop to any attempt at invasion. The price of each number of the *Bond of Brotherhood* is but one penny—are there blockheads enough in the British realm to absorb fifty of the impression?

But Elihu has a stiff correspondent who won't stand dodging. He thinks it within the limits of possibility—and we admit that we also are of that opinion—that, in event of such an unfortunate contingency as the outbreak of a war, the French will not be disposed to listen to the charming voice of Burritt, charm he ever so wisely; and he wishes to be instructed as to his duty as a man and a Christian. Even at the risk of losing a subscriber, we think that Elihu would have acted

wisely in shirking the question. But he has not chosen to do so; and in his second article, entitled, "The Extreme Extremity," we have, after a great deal of mere dodging, his views, which, we are thankful to know, do not emanate from a citizen of this country. We pass over both the miserable cant and the absurd parallels which he attempts to draw between the case of a defenceless fortress, and that of a defenceless land,—his mind is not large enough to contain within its compass one sentiment of genuine manhood; and it is really awful to think that any free-born man should write in the following strain:—

"If 'the long range' of the Gospel supplies missiles of Divine power, that can be winged across the widest ocean, into the hearts of the millions of a mighty nation, vanquishing their thoughts and purposes of ill-will, it has in its armoury weapons bright and invincible for close action. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' This is a Gospel weapon for the closest action, for hand-to-hand contest. In this way to 'heap coals of fire' on the head of a foe, the closest contact is necessary. And with this weapon we would meet the French, at every step of their march from Dover to London. At every step they should encounter new evidence that they trod the soil of their best friends. At every step they should face their friendly expression. At every step the coals of Christian kindness should be showered upon their heads. And, having done all this, we would stand with the loins girded about, and feet shod with this preparation of the Gospel, and leave the issue with God.

"This is what we would do, 'should an army of foreigners land on our shores.'"

After having gone this length, it is hardly worth inquiring whether Mr Burritt proposes that any other little wants, which an invading army may feel inclined to, should be supplied. There are certain atrocities which may be read of in memoirs of the Peninsular campaigns, which we should be very sorry to see enacted upon British ground, but which Friend Elihu, in consonance with his theory, would doubtless consider as mere Christian burdens, to be borne with due submission. We dare not trust ourselves to give full utterance to our feelings on such a subject.

The most disgusting and deplorable

feature of the whole thing is, that these men come before the public under the mask of religious hypocrisy. They wrench texts from their actual meaning, and so pervert the authority of the Scriptures. If their view is the correct one, then the resistance that was twice made by armed Europe to the aggression of the Mussulmans, was antichristian and sinful. Wallace — Bruce — all our patriots who believed that, in fighting for the freedom of their country, they were waging a holy war, were sinners of the deepest dye; and we, who reverence their memory, must rank as gross idolaters. Nay, more; it was sinful in the German princes to uphold the cause of the Reformation, when, but for the sword, the new doctrines, which liberated the Bible, would have been strangled as heresies. It was sinful in Queen Elizabeth, and in her captains, Drake and Howard, to oppose the landing of the Armada, that tremendous armament expressly intended for the suppression of the Protestant faith. The doctrine goes even further. If you are attacked by a ruffian on the road, it is your duty not to resist. If a scoundrel appropriates your cloak, you must not inform against him, but offer him your coat likewise; if he hits you a dowse on the chops, you must request a counterpart of the favour.

We are really most sorry to have to refer to such matters. We have more reverence than Burritt has for Holy Writ, else we should be strongly tempted to ask him why his right eye is in its socket? We have brought the monomaniac from his obscurity, simply for the purpose of showing what manner of men they are upon whose exertions Mr Cobden relies for the ultimate success of his agitation against armaments. Of the misguided women who subscribe to "Olive-leaf circles," and contribute to schemes for "Ocean penny postage," without knowing how their funds are applied, we would simply ask the question, whether they are desirous or not of having their principles put to the test? If earthly humiliation appears to them so very ravishing, we really have nothing further to say: they must bear their burdens with what fortitude they may, and display the

Christian graces in uncomplaining endurance. We do not pretend to understand the occult value of an *Olive Leaf*; but we hope, as Mr Burritt assures them, that it may prove an adequate protection. For ourselves, sinful as it may be thought, we cleave to our old opinion. We maintain that the man who does not look after his own household is worse than a heathen; and we shall certainly endeavour to heap fire, in the strictest literal sense, upon the heads of any foreign invaders who shall attack the sanctity of our realm. Does Mr Cobden really think that, by encouraging the efforts and publications of such men as Elihu, he is moving one step in a practical direction? Can he not see that, in identifying himself with fools, or worse, he is endangering the reputation, such as it is, which he has achieved; for what honour can be accorded to the man who distinctly repudiates patriotism as a fitting motive? As to arousing a military spirit in the country, that is pure nonsense. We do not wish to provoke violence; we desire to abstain from aggression. But when we are told that there is nothing in this land worth fighting for—that the sanctity of our homes, the freedom of our children, and the honour of our women, are things of too little moment to justify an effort to preserve them, we confess that our very blood boils with indignation.

We believe that we are doing good service to the public, by drawing their attention to the views which these men really entertain. We have no doubt that they are sincere advocates for the maintenance of peace; but in that respect they do not differ from all around them, and have no claim, so far, to announce themselves as expounders of a principle. No man in his senses thinks of underrating the blessings of peace, and we never have happened to hear them called in question. What need, then, have we of any pacific Saint Bernards to preach up doctrines which are not impugned? But we may be told, that though England may be pacific enough in intention, other countries, such as France, may still require exhortation. Say you so, sirs? Then what becomes of Mr Cobden's eulogies of the

French as the best-disposed and least aggressive nation of the world? Either you must have misunderstood their temper, or he is egregiously mistaken. In our humble thinking, the process of pacification would be more effectually advanced, if the gentlemen who figure at the Congress would testify against revolution as fervently as they rail at war and armaments. We have, however, very little hope that they will be eloquent on that subject. It is a significant fact, that the principal performers on that platform are precisely the men most marked for their determined and bitter hatred of all constituted authority. With few exceptions, they are either democrats, demagogues, or men who have figured in revolt. When we view the movement in that light, we begin to perceive a cause for this excessive detestation of armies. The chief occupation of the military forces in Europe, for the last thirty-seven years, has been the suppression of revolt, and in that they have proved successful. Revolution has been smitten by the sword, and of course it loathes the implement. But it would hardly do to proclaim that in as many words. The police are exceedingly obnoxious to the body of housebreakers, but they scarcely could effect their removal by setting forth the grievous impediments which are thrown in the way of their vocation by that well-regulated force. Obviously their best method is to drop their character of housebreakers, and appeal to the pockets of the enlightened public, whether it is wise to be at the expense of maintaining such a staff in an honest neighbourhood. The argument, you see, is a powerful one; because, if the police have been doing their duty, few burglaries will have occurred, and therefore honesty may be plausibly assumed. Just so is it with the peace men. They want to see armies disbanded, because the nations appear to be quiet; but they do not tell us how much of that quietude has been owing to the existence of armies. Armaments do not imply war, as these sagacious gentlemen know full well; but they imply, what is infinitely more irritating to them, a decided and effective check to revolution.

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We are almost glad that Mr Burritt and his compatriots have been so very frank with us. In their later publications, no doubt acting under shrewd advice, and the significant fact that the olive-leaf subscriptions were decreasing, they have been cautious in setting forth their views touching the sinfulness of resistance to aggression, and confine themselves generally to essays upon the advantages of peace. Also they have been recommended to drop the promulgation of a certain pledge which appeared annexed to all their earlier publications, and which we here insert as a specimen of the way in which these gentlemen conduct their operations. We have not the least objection to give them the benefit of a little more publicity.

“LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

“PLEDGE.—Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any voluntary support or sanction to the preparation for or prosecution of any war, by whomsoever, or for whatsoever proposed, declared, or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign this pledge, in a ‘LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD;’ whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit, and all the manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognise and respect the image of God, and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity.

“* * * All persons, of all countries, male or female, above the age of twelve years, who are willing to become Members of the League by signing the above Pledge, are requested to send in their names for registration.”

This, we presume, is intended to be a shot against the militia. But what a discharge! Signatures from persons of either sex, above twelve years of age, pledging themselves never to countenance military operations! We cannot, for the life of us, see why a girl

of seven, if she has an adequate knowledge of pothooks, should be debarred from pledging herself never to enter into the army or the navy.

We rejoice to observe that, in Parliament, perfect unanimity prevails as to the importance of our maintaining the best possible understanding with our neighbours. Between France and Great Britain there need be no jealousy, and there ought to be no hostility. If, on our side, a portion of the press has indulged in irritating language; and if, on theirs, it has been replied to by fiery pamphleteers, urging a war of extermination, the offence is pretty nearly balanced. We hope, however, that the public writers of both countries will see the propriety of abstaining, for the future, from comments and diatribes which can serve no other purpose than to endanger the continuance of our amicable relations; and that, until they have substantial grounds for doing otherwise, they will give the respective governments credit for that they claim—namely, a sincere desire to work together usefully for the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

That peace, as we have already said, is far less likely to be broken by war than by insurrection. And here it is that our difference with the members of the Peace Society commences. We believe, from a careful study of the history of our own time, that the reduction of armaments, which they demand, would be the immediate signal for revolt and outrage in many parts of Europe. We have already had some experience of socialist and communist doctrines, and we know how extensively and indefatigably they have been preached. We have seen, within the last five years, to what frantic and destruc-

tive lengths a nation will go, when rule and authority has been once set at defiance; and, for the common safety of mankind, we object, till better security is given, to the curtailment of the sole controlling power. In a commercial view of the matter, which is that most likely to be attended to at the present day, we consider the expense of armies and navies as an insurance for the commercial relations of the different countries, whether as regards their power of peaceful product, or the means of transportation. The measures which have been adopted for the defence of our own coasts need not excite jealousy in any country. The embodiment of the militia is, after all, but a faint resemblance of the *landwehr* system, which, from time immemorial, has been the policy of Germany; and, in France, every citizen is trained to the use of arms.

And so ought it to be. Every nation must look to itself for its power, authority, and defence. Difference of blood, difference of language, difference of religion, besides a thousand other considerations, render entire amalgamation impossible. We must work with the materials we have, and strive always to reconcile their frequent incongruity. But that only can be done by our maintaining a national front; and as for those fanatics who would fain provoke aggression by their declaration of non-resistance, we leave them to the contempt of the men who have homes to defend, and the sympathy of those women who consider all resistance unlawful—warning them, at the same time, that they are doing their utmost to invite the most hideous features of rapine to a land which it is our glory, as well as our duty, to preserve.

THE MALT-TAX.

If we are to depend upon the assurances of Lord John Russell, politics are likely to be, for some time at least, a drug in the market. There are many points on which the members of the new Ministry, composed as it is of most heterogeneous materials, are not likely to agree; and they seem to have come to the conclusion that the wisest and safest plan is to avoid every topic which could cause embarrassment or dissension. "I cannot," said the noble lord, "be pushed on either to bring forward myself, or to urge others to bring forward, measures upon those subjects which I think are either out of time, or are such as will not be likely to meet with a successful issue. I believe, in the present state of the country, it is desirable that measures of that kind should be fully weighed, and carefully and deliberately introduced." We are glad to observe that the Conservative leaven is already working so kindly, and we hope that ere long it may influence the whole mass. This is, at all events, much safer doctrine than that propounded by Sir James Graham when he took his stand upon progress—a feat only to be accomplished after the manner of the gentleman at Astley's, who performs the Sisyphean operation of walking upon a revolving sphere. We have often thought, in the course of the last few years, that, instead of doing too little, Parliament does a deal too much. There is no virtue that we can see, in perpetual changes; and every one must allow that we get on quite as pleasantly in the vacation, when there is no public business, as during the session, when there is, at all events, a superabundance of talk.

One thing, however, cannot be indefinitely postponed. We must have the budget. Until the expiry of the Easter holidays, the members of the Cabinet may pursue their deliberations; but immediately thereafter, the musings of Mr Gladstone must have an end. We look forward to his announcement with considerable anxiety, and with a sincere hope that its character may be such as to admit

of our conscientiously supporting it. If he is wise, he will not allow any false shame, or the fear of being rallied for inconsistency to opinions uttered when in opposition, to stand in the way of his proposing measures suited to the exigencies of the times. Everything looks favourable for the Ministry, if they will but act steadily and on principle. There is, at present, no ferment whatever in the public mind. There is no great question to be agitated, and no organic changes are demanded. What we want is a steady, but, above all, a just and impartial Government.

We are so far from wishing to embarrass the Ministry, that we would gladly lend our humble aid in supporting them, provided we were assured that they intend to act with strict impartiality to all classes and interests in the country. The principle of our commercial policy is now settled, and we are to conduct our affairs and business on the footing of unrestricted competition. Well, then, since that is to be the rule, let us see how it may be practically applied.

Let us premise that we have no wish to argue as if this rule admitted of mathematical exactitude. That never was our view, though it was uniformly adopted by the Free-Traders. We held, and hold, that unless direct taxation can be made entirely to supersede the other method of raising the revenue, unrestricted competition—or, in other words, entire Free Trade—is impossible. Let us take the case of tobacco. That article could be grown in this country; but if we were allowed to rear and consume it free of duty, a very important branch of the national revenue would be extinguished. Sugar (which is a stronger instance, for it ranks as a necessary of life) might be manufactured from beet-root, though not without injury to the revenue. These are, therefore, exceptional cases; but it is the duty of a Government, and more especially of one which professes to entertain strong convictions on the subject of Free Trade, to take care that they are as few as possible.

The late Ministry, having accepted in good faith that commercial policy which the country had deliberately sanctioned, lost no time in attempting to repair what appeared to them an unjust feature in the existing system. No one who has given the least thought to the subject of taxation, and who has cast his eye over the list of articles upon which Customs and Excise duties are levied, can fail to be struck with this anomaly, that a large amount of revenue is derived, under a system which professes to be hostile to restriction and friendly to industry, from one of the peculiar products of our native soil. The immediate diminution and ultimate extinguishment of the malt-tax, appeared to the Earl of Derby and his colleagues an act of justice; and this view was further strengthened by the consideration, that such a measure would tend materially to promote the comforts of the poorer classes. Upon that proposition, the sense of the House of Commons has not yet been taken. It was, no doubt, frequently referred to in the course of the debate upon Mr Disraeli's budget; but the specific question was never put from the chair. We consider ourselves, therefore, quite at liberty to consider this as an open question; and as it appears to us that there is a good deal of misapprehension on the subject and its importance to various classes of the community, we shall venture upon a few remarks.

It is not a little curious that the Malt Tax has been denounced by all parties. The Free-Traders held out the temptation of cheap beer as well as of cheap bread—the Protectionists cited its existence as an argument for the continuance of duties on foreign grain, and that argument was met by an admission that the abolition of those duties implied a discontinuance of the malt-tax. We are not aware that any statesman of note ever maintained the possibility, much less the propriety, of retaining the one, and doing away with the other; whilst some, amongst whom we may instance Sir James Graham, and the Radical leaders, Messrs Hume and Cobden, expressed themselves as opposed on principle to the tax. But no sooner did the Derby Ministry pro-

pose that one-half of the tax should be remitted, than their opponents suddenly appeared to have forgotten their previous convictions. They could not, indeed, deny the injustice of the impost under their favourite system, but they argued for its continuance on the ground that, after all, it was a very profitable tax, and that nobody cared about it; and, as a proof of this carelessness, they pointed to the fact, that there was no agitation on the subject. Why should there have been any agitation, when we were led to believe that all parties were agreed on the matter? The Ministry were doing their best to carry out the Free-Trade policy; and who could have supposed that the Opposition would so soon desert and deny their darling principle? The farmers never dreamed that the Manchester men would attempt to retain a tax which they had so often cordially denounced; and they trusted to the honour of politicians who had spoken unequivocally on the subject. Why should they have agitated, when their grievance was known and admitted, and they had the distinct promise of redress?

It is not true that this question of the malt-tax is regarded by the agriculturists with indifference. On the contrary, they feel keenly the unjust position in which they are placed, and are indignant that a cry of "class legislation" should be raised against them, so soon as a proposal is made to place them on an equality with other interests. We think it would have been well if that cry had not been raised. Let it be said that the tax is necessary and politic, and we can understand you; but do not call it just, when it is clearly not so; and do not brand those who are simply asking that you shall apply to them the same principle which you apply to others, with the imputation of selfish motives.

Is it, or is it not, the professed rule of modern legislation, that every tax which weighs heavily on the springs of trade or production should be removed, or curtailed? We apprehend that no one will deny that such is the professed rule. It has been applied in favour of the manufacturers. To the removal of the duties upon printed cottons, though these bore a small

relative amount to the value of the article, a great deal of the increased success in that important branch of manufacture has been attributed. No one disputes that the remission of the duty upon glass has been productive of splendid results, and of an increased consumpt. We have been liberal, too, in our reduction of duties on colonial produce, and the same consequences have followed. In 1821, the consumpt of sugar was under three millions and a half—in 1849, it was within a mere fraction of six millions of hundred-weights. Still more remarkable is the instance of coffee. The consumption of that article rose from 1,069,961 lb. in 1808, when the duty was 1s. 7½d., to 34,431,000 lb. in 1849, when the duty was sixpence. And yet, with these examples before us, we continue to levy a duty upon malt, amounting to *upwards of fifty per cent* upon the whole value of the produce!

Let us see—for there has been considerable mystification used—how this matter really stands. Spackman estimates the amount of barley grown in England and Wales at 6,000,000 of quarters; which, at 30s. per quarter, is only £9,000,000. Mr M'Culloch believes that it is even less than this, and yet the malt-tax amounts in round numbers to £5,000,000 per annum! Is that, according to Free-Trade principles, a proper pressure to be laid upon any branch of production? And can it be maintained that no additional consumption would result from a lowering of the duty? Even this is but one branch of the taxation which bears upon barley before its product reaches the consumer. There are, for example, the Excise duties upon spirits, and the licences to sell, all of them tending to depress that article; so that, in proportion to its value, barley is taxed far more severely than any other article produced in this country. Now, if this is the case—and it cannot be denied that it is so—can it be said that there is no restriction on the free use of land?—and ought those who complain of the restriction to be answered with contumely?

But, says Sir James Graham, "I am satisfied, with regard to the landed interest, that no great benefit will arise from the proposed measure."

Why should he think so? At present, as we have shown, you levy a duty upon the barley crop, amounting to at least one-half of its value, if not more; and we should really like to hear the grounds on which it is presumed that the removal of such a pressure would not serve as an encouragement to further production. Beer is, at all events, as popular as coffee is—we believe a great deal more so; and yet experience has shown, that the lowering of the duty on coffee has caused an enormously increased consumption. Does Sir James Graham really think that no similar result would follow the removal or reduction of duties upon a native product, which is in such general use?

Fortunately, we are in a condition to show that this matter has already been tested by experience; and that the consumpt of malt, like that of all other articles, is increased or lowered by reason of the rates of duty. In 1722, when it is computed that the population of England was *under six millions*, a much larger amount of malt was consumed than was charged with the duty of 3s. 7½d. per bushel in 1822, when the population was considerably *above twelve millions*. Such is the statement made by Mr M'Culloch in his Tables, showing the quantity of malt annually made since 1702. In fact, we find that the quantity consumed was one-half greater in 1722 than in 1816, when the duty had reached 4s. 5½d. per bushel—the precise amount being 31,827,598 bushels in the former year, and 21,158,348 in the latter. Various alterations of duty have since taken place, the tendency to a rise in consumption being generally visible on every remission, until 1832, when the quantity charged with the present diminished duty of 2s. 7d. again reached the amount consumed upwards of a hundred years ago, by a population of not nearly half the number, and, as our sages tell us, of vastly inferior habits in point of comfort and living! So, then, we find that in this very article of malt, high duties have had the effect of restricting and diminishing consumption. But we shall be told that since 1832, the annual quantity of barley malted has increased. So it has. In 1841 the quantity charged with

duty had reached 42,456,862 bushels; but we do not accept that result as any proof that the present duty is a fair one. We trace the marked increase to the fact that, in 1830, the Government of the day remitted the whole of the beer-duty, which then yielded a revenue of three millions. That remission raised the demand for malt by upwards of thirty per cent; and is not that a sufficient proof that a similar result would attend a remission of the present heavy duties?

We presume it will be accounted a fair illustration, if we, in endeavouring to find out how far this severe duty has operated in restraining the growth of a crop for which the soil and climate of Britain are well adapted, should contrast with the consumption of barley that of another crop upon which no restrictions were laid. There are no data in existence from which we can form an accurate estimate of the quantity of wheat raised in England a century ago; but, looking to the greatly extended area of cultivation, and the improved state and methods of husbandry, we do not think we shall be charged with extravagance in assuming that the quantity has increased from four to five fold. So much for wheat, which has escaped restriction; and now look at barley, which has been restricted. Here we are not left to conjecture. We know that in 1722 upwards of 4,000,000 of quarters of barley were used for malt in England; and, now, Mr M'Culloch estimates the whole produce of the English barley crop at not more than 5,000,000 quarters; and we are satisfied it does not exceed 6,000,000! Thus we are compelled to the conclusion that, despite of an enormous increase in the population, and of a vastly improved culture, there has been no addition of the growth of barley for upwards of a hundred and thirty years! We think this striking and most remarkable fact will more than justify our inference that the heavy malt-duty has acted most deleteriously upon an important branch of production.

We are sorry to find that on this, as on other occasions, we have to combat the arguments of men who were once zealous upon our side of the question. We shall address ourselves

particularly to Sir James Graham, who has always professed to be a sincere friend to agriculture, and who now exhibits that friendship by attempting to perpetuate its burdens. It is not easy to bind Proteus; but we rather think that, on the present occasion, we have caught him napping. One of his arguments for the continuance of the malt-tax is, "that the effect of the present law is to give the strictly barley-growing districts a premium upon their barley, the demand for barley of the first quality being almost boundless, while the supply is very limited." There is a fine richness and unction in the foregoing sentiment; but unfortunately we cannot comprehend it. How is it that this heavy duty, payable upon all qualities of malt, should give a premium to the better sorts of barley? That certainly is not in accordance with the general law as to articles of consumption, for we have always understood that an increase in the value of the higher qualities could not take place without occasioning a relative rise in the price of the lower descriptions. But perhaps Sir James means to say that the premium is given only for that kind of barley which is used for malting. We wish we could keep him to that view, for the answer is perfectly conclusive. It is this: The quantity of barley charged as malted in England and Wales in the year 1841, nearly includes the whole quantity annually produced in that division of the empire, according to our highest estimates! Of course, if the demand for malting barley is enhanced by the existence of the malt-tax, barley of all kinds would have risen, and the area of its cultivation been increased. But it has not increased; and we have too great an appreciation of the intellectual acumen of the first Lord of the Admiralty, not to be thoroughly assured that "he knows the reason why."

Well, then; we have got this length, at least, that it will hardly be disputed that the great bulk of English—we might add of Scottish—barley, is not only fit for malting purposes, but is actually so used. What is the next objection we have to encounter? Here there is a pause, during which the Free-Trader puts on the Protectionist

garb—no uncommon masquerade of late—and then tells us, with great solemnity, that, upon the remission of the malt-tax, we shall be inundated with foreign barley to be used for malting purposes. This utterly baffles our comprehension. The foreign barley is lying at this moment in our market, and, if fit for malting, may be malted. But then, say our opponents, much more of it will be brought in, *in consequence of the increased consumption following on the remission of the duties*. We are exceedingly grateful to find it at last allowed that increased consumption would be the effect of the remission. Clear as we thought that point to be, it is valuable; in such a controversy as this, to have an impediment removed; and, in the matter of barley, we really do not think that the British grower has to dread foreign competition. We believe the superiority of British malt liquors, over those produced in any other country of the world, to be undoubted; and we do not attribute that circumstance entirely, or even mainly, to our manufacturing skill.

If the malt-duty were repealed, there would arise a demand for increased production of barley at home; and, we doubt not, such an accession to our consumpt as would afford scope for all that is usually available from abroad. But, in barley, we cannot be beaten. Let the foreign inundation be what it may, British barley will always maintain its superiority and preference on the malting-floor. The process of malting is one of nicety and expense; and no saving, but the reverse, arises from experimenting upon an inferior grain. The vast superiority of fresh-thrashed barley, over that which has been sea-borne and heated, is perfectly well known to the maltster; and, what is more, barley is precisely the grain for which our climate is adapted. In wheat, we admit that we are inferior to some other countries, and must submit to be undersold; but our heavy, malting barley is the cereal product for which England, in climate and soil, is peculiarly adapted; and yet it is selected as the only kind of grain to be taxed at the rate of *fifty per cent*, whereas foreign wheat is admitted at a nominal

duty! Really it seems like madness that we should be doing all in our power to swamp the culture of wheat, in which we are inferior, by laying open our ports and abolishing duties; and, at the same time, to check the cultivation of barley, in which we are superior, by the maintenance of most oppressive duties! We have now lying before us one of the last London circulars, by which we observe that the best foreign wheat commands a preference over the finest English, of six shillings per quarter. We turn to the article barley, and we find that the British grain is quoted at four shillings above the best foreign produce.

Again, however, we are met by the masked Free-Trader. He is in a new paroxysm of terror about the results of competition, and insists that the foreign barley-growers, if a large demand is occasioned here, will take to the process of malting. Two years ago our friendly disputant would have considered that perfectly legitimate; and it is rather amusing for us to be called on to quiet his fears. We have simply to inform him that he knows nothing whatever as to the process of malting, which, if not peculiar to, can only be well conducted in, the climate which is suited to the growth of barley. Our mean temperature, which promotes the growth of the plant, is also that which gives us an immense superiority in malting. Autumn is the proper season for malting; and our long temperate autumns give us a superiority in that respect over every other country of the world. The prevalence of early and severe frosts would effectually limit the operations of the foreign maltster at the season when his shipments should be made or provided for; whilst the sudden revulsion in spring, from cold to heat, is greatly injurious to his operations. So that, with much respect to Graham & Co., we feel ourselves constrained, in the article of barley, to repudiate all fear of foreign competition; and, if it be that apprehension only which restrains them from removing the malt duty, we take upon ourselves to say, that there is not an agriculturist in Britain, from Cornwall to Caithness, who will not willingly run the risk of any loss which

he may sustain in consequence of the remission of the tax.

Mawworm, defeated upon this last point, again appears, and asks us how the remission of the tax would benefit the agriculturists? For that we might refer him to the cotton-printers, or the glass-makers; but he may boggle at analogy, so we shall state the case plainly. Here is the cereal product best suited to the soil and climate of Britain, which, in one view, has remained stationary for a hundred and thirty years; in another, which is the true one, when you regard the increase of the population, has retrograded at a most serious rate. And the reason simply is, that you, the British Parliament, have taxed it most unjustly. It might have been, in your hands, a source of immense national wealth, for our malted liquors would be, if you remitted the duty, one of the most popular and prized articles of export, not only to the colonies, but to the Continent, if the excessive duties were repealed; but you Free-Traders still persist, because malt is an agricultural produce, in maintaining that duty—in keeping up the price of beer in England, as well as preventing it from being extensively sent abroad—whereas you dare not, or will not, do the like in anything that appertains to the factories. We say that in the face of Mr Gladstone, who has taken ample time to prepare himself; and we wish to know why this tax, which weighs far more heavily upon the best staple production of our land than any which has been imposed upon pure manufacturing industry, should be continued? It is a tax of FIFTY PER CENT, directly bearing upon our peculiar cereal produce; and we demand to know the special reason why, in these days of unrestricted competition, the agriculturist is to be mulcted so enormously? We make no appeal to the Manchester men on account of their former declarations in our favour; but if they have one spark of consistency left, they must needs join us in a matter that involves the first principles of freedom of commercial trade.

What would have been the amount of barley annually grown in England if these severe restrictions had not existed, is pure matter of conjecture. If

we are to suppose that the consumpt would merely have kept pace with the increase of the population, the demand would have extended nearly threefold; but we are justified in believing that, on account of the improved habits of the people, and their better style of living, as well as from the facilities of export, the increase would have been much larger. For, notwithstanding the heavy duties, malted liquors have always been the favourite national beverage; and we have already shown that a remission of the beer duty, in 1830, gave an immediate stimulus to production. We do not mean to say that, were the malt duties remitted now, the consumption would at once rise to the point which we have indicated. Those restrictions have been favourable to the formation of other habits, which will not at once be altered; but still we may count upon a large and continually increasing demand. Let us hear Mr M'Culloch upon this point. He says in his Statistical Account: "It is singular that, notwithstanding the products obtained from malt have always formed the principal beverage of the great bulk of the people, the consumption of malt varied very little from the beginning of the last century till within the last half-dozen years! This extraordinary result, so different from what would have been *à priori* anticipated, is ascribed, partly to the increase of the duties laid on malt, but still more to the greater increase of those laid on beer, its principal product. No doubt, however, it has been partly also occasioned by the change that has taken place in the mode of living, by the introduction and universal use of tea, coffee, and other articles, substituted in the place of beer. But the increase that has taken place in the consumption of malt since the reduction of the duty on it in 1822, and the repeal of the beer duty in 1830, seems to prove that the duties were, at least, quite as instrumental in checking the consumption as the introduction of the articles alluded to."

Mr Jonas, an English tenant-farmer, has, in a letter published in that valuable paper, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, stated the facts as to the decreased consumpt of malt very succinctly. He says—

"The average population of England and Wales from 1700 to 1750 was 5,768,000; average consumption of malt during the same period was 26,365,460 bushels; population, 1841, 15,906,831: consumption of malt, same period, 33,067,324 bushels. Malt consumed per head from 1700 to 1750, was 4 bushels 2½ pecks; and that consumption, we now find, has been reduced to 2 bushels and a quarter of a peck per head in 1841."

And he thus instances, very fairly, his own case of individual hardship:—

"As one instance amongst many of the way in which the manufacturers are treated, in comparison with the farmers, I would mention the case of the manufacturers of woollen goods, who are allowed a drawback of the duty paid on the soap used in such manufacture; but myself, a tenant farmer, sending to be malted for my own use about 50 quarters of barley annually, cannot use this portion of my own produce in making a beverage which I give to my own labourers in their work, or, in other words, use in manufacturing or growing corn, until I pay the Government, in the shape of malt duty, £54. 3s. 4d. Call ye this 'unrestricted competition?'"

There is another consideration which we must not omit. The continuance of the malt-tax, independent of its oppressiveness, has an injurious effect upon agriculture. As, by the present system, the natural price of barley is kept down, the farmers are too often induced, from the higher relative price of wheat, to force the cultivation of that grain upon soils indifferently suited to its growth. For example, a farmer finds that he can, upon an average of years, grow as surely 30 bushels of wheat per acre, as 45 bushels of barley. Taking the average of the last three years, the returns would be as follows:—For 30 bushels of wheat at 5s., £7. 10s.; for 45 bushels of barley at 3s., £6. 15s. Here the balance is in favour of the wheat crop; but the fact of forcing wheat on unsuitable soils, though it may yield a greater immediate return, has the effect of leaving the land in a less favourable state than if it had been cropped otherwise. Every farmer

knows the difficulty of getting in wheat after a green crop, and the great hazard which there is of deteriorating the quality of the after produce. If the malt-tax were removed, that remission of duty, amounting, as we have seen, to 50 per cent on the whole barley crop, would have the effect of raising the price by at least 6d. per bushel; and in that way the temptation to a bad course of agriculture would be removed, and the proper wheat lands would benefit by the withdrawal of this hurtful branch of competition.

We were glad to observe that, in the late debate upon the budget, no attempt was made to revive the doctrine, that the malt-duties, not being paid by the grower, fell upon the consumer, and therefore cannot be considered as oppressive to agriculture. The late Mr Porter, we believe, was the last man who maintained that view, for we find it stated in his chapter upon malt. The argument, however, is not yet altogether exploded out of doors, and therefore we think it right to refer to it.

It may be objected against every demand for remission of taxation, that the impost, being ultimately paid by the consumer, is no burden upon production. If this view be sound, there never can be a necessity to relieve the springs of industry. Take the case of the remitted duties upon printed cottons, upon glass, bricks, &c. The consumer benefits because he gets the article cheaper—the producer benefits because there is a much greater demand for it. And, in the instances we have stated, there has not only been cheapness, but immense additional consumption. Why is the outcry made for the relief of what are called taxes on knowledge—namely, the excise on paper, the newspaper stamp, and the advertisement duty—but on account of an expected additional demand? What we ought to look to in the first instance is the relative amount of the proposed duty to the real value of the article. From the general diffusion and use of the article, a high duty may be really light as affects the consumer; but crushing, from its relative magnitude, in so far as the producer is concerned. The farmer who does not

malt his own barley and brew his own ale, is not directly called upon for the duty; but it reaches him in the shape of a miserably contracted demand for that produce which is best suited to the soil, and in that of a lower price. If he does malt his own barley, he is directly taxed on his produce. It is undoubtedly the cheapness of an article that increases consumption, and gives a stimulus to its production. Duties may be relatively high on articles of restricted use; but they cannot be made high on articles of general consumption, without greatly checking the demand, and, of course, interfering with the producer. In the articles of sugar, tea, and coffee, experience has proved that every attempt to raise the duty limits the consumption; a lower duty, on the contrary, invariably increases the demand. If such is the case with tea and coffee, are we not entitled to expect that the same result would follow in the consumption of beer, if the malt duty were removed?

We have all along treated this question on the hypothesis that the late proposed reduction of this tax was intended to pave the way for its ultimate abolition. We cannot regard the opposition of those men, who, pretending to be favourable to a total abolition, did all in their power to defeat the partial measure of justice, as other than a miserable subterfuge; and we do not envy the elasticity of a conscience that can reconcile such behaviour with the terms of a solemn and deliberate pledge. There is hardly a man belonging to the Liberal party who has not, on the hustings and elsewhere, declared himself against the continuance of the malt-tax; and yet we find the majority of them opposing the remission of a half! This is pure unvarnished Jesuitry. No one expected that the remission of the whole of this tax

could, in the circumstances of the nation, be effected at a single blow. No one anticipated that our national finances would suddenly become so great, as to admit of the instant sacrifice of an important branch of the revenue; and, obnoxious and oppressive as we consider the tax to be, we should not have lauded the prudence of a Minister who would have acted so precipitately. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may very well pause before sacrificing, with a stroke of his pen, a branch of revenue which yields five millions. What the agriculturists desired to have, was a recognition of the justice of their claim to relief, and a step in that direction; and no one can deny that Mr Disraeli's measure would have conferred an important boon, not only on the farmers, but on the great body of the people. We do not know what sort of budget Mr Gladstone may be presently brewing; but this we know, that, until the malt-tax is removed, a very gross act of injustice will continue to be perpetuated; for honest men cannot have faith in the intentions of those who, marching under the banner of unrestricted competition, persist in making so remarkable an exception to the rule, as regards a class of her Majesty's subjects, which is every way entitled to consideration, or, at all events, to justice. On principles of justice alone we hold that the case is fully made out. But, descending to a lower motive, and arguing the question upon a different footing, we humbly submit that we have shown to demonstration, that the continuance of the malt duties is a severe check upon the production of an important article of general use; and that, according to the views of political economy, upon which our commercial system is based, immediate steps ought to be taken for the removal of that impediment.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON SLAVERY IN OUR JANUARY NUMBER.

IN the article on *Slavery and the Slave Power in the United States of America*, contained in the January number of the Magazine, we desire to correct a numerical error, into which we were led by a mistake in the *American Almanac for 1852*, published by Little & Brown, of Boston. On consulting other authorities, since the article was written, we have discovered the mistake, and, as it is of some importance, we desire to rectify it.

The total population, and the relative numbers of slaves and freemen, in the slave states, in 1840 and 1850, were very nearly as follows. These numbers are either copied or calculated from *Fisher's Census of the United States for 1850*, 4th edition, (New York, 1851,) and may still be a few thousands in error:—

	1840.	1850.
Total population, . . .	7,289,967	9,586,812
Total slaves, . . .	2,486,138	3,178,055
Total freemen, . . .	4,803,829	6,408,757

Thus it appears that the free population of the slave states has increased, during the last decennial period, by about 1,600,000. Now, the error copied from the Almanac was in representing the free population

In 1840, by	7,290,719
In 1850, by	6,393,758
Giving a diminution of about . . .	0,896,961
Instead of an increase of 1½ millions.	

This mistake, we need not say, was on our part entirely unintentional. We certainly did feel some misgivings, against which, however, we placed the high character for accuracy, and our frequent experience of the value, of the *American Almanac*. We did not dwell much upon this deficiency in our remarks, though any conclusions drawn from it are, of course, by this correction set aside. The uneducated condition of the poorer among these whites, and of their children, remains, however, a most grave feature of the southern white population, out of which nothing but evil can come. In this ignorance, indeed, lies the true reply to the answer of the American ladies to the address from Stafford House. We may acknowledge both the praiseworthy efforts of the state of New York, in copying the free-school system of Massachusetts, and giving education to all their citizens; and we may lament that we are as yet behind herself and New England, who, with no old habits to remove, and old establishments to alter, can proceed somewhat faster than ourselves even in what is good. But this does not touch the question of the slave. It opens rather a new one. The education of the southern states is behind that of any European state with which America would like to be compared, and the existence of slavery is the obstacle to amendment. Here, then, is a call upon the friends of education in America to combine against slavery as the most powerful hindrance to the cause they have most at heart. You may for the present leave us alone; we are sensible of our deficiencies, and are in the midst of a great struggle to remove them. But do try to awaken your southern brethren, who are hugging their slavery, and for its sake excluding education. You will thus not only advance the cause of humanity, but will lay more surely the foundations of that republican liberty which is your pride and boast.

The reader will recollect, that among the points adverted to in our article was the condition of the *free coloured* population in the United States, amounting, in 1850, to about 420,000. Of this class Virginia contained 53,000, and we mentioned that they had become a source of great uneasiness

to the slaveholders, in this and other slave states. As a further proof of this, we cannot withhold from our readers the following paragraph, inserted without comment, and as a bit of ordinary news, in the *New York Herald* of the 26th of January last :—

“ A bill has been reported in the Virginia House of Delegates, which provides for the appointment of overseers, who are to be required to hire out, at public auction, all free persons of colour to the highest bidder, and to pay into the state treasury the sums accruing from such hire. The sums are to be devoted in future to sending free persons of colour beyond the limits of the state. At the expiration of five years, all free persons of colour remaining in the state are to be sold into slavery to the highest bidder, at public auction; the proceeds of such sales to be paid into the public treasury, provided that said free persons of colour shall be allowed the privilege of becoming the slaves of any free white person whom they may select, on the payment by such person of a fair price.”

Is it true that the tide of civilisation is really turning in America as well as in Europe? Is Christian republicanism really to end in things like this?—or has the king of Dahomey got possession of the “ Old Dominion,” and is the establishment of Fetishism to follow next?

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ness" (not being able to deny that our blessed Lord did institute the sacramental wine) "to administer the Lord's Supper to a stern temperance man, who should ask it, in water." A "stern temperance man" is one not to be denied anything.

But these blasphemies are too disgusting. Rankness springs up under the cloven foot wherever it treads. Rampant pride sets up itself as a god of vengeance. Slight differences are not to be borne. Thus we read in the *Progressionist*, No. 14—

"The plain duty of teetotallers now is to be holding meetings, and lifting up the voice of warning and of persuasion; in this way thousands will be won, and prevented from becoming drunkards, who, in case of neglect, will be carried down the stream. We are the rather urgent, because we believe men are waiting to be made teetotallers, literally groaning under landlord fetters, though they don't break them!—crying, 'Come over and help us; the fields are white unto the harvest; send forth more labourers!' Shall they cry in vain!

"We mark but one feature now; it is a solemn one, and we touch it with fear. *Divine Providence* seems angry with the opponents of teetotalism; and that sect which, and which alone, in its united capacity, and in daring impious violation of its own rules, put forth its power to destroy teetotalism, is writhing under the rod of displeasure. Its funds pilfered and squandered, many of its chapels deserted, some of its heads drunken, and hundreds of preachers deserted, while the very man and men whom they thought and sought to crush and silence, are alive, sober, prosperous, and prevailing!

'Who shall contend with God, or who shall harm whom He delights to bless?'

We stop not to inquire who are the particular persons denounced, nor the landlords who impose fetters. The presumption of arrogating all blessings to themselves, and, by insinuation, the power of inflicting vengeance, cannot be overlooked. And this is temperance! It is not to be thought strange, then, that the temperance man should set himself above other men;—he, the only "Sapiens," the "Rex denique regum." The *Advocate*, in wrath against some witty satirist, says—

"He will certainly not have the grateful thanks of 'Ebenezer Styles,' the re-

claimed shoemaker, but Sir Toby Belch and his sensual crew may hiccup forth his praise, and drink his health in bumpers. We think the said humble 'Ebenezer,' with his temperance, a nobler being than the proudest peer in his cups;—nay, that one sober 'cobbler' is, morally, worth a round dozen of drunken kings."

The rich, of course, are they who care not for the poor; and the wine-drinking rich are in modern statistics no part of the people, and must be held up to public odium.

"We do not mean the wealthy residents of the squares. We speak of the people, who, like the wounded wayfaring man in sacred story, are on 'the other side.' Alas! that there should be that 'other side.'"

That is, there should be no rich, no princes, no kings, because Ebenezer Cobblers, belonging to the temperance society, are far better men. This "divine man," this "Ebenezer Cobbler" must, however, be lifted to the utmost height of dignity; and kings and priests—of course, necessarily all drunkards—must be sent sprawling to the earth, and in humility to the dust make acknowledgment of the supremacy of water-drinking "Ebenezers." And as the tameness of prose may not be adequate to the great exaltation, the enthusiasm of song is in requisition. Thus—

"CRAFTS IN DANGER."

How pleasing the thought that our wrong-crafts are failing,

Which hold divine man as an imbecile thrall;
And, oh! the reflection is sweet and consoling,
That I, even I, can assist in their fall.

The drink-craft, old king-craft, old priest-craft, do battle

Against the free God-entailed interests of man;
We must not submit to be treated like cattle,
And toll, bleed, and die for the error-throned clan.

The drink-craft obscures man's best interest and duty,

Deprives him of judgment, of honour, of purse,
Of conscience, and moral and physical beauty;

We first must remove that most hydra-borned curse.

Oh! scatter the clouds that o'ershadow his reason;

When, blessed with that spirit that intellect lights,

His progress to truth will increase, and in season

No error shall stand betwixt him and his rights.

Let no one conclude he can do nothing in it;

Each man, woman, child, can break one many link

In wrong-craft's worst soul-binding chain any minute,

By signing the pledge to abandon strong drink."

—*Temperance Advocate.*

Verily there shall be no craft but the cobbler's craft; and by the decree of the Ebenezers, no drink but water. We frequently find the clergy of the Church of England under ban, and are told of an irreverent description of the clergy given by one of our own bishops; namely, that the clergy might be divided into three parts—"the Port-wine clergy, the Self-denying clergy, and the Evangelical clergy."—We should like to know what bishop (our bishop) could have given such a description; because, being so out of the habit of hearing of any such impertinences thrown on their brethren the clergy from that quarter, we must be allowed to doubt the authenticity. Not that, otherwise given, we should object to the designation, for we have known many very worthy pious clergy, who may be strictly called Port-wine clergy; and whoever is acquainted with the parochial offices, and calls of rectors, vicars, and curates, must know that the poor make frequent demands upon their little stock, and generally come, armed against all remonstrance, with a recommendation from the doctor. We should rather think a clergyman, not a port-wine one, would be uncharitable—bethought unkind, and lose somewhat of a wholesome influence. "What do you do," said a child to a drover, "with all those oxen?" "Little boy," said the drover, "I eat them all myself." The Temperance Societies would prevent the answer of vicar and curate, "He drinks it all himself." And if he were to drink all his little stock, and the parish find for the poor, we should rather say, May it do him all the good in the world, and joy go with him! And we doubt not, if this be his only sin, however astonished Ebenezer may be hereafter to find himself in the same happy place with the said curate—we have, we say, every reason to hope he will not be kept out of it for a glass of port wine.

This bigotry is disgusting and ridiculous; it keeps no measure with truth. Heaven's bounty is not to be denied, because it may be abused. Is all wine a poison, as they pronounce it to be, because too much of it will intoxicate? So then is every good given to us. A man may eat beef

like a glutton, and fall down in a fit of apoplexy, but is beef therefore a poison? Is the butcher to be indicted for murder, because his neighbour Guttle has stuffed himself with veal into the undertaker's hands? There are such outrages upon common-sense, that we can only wonder they can ever be seriously entertained. It seems quite a satire on the credulity and folly of mankind to bring them to the proof of argument; the only argument, however, must be the *argumentum ad absurdum*. The world at large can never assent to such nonsense, and is more likely to put down temperance and teetotal societies, than to be put down by them. These societies are really, by their absurdities, marring the good they might do. If any should use soberness of speech and conduct, surely they are the professors of temperance; whereas, they are the perpetual scolds wherever they plant themselves. They proclaim war against the innocent, as against the guilty. If you drink anything but water, you are a drunkard; and should any accident befall you, let your loving relatives—wife, husband, children, brothers, sisters—dread the epitaph that will be found of you (mayhap the drinker of a glass of poor small-beer, on the day or the day before your death) in that awful obituary published monthly in these Chronicles and Advocates, which gloat upon your infamy, and delight to suspend you over the limbo-lake of drunkards. Nay, these most intolerant of men will not tolerate each other, if there is the slightest suspicion of a shade of difference among them. Woe betide the unfortunate culprit who shall withdraw his name from the Society's books, however good and substantial his reasons. They will admit his *right* to withdraw his pledge, for it was given with that power of returning it; but see what construction they put on the withdrawal.

"When a pledge is broken, it implies a want of honour or veracity; when it is withdrawn, it is supposed to indicate a change of opinion; but the following letter is from one who is too honourable to break a pledge—who has not changed his opinion respecting total abstinence, and yet withdrawn his name."

The letter alluded to states fairly enough: "I still most heartily approve of total abstinence, and much regret that the fashions and customs of society are not such as can adopt it as a general principle; but, approving of the cause, as I still do, this constant wrangling with relations and friends and acquaintances, who are fond of a moderate social glass, is not only unpleasant, but acts hostilely to my interests." One would suppose such a man was deserving of praise for his honesty, his good temper, and his wisely yielding to the kind remonstrances—or wranglings, if you please—of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. It was surely wise, prudent, and of a gentle disposition, as showing due consideration for others, that he should prefer advancing domestic peace by this little sacrifice. Is a man to be ever obstinate, and never yield to gentle influences, even in matters where his opinions remain the same? To do otherwise is the perverse obstinacy of an ill-tempered fool. But no; the culprit must have no quarter. The opinion of a temperance man is taken out of the category of opinions, and made a religion. Even so—for the miserable, gentle spirit is told plainly, in a long and ferocious article in the *Temperance Chronicle*, that he will not have any "Divine assistance;" that in resisting their (the Temperance Society's) will, he is "going contrary to the Divine will;" that he has been acting "a solemn farce," that he is "a coward." Alas, the poor solicitor's clerk! for such he is. "Divine assistance will enable the brave man to stand by the whole truth—will be a sun and a shield to them that walk uprightly," (only a moderate glass, mind—he never said he could not stand or walk), "but no aid is promised to the coward." He "would never have been a Daniel in the lions' den"—alas! he is scarcely out of the den of fiercer animals. He is reminded, also, that "he that doubteth is damned if he eat, (and condemned if he drink.)" Misery on misery is heaped upon his unfortunate, his sinful head. He is plainly told he will never reach heaven. He is made a scarecrow, like Pliable.

"How easy to get to heaven if the gate were not so strait and the way so narrow. But will all strife end here! When Pliable got out of the Slough of Despond and returned to the city of Destruction, his neighbours laughed at him for his cowardice; for all respect the brave. They called him turn-coat, and held him to be a mean and sorry fellow to be so easily terrified."

What can be plainer than that they do think to terrify him? What! allow a solicitor's clerk, taking the pledge at thirty-five, to escape from their bondage! It must not be; and so they jump profanely into the judgment-seat of Omnipotence, and pronounce his "damnation" if he eat, but "condemnation" if he drink—pretty much the same thing—with all the virulence of a malicious vengeance. What the result has been we know not;—if the lion, unyoked from the Cybele Temperance's car for his pursuit, has brought him back to be duly punished, or if he still wanders about under the curse of their tongues, yet unwilling to submit himself to the greater one of their domination. And such are men professing temperance—such is the language they use. What worse can intoxication effect? What would they not do, if they had power to set up their own Holy Office, and send forth their alguazils to drive prey into their Inquisition?

Nor need they fear any lack of work for their Holy Inquisitors. It is not here and there a poor solicitor's clerk to be victimised. By their own account, they who withdraw the pledge are more than half their numbers, to say nothing of the hypocrites they have made, who, without withdrawing, never keep the pledge. We find this admission in the *Temperance Chronicle*—headed, by the way, with this singularly inappropriate: "Every man that striveth for mastery is to temperate in all things and therefore will he overcome." The *Chronicle* then proceeds to say: "The temperate man is the one who is not overcome by the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and the devil." This is a very different thing from what the *Chronicle* has just said. The *Chronicle* then proceeds to say: "The temperate man is the one who is not overcome by the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and the devil." This is a very different thing from what the *Chronicle* has just said.

ance. But this is followed by an unexpected bit of truth: "It is, however, one thing to reclaim a drunkard, and another to keep him sober when reclaimed." So that the "reclaimed" may be drunkards still. This is after the view of vice taken by John Huntingdon. "If John Huntingdon," quoth he, "commits a sin, I have nothing to do with that; I abhor John Huntingdon—I am not he—I reject his very name. I am S.S., Sinner Saved." The "reclaimed," it seems, may abhor their other selves, and take both benefits to themselves; they have been once reclaimed, they retain the sanctity and the pleasure.

"Of those who sign the pledge, fifty in every hundred break it; and although it is an encouragement to know that throughout the kingdom about half stand firm, yet it is melancholy to think that half go back. In London, indeed, it is much worse. In a report presented to a recent Conference, it appears that in some districts of the metropolis, only thirty per cent of those who sign the pledge keep it; in others, twenty; and, in one depraved locality, only ten per cent. This breaking of the pledge has not been sufficiently considered by our temperance associations. If not guarded against, it will throw an air of ridicule over our whole proceedings. This is not all. Of those who break the pledge many have broken it twice, three times, four times, and some a dozen times."

So far, then, there is a tendency in the pledge to make confirmed drunkards of fifty out of a hundred; for greater is the temptation when there is a bond against it—the forbidden fruit is the sweetest—but it also makes "liars."

"This shows that there is another disease besides intemperance, and that steps must be taken to counteract this mischief, which is as a plague-spot in the teetotal body. The other disease is falsehood. Our remedy is for drunkenness; and it implies that when a man promises to abstain, we may rely upon his promise; and if the pledge fail to hold him fast, it is not because he is a *drunkard*, but because he is a *liar*."

But if fifty out of a hundred elsewhere break the pledge, few, indeed, keep it in London. There is a vulgar saying as to a personage among the tailors, to which the report of the

firmation; nor have they—together with the compositors—the slightest notion of what honour is.

"A man of honour, induced by a wish to do good to himself, or, by his example, to benefit other men, signs his name to the pledge of total abstinence, and you know you have him, and that you can rely upon him; and so long as his name is on the books, you are certain that he will never drink intoxicating drinks; but when the tailors and compositors of London sign the pledge, ninety out of every hundred break it, and you only find ten remaining true to their promise. And worse than this, some of the ninety faithless men have broken their promise many times."

Alas for the poor tailors! But we hope this account is a little exaggerated—*more Teetotalorum*; we hope they count by the adage that, as "nine tailors make a man," so every sinning man is nine tailors—in common arithmetic, ninety are but ten. If we place on the *per contra* side of the good, of these very few men reclaimed, the mass of aggravated evil—of hypocrites made, drunkenness confirmed by the very impulsive force of the temptation, the conceit and uncharitableness of those who really enter into the spirit of the societies, the lying and the slandering—we fear the evil will be found greatly to preponderate. This is a woeful consideration. We cannot remonstrate with the societies themselves; they are hopeless. They have entered upon a kind of civil war, fancying it peace. The excitement of a combat has enlarged itself, and become more the object than the original intention; and such excitement must be kept up at all cost, and, we fear, with the preserving pepper of no little malice.

We are not aware that this country is much worse than many others on the score of intoxication, at least intoxication by drink: other intoxications, of a far worse character, are becoming a habit. But of drunkenness, before the rise of temperance societies, we can trace gradual improvement. In our youth, we are persuaded, it was much worse. As to the higher and middle orders of society, it is altogether, and has been long, banished as a vulgar brutality; and we are persuaded it is, and has long been, on

once Society gives fearful con-

the decline in the lower classes. How much temperance and total abstinence societies have done towards this social improvement, we have shown by their own records. We indeed suspect that their doings retard the cure, while they are implanting, we verily believe, a worse evil—sowing enmity of man against man, and making bigots, by their alliances, in religion and politics—creating the worst self-pride, and its concomitant intolerance. We grieve to see the English character deteriorating under the influence or tuition of societies and leagues. In olden times, at least, there was a blunt honesty, if there was not always wisdom. "The family of the Wrongheads," said Sir Francis Wronghead, "have been famous ever since England was England;" but happily the Wrongheads intermarried with the Goodhearts and the Stoutharts, and the progeny has not been very bad. But there has sprung up an unhealthy race of quite a different breed, amidst the ill-ventilated fever-rooms of manufactories, and they are doing a world of mischief—making inroads upon the old truth, the old honesty, and the old bravery of England—quarrelsome, disaffected, conceited—children of religious and political puritanism, which, in whatever line it moves, is agape for persecution. We know not the insanity that is yet asleep within us. We must look back to history to see what it was when it broke out. Plague has been plague, though we have it not now; yet do not let us imagine our bodies or our minds, as being of the same nature they were, are not capable of receiving it. To read the *Book of Common Prayer* was once an offence punishable with fine, imprisonment, and transportation. Seeing what men have been, leagued to an enthusiasm, no matter what its character, be it religious or political, can we doubt what they may be, if unhappily power is put into their hands to realise by deeds their follies, their brutalities, and all the extravagancies of their madness? Once in so many years, they say, the whole people of England enact some insane extravagance. The disease is certainly at all times catching. It is kept alive in isolated communities, leagues, and societies. It

is from some one of these, in a state of extraordinary fever, that the public catch the disease. It is well, therefore, to note the symptoms, and give warning, to avoid contagion. We know not what turn an outbreak in any of these malady-retinent companies may take. The Public, that very ambiguous, uncertain personage, may (and there have been attempts and tendencies that way) commit suicide or slaughter on all who do not fall in with his absurd humour. The history of fanatic times is a broad page; the innocent, quiescent reader lifts up his brows as he reads, and wonders if men could have been as men are—if "endowed with like passions" as himself. The residents in the grass-growing streets of country towns and retired hamlets, where the only excitement is still a game of draughts or the sweeping the pool at Pope Joan, scarcely credit what they read in a weekly paper of revolutions abroad and alarms at home—take to their possets and beds in great satisfaction that they are highly favoured, and utterly discredit the possibility of such mischiefs ever reaching them. Some few such places are yet left in England undisturbed; but let some one of these contagious maladies reach them, and if it be of a malignant kind, their whole quiescent natures will be changed; folly, madness, brutality will dance together, and trample into the mire all the decencies of life. It is so in every country. It is not climate that gives, but the nature of mankind that receives, or engenders, the dreadful fanaticism. Let us apply hellebore while we may. Prevention is better than cure. Fanaticism, of whatever kind, is of the nature of intoxicating gas—whoever takes it, though the meekest of the earth, throws about his pugnacious arms ferociously. It is the real "Devil's drink" which makes humanity fiendish.

Suggestions of punishment are recorded with evident satisfaction; we hope there is no collection of them set aside for future use. A Rev. D. F. Sunderland, as he is styled, a home missionary, does great execution at Bromwich. He addresses eight hundred Sunday-school children, whose parents are, we suppose, in the

wretched condition described — “in the most filthy condition, ignorant, ragged, and intemperate”—that is, we presume, they had not taken the pledge. A hint is given how such may be treated. The hint is precious as Arabian balm. It was rather indiscreet to mention it before eight hundred children, of ages to be mischievous, and fond of throwing stones, and who may be, when fanatically tutored, not unwilling to throw them even at their parents, of whom it is said—

“They appear to be destitute of all moral feeling, and wholly absorbed in the gratification of depraved appetites. On Monday, August 18, a festival was held at the Summit Schools, and another at Great Bridge on the 25th, with large audiences in each case. An Arabian made a few pointed remarks in broken English, on the practice of missionaries in foreign parts in reference to intoxicating drinks, and to the great need of their labours at home. He said in his country, where the religion was not Christian, but Mahometan, they have a law which forbids the use of intoxicating liquors, and which condemns all drunkards to be stoned to death; and he added, that if such a law were in force in England, the houses would have to be pulled down to supply stones for the work.”—*Temperance Chronicle*.

Now, stoning to death is a very hard measure; but suppose it is determined upon in conclave that the vice must be eradicated, or, to use a phrase more apt to stoning, crushed, it may be in reserve. As to milder punishments, we should not object to see a drunkard under the pump; but we must take care that he is a drunkard, and nothing more. But when the crusade is entered upon, we shall be sure to have respectable men driven in, and first mildly subjected to the water-cure, while the Temperance Papacy is forcing upon them conversion.

We are not well versed in statistics, and cannot, therefore, give the number of respectable wine-merchants in this country: many thousands there are, doubtless, who bring up their families respectably, mix in good society, go to church, and observe all the decencies of life. In this mercantile world they fill a proper station; they export and import, employ shipping, promote

industry, add to the wealth of the country, and are as good and as useful, for aught we know, as any members of the community. Respectable brewers also (we give, however, a hint to all to see that they have proper measures, that a pint shall be a pint, a quart a quart—this, however, by the by), following a legitimate trade—very proper men—all these are in the lists of proscription. They all come under the category of rascals—murderers. They must either be converted and give up their business, employ no more shipping or other industry, or they must not live. This is quite the spirit in the tirades against these respectable gentlemen; and even to the letter, as they cannot be Christians, they may be treated after the Arabian fashion. There is an especial work published against them, the *Physiologist*, or under the substitute name, the *Anthropologist*—a word to the ignorant that must denote more dreadful guilt than they can be guilty of. They are shown here to be poisoners—murderers. Now we should like to be informed as to the occupations of these temperance-league men. Are none of them concerned in manufactories deteriorating to health? are none of them employing multitudes of human creatures in mills that breed consumption, in white-lead manufactories, where human life is “dwindled to the shortest span?” Are any of them in the trade of fine-steel working? If not directly concerned in getting profit from these life-destroying occupations, do they piously question themselves if they are not encouraging destruction of their fellow-men, as well as enslaving them, in order that they may wear cotton shirts and consume cheap sugar? Alas! temperancer or teetotaler, whatever you may say on the score of health-destroying about your neighbour, the honest wine-merchant—

“Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.”

But the enmity does not stop here; a holocaust of wine-merchants and brewers will not satisfy the lust of fanaticism. The port-wine clergy—they are not human beings: a bishop in lawn sleeves, of course, of the

Church of England, is nothing better than a big bloated spider, so large as to devour widows' houses, and of course they ought to be crushed, and their webs destroyed.

"Behold that priestly hypocrite in his long robes and high-sounding titles, devouring widows' houses, and for a pretence making long prayers! Yes, there is a human spider; by his long robes he intimidates the people, and by his long prayers he fascinates them, till they surrender body, soul, and estate to his dictation. Nor was it long before I ran over the whole list of abuses in Church and State, by means of which the many are plundered and impoverished by the few; and out of the meshes of these nets neither the lawyers nor the legislators appear in much haste to deliver the suffering portion of society."—*Temperance Chronicle*.

It is to be hoped that simple people in far towns and villages, amongst whom this *Chronicle* is industriously circulated, will not really believe that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has any such ogre appetite, as to devour either widows or their houses. But this we know, that if they believe anything to his disparagement of such a nature, they will have been led to vilify the kindest of men.

This, and other passages, some of which we have already noted, make us very suspicious of the precise nature of at least some of these temperance missions. We fear their agents go about circulating other than temperance maxims. We have taken no pains to cull such passages, they come to hand from a few only of these publications. Let those who, on the score of simply eradicating drunkenness, give them support, and who do not join them in any ulterior views, look narrowly into their working. It may be, that these extra doings are perpetrated by a few only. It would be well for the temperance cause that the labour of the societies should be brought back to the strict line of their original objects, and leave untouched, by them at least, the "abuses in Church and State."

We say, seriously, that they are marring a good work: we do not deny that they may, if temper and judgment guide them, do much good

—nor that they have done some; but, by their own showing, there is a frightful evil to be put in the other scale. If gentleness, kindness, judicious persuasion for the one object, be the rule of their missions, it might, indeed, be a labour of love. We are sorry to see too much labour of hatred. We fear pledges, which are broken every fifty out a hundred, and in many places ninety per cent. This is more than loss of what was gained; it is the conversion to the worse. Some one said of ice-cream, that it only wanted to be a sin to make it a perfect pleasure; whoever said this, knew something of human nature. The pledge does not seem to answer; are no other means available? One evil in their system might certainly be avoided—by their wide vituperation, they alienate the great bulk of society. The want of truth, the manifest injustice in these attacks, is doing the good cause great mischief. They would make B, who never was a drunkard, do penance for A, who is. Why hold up B as a rascal, because he takes a glass of wine or beer with his dinner? Because, they would assert, he stops the conversion of A. We once knew of a tutor who, having two pupils, one a boy-nobleman, the other his own nephew, always lectured and punished his nephew for any fault the other committed. The teetotaler is equally irrational, who, if he cannot reach the drunkard directly, issues a prohibition to his sober neighbour; nay, puts the whole neighbourhood under a ban, for the sake of the doubtful conversion of the sot. By perversely insisting upon one only cure, they annihilate moderation, that very mother of graceful virtues. It is absurd to say there is no good in one of the great gifts of Providence—corn, wine, and oil. They quote Brande on alcohol in wine; but forget that Brande—we speak from memory—made a statement, that wine never did good or harm to some ninety out of a hundred—that of the remaining ten, it did good to a portion, and harm to a portion. The harm was probably from excess; and Brande wrote this many years ago. Who now indulges as formerly? Common-sense tells every one, not a fanatic, that there must be occasions when wine

should be medicinally given. Ague requires port wine and bark. It would be criminal to turn round upon a practitioner, reject his prescription, and incur the crime of suicide. We habitually drink water—are abstemious too much, as we are often told. We have suffered from influenza, have been weakened, are dispirited, and in that condition probably more liable to contract disease. Our medical adviser has requested that we should take pale ale with our dinner, and a couple of glasses of port wine after. Shall we be so very silly as to imagine that by so doing we are committing a crime, and contradicting, as they would make it out, “the Divine will”? The man who seriously so argues is a fool or a fanatic. Reading the life of an artist of great eminence, we were struck with the fact—upsetting their theory—that he was seized in the night with spasms, and positively died, when a glass of brandy-and-water would have saved him. There are thousands of cases where it must be administered. What is the practice of our hospitals? Have they neither wine nor spirits? The Faculty would laugh at the prohibition, but would be sadly grieved if they thought the general prohibition successful. But, besides health, why should we not boldly advocate enjoyment—rational enjoyment? Society meet for what they are made to receive and impart—pleasure by social intercourse. Gentle exhilaration promotes goodwill, stirs the kindly feelings, animates the sluggish or wearied brain; imagination, wit, and judgment are active; the whole rational man is recruited, and the better feelings arise, and the sordid sink. The social man, we maintain, is morally better, and the world is better for this geniality. Nor would we deny the poor man his similar enjoyment, and wish heartily every poor man had his half-pint or pint of home-brewed. Moderation is the rule of all happiness, not a lonely abstinence. Teach all to be religious, to be “temperate in all things;” let them receive, as blessings to be thankfully and piously used, the gifts of God in meats and drinks, and we venture to say the proper cure for drunkenness, for excess of any kind, will be applied. A people so taught will not be the worse subjects; they will not be dis-

affected, nor curious to look out for the “spiders in Church and State.” They will see that contentment is their enjoined duty, and one that brings its own blessing. Use, and not abuse, should be the law to every rational being, and to every thankful being. It is good to be thankful, and, in order to be so, it is well to have a few things for which the poorest may be especially thankful. Grace before meat, and after even wholesome drink, is no evil custom. The pleasure for which we may be thankful is not of the nature of a sin. Whatever sweetens life improves the man; whatever sours it degrades him. It tends to make him unthankful. He looks around him, sees how bountiful nature is; he knows that, by industry, he can obtain such share as it pleased his Maker he should have. We were not intended to sit down at a perpetual Barmecide feast. There is more sense, more truth, in the admirable bit of satire of Cervantes than catches every mind. Sancho Panza was blessed with a good appetite; but the “pledge” of his greatness put a physician behind his chair to touch the dishes for removal as fast as they appeared. Nature rebelled against the absurdity; his greatness was nothing to him if it did not fill his stomach. And, without doubt, the satirist meant to ridicule the theories of over-abstemiousness, and the notions of unwholesomeness of various meats and potations. Moderation is the measure both of life and of its pleasures. But this serious reasoning is unnecessary; common-sense wants it not, and fanaticism has but a deaf ear.

The self-conceit, the self-laudation of these society people is the remarkable feature of their case. They make the very sunshine of the earth: where their footsteps are not, all is darkness. They smile satisfaction like angels, they weep like angels, not always angels of pity. Even the beauty of Spring leaves the country to shine in their May meeting at Exeter Hall. Who has not read poetic descriptions of May mornings? Who has not felt the reality? May-day of the fields is but a poor thing, and its little measure of brightness and delight is brought up to stand beside the great measure of the society's doings on that day,

to show how little it is in comparison. Even angels come to *their* May-day, to take a new pleasure in being made to "burn with indignation at the rod of tyrants," and now "shed torrents of tears over degraded and ruined humanity." Indignation and tears together are enough to ossify any heart, and turn these visitants, like Niobe, to stone.

"Poor Niobe, she wept so long, she died
The fountain of her sorrows, and she died;
Her heart for lack of moisture turned to
bone,
And petrifying tears converted flesh to
stone."

That the reader may have a "strong impression" of the real visions that visit the extra-poetic brain of the fine-writing abstainers of the *Temperance Chronicle*, and how sweet and bitter tears of pity and burnings of indignation mingle together, and excited men and women dissolve into angels, and angels take a worse presence than belongs to them, we present him with such a description of a May morning that we are sure he must confess he never heard the like.

"THE MAY MEETINGS AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—Of all the seasons in the year, Spring is the most delightful; and of all months, May is the most enchanting. From a very remote antiquity, May-day has been hailed by all ages and classes in our island. But the last half-century has added to the charms of this delightful period. In Britain, May is not merely the month of singing-birds and blossoming flowers, but it is also the gala-day of philanthropy in our great metropolis; and to such an extent, that London, notwithstanding its darkness and smoke, actually vies with the country; so that thousands are seen leaving their homes, and quitting all the charms of rural life and scenery, to be present in the great city at its various anniversaries. It is now become the spring-tide of intellect, oratory, benevolence, and pure religion. The most gifted preachers are called to the pulpit; the most eloquent speakers are invited to the platform, and are greeted with crowded audiences, listening ears, intelligent looks, sympathetic hearts, and applauding voices.

"One of the most lovely sights this side of heaven is that of Exeter Hall crowded with devout, religious, and philanthropic spirits, all touched with pity for human misery, and responding to the thrilling appeals which are addressed to their feel-

ings. Not unfrequently we see and hear the Christian orator, who can touch every emotion of the soul as skilfully as David played on his lyre, and thousands of benevolent minds hurried hither and thither at pleasure by the magic spell of his tongue. Now he makes them burn with indignation at the rod of tyrants; now they shed torrents of tears over degraded and ruined humanity; now they stand aghast with horror over the yawning gulf; and now they are transported with visions of millennium, or enter the gates of paradise with the grateful souls whom they have been the humble instruments of plucking as 'brands from the burning.' We have heard of David charming away the evil spirit of Saul; of the eloquent strains of a Cicero and Demosthenes; of the dramatic skill of a Garrick and Siddons; but our May meetings in Exeter Hall throw all these into the shade. Angels have witnessed much of human excitement, pathos, and inspiration; but the anniversaries of our various philanthropic and religious societies exhibit scenes more nearly approaching to the purity and benevolence of the skies than anything that our world has developed from the days of Adam until now. We have a strong impression that the angels of heaven look forward to our May meetings with devout pleasure, and attend them with deep devotion."

All this is very great self-praise. When we read anything so very forced and artificial, it is fair to suspect an object—the strain is not kept up for nothing; a sketch from nature of a real true May morning on any part of the earth has no resemblance to it. Funds are to be raised by excitement extraordinary, and dreary fanatic intoxication to be brought to fever heat; and the purse of Exeter Hall, present and future, to be filled. So that after this angelic vision of all delight, we have the *per contra*—the whole world in misery, (so little good done!) The dissolving view of the happy May-day departs, another succeeds.

"We have before us ten thousand Amazons on fire, and we could send the life-boat to them all if we would abandon our bowls, but we prefer the gratification of a vile and unnatural lust for poison, to the joy of rescuing millions from perdition."

All that boasted display of talent that did such wonders, "gifted preachers" and "eloquent speakers," and even the angels, are passed away as

analysed, and been found to contain, out of twenty-four ounces, twenty-four drachms of rectified spirit. It is with pain we subjoin the profane and evasive remarks upon this, by the editor of the *British Temperance Advocate*.

"We were aware of these facts, which simply show that the post-Christian Jews have used both kinds of wine, as the pre-Christian ones probably did also. It is for the opponent to show (who needs the supposed fact to justify his custom) that Christ used the intoxicating and fermented wine, rather than the unfermented and pure 'fruit of the vine' (which alcoholic wine is not). The law prohibits ferment and fermented things generally. The later Jews limited the law, and restricted it to the ferment of corn,* making a fiction that the juice of grapes did not ferment!!! It is for the opponent again to show that Christ fell into this absurd mistake, and made a distinction without a difference. If he did not, then he must have belonged to that school of Jews who observed the Passover in the pure product of the vine.—Ed."

The words we have marked in italics are indecent and profane; the controversy itself simply silly. One or two queries we should think would suffice to settle the matter. If the wine was unfermented, why was that made at the marriage of Cana considered old, and the best? What is the meaning of new wine and old bottles, and the bottles bursting? It is stranger still that this passage should have been overlooked: "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Alas! it is manifest the pharisaical spirit is not quenched. There are Pharisees still hard to please. There is still the finger of scorn, derision, and condemnation, pointed at harmless people, and the reproach, if not of "glutton," of wine-bibber.

The writers of these temperance tracts profess to be great lovers of liberty, they are not idle as politicians. On the late proposal to repeal

half the malt-tax, they show their political views of liberty and of law. They would have *property* pay all taxes—that is, they would confiscate. They tell us that every man is to be his own judge as to a law, yet they themselves look to a strength to force Parliaments to make laws very stringent, of obedience to which none but themselves shall be judges.

"We will ask them what they mean by liberty. They will tell us, the right of every man to earn his own living, and to gratify his own wishes in any way he pleases, so long as he does not break the law. We will reply that the law may be wrong; and that true liberty consists rather in every man's following his own business or his own pleasure in any way he likes, so long as he does not interfere with the property, the person, and the enjoyments of his fellow-men. . . . Teetotalers do not require workhouses, gaols, and lunatic asylums; all evidence shows that these are required by the victims of strong drink; and shall hard-working men be robbed of their last shilling in order to pay poor-rates and county and borough rates for such! The lovers of liberty and fair play must look at the other side of the question."

Accordingly, they seriously propose that all teetotalers shall be exempt from most taxes. They are to have nothing to do with poor-rates, concluding that they are all the result of intoxication.

"Shall our honest labourer, artisan, and mechanic, be prevented from enjoying the fruits of their toil because some of their neighbours choose to gratify their drinking propensities, and because other neighbours choose to live by selling the drink! They that sell and they that drink ought to bear the consequences of their conduct; whereas, as the law now is, the whole weight of £7,000,000 a-year of poor-rates, and of endless other charges for trials of offenders, for convict ships and penal settlements, falls upon the innocent. No! true liberty for all, and justice to all, will not permit men to make their gain and follow their pleasure by endangering the others."

Thus it should seem their vehement exaggeration, tyrannical, if they could enforce it, runs through their whole system, even into politics; they would

* The modern Jews are careful about the Passover wine, lest "corn-spirit" should be put into it, as with the adulterated wines of commerce.

subject the kingdom to them, and, under the banners of temperance, break forth as teetotaller Jack Cades. Not that they are of one mind in anything; and, give them rule, their civil war would be hideous. Divisions and subdivisions would—and there are strong indications of it—breed fearful strife. They cannot do good without spite. They have their controversies—their jealousies. Strange to say, one of these jealousies is directed against Sabbath schools. They are mightily vexed that they cannot subdue them. They establish their “Bands of Hope,” make processions for children, coax them, make them awfully conceited, but gain few proselytes. They accordingly issue a frightful account of the doings of Sabbath schools. We have a few pages before us, entitled “Voices from Prisons and Penitentiaries, especially addressed to Patrons and Teachers of Sabbath Schools.” It chiefly consists of the experience of Mr T. B. Smithies, “a zealous and efficient Sabbath-school teacher.” It will astonish the reader, perhaps, not a little to learn, if he trusts to this experience, that notwithstanding all the zeal to work good, the effect has been the most complete success—in making drunkards. Where do the large number of criminals come from who crowd our prisons? Alas! from these Sunday and Sabbath schools. This is no idle conjecture, no surmise of ours, no tampering with documents, no cooking statistics on our part. The evidence is plain; it speaks for itself; it is, as we said, the result of Mr Smithies’ experience—the zealous Sabbath-school teacher; and we presume he is the author of the few pages before us. We must, however, warn the reader not to believe that *all* Sunday schools are included in the list of these drunkard-manufactories—we have plain evidence that those of the Church of England are not in the number. They belong to the various denominations of Dissent; and we would also in charity take the whole account with some drawback, and not determine that all are drunkards, in our sense of the word, who are put down as such. Yet there remains enough to bring these Sabbath schools seriously under consideration,

that we may view the actual working of a system that has so wide a sway. Mr Byewater Smithies seems to be a very amiable man—perhaps a little credulous, a little simple, sufficiently so to be not a little imposed upon, especially when the pathetic steam can be got up to a sufficient height. We see an example of this in the very first scene in which he is introduced to us, or to which he introduces the reader.

“In the year 1847, being then in York, where till recently he resided, he had occasion to visit the York city gaol. On engaging in conversation with some of the prisoners, eight in number, he recognised, to his deep regret, two who had formerly been fellow Sunday school teachers, and two others who had long been scholars in two of the York Sunday schools, with which he was acquainted. They had not conversed long before every heart seemed affected, and tears of sorrow were seen falling down the cheeks. It was an affecting interview; and the subdued expression of thanks to Mr S. for his visit, which they uttered while shaking hands through the iron rails, made a deep impression upon his mind. From subsequent inquiries, he found that, of the four individuals above named, two had been committed in consequence of public-house broils, and the other two for committing robberies whilst under the influence of strong drink.”

In this sentimental quintette, of which Mr Smithies was the Coryphæus of lamentation, he exhibited his power of drawing tears, *ad libitum*, from broilers and picklocks. Yet this is not very surprising—such characters are practised hands at practical jokes; and it may fairly be suspected that they were playing upon the experienced Sabbath-school teacher’s simplicity. It is more charitable to view the scene as a little not uncommon prison pastime, than add to the other guilt of the prisoners a deep hypocrisy. Virtues in the breasts of criminals being an unexhausted stock, never diminished by daily use, are ready to be called in when worth while, either for or for professional practice. they are let out, like the winds the cave of Æolus, they rush in fusion—the more from having so long pent. Quite unused to easy passage, they burst out in deluge, and never know when to

But their vices are a concentrated essence, and bear but one name; and, as they cannot conceal it, they make a great merit of confessing it, and think to hide the many vices under one head, and conceal a multiplicity by putting forth the effect for the cause. They make the least the greatest of their offences, and the scapegoat and apology for them all. This is an old trick—this shifting off personal responsibility. We know who is that evil one who has suggested it to a class of religionists, and all culprits are too ready to receive it for the deception of themselves and others. Every criminal sets up an *alias* and an *alibi* in his own person. "I was not in my senses when I did it." "I was overtaken with drink, and I did it." "I had been drinking, and did not know what I was about; in fact"—and here comes the climax—"I was not myself." Thus the great burthen of responsibility is adroitly shifted off, and hypocritical shame assumes the graces of innocence, that true repentance denies and knows not. Thus drunkenness becomes rather the excuse for vices, than accepted as a vice itself. It is brutal enough "to put an enemy in the mouth to steal away the brains;" but to ascribe all the wickedness in the world to that one vice, is to come to a false conclusion. Doubtless it is often the origin, and often the result, of crime. Father Mathew on one occasion said that he had administered the pledge to hundreds of thousands when drunk. They came determined to give up their vice; but as they would, in the goodness of their hearts, part friends, they first took a parting glass, and a good one. This was reversing the appeal "from Philip drunk to Philip sober;" it was from Philip sober to Philip drunk. But, to return to Mr Byewater Smithies. "On conversing with them, he found, to his astonishment and grief, that fifteen out of the seventeen had been scholars in Sunday schools connected with almost every religious denomination." On carefully going through the cases of the fifteen who had been scholars in Sunday schools, "ten had committed crimes for which they were about to be transported; of course, while under

the influence of strong liquor." "In one ward, out of fourteen persons, thirteen had been Sunday scholars; in another, out of eleven, nine had been Sunday scholars. In a third ward, out of thirteen persons, ten had been Sunday scholars, and two of them Sunday-school teachers." This is the result of an extensive inquiry. It appears that out of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of our country, not fewer than 6572 previously received instructions in Sunday schools. A "Reverend Professor Finney," at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, came to the conclusion that, of the inmates in a great number of prisons and penitentiaries in this country, more than two-thirds of the males, and more than three-fourths of the females, had been in Sabbath schools. At Glasgow assizes, "out of seventy-one criminals, sixty-two had been connected with Sabbath schools." The catalogue is without end. Let us hear the testimony of a master of a school: "The master of a large day-school in the vicinity of the metropolis stated, a few years ago, that on examining a roll containing names of a hundred pupils, he ascertained, on inquiry, that ninety-one of them had become drunkards." "Of sixty scholars in a Sabbath school, thirty were found to have been ruined through drink." In matriculating at the University of Oxford, it is enjoined that the academicians shall not encourage Ipswich—we never knew why—as, if there was an old establishment there, it has perished; but these statistics, from which we are making extracts, supply a sufficient reason. The teaching must be very bad, and the Ipswichians very abominable; for of them it is said, "out of fifteen young men *professing piety*, and teachers in the Sabbath school, nine were ruined through drink."

An aged Sabbath-school teacher has the courage to examine "unfortunate females," and finds them to have been scholars.

We have observed that temperance and teetotal societies are very strenuous to introduce music wherever they can, and especially among the young. The propriety of the songs is very questionable, and we have given one

specimen. Sometimes popular tunes are applied to *hymns*—a practice of doubtful good, for the young mind makes an amalgamation of both sets of words, and a *tertium quid* between piety and something worse confounds decent distinctions. How far this music system is of itself an intoxication of its own kind, and easily slips into an intoxication of another kind, does not as yet seem to have engaged the attention of the societies. It may be worth their while to make some inquiry on this subject.

"A few months ago a member of committee visited one of the *singing-saloons* in Rochdale, and on a Saturday evening, about eleven o'clock, he observed about sixteen boys and girls, seated at a table in front of the stage; several of the lads had long pipes, each with a glass or jug containing intoxicating liquor, and no less than fourteen of the number were members of *Bible classes* in our different Sunday schools. There they sat, listening to the most obscene songs, witnessing scenes of the most immoral kind, and spending the interval in swallowing liquid fire. It is added: 'These sinks of iniquity are thronged with old *Sunday scholars*, especially on *Sabbath evenings*, and not unfrequently until twelve o'clock.' Still further it is said: 'The appalling results of the drinking system are not wholly confined to the children in our schools; many a promising *teacher* has fallen a victim.'"

Let us see how the hymns fare, and if they are always piously received, remembered, or used—if they are sure to be accompanied by religious associations—if they may not be overdone, and the singers, rather practised to receive than to allay an excitement, do not merge from one fever into another, and a more dangerous character. Hear an account of this music-piety:—

"An eye-witness states: 'Three youths, members of *Bible classes*, were stopped near the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and rebuked for boisterously singing, while in a state of partial intoxication. They were singing a *hymn*, which they had been practising for singing on some public occasion; the burden of the hymn was,

'There is a happy land, far, far away!'

Another eye-witness declares that he saw five boys and girls, all under fifteen years of age, who were romping through a street, leading out of the City Road, one Sabbath evening, and singing the well-known lines:

'Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.
Oh, that will be joyful,' &c.

Upon inquiring, he found that they had been at a Sabbath school twice that day, that they were at a place of worship in the evening, on leaving which, in their way home, they had turned into the 'Eagle,' and taken some mixed liquor!"

"Practising for singing on some public occasion." Here is the mischief! We have noticed in the "Reports" the constant display-processions of children with banners—young "Bands of Hope"—walking through crowded thoroughfares, with music before them, assuming all the consequence of their position, as the "observed of all observers"—drinking in excitement and self-approbation in the very air they breathe—little paragons of all that is good, satisfied only when they attract all eyes to them. What is the natural tendency? They must either believe they have been converted into little angels on earth, or believe it not: in either case they are the worse. Their natures will rebel—they will tell them they are acting a lie. They must be fed with excitement, than which nothing is more dangerous to young persons. These children had been at a Sabbath school twice that day, and at a place of worship in the evening, on leaving which, on their way home, they had turned into the "Eagle," and taken some "mixed liquor." This is no more than any person of common sense might have expected. How rapid must be the cold-water draught of duty at their homes—they, little angels of the procession, in homes where little applause may receive them. It is difficult for "holy children" to drop down from their ecstasies into a flat and dull sobriety. They have been singing of soaring all day in the presence of thousands into regions of beatification, their proper home. It is no wonder if, in their way to their ungratifying homes, they turn in to borrow wings from the "Eagle," that they may, in their hymn phrase, "go to glory." After this, the following apologetic inconsistency will come upon the reader with surprise. The bit of poetry, perhaps, often sung by these holy children, must have exalted them above all their more homely relations.

as "worthier to fill the breath of fame."

"Let none who listen to these 'Voices' imagine for one moment that they have been uttered or recorded from anything like a desire to depreciate Sabbath schools in the estimation of their supporters. Depreciate them! No. Those who have collected this evidence have laboured too long and too zealously in the cause of Sabbath schools to be suspected of any such desire.

'THE SABBATH SCHOOL! Earth has no name
Worthier to fill the breath of fame;
The untold blessings it hath shed
Shall be revealed when worlds are fled!'

For a moment we leave the children in their drunken ecstasies, and mount a little higher. "Mr James Teare," whose very name may draw sympathetic tears from all who love weeping, has given astounding information—and we are told he had abundant opportunities of collecting it—"that the number of deacons and Sunday-school superintendents and teachers engaged in the traffic of strong drink in this country is almost incredible."

Worse and worse: "A school connected with one of our most respectable congregations in the country, has a wine and brandy merchant for its superintendent; another of its superintendents is connected with the same firm; another of its most influential teachers is a brewer; and for many years past the children have been treated with wine at their annual gathering." It is surprising that any man daring to sell wine or spirits should venture into these schools without fear of being torn to pieces; but we forget that the teetotalers have not yet *all* these schools under their control. Nor can the society members as yet venture upon calling on the police to eject these, we dare say, very respectable gentlemen. They might, however, as well not give *wine* to the children at their annual gatherings. But we may go a little higher still. *The Temperance Advocate* hints at something not quite decent having taken place at an ordination in *Willis's Rooms*.

"STRONG DRINK AT ORDINATIONS.—It is a sign that temperance reformers have not done their work, when strong drink is introduced at ordinations. Cannot our ministers and deacons see the total incongruity of these things with the solemn

ceremony in which they take part? Mr George Miller, of London, has made a timely exposure of what recently took place at Willis's Rooms on the ordination of an assistant minister of Craven Chapel; and we cannot but think that those who used intoxicating drink on that occasion must feel ashamed of their practice when they read our friend's faithful protest. He has done them *friendly* service."

But let us go back to the children; we love them best, the innocent victims. Here is a short account of one of their processions:—

"The procession was marshalled in order shortly after one o'clock, the adult members of the various temperance societies taking the lead, preceded by a brass band, and a beautiful banner, inscribed, 'Hull Temperance League,' 'United we Conquer'; then followed another band in their midst, and another banner, inscribed, 'Sixty-five millions sterling are expended, and eight million quarters of corn destroyed, every year, to satisfy the drunken appetite of Englishmen.' Next came the Band of Hope, a long procession of little teetotal boys and girls, numbering perhaps between five and six hundred; and a picturesque sight they presented, carrying in their hands little gilt banners of every colour, inscribed with pretty little temperance mottoes, such as 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' &c. One tired-looking little fellow carried a banner with the motto, 'Be not weary in well-doing'; and another, who could scarcely totter, bore a flag inscribed 'Stand firm.' The Band of Hope was headed and followed by a band of music, and behind it a large spreading banner of ominous hue, on the blackened surface of which was inscribed, in letters of white, the pointed lesson to the moralist—'Sixty thousand drunkards die every year; and on went the Band of Hope, with their gay little flags, equalled in brightness only by their own beaming countenances; and as the procession faded into the distance, still the black banner, with its terrible motto, loomed after them, suggesting appropriately enough that if sixty thousand drunkards die every year, it were well indeed to 'Train up a child in the way it should go.'"

This is not half the procession account. They were exceedingly happy, notwithstanding the presence of the black banner. Even the "tired little fellow" did not dare to be "wearied in well-doing," though it was rather cruel, for the sake of the wit of the

thing, to give the motto-banner to a tired-looking little fellow—and “*stand firm*” to a child who could scarcely totter. We can only suppose the processional arrangements were made by the indefatigable “Mr Witty.”

We remember a little more than a year ago reading an account of one of these teetotal gatherings at St Martin's Hall, of which we took a note at the time. We thought the power of water in producing intoxication quite wonderful, and its twofold effect of love and hatred. It made Mr Livesly lively beyond measure in the vituperative vein, ferociously exhilarated to make wordy assault upon the clergy in particular, that is, not of the “denominations.” He was followed by our friend Mr Swindlehurst, of trustworthy name, who, on the occasion, advertised a new firm, and himself as one of the company, “The Polishers and Smoothers of People for a better world.” A song in Welsh greeted him when he profanely compared himself to John the Baptist; the song, like an incantation, brought up from the very charnel-house of drunkenness one Robert Charnley, and J. Cattrel. But as these worthies of the old pot and tankard were about to vent the “secrets of their prison-house,” the meeting grew impatient, and the temperance water-drinkers broke out into the utmost extravagance of vituperative intoxication upon the press and the clergy. Voices were tumultuous, till a sweet singer thought to allay it by the charm of music. We do not suppose he knew much about Socrates, though he did what that sage recommended in the Symposium. “Since we are in such a hurry,” said he, “to speak altogether at once, let us sing together.” The intemperate temperance fever was thus for a while allayed; but it broke out again, so that the prudent chairman dissolved the meeting at the inebriate hour of half-past ten. “There is nothing like water,” said Pindar; but he did not keep closely to his text, for he launched off to the praise of something he liked better. So violent are these water-drinkers and wine-haters, that one might almost be induced to think a little wine, not only good for “the stomach's sake,” but to keep down to a sober gravity and

decency that very rude state of animal spirits which keeps water-drinkers in perpetual irritation. Wisely did Cato tinge his severe forehead with wine.

We want to have a word or two more to say about these Sunday and Sabbath schools. The astonished Mr Smithies says:—

“These are appalling facts. And when it is thus found that so large a proportion of young men and women, who have been convicted of crimes for which they were consigned to prisons, or placed in penitentiaries, were once scholars in Sabbath schools, the question naturally arises, what is the cause of this? Upon pursuing the inquiry, it has been almost uniformly found that that which is the most prolific source of crime in this country, namely, THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS, has been the cause of so many Sabbath-school scholars becoming criminals.”

It is not surprising if he is led to the following conclusion:—

“Having been officially engaged for many years in Sabbath schools, the above painful fact has led me to fear that there is some flagrant deficiency in our Sabbath-school tuition; and I feel the importance of bringing the subject under the serious consideration of my fellow-labourers, with a view to the adoption of more efficient practical steps for the prevention of crime amongst those children who are now being taught in Sunday schools.”

The main question, then, is, What is this deficiency? It should seem the children are taught hymns—to put on religious ecstasies—to abhor, not so much wickedness, as the wicked all around them, who are condemned and excluded from their *privileges*. They are taught everything, it seems, but what they should be taught—real, *bona fide*, substantial, wholesome temperance. Mr Smithies asks the scholar criminals if their teachers had never warned them against drinking? “He invariably received the same answer, ‘No, sir,’”—(rather extraordinary, considering all these processions, the awful black banner, and the several mottoes: but let that pass). He can do no otherwise than conclude that there is “some flagrant deficiency in our Sabbath-school tuition.” Mr Smithies has proved his case. He is no misanthropist. He would not make out a bad case if he could help it;—no man is endowed with more tenderness, especially on the side of

pious sentimentalism. He loves no liquor so well as the tears of sinners. There are persons who bestow a tenderness on criminals, which suffering innocence cannot obtain. It does not reach the genuine excitement point. With him an Irish boy condemned to transportation, is "a poor Irish boy." But of one thing he is sure: the present system of Sunday and Sabbath schools has but one efficiency—that of making drunkards. True, he burns with zeal; but he tries his corrective virtue in the cool, and conviction comes. It was in a frigid atmosphere—the volcano of his breast, like Hecla, loved the icy regions—it was "on the cold flags, in one of the cells in York Castle," the resolve and "solemn promise" came. He rushed forth with a determination, like Hecla, to throw up everything—all moderation, all mis-named temperance; to reduce himself to the cinders and ashes of total abstinence; to forsake teaching to be "temperate in all things," and substitute to be temperate in nothing. To descend to a lower level—we take his account—there is some deficiency. What is it?—where is it? Our own observation, aided by Mr Byewater Smithies' experience, may throw some light on this subject. Thus, then, we venture. We fear that there has been a total abstinence of that wholesome teaching of duties to which young minds should be trained—that the feelings are made everything—that there is too marked a distinction between being good "God-ward" and good man-ward. There is abundance of intoxication in the world, with a total abstinence from spirituous drink. We fear not to say, that a system of excitement, and—not the least dangerous—of quasi-religious excitement, may sow mischief in the mental and bodily growth of youth. When children are encouraged to indulge in ecstatic visions of being caught up in a dreamy bewilderment into the heavens, and commune there, with holy children *like themselves*, the descent to earth, and the daily irksome duties and homely occupations, is too irksome to be steadily pursued. They must be discouraged, and become incapable of submitting to other people's tempers, and of regulating their own. But this is on the supposition that they are

capable of this spiritual realisation. But who, knowing anything of the world, will say that they *are*, for a continuance, or for any practical religious good? Pride and self-sufficiency take place of humility and obedience, and they are likely to grow up out of humour with all the actualities of life. It is mischievous, in the highest degree, that these gentlemen of Temperance and Teetotal Societies should pounce upon children, for the sake of the picturesque (which they speak of) in their processions, to act the parts of smirking sentimentalism, to strut before the admiring crowds as "holy children." Teaching them, too, to perk in piety, and prate familiarly of crowns that aged and long-suffering saints and martyrs have shrunk from claiming. *Professing-piety* scholars either feel or don't feel the ecstatic hymns they are taught: if they do, how shall the excitement be kept up with any hope of safety to themselves? if they do not, they are learning the language of habitual hypocrisy, which will very easily slide into their morals and manners. They will, of themselves, seek how to keep up the steam. Intoxication of some kind or other must be had; for the collapse, the cold fit, is a misery not to be borne. There is an "Eagle Tavern" by every road, and the devil is at hand to shift the music or the words, to substitute the song for the hymn, and too probably retain the hymn, and suggest the blasphemy. Excitement may be drawn out of any tune. But is there no deficiency in moral teaching? Is there no preference given to quasi-religious feelings over moral duties? Such, then, are the Sunday and Sabbath schools, of which Mr Byewater Smithies gives so lamentable an account. But they are not all the Sunday and Sabbath schools in the country; and we earnestly entreat all managers of schools not to allow their scholars to be drawn into this temperance intemperate vortex; and, with this object, we have taken some pains to lay open to them this manifest source of irredeemable evil. We do not mean, be it clearly understood, to say a word in disparagement of Sunday and Sabbath-school teaching as a system. The very promise of all good that is in them, has not, it should seem, escaped

the eye of him who sowed tares among the wheat. We do not even condemn the schools that Mr Smithies has condemned, for all the sins he lays to their charge. We know too well to be short of an absolute teetotaler is, with such as Mr Smithies, to be given over to drunkenness. We would fain keep warm in our hearts a little more charity for these schools than Mr Smithies would allow us. Nor let it be supposed that we object to temperance societies, such as they *may be*, and as some possibly are—we would do our utmost to suppress drunkenness. Nay, we (always meaning, by this usual plural, the individual writer) belong ourselves to a Temperance Society—be not surprised, good reader—yes! a Temperance Society, and, as we believe, the best in the kingdom—The Church of England. There is no teaching there, in her old-fashioned beautiful catechism, of a religion that is of a Babel-confusion of tongues, intermingled with notions of “kingcraft and priestcraft,” and controversial hatreds, in place of charity and patient love. Where that catechism is taught, scholars cannot say they are not warned against drunkenness. It does not, it is true, teach total abstinence from anything, but from evil. It is a safeguard, in education, as far as teaching can go, against drunkenness, against every vice, against every crime. Mr Smithies exhibits a frightful list of thieves and drunkards, and probably still more guilty criminals, and he complains of a deficiency in the mode of tuition in the Sunday and Sabbath schools which have come under his experience. We would recommend him to try *our* schools. Drunkards and thieves there will be, no doubt, in spite of the Catechism; but no one can say that it does not teach to abstain from sins of every kind. For, besides the Ten Commandments, the duty to God, and duty to one's neighbour, as inculcated in them, is simply explained, as it is said, so as “to be understood by children and common people.” Let us direct Mr Smithies' and other folk's attention to a few words only from the Catechism, on our duty to our neighbour, and let him consider if the child's answers be not a better teaching than pride-making ecstasies

and feverish feelings. As to “duty to my neighbour,” the child thus answers: “To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters. To hurt nobody by word nor deed. To be true and just in all my dealings. To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart. To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity. Not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.” In teaching their duty towards God, there are no ecstasies enjoined. All must have what they can digest to their own health. The plain answers to the plain questions of the Catechism are far better than hymns, which lift up the little souls far above their “ordering themselves lowly and reverently.” Such “holy children” as Mr Smithies has described to us are not likely to acknowledge any to be their “betters.” Now-a-days a child is not allowed to “think as a child.” He must have “strong meats” when he should have “milk for babes.” He must have visions of angel-robcs and angel-wings, and wake out of his dream to put on rags and loathe them; and thus will he grow up into a sour discontent of that “state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.”

We most seriously and earnestly, nay, solemnly, warn all people against this new tuition as a substitute for the old. No good can come of it; and we entreat the very societies on whose doings we have so freely commented, to take a calm review of their own proceedings, and not to think every one an enemy who tells them a truth, however severely, or however unpalatable to them. It is painful, we know, to be brought to a conviction that we have worse than wasted time in error—that we have been practically, while meaning well, promoting evil. But it is a condition of our natural infirmity; let not a mote of that infirmity so enlarge itself in the moral eye, that it shall no longer see truth, plain and visible to every other eye. We have thought it our imperative duty to employ every

argument, and use every vein, of seriousness or of ridicule. A great evil is to be put down, and we unhesitatingly use every legitimate weapon in the warfare. We contend not for a moment against the good the societies do, but against the manifest evils which fearfully preponderate over the good. We join them fully in any proper appeals to the Government. Beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they are now, are moral pest-houses: they want severe regulation. We know not how to think decently of this our Government, while notorious haunts of thieves, prostitutes, murderers, are almost protected, and brutalities increase. The police reports make up a history of disgrace to any Government. The fact is, the whole law of punishment has been relaxed. We carry notions of liberty to an absurdity—we would almost say, to a crime. Such brutes as Cannon, and others like him, ought to be—nor are we ashamed to write the word—slaves: they put themselves out of humanity's pale. Culprits of almost all descriptions are cowards.

The old bodily punishments were not altogether unsalutary—at least, they tended to keep society in some safety. A good bastinado would often have more terror than a prison—ay, even more than transportation. But when we read of the “garotte” in the streets—the stabbings, the cruel mutilations, butcheries sometimes short of death, and sometimes not, and are certain that the names and haunts of these monsters who commit the savagery are well known, and see the comparative impunity that meets them—we feel that something is wanted in our home government. Here, at least, we have a right to demand protection. Beer-houses and gin-palaces foster these scoundrels and their crimes, without doubt: not that *they* are the drunkards; the drunkards are their victims, and enticed into these dens. Your thorough villain is a cool man; he goes unintoxicated to his work. Let Temperance Societies wisely direct their movements, and they shall have our best wishes and support.

JOHN RINTOUL; OR, THE FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

THE June sun is shining into Mrs Rintoul's family room. Though he is no longer captain of his own sloop, her husband is to be mate of a considerable schooner; so Euphie, after a long interval of fretting and repining, has made herself tolerably content. A great sea-chest stands in the middle of the room, and Euphie, long ago startled out of all her little graces of invalidism, stoops over it, packing in its manifold comforts. The loss of the sloop has deprived them of all their property, but it has added scarcely any privation to their daily life, even though John has been so long ashore; and now that he is once more in full employment, Euphie does not veil her pretensions to those of any skipper's wife in Elie. As for the grief attendant on their loss, it touched her only by sympathy, and her few natural tears were neither bitter in their shedding nor hard to wipe away. Her baby thrives, her

husband has been at home with her for a far longer time than she could have hoped, and Euphie, as wilful a little wife as ever, goes about her house with undiminished cheerfulness, and is conscious of no shadow upon her sunny life.

And as she lays in these separate articles of John's comfortable wardrobe—each in its proper place—Euphie's gay voice now and then makes a plunge into the abyss of the great chest, and anon comes forth again, as clear and as fresh as a bird's. You can almost fancy there will be a lingering fragrance about these glistening home-made linens, when the sailor takes them out upon the seas—and that even the rough blue sea-jacket, and carefully-folded Sabbath coat, must carry some gladsome reminiscence of the pretty face and merry voice bending over them like embodied sunshine.

“Eh, lassie, it's a braw thing to

hae a light heart," said Mrs Raeburn, shaking her head as she came in, and sitting down heavily in Euphie's arm-chair with a prolonged sigh; "after a' you've gane through too, puir bairn!"

Euphie takes the compliment quite unhesitatingly—for it does not occur to the spoiled child and petted wife, that, after all, she has gone through nothing at all.

"Its nae guid letting down folk's heart," says Euphie, with some complacency. "For my part, I think its unthankful to be aye minding folk's trials: ane should feel them at the time, and be done with them—that's my way."

"I wish Nancy had just your sense," said the mother. "It ought to have been very little trial to her a' this, by what it might have been to you; but just see how she's ta'en it to heart—I wish you would speak to her, Euphie. Here's a decent lad coming after her, and easy enough to see, after such a loss in the family, that it would be a grand thing to get her weel married, and her twenty years auld, and never had a lad, to speak of, before—and yet she'll nae mair look the side of the road he's on, than if he was a black man!"

"Is't Robert Horsburgh, mother?" asked Euphie, eagerly.

"It's a stranger lad that hasna been lang about the Elie; he's ta'en the new lease of the Girnel farm from Sir Robert, and they say he's furnishing a grand house, and a' thegither a far bigger man than Nancy has ony right to look for—a decent-like lad too, and steady and weel spoken; but as for giving him encouragement, I might as weel preach to Ailie Rintoul's speckled hen as to Nannie Raeburn."

"Deed, I see nae call she has to set him up with encouragement," said the beauty, slightly tossing her head. "If he's no as muckle in earnest as to thole a naysay, he's nae man at a'; and I wouldna advise Nancy to have onything to do with him. Do ye think I ever gaed out of my road, mother, to encourage John?"

"Ay, Euphie, my woman, it's a' your ain simplicity that thinks a'boddy as guid as yoursel," said Mrs Raeburn, shaking her head; "but you

had naething to do but to choose, wi' a' the young lads frae Largo to Kin-nucher courting at ye. And many a time I've wondered, in my ain mind, I'm sure, that ye took up wi' a douce man like John Rintoul at the last, when ye might have just waled out the bonniest lad in Fife; but Nannie's had nae joes to speak of, as I was saying, a' her days—and Nannie's weel enough in her looks, but she's far mair like your faither's side of the house than mine; and a' thegither, considering how auld she is, and the misfortune that's happened to the family, it sets her very ill to be so nice, when she might get a house of her ain, and be weel settled hersel, and a credit to a' her kin."

"If I were Nannie, I would take nae offer under the fourth or fifth at the very soonest," said her sister. "The lads should learn better—and if they get the very first they ask, and the very ane they're wanting, what are they to think but that the lassies are just waiting on them? and its nae-thing but that that makes such ill-willy men. Set them up! But they didna get muckle satisfaction out of me."

"Weel, Euphie," said Mrs Raeburn, unconvinced, but with resignation, "I didna say I would take your faither the first time he askit me, mysel, and there was a lass in Anster that had had the refusing o' him before that; but there's no mony men mair ill-willy or positive about their ain gate than what Samuel Raeburn is this day, though ane might hae thought he had the pride gey weel taken out of him in respect of women-folk; but you see I'm no easy in my mind about Nannie. Nae doubt she might be vexed in a neighbourly way for the loss of the twa Rintouls and Andrew Dewar, forby what was natural for the sloop gaun down, wi' a' our gear; but it's a different thing being vexed for ither folk and mourning for ane's ain trouble; and I'm sure the way she's been, night and day, ever since, is liker Kirstin Beatoun's daughter than mine. I'm no just clear in my ain mind but what it's a' for Patie Rintoul."

Euphie had lifted herself out of the chest, and now turned round with some interest to her mother. "I wouldna say," said Mrs Rintoul, after

a considerable pause. "I did tell him ance he was courting our Nanny, and his face turned as red as scarlet; and she has been awfu' sma' and white and downcast ever sinsyne;—I wouldna say—poor Nannie! I would gie her a' her ain gate, and no fash her, mother, if I was you, till she comes to hersel again; for Nannie's awfu' proud—far prouder than me—and would cut off her finger before she would own to caring about onybody that hadna said plain out that he cared for her."

And Mrs Raeburn received her daughter's counsel with long sighs

and shakings of the head, as she had begun the conversation.

"They say a bad bairn's a great handfu'," said the perplexed mother, disconsolately, "but I'm sure it canna be onything to the care and trouble of lassies; and twa mair set on their ain will—though I'm no meaning ony blame to you, Euphie—a puir woman never was trysted with. I'm sure, when I was Nannie's age, I was at my mother's bidding, hand and fit, the hail day through—though I was just gaun to be married mysel—but nae doubt you take it frae your faither!"

CHAPTER IX.

"A weel-stockit mailin, himsel for the laird,
And marriage off-hand, was his proffer;"

but Agnes Raeburn stands before him with a painful flush upon her face, and an uneasy movement in her frame: a host of many-coloured thoughts are flitting through her bewildered mind, and her silence, though it is the silence of painful confusion and perplexity, encourages him to go on. It is a July night—soft twilight following close upon a gorgeous sundown—and up in the pale clear languid sky the crescent moon floats softly, dreamily, where there is not a cloud to map its course, or anything but the gentlest summer-breath to send it gliding on. In the west the rich clouds, all purple and golden, crowd together and build themselves up in glowing masses from the very edge of the water. You can fancy them the falling powers and nobilities of some one of the world's great climax-times, and that this little silver boat, slowly drawing near to them, contains the child born, the bringer-in of the new world. All unconscious is the infant hero, singing and dreaming as he comes; but the cowering, fallen glories, whose day is past, are aware, and here and there a calm spectator-star looks out and watches, holding aside the veil of this great evening which encloses all.

But the dreamer of the heavens is silent, and all this mortal air is full of the voices of the sea. It is not laughter now, nor is it music. If you would convey into sound the smile of innocent, surprised delight, which

plays upon childish faces often, you could not give it expression better than by this ripple, breaking upon rocks, and beds of sand and pebbles, and dimpling all over with quiet mirth the pools upon the beach. Accustomed as your ear may be, it is impossible to resist an answering smile to the fresh, sweet murmur, so full of wonder and childlike joyousness, which runs along these creeks and inlets, ever new, yet ever the same. Another murmur, faint and distant, bewrays to you what these low church-steeple and grey mists of smoke would do without it, the vicinity of this little sisterhood of quiet seaports; but the hum of life in the Elie is so calm to-night, that you only feel your solitude upon the braes, when the low wild rose-bushes look up to you from the very borders of the grass, and dew-drops glisten among the leaves—the more absolute and unbroken. Sometimes a passing footstep and passing whistle, or voices pertaining to the same, pursue their measured way upon the high-road behind the hawthorn hedge; but no one passes here upon the braes, and these two are entirely alone.

A one-and-twenty years' lease of the Girnel farm, with all its fertile slopes and capabilities—a pretty balance in the Cupar bank to make the same available—a person vigorous and young—a face which the Fife belles have not disdained to turn back and throw a second glance upon, and a pleasant consciousness of all these

desirable endowments—what should make Colin Hunter fear? And he does not fear. In this half light, looking lovingly into the full face of Agnes Raeburn, he begins to feel himself justified for making choice of her. Made choice of her he has, beyond all question, to his own considerable astonishment; for Colin knows very well that “there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far;” but at present, as her eye-lash droops upon her cheek—as the eye glances up in quick arrested looks under it—as the colour comes and goes, like flitting sunshine, the lover is satisfied. There is a charm in the sweet air, which lifts the curls upon her cheek—a charm in the sweet sound which encircles them on every side, and in the languid dreamy sky, and the slow floating moon. Himself is charmed, his whole soul through, with all the fairy influences of new love. Other flirtations has Colin known, more than were good for the freshness of his heart; but his heart is fresh at its depths, and answers now, with a shy warmth and fascinated thrill, to the voice, unheard before, which calls its full affections forth.

But it is only a shiver, chill and painful, which shakes the slight figure of Agnes; and her hand, if she gave it him, now would fall marble-cold into his. Hereyes—those wandering furtive glances, which he thinks are only shy of meeting his earnest look—stray far beyond him into the vacant air, where they have almost conjured up a visible forbidding presence to say nay to his unwelcome suit; and her blushes are fever-gleams of unwilling submission, flushes of fear and restless discomfort, and of the generous tenderness which grieves to give another pain. For Agnes, remembering mournfully that she had vowed to reject her earliest wooer, now shrinks from the position which she once dreamed of exulting in, and cannot make a heartless triumph of the true affection which in her grief has come to afflict her, like an added misfortune. She is grateful for it in her heart—even a little proud of it in her most secret and compunctious consciousness—and would rather delay and temporise a little to soften her denial, than inflict the pain which un-awares she exaggerates, and flatters herself by making greater than it

would be. And her mother, too, plagues her sadly in behalf of this wooer; and she herself is aware that even pretty Euphie had few such proposals in her power as this, which would make herself mistress of the plentiful homestead at the Girmel; and Agnes, who only wants peace, and to be left alone to pursue the current of her own sad musings, will rather suffer anything to be implied by her silence, than rudely break it with the peremptory words which alone would suffice to dismiss a wooer so much conscious of his claims.

“Have you naething to say to me, Nancy Raeburn? Woman, ye shall keep as mony maids as ye like, and have a silk gown for every month in the year; for what do I care for silk gowns, or satin either, compared to my bonnie Nanny?”

“I’m no bonnie; it’s Euphie you’re meaning,” said Agnes, with a sigh; “if you want me because I’m bonnie, you’re mista’en, Mr Hunter—it’s my sister—it’s no me.”

“Ye may leave my ain een to judge that!” cried Colin, exultingly; “but if ye were as black as Bessie Monter, instead of just your ain wiselike sel, I’m for you, and nae other, whatever onybody likes to say.”

“You’re for me, are you? I dinna ken what the lads are turning to,” said Agnes, roused into some of her old pride and pique; “as if we had naething to do but be thankful, and take whae’er offered; but I would have folk ken different of me.”

“And so do I ken different,” said the undiscouraged suitor; “but I’m no a fisher lad, or an Elie sailor, with naething but a blue jacket and a captain’s favour, and years to wait for a house aboon my head. I’ve a weal-plenished steading to bring ye hame to, Nancy, my darlin’; and ye’ll no look up into my face, and tell me in earnest that there’s ony other man standing between you and me.”

He had scarcely spoken the words, when, with a low affrighted cry, Agnes turned from him and fled. It was not that her actual eyes beheld the vision which her fancy was labouring to realise. It was not that Patie Rintoul himself, in the flesh or in the spirit, interposed his reproving face between her and her new wooer. She

could not tell what it was; but her strong imagination overpowered her, and, in sudden dread and terror not to be expressed, she turned homeward without a pause.

Left to himself, young Colin of the Girnelt stood for a few minutes lost in amazement. Then he followed the flying figure, already far advanced, before him on the darkening way; but, suddenly drawing back as he saw some one approach in the opposite direction, the young farmer leaped over a convenient stile, and made his way into

the high-road, whistling a loud whistle of defiance—

"Shall I like a fail, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gang—to France for me!"

He concluded his song aloud as he went loftily upon his way; and next week Colin was deep in a flirtation with the daughter of his nearest neighbour, but it would not do; and he was learning to be sentimental, for the benefit of pensive Agnes Raeburn, before another seven days were out.

CHAPTER X.

"I'm no that ill—no to complain of," said Kirstin Beatoun; "I can aye do my day's work, and that's a great comfort; and, indeed, when I think o't, I'm better than mony a younger woman—for naething ails me—I have aye my health."

"I'm sure it's a wonder to see you," said the sympathising neighbour; "Mony a time I say to my sister Jenny, 'Woman, can ye no keep up a heart! There's Kirstin Beatoun lost her man and her youngest laddie in ae night—enough to take life or reason, or maybe baith; but just see to her how she aye bears up. It's a miracle to me every day.'"

"Ay," said Kirstin, quietly, "so it is, Marget; but the Lord gies a burden to be borne, no to be cast off and rejected; and I'm waiting on His will, whate'er it may be. I'm no to gang out of this at my ain hand, though mony a time I may be wearied enough, or have a sair enough heart, to lay down my head with good-will; but I'm waiting the Lord's pleasure. He'll bid me away at His ain time."

"Eh Kirstin, woman, it's as guid as a sermon to hear ye," said the reverential Marget; "but our Jenny says it's a' the difference of folk's feelings, and that ane takes a trouble light by what anither does. But I say to Jenny, 'Ye'll no tell me that it's because Kirstin Beatoun has lost feeling—it's because she's supported, woman'; and I'm just the mair convinced after speaking to yoursel. It's tellt in the town for a truth that the auld man said something awfu' comforting, just as if he kent what was gann to happen, the night he was lost. Many a

ane has askit me, thinking ye might have telled me, being such close neighbours; but ye're aye sae muckle your lane, and the door shut; and I hadna the face to chap at a shut door and ask the question plain. Is't true, Kirstin?"

"Kirstin, can ye no come in and shut the door? I hate to hear folk claverin'," said a harsh voice from within.

"It's my guid-sister, Ailie Rintoul," said Kirstin, relieved by the interruption.

"Eh, it's that awfu' Mrs Plenderleath," said the inquisitive neighbour; "but that's my little Tammie greeting. I left him in the cradle just to ask how ye were this lang time, seeing ye at the door; but I maun away noo."

And as she went away, Kirstin stood still on her own threshold for some minutes. The flush of summer was over, and its fervent air was growing cool. Perhaps it was because she breathed it so seldom that the freshness of the air was unusually grateful to her to-day—perhaps she lingered only to reduce herself into her usual composure; for the incautious touch of the passing gossip had raised into wild and vivid life the grief which it was her daily work to curb and subdue.

Within, seated, as always, by the fireside, opposite the empty arm-chair, Ailie Rintoul was wiping some burning tears from her cheek, when Kirstin entered to resume her seat by the wheel.

"I wish there was but some lawful contrivance to shut the mouths of fuils!" exclaimed Ailie, passionately;

"what has the like of that idle woman to do with a trouble like ours?"

"She meant nae ill—it's just a way they have. I mind of doing the same mysel, before I kent the ills of this life for my ain hand," said Kirstin, who had already begun with her usual monotonous steadiness to turn the wheel.

Captain Plenderleath was away on a long voyage, and had not been home since his brother-in-law's loss. Ailie was quite alone; and moved, as she had been, by the death of her nearest and most congenial relative, this silent daily visit to the silent Kirstin seemed almost the only interest of her life. They had nothing to speak of, these two forlorn women; but Kirstin span unceasingly, sending a drowy, not uncheerful hum through the still apartment; and Ailie, fronting her brother's vacant chair, played with the folded handkerchief which she held in her slightly trembling hands. Many years' use and wont had made Ailie content with the almost necessary idleness—the want of all family industries—to which her abundant means and her childlessness compelled her; and thus the richer woman wanted the homely solace which steadied Kirstin Beatoun's heart into daily endurance of her greater sorrow.

"I have been thinking owre a' he said," said Ailie at last. "Mony's the day I have gane owre every word, ane by ane, and how he lookit, and the tear I saw in his ee. Kirstin, do ye mind what he said?"

"Do I mind?" But Kirstin did not raise her head to enforce the distinct emphasis of her question. "To wait to see what the Lord would bring out of a dark providence before I let my heart repine. Guid kens I little thought that night what providence it was that hung owre me and mine; and I am waiting, Ailie, woman; I'm no complaining! I'm striving to do my day's duty, and keep my heart content before the Lord, and wait for His good time. There can come naething but good out of His will, for a' it's whiles hard to haud up your head under the blow; but I'm no repining, Ailie; the Lord forbid I should repine. I'm waiting His pleasure night and day."

And Kirstin hastily put up her

hand to intercept a few hot burning tears; and then, through the silence that followed, the drowy hum of the wheel resumed its voice hurriedly, and went on without a pause.

"I'm looking to earth, and you're looking to heaven," said Ailie, some time after. "You're waiting on to be released and loot away out of this world, Kirstin Beatoun; I'm marvelling what the Lord meant by the dark word of prophecy He put into his servant's mouth at such an awfu' time. He didna ken, puir man, that he was as near heaven then as Moses when he gaed up the hill to die before the Lord; but I ken of nae prophet that served God mair constant than your man did, Kirstin, and I'll no believe the Lord loot him waste his breath—and him so little to spend!—upon words that had nae meaning. You're no to heed me, if I'm like to disturb you with what I say; but I've mair faith than to think that—I canna think that. There was mair in't than just to submit, and take humbly what God sends. Ye'll no think I would gang against that, but it has anither meaning, Kirstin Beatoun; and though he didna ken himsel what that was, and you dinna ken, and what's mair, I canna see, I'll no believe, for a' that, but that something will come of what he said; for it wouldna be like the Lord to let his servant's words fall to the ground after putting them in his mouth, as if they were but a fuil's idle breath, and no the last testimony of a righteous man."

"I never was guid at doctrine, Ailie," said Kirstin; "I never was guid at keeping up a question the way I've seen him and you. I have had owre muckle to do with bairns and cares and the troubles of this life, to be clever at arguing or inquiring, or ony such things. And now, if I have even owre muckle time to turn my thought to the like, I'm feared for beginning, Ailie; for ever since I've striven sair to tether my mind down to the day's spinning or the hour's wark, and never lookit behind or before mair than I could help. I ken my man's gane, that was my comfort a' my best days; and I ken my darlin' laddie's gane, that was the desire of my heart; and I ken, forby, that

for a' sae dreadfu' a calamity it is, it's the Lord's sending, and I maun aye bless His name; and so I'm no for bringing in ony perplexin' thoughts, Ailie, for it would be an awfu' thing for a woman of my years, that's gane through sae muckle, to lose reason and judgment at the last."

And as Kirstin continued her spinning, the wheel trembled with spasmodic motion, as again and again she put up her hand to check the falling tears.

But Ailie, feverish and excited, dried her's off hastily with her folded handkerchief, and, turning it over and over in her trembling fingers, brooded on her mystery. Ailie Rintoul had lived much and long alone—many slow solitary hours, when the little world, which recognised her as by no means either inactive or unimportant in *its* concerns, was busied with dearer and more private household duties, had passed in unbroken quietness over the childless wife, whose husband was far upon the sea, whose little maid

was more than able for all her domestic work, and to whom the cherished china, and far-travelled shells of her best room, gave only a very brief occupation. Of considerable intellect, too, and a higher strain of mind than the common, Ailie remembered the *Gentle Shepherd* and country romances of her youth with compunction, and knew no literature but the Bible. The noble narratives of the Old Testament were her daily fare, read with interest always thrilling and vivid; and, living among Hebrew kings and prophets, whose every action was miraculously directed, miraculously rewarded, or punished, it was not strange that Ailie forgot often how God mantles under even a sublimer veil and silence the providence, as certain and unfailing, which deals with us to-day. But her brother, always venerated, had taken his place now, in her imagination, among the highest seers and sages; and Ailie waited for the elucidation of his prophecy with trembling enthusiast faith.

CHAPTER XI.

"I gang and come to the sea and to the shore; and Euphie grows less a lassie, and mair a sober wife, fit for the like of me; and little Johnnie wins to his feet, and cries Daddy when he sees me at the door; and my mother is used to her burden; and poor little Nancy gets a spark in her ee again; but there never comes change to *you*."

And John Rintoul leant his back against the wall of his little room in the roof, and contemplated with grave composure the rude piece of wood in his hand.

No; there came no change upon it: there they remained, these fatal characters, branding the name of John Rintoul on the broken surface, as they had branded it on the carver's heart a year ago, when he found it on the beach. The rusted nails and jagged edge had not crumbled or broken; and still, through all these peaceful months, a terrible tale spoke in their voiceless silence; still they were the sole token of the shipwreck—the sole memento upon his mother earth of the fate of old John Rintoul.

The John Rintoul who now looked

so sadly on his name was prospering again as his sobercarefulness deserved. A good sailor and a trustworthy man people did not fail to discover him to be, and trusted he was accordingly. No longer mate, but captain, his schooner was to sail again in a day or two; and Euphie, rich with the savings of two previous voyages, had exhausted her time and industry to make the captain's appearance worthy of his exalted rank; for though the property was lost, it was still impossible to deny that the captain of a schooner "out of Leith" was a greater man than the skipper of a little Elie sloop, even though the sloop was half his own.

And Captain Rintoul of the *Janet* and *Mary*, with his easy voyages, his increasing means, and his pleasant home, was a man to be envied; and his grief had faded out of present intensity into a little additional gravity, and a general softening of character. Perhaps he was cast at first in a mould less stern, but certainly he was now settling into a gentler, milder, and less forcible person than Elder John.

Kirstin Beatoun, carefully abstain-

ing from mention of this day, as the first melancholy anniversary of her loss, and sedulously counting, with white and trembling lips, the hanks of yarn revolving on her wheel, bravely strove against the long-restrained and gnawing grief which almost overpowered her now. Finding it impossible to work, she rose at last hastily, and began with considerable bustle to "redd up the house," already only too well arranged and orderly. Then she went out to the little yard behind, and did some necessary work in it, shutting her eyes with a strong pang and spasm at crossing her threshold; her very sight at first was blinded with the broad dazzling sunshine rejoicing over the sea. By and by her son came to her, to take her away a long fatiguing inland walk to see some country friends; and it came to an end at last—the longest of all long days—and the first year of her widowhood was gone.

Ailie Rintoul in her own house, and in her own chamber—secretly, with some fear of wrong-doing to interrupt its fervent devotions, fasted all day long, and humbled herself, weeping and crying for some interpretation of her brother's prophecy. Ailie was not quite convinced that her fasting was lawful; but it was a fast kept in secret, unknown even to little Mary, her small serving-maiden, who was no sufferer thereby; and when the night fell, Mrs Plenderleath slept with a text of promise in her heart. Her heart was very true, very earnest and sincere, if not always perfectly sober in its vehement wishes; and when these words of holy writ came in suddenly upon her mind, as the moon came on the sea, who shall say she did wrong to accept them with a great throb of thankfulness and wonder, as a very message from the heavens?

And Agnes Raeburn stood upon the point, watching the waters under the moonlight as they rolled in, in soft ripples, over the sands of Elie bay. Very different from last year's ghastly gleam and deathlike shadow were the moonbeams of to-night. Soft hazy clouds, tinted in sober grey and brown, and edged with soft white downy borders, flitted now and then across the mild young moon, breaking into polished scales of silver sometimes,

like armour for the hunter goddess of heathen fables—sometimes caught up, as if by fairy fingers, into wreaths and floating draperies, glistening white like bridal silk; underneath, the sky was blue, pale, and clear and peaceful; and the Firth lay under that, looking up with loving eyes to reflect a kindred colour. No such thing as storm, or prophecy of storm, troubled the lightened horizon, out of which, now and then—the air was so clear—you could see a sail come steadily, as out of another world; and the water came rippling up, with gentle breaks and hesitations, now and then crowding back, wave upon wave, like timid children, before they started for a long race, flashing up among the rocks to Agnes Raeburn's feet.

And it is true that the light has come again to Nancy's eyes, the colour to her cheek. Youth and health and daily work have been too many for her visionary sorrow. She is pensive to-night, as, full of softening memories, she thinks of the storm which she came here to see; pensive, but not afflicted, for autumn and winter are over and gone: the spring comes again with all its happier influences, and her heart is tender, but her heart is healed.

Young Colin Hunter has been tracing her steps; his patience is nearly worn out now with its long stretch of endurance, and the caprice and waywardness of his lady-love; and in the darkening gloaming he steals after her to the point, a little jealous of her motive for wandering there, but quite unconscious that this is the day on which the sloop was lost.

"Are you gaun to gie me my answer, Nancy?" says Colin, with a little impatience. "Here have I been cast about, like a bairn's ba', from one hand to another—fleeching at you—leeing to your mother—courting a'boddy belonging to you, for little less than a year. Am I gaun to get my answer, Nancy? Will ye take me, or will ye no?"

But Agnes has no inclination to answer so point-blank a question. She herself was sufficiently explicit at one time, and Colin bore all her impatient refusals bravely, and held to his suit notwithstanding. Now, his attentions have become a habit to Agnes, and

she does not quite like the idea of losing them at once and suddenly, though still she is very far from having made up her mind to the terrible Yes which he demands.

"I wish ye wouldna fash me night and day," said Agnes. "I gied ye your answer lang ago, if you would only take it and leave me at peace."

And as she spoke her heart smote her; for anything insincere or untrue, in whatever degree, was sadly unsuitable to the solemn sentiment connected with this place and time.

"Do ye think a spirit can ever come back?" said Agnes, lowering her voice. "Do ye think if ane departed by a violent end, and wanted to let his friends ken, that he could have means to do it? I saw something ance myself!"

"What did ye see?" asked Colin hastily, for she made a sudden pause.

She was shy of telling—never had told it, indeed, to her nearest friends; but Agnes has her heart softened, opened, and does not know what a dangerous sign it is to give her confidence thus.

"The night the sloop was lost," said Agnes, speaking very low, and only with difficulty refraining from a burst of tears, "late at night, when every creature was sleeping, I saw a man's figure cross along the shore. It was terrible bright moonlight, so that

I could see as clear as day, and the haill town was still, and no a whisper in the air; but I saw the figure moving, and heard the step, straight on—and now I mind it—straight towards Kirstin Beatoun's door."

"The night the sloop was lost?" said Colin—and then he added, with a gay burst of laughter—"Keep up your heart, Nancy; it was nae appearance—woman, it was me!"

"You!" Agnes Raeburn suddenly turned very pale, and recoiled from him with a start.

"I had seen my bonnie lassie just that day—I mind it as weel as if it had been yestreen—and I came east the shore at twelve o'clock at night to see the house she was in; so you see it was your ain true sweetheart, Nancy, and naething to be feared for, after all."

Trembling and shivering, cold and pale, Agnes began to cry quietly, with a hysterical weakness, and turned to go home.

"You're no to be vexed now—I've said naething to vex ye," said her suitor, hastening to press upon her a support from which she shrank. "I'll no fash ye the night ony mair, and, to let ye see how forbearing I am, I'll no fash ye the morn; but after that, Nancy, I'll take nae mair naysays. Ye'll have to learn a good honest Yes, and make me content ance for a'."

CHAPTER XII.

"It's nae use asking me where Nancy's been," said Mrs Raeburn, with a little indignation. "She's come that length now that, whae'er she takes counsel with, it's never with her mother; and though I canna shut my een from seeing that she's come in a' shivering, and cauld, and white, like as she had ta'en a chill or seen a spirit, I canna take upon me to say what's the cause; for I'm no in my bairn's favour sae far as to be tellt what her trouble means."

"Oh mother!" Poor Agnes shrunk into her corner by the fireside, and again fell into a little quiet weeping, but made no other reply.

"Nannie, woman, canna ye keep up a heart!" exclaimed Euphie. "There's me, that's come through far mair

trouble than you ever kent, and had a house to keep, and a man to fend for, no to speak of that wee sinner,"—and the important young mother shook her hand at little Johnnie, triumphant on his grandmother's knee. "But there's you, a young lassie without a care, dwinning and mourning—and just look at me!"

Ay, pretty Euphie, let her look at you—through her own wet eyelashes—through her mist of unshed tears—through the sudden caprice of renewed sorrow which comes upon her like a cloud;—let her look at you, independent in your wifely consequence, rich and proud in your honours of young motherhood, unquestioned in your daily doings, unchidden in your frequent waywardness. And Agnes, lift-

ing her head, looks and looks again, vaguely, yet with trouble in her eyes. Comes it all of being married—of “having a house of her ain”—this precious freedom? For if it was so, poor little unreasonable capricious Nancy could find it in her heart to be married too.

For she is very unreasonable, and knows it; and the knowledge only hurries those tears of vexation and weakness faster from her downcast eyes. She has nothing to complain of—nothing to object to in her diligent and devoted suitor—nothing to urge against the powerful arguments with which she feels convinced her mother is about to plead his cause. Poor Agnes does not know what she wants, nor what she would be at; is very well aware that Colin Hunter has distressed her sadly, and given her most unwitting offence to-night; and yet would not by any means stop her tears if she were told that Colin Hunter had satisfied himself with her past refusals, and would trouble her no more. Over all the more immediate chaos, the shadowy form of Patie Rintoul floats like a cloud; and Agnes could break her heart to think that the visitation which has filled her with awe through all this twelvemonth was no visitation after all, and feels her face flush over with vexation and anger to think how she has been deceived. Patie Rintoul! Patie Rintoul!—were all the sights and sounds of that night vanity, and did nothing, after all, come to her from him? And Agnes yearns and longs with a sick fainting wonder, to think that she may have been deceived, and that maybe he did not care for her after all.

Still she is shivering, trembling, pale and cold, starting at sounds without, feeling her heart leap and throb with unreasoning expectation! What is Agnes looking for?—that Patie himself should rise, all chill and ghastly, from the dark caves of the sea, and say, to satisfy her longing heart, the words he had no opportunity of saying in this world! But Agnes cannot tell what it is she looks for—cannot give any reason for her emotion—feels her heart beating through all its pulses with a hundred contradictions—wishes and hopes and terrors which will not be reconciled to each other; and at

last, as at first, can do nothing but cry—cry like a child, and refuse to be comforted!

“Bless me, mother, what’s come owre this lassie?” said Euphie, with some anxiety. “I’m sure I canna tell what to make of it, unless she’s just petted like a bairn. Nannie, woman, canna ye haud up your head, and let folk ken what ails you?”

“There’s naething ails me,” said Agnes, with a new flow of tears; “if folk would just let me alane.”

“What ails ye to take young Colin Hunter, then, when ye’re so set on your ain way?” interposed Mrs Raeburn. “The lad’s clean carried, and canna see the daylight for ye; and as lang as he’s that infatuate, he wouldna be like to cross your pleasure; and if you were in your ain house, ye might have twenty humours in a day, and naeboddy have ony right to speer a wherefore—no to speak of a grand house like the Girmel, and weel-stockit byres, and a riding-horse, and maids to serve ye hand and fit. It’s a miracle to me what the lassie would be at! And ye may just be sure of this, Nannie, that you’ll never get such another offer, if ye lose this one.”

“I’m no heeding,” said Agnes, speaking low, and with a shadow of sullenness.

“My patience! hear her how she faces me!” exclaimed the incensed mother. “If I were Colin Hunter, I would take ye at your word, and never look again the road ye were on; and I’m sure it’s my hope nae decent lad will ever be beguiled again to put himself in your power. I wash my hands o’t. Ye may gang to Kirstin Beatoun—or to your sister Euphie there, that belongs to the name of Rintoul as weel; for I’ll hae nae mair to do wi’ an unthankful creature, that winna have guid counsel when it’s offered, and casts away her guid chances out of clean contradiction. Just you bide a wee, my woman; ye’ll be thankful to take up wi’ the crookedest stick in the wood before a’s done.”

“Before I took up with our John,” said Euphie, interposing with some authority, “ye said that to me, mother, every lad that came to the house; but for a’ that, I suppose naeboddy can deny that I’ve done very weel, and gotten as guid a man as is

in a' the Elie, and no a crook about him, either in the body or in the disposition. I'll no say, though, but that the Girnle would be a grand downsitting for Nancy, if she hadna that great objections to the lad. I think he's a gey decent lad mysel, and no that ill to look upon. What gars ye have such an ill opinion of him, Naunie?"

"I've nae ill opinion of him; I ken naeboddy that has," said Agnes, with a little spirit—not perfectly satisfied, indifferent as she was, to hear her own especial property so cavalierly treated. "He's just as guid as other folk, and better-looking than some; and I see nae reason onybody has to speak of him disdainfully."

"Bless me, what for will ye no take him then?" said Euphie with astonishment.

"Because I'm no wanting him," said the capricious Agnes.

Mother and daughter exchanged glances of marvelling impatience, and Mrs Raeburn shook her head, and lifted up her hands; but Agnes dried her tears, and, rising from her corner, went about some piece of household business. She had no desire to suffer further catechising.

"But I wouldna aggravate her, mother, if I was you," said the astute Euphie, "with saying she'll get naeboddy else, for that'll do naething but set a' her pride up to try; and I wouldna tempt her into contradiction with praising him: far better to misca' him, mother, till she wearies and takes his part; and she's no sae sweard to do that as it is. I dinna ken if I ever would have set my mind even on our John, if ye hadna gi'en him such an ill word when he came first about the house."

"Ye might have done far better, Euphie," said Mrs Raeburn with a sigh. "When I consider what like a lassie ye was, and mind of him coming here first—nae mair like a wooer than auld Tammas Mearns is. But it's nae

use speaking, and ye're a wilful race, the haill generation of ye; and ane canna undo what's done, and you're wonderful weel pleased with your bargain, Euphie."

"I have occasion," said John Rintoul's wife, drawing herself up. "But if you'll take my word, mother—for I mind by mysel—ye'll no take young Colin Hunter's part ony mair, but misca' him with a' your heart, every single thing he does; and you'll just see if it doesna set Nannie, afore the week's out, that she'll never look anither air, but straight to the Girnle."

How Mrs Raeburn profited by her daughter's sage advice Euphie could not linger to see, for just then John himself entered to convoy his wife home. He had been with his mother, and John's face was very grave and sad.

Catching a glimpse of it as she bade them good night, the veil fell again over the impressible visionary mind of Agnes Raeburn. Deep, settled, unbroken melancholy always moved her strangely, as indeed every other real and sincere mood did. Immediately there sprang up, among all her bewildering thoughts, a hundred guesses and surmises as to what might be then passing in the mind of John Rintoul; and from John Rintoul her fancy wandered again to Patie, vividly recalling every scene and incident of the fatal night. If Mrs Raeburn had been minded to put in instant operation the questionable plan of Euphie, she would have succeeded ill to-night; but as the mother and daughter sat alone together, it soon became quite sufficient employment for one of them to comment bitterly on the absence—a thing invariable and certain—of Samuel Raeburn at his favourite "public;" while the other sat motionless at her seam, living over again the dreary night which seemed to have become a lasting influence, shadowing her very life.

CHAPTER XIII.

"He wasna to fash me last night, and he wasna to fash me the day." Agnes Raeburn awoke with these words in her mind; and a sense of relief, like a respite from condemnation, in her heart.

And gradually, as the day went on, a degree of strange excitement rose and increased in the sensitive heart of Agnes: unconsciously, as she went about all her daily homely duties, she found herself looking for-

ward to the evening as to an era—an hour of mark and note in her life. She had dedicated it to thought—to careful consultation with herself what she should do; and only one so full of wandering fancies, yet so entirely unaccustomed to deliberate *thinking*, could realise what a solemn state and importance endued the hour sacred to this grave premeditated exercise of her reflective powers. Very true, she could have accomplished this piece of thought quite well in her own little chamber, or even in the common family apartment, as she sat over her sewing through all the long afternoon; yet Agnes put off the operation, and appropriated to it, with extreme solemnity, a becoming place and time. The place, from some vague superstition which she did not care to explain to herself, was the little cove upon the shore where John Rintoul found the fragment of the wreck. The time, the last hour of daylight, when she could leave her work unobserved—for Agnes did not care to visit the fated spot at night.

Now Agnes Raeburn all her life had borne the character of thoughtfulness. Childhood and girlhood had added to her honours;—"a thoughtful lassie" was her common repute among her neighbours; and no one, except Agnes herself, had ever learned to suspect that serious thought, after all, and everything like deliberation or reflection, were things unknown, and almost impossible to her mind. Powers of sympathy in such constant use and exercise, that the careless momentary mood of another was enough to suggest, to Agnes's impulsive spirit, states of feeling utterly unknown to their chance originators—an imagination ever ready to fill with vivid scenery and actors the vacant air, whereon her mind, passive itself and still, was content to look for hours—with a strong power of fancy, and a nature sensitive to every touch, were qualities which wrapped her in long and frequent musings, but disabled her almost as much for any real exercise of mind as they gave her the appearance of its daily practice.

All the day through, Agnes was silent, responding only in faint monosyllables to her mother's attempts at

conversation. In the forenoon Mrs Raeburn was fortunately occupied, and not much inclined for talk: the afternoon she spent with Euphie; and thus through all those long, still, sunshiny hours, Agnes sat alone with the clock and the cat and the kitten, demurely sewing, and with a face full of brooding thoughtfulness. But in spite of this opportunity for deliberation, Agnes Raeburn was by no means tempted to forestall her own fixed period for the final decision—it was so much easier to let her mind glide away as usual into those long wanderings of reverie than to fix it to the question, momentous as that was. Poor Agnes! it was to be a very reasonable decision, wise and sensible; and reason, after all, was so much out of her way.

Samuel Raeburn has taken his tea, and again gone out to his usual evening's sederunt in the little sanded parlour of Mrs Browest's "public;" and now Agnes may make up the fire and finally sweep the hearth, and put away the cups and saucers, that her mother may find no reprovable neglect if she comes earliest home. But Agnes cannot tell what the feeling is which prompts her to take out of the drawer the new camel's-hair shawl which has kept her in comfort all these winter Sabbaths, and to put on the beaver hat, saucily looped up at one side, and magnificent with its grey feather, which no one has ever seen her wear on "an every-day" before. What Mrs Raeburn would say to this display is rather a serious question, and Agnes assumes the unusual bravery with a flutter at her heart.

It still wants half an hour of sunset; and Inchkeith throws a cold lengthened shadow, enviously shutting out the water, which throbs impatiently under these dark lines of his, from the last looks of the sun. Black, too, in its contrast with the light, the nearer side of Inchkeith himself frowns with misanthropic gloom upon the brightened sands and glorified brow of Largo Law. A little white yacht, bound for some of the smaller ports high up the Firth, where the quiet current only calls itself a river—just now shooting out of the shadow, reels, as you can fancy, dazzled and giddy, under the sudden canonisation which

throws a halo over all its shapely sails and spars; and passing fisher-boats hail each other with lengthened cries—only rustic *badinage* and homely wit, if you heard them close at hand—but stealing with a strange half-pa-thetic cadence over the distant water. Ashore here, through the quiet, rural high-road, the kye, with long shadows stalking after them, go soberly home from the rich clover-fields that skirt the public road. And quite another cadence, though even to it the distance lends a strange charm of melancholy, have the voices of the little herds and serving-maidens who call the cattle home.

The tide is back, and all the beach glistens with little pools, each reflecting bravely its independent sunset. This larger basin, which you might call the fairies' bath, has nearly lost the long withdrawing line of light which only touches its eastern edge as with a rim of gold—and the sun is gliding off the prominent fold of the brae, though it droops, as if the weight of wealth were almost too much for the sweet atmosphere which bears it, glowing in ruddy yellow glory, over the sea-side turf. The gowans, like the birds, have laid their heads under their wing, and the evening dews begin to glisten on the grass—the soft, short, velvet grass on which Agnes thinks she can almost trace the outline still of the rude fragment, chronicle of death and fatal violence, which crushed the gowans down, and oppressed the peaceful stillness, on yon bright March morning, past a twelvemonth and a day.

A bit of yellow rock projecting from the rich herbage of the brae, and overtopped by a little mound, like a cap, all waving and tufted over with brambles and upright plumes of haw-thorn, serves her for a seat—and Agnes composes herself solemnly, puts one small foot upon a little velvet hassock of turf, embossed upon the pebbly sand, and, stooping her face to the support of both her hands, looks far away into the distance, and begins her momentous deliberation. What is it so soon that catches the dreamy eye, only too fully awake to every passing sight, though it puts on such a haze of thoughtfulness? Nothing but a long tuft of wiry grass

waving out of a little hollow on the top of the nearest rock, with a forlorn complaining motion, as if it would fain look on something else than these waving lines of water, and fain escape the dangerous vicinity which sometimes crushes with salt and heavy spray, instead of genial dewdrops, its glittering sharp blades. Agnes muses, in her unconscious reverie, and her thinking has not yet begun.

Waking up with a sudden start, she changes her attitude a little, lets one hand fall by her side, and rests her cheek on the other, before she makes another beginning. What now? A glittering bit of crystal in the rock which the sun gets note of just as he is gliding from the point, and, having little time to spare, uses what he has with such effect, that the eyes of the looker-on are half-blinded with the sparkling commotion. Ah dreamy, wandering, gentle eyes! how easy it is to charm them out of the abstraction which they fain would assume!

Now it is the flash and soft undulation of the rising line of water—now a glistening group of sea-birds going home at nightfall to their waiting households on the May—now a rustle of wind, or of a passing insect, soft among the grass—whatever it is, constantly it is something; and Agnes sees the sky darken, and all the light fade away in the west, but her thinking has still failed to come to a beginning, while the end looks hours or years away.

Just then a footstep, almost close upon her, startles her. She has been so absorbed by all these passing fancies, that not the deepest abstraction of philosophic thought could have made her more entirely unaware of this step in the distance, though for some time it has been advancing steadily on. Turning suddenly round, she sees between her and the pale clear light of the eastern sky a dark figure in a sailor's dress. Her heart beats a little quicker with the surprise, and her whole appearance, shyly drawing back on her seat, with one hand fallen by her side, and the other leaning just as it had supported her hastily-lifted cheek on her knee, is of one suddenly started out of a dream. It is some minutes before she raises her eyes to the face which

now looks down wistfully upon her; but when she does so, the effect is instantaneous. A sudden shiver running through every vein—a backward crouch into the very rock, as if there would be protection even in the touch of something earthly and palpable—a deadly paleness, leaving her face—lips, and cheeks, and all—ashen grey like extreme age—a long, shuddering gasp of breath, and eyes dilated, intense-shining out upon the stranger in a very agony. The stranger stands before her, as suddenly arrested as she had been, and, crying “Nancy, Nancy!” with a voice which rings into her heart like a dread admonition, waits, all trembling with suppressed joy and eagerness, to receive some word of greeting.

“I’ve done you no wrong—I’ve done you no wrong!” gasps out at last, a broken, interrupted voice. “If there’s vision given ye yonder to see what’s done on earth, ye might see folks’ hearts as well; and though you never said a word to me in this life, I’ve thought of none forby yoursel—never, never, though I did let Colin Hunter come after me; and whatever you are now, oh, man! have mind of folks’ mortal weakness, and dinna look at me with such dreadful een, Patie Rintoul!”

“Nancy!”—still he could say nothing but this.

“I thought it was you the night the sloop was lost—I thought you couldna leave this life, and no let me ken; and I could bear to think it was you then, for all my heart fainted, baith with sorrow and fear; but I’ve done naething to call you up with thae upbraiding een, and I daurna look at ye now—I daurna look at ye now, and you been twelve months and mair at the bottom of the sea!”

He made no answer, and Agnes dared not rise with her fainting, faltering limbs, to flee from the imagined spectre. The cold dew had gathered in great beads upon her brow—her hands rose, all trembling and unsteady, to cover her eyes, and shut out the face whose fixed look afflicted her almost to madness; but the weak, hesitating arms, fell again—she could not withdraw her intense and terrified gaze—could not turn away her fascinated eyes from his,

The steady figure before her moved a little—the strong, broad breast began to heave and swell—and sobs, human sobs, reluctant and irrestrainable, broke upon the quiet echoes. Then he leant over her, closer to her, shadowing the little nook she crouched into; and warm, human breath, upon her brow revived like a cordial her almost fainted heart. “I’m nae spirit—I’ve gotten hame, Nancy—I’m Patie Rintoul!”

Patie Rintoul! A succession of strong shudderings, almost convulsive, come upon the relaxing form of Agnes; she is looking at him now with straining eyes, with lips parted by quick, eager breath, with a face which, gradually flushing over, is now of the deepest crimson. Patie Rintoul! and superstition and terror and doubt disappear into a sudden passion of shame and humiliation; for Agnes has told unasked a secret which the living Patie might have begged for on his knees in vain; and now it is impossible even to hope that spirit or “appearance” could assume this bronzed, manly sailor face—this dress so indisputably real—these strong travelling shoes, clouted by hands of human cobbler, and soiled by dust of veritable roadways; and, burying her face in her hands, which still cannot conceal the burning flush under them, Agnes owns her error by faltering forth, in utter dismay and helplessness, “Patie, I wasna meaning you!”

But the generous Patie will not take advantage of his triumph. For a single moment the little cove is startled by a sound of wavering laughter—laughter that speaks a momentary ebullition of joy, greatly akin to tears—and then, with a certain quiet authority, the stranger draws the hands from the hidden face, and half lifts the trembling Agnes from her seat. “I’ll ask you anither day what you mean,” said the magnanimous Patie; “now I’m content just to be beside ye again; but I’m just on my road to the town—I’ve seen nane of our ain folk yet—and, Nancy, ye must take me hame to my mother.”

And in a moment there flows upon her sympathetic heart the blessedness of Kirstin Beaton receiving back her son. It scarcely takes an instant

now to subdue her trembling—the thought has strengthened her: “Eh, Patie, your mother!—her heart will break for joy.”

“But I come again my lane,” said Patie sadly. “What wasna true for me, was true for my father, Nancy. I was washed off the deck of the sloop, and some way fought through the water till I got to a rock; but the auld man went down in her before my very een, and that’ll be little comfort to my mother.”

“It’ll be comfort enough to see you, Patie,” said Agnes quietly; “let me slip in before and warn her. I’ve heard of joy killing folk—and come you in quiet, and speak to naeboddy, by the back of the town.”

It was the best arrangement, and Patie reluctantly suffered his companion to leave him as they reached the outskirts of the little town. It was so dark now that the stranger was safe, and had little chance of being recognised.

CHAPTER XIV.

Forgetting entirely the exhaustion of her own late agitation; forgetting the usual extreme decorum and gravity of her demeanour; forgetting herself altogether, indeed, and even forgetting her own somewhat embarrassing share in the joy which she goes to intimate, Agnes Raeburn passes, running, along Elie shore. The gossips have almost all withdrawn from the open door to the warm fireside, as more suitable to this chill March evening, but still there are loungers enough to get up a rather lively report of the sudden illness of little Johnnie Rintoul, confidently vouched for by two or three who have seen Nancy Raeburn flying at full speed “west the town” to bring the doctor. Nancy Raeburn, quite unconscious, careless and unobservant of who sees her, runs without a pause to Kirstin Beatoun’s door.

It is time for Kirstin Beatoun to go to her early rest: poor heart! there are no household duties to keep her now from the kind oblivious sleep which helps her for an hour or two to forget her grief. Pausing reverently at the window, Agnes can see dimly through the curtain and the thick panes a solitary figure sitting by the little fire, the faint lamp burning high above her, an open book in her lap, and by her side, upon the little table, a cup of weak, oft-watered tea, Kirstin’s sole cordial. In the old times the fire used to be the household light here, casting all official lamps into obscurity; but now the little red glow of its much-diminished contents add no cheerfulness to the melancholy dim apartment, while the projecting ledge of the mantelpiece, by which the lamp

hangs, throws a deep shadow upon the hearth. The door is shut, but Agnes, breathless and excited in spite of her momentary pause, forgets the usual warning of her coming, and, bursting in suddenly to the quiet room, rouses Kirstin from her reading with a violent start.

When she is within it, the hopeless forlorn solitude of the once cheerful kitchen strikes Agnes as it never struck her before; and, without saying a word to Kirstin, she suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears.

“Somebody’s vexed ye, my lamb,” said Kirstin, tenderly. Agnes Raeburn had insensibly won her way into the widow’s forlorn heart.

“Naeboddy’s vexed me; it’s just to see you here your lane,” said Agnes through her tears.

“Is’t very desolate to look at?” said Kirstin, glancing round with a faint grieved curiosity. “I could put up the shutter, but I think naeboddy cares to look in and spy upon a puir lone woman now.”

“It’s no for that; and I’m no vexed,” said Agnes, breathlessly, for a familiar footstep seemed to her excited fancy to be drawing near steadily, and with a purpose, to the widow’s door. “I’m no vexed; I’m just as thankful and glad as onybody could be: there’s ane come to the town this night with news to make us a’ out of our wits with joy.”

“Poor bairn!” said Kirstin. “But I mind when I was as glad mysel at any great news from the wars—that was for the men pressed out of the Elie, to think there might be a chance of peace, and of them coming hame;

but I've turned awfu' cauld-hearted this year past, Nancy. I think I canna be glad of onything now."

"But ye'll be glad of this," said Agnes. "Oh, if I durst tell without ony mair words!—but I'm feared for the joy."

Kirstin grasped the slender wrist of her visitor, and drew her to the centre of the room, into the full lamp-light. Agnes Raeburn's eyes looking out of tears, her face covered with wavering rosy flushes, her mouth all full of smiles, yet ready to melt into the lines of weeping, brought a strange disturbance to the dead calm of Kirstin's face.

"I can be glad of naething but the dead coming back out of their graves—out of the sea—or of my ain call to depart," she said, in a hurried tone of excitement. "Wha's that on my door-stane? Wha's that hovering about my house at this hour of the night? Pity me, pity me, my judgment's gane at the last! I'm no asking if it's a man or a spirit—it's my son's fit, and my son's een. I've had my wits lang enough, and my heart's broken. Let me gang, I say—for his face is out there someplace—out there in the dark—and wha's living to heed me if I *am* mad the morn's morn?"

And bursting from Agnes's terrified hold, the mother flew out into the open street, where she had caught, with her roused attention, a glimpse of a passing face which was like Patie's—which was Patie's; neither a ghost nor a delusion, but a living man.

Agnes, left alone thus, and very well content to have discharged her errand so far, sat down on the wooden stool by the empty arm-chair, and relieved herself by concluding her interrupted fit of crying. A considerable time elapsed before she again heard these steps approaching, and now they were not alone.

"Gang in, my man, ye'll be wearied after your travel," said Kirstin Beattoun, thrusting her son in before her through the open door. "Ye've been a lang time gane, Patie, and nae doubt ye're sair worn-out, and glad to come ashore; and I wouldna say but ye thought whiles, like me, that ye were never to see your auld mother again: but we'll say naething about the past; it's an awfu' time. You're hame first,

Patie; and when did ye say he was to come himsel? Bairns, I dinna want to make ye proud, but we'll hae the haill toun out the morn, to see the sloop come up to Elie harbour, and him come hame."

Poor desolate heart! Joy had done what grief could not do; and for the moment, with these wild smiles quivering on her face, and her restless hands wandering about her son as she seated him in a chair, Kirstin Beattoun was crazed.

"Mother, mother," said Patie sadly, "he's hame in anither place; he'll never plant a foot on Elie shore again. Mother, I'm my lane; ye'll have to be content with me."

"Content?" repeated Kirstin, with a low laugh—"content?—ay, my bonnie man, far mair than content. But I wouldna say but Nancy Raeburn would be wanting a share of ye for a handsel; and I'll no deny her so far as I have ony say, for she's a fine lassie; but you've never tellt me yet when he's coming hame himsel."

Agnes and Patie exchanged sorrowful bewildered glances; they did not know how to deal with this.

"Mother, there were nane saved but me," said Patie, hurriedly. "My faither gaed down in the sloop, yesterday was a year. It's best for ye to ken; he never can come hame, for he's been dead and gane this twelvemonth. Do ye understand me, mother? There's little to be joyful for after a': them that were best worth perished, and there's naebody saved but me."

Patie's eyes fill, for he too had felt very deeply his father's death.

Kirstin stood by him a moment in silence; then she sat down in her former seat, and, folding her arms upon the table, laid down her head upon them. They could only hear—they could not see—the prolonged and unresisted weeping which came upon her; but when she rose, her face was calm, full of gravity, yet full of sober light.

"God be thanked that has brought you hame again, Patie, my son, and that has preserved me to see this day," said Kirstin, solemnly. "He has sent sorrow, and He has sent joy. He has baith given and taken away; but them that's gane is safe in His ain

kingdom, Patie, and He has made the heart of the widow this night to sing for joy."

After this there was room for nothing but rejoicing—the danger was past.

"But I've little to set before my stranger," said Kirstin, looking with a half smile at her neglected cup of tea. "You'll no be heeding muckle about the like of that, Patie; and I'm no that weel provided for a family again. It's late at night noo: if you'll rin east to my guiddaughter, Nancy my woman, she'll be my merchant for ae night; and ye'll hae to gang yoursel, Patie, and see John."

"I'll rin east and see that Euphie puts half-a-dozen haddies to the fire," said Agnes; "and ye'll come yoursel, Patie and you. I ran a' the way from the braes the night to let you ken the guid news, and you're no to contradict me."

"Na, I mustna do that, at no hand," said Kirstin, with a smile; "but there's your Auntie Ailie has

had near as sair a heart as me. We'll have to gang there first, Patie, and then, Nancy my woman, I'll bring my son to see Euphie and John."

Agnes had not run so much or so lightly for many a day; and now she set off upon another race, full of the blythest and most unselfish exhilaration; and it was not until she had almost reached Euphie's door, that a dread remembrance of her grey beaver-hat, with its nodding feather, and the new camel's-hair shawl, and what her mother would think of her wearing them to-night, came in to disturb her happy mind. Ah, culprit Agnes! and all the great piece of thinking left undone, though the decision does seem something more certain than when you left home so gravely to seek the little cove among the braes; but in spite of these sobering considerations, Agnes carries in such a beaming face to the fireside of her sister, that the very sight of it is preparation enough to John and Euphie for hearing all manner of joy.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ailie, I've come to tell you I've gotten a great deliverance," said Kirstin Beatoun, with solemn composure, as she entered her sister-in-law's little sitting-room, leaving Patie at the door.

Mrs Plenderleath, too, was preparing for rest, and sat before the fire, the great family Bible still lying open upon the table, herself placed with some state in her arm-chair, her hands crossed in her lap, her foot upon a footstool: solitary, too, as Kirstin Beatoun had been an hour ago; but with a look of use and wont in her solitude, and many little comforts adapted to it lying about her, which, in some degree, took away its impression of painfulness.

"There's word of them," said Ailie, rising stiffly from her seat, and glancing round with the unsteady excited eyes which had never lost their look of wild eagerness since the day of the wreck. And Ailie grasped tightly with her trembling hands the edge of the table and the edge of the mantel-shelf, unwilling to reveal the strong anxiety and agitation which shook her like a sudden wind.

"There's word of ane of them,"

said Kirstin. "Ailie, I'm a widow woman a' my days, and you have nae brother; but my son—my son—I've gotten back my darlin' laddie—the comfort of his auld age and mine!"

And Ailie Rintoul, catching a glimpse, as Kirstin had done, of the young face looking in at the door, advanced to him with steps of slow deliberate dignity, holding out both her hands. Other sign of emotion she would show none, but Patie never forgot the iron grasp in which she caught his hands.

For Ailie's soul was shaken as by a great tempest;—bitter disappointment, satisfaction, thankfulness, joy, she scarcely could tell which was strongest; and her impulse was to lift up her voice and weep, as she welcomed the dead who was alive again. Some strange piece of pride, or fear of committing herself out of her usual gravity before "the laddie," prevented this indulgence, and, by a great effort, very stiffly and slowly Ailie went back to her chair. It was only when she had reached it again, that she could command her voice sufficiently to speak.

"It's the Lord's ain wise way—it's His ain righteous pleasure. It's nae news to onybody that your man, Kirstin Beatoun, my brother that's departed, was a man of God for mony a year; and nae doubt he was ready for his call, and it came just at the best time; whereas it has aye lain heavy at my heart that the laddie was but a laddie after a', and heedless, and had thought but little upon his latter end. Patie, the Lord's sent ye hame to gie ye anither season to make ready. See that ye dinna tempt him, and gang to the sea unregenerate again."

In a very short time after, the mother and son left Allie; for not even the excitement of this great event could make such a break in her habits as to tempt her out with them to the family meeting in her nephew's house. When they left her, Allie Rintoul sat for a long time silent by the fire, now and then wiping away secret tears. Then, without missing one habitual action, she went quietly to her rest. Heart and mind might be disturbed and shaken to their foundations, but nothing disturbed the strong iron lines of custom and outward habitude—the daily regulations of her life.

"Ye may think what kind of a time it was to me," said Patie Rintoul, and every eye around him was wet with tears—"the sloop drifting away helpless into the black night, and me clinging with baith my hands to a bit slippery rock, and the water dashing over me every wave. The next gleam of moonlight I saw her again. I saw she was settling down deeper and deeper into the sea, and the auld man at the helm looking out for me, thinking I was gone. I gied a great cry, as loud as I could yell, to let him ken I was living, and just wi' that the sloop gied a prance forward like a horse, and then wavered a moment, and then gaed down, and I mind anither dreadful cry—whether it was mysel that made it, or anither drowning man like me, I canna tell—and then the rock slipped out of my hands, and I kent naething mair till I came to mysel aboard the Dutch brig, where there wasna a man kent mair language than just to sell an anker of brandy or a chest

of tea. I canna tell how lang I had lain there before I kent where I was, but when I came to my reason again my head was shaved, and the cut on my brow near healed—ye can scarce see the mark o't now, mother—but aye of the men that had some skill in fevers let me ken after, when I had come to some understanding of their speech, that it was striking against the rock, as I slipped off my grip, that touched my brain and gave me my illness. I've naething to say against the Dutchmen. They were very kind to me in their way, and would aye give me a word in the bygaun, or a joke to keep up my spirit. Nae doubt it was in Dutch, and I didna ken a syllable, but there was the kindly meaning a' the same. Weel, I found out by and by that the brig was a smuggler running voyages out of Rotterdam, and there-away, to mair ports than aye on the east coast. They were short of hands, and feared for me forby, thinking I might lay information; so whenever we came near a harbour, whether it was Dutch or English, I had a man mount guard on me like a sentry, and behoved to be content to bide with them, for a' it was sair against my will. We had gane on this way as far as the month of August, when a day, down by the mouth of the Channel, a cutter got wit of us, and got up her canvass to chase. It was a brisk wind and a high sea, and our boat was nothing to brag of for a good seagoing boat, though she was clever of her heels, like most ill-doers; but the skipper took a panic, put on every stitch on her that she could stand, and run right out to sea. The man had an ill conscience, and saw cutters chasing in the clouds, I think; for he wouldna be persuaded to hover a wee and turn again, but maintained he had a right to change the port and gang where he likit, being part owner as well. So we scarce ever slackened sail till we came into Kingston harbour in Jamaica, where the firm that owned the brig had an office. I took heart of grace, having learnt mair of the tongue, and took upon me to speak to baith skipper and agent to crave my discharge. I wasna aking wages nor ony thing, but just mony thanks to

them and a passage home. The skipper was *fey*, poor body. It was his ain wilfu' will brought him out to Kingston, where he met with the yellow fever, and got his death in three or four days; but it was just before he took it, and he was awfu' kind to me. I got my leave, and got a posie of silver dollars besides, no to be lookit down on, mother; and a week after that there was a schooner (the "*Justitia*" of Dundee), to sail out of Kingston hame. We came in last night, and I came through to St Andrews as soon as I could get cleared out of my berth this morning, and, walking hame from St Andrews, I came down off the braes to the very shore, no wanting to see onybody till I saw my mother; when lo! I came upon Nancy sitting by the little cove, and then we twa came hame."

We twa! Agnes is in her corner again, deep in the shadow of the mantel-shelf, and no onesees the blush which comes up warmly on her half-hidden cheek. No one observes her at all, fortunately—for Euphie has been sitting with the breath half suspended on her red lip, and the tear glistening on her eyelash—John covers his face, and leans upon the table—Kirstin Beatoun, with her hand perpetually lifted to wipe away the quiet tears from her cheek, sees nothing but the face of her son—and even Mrs Raeburn, forgetful of her offence at Patie for the loss of the

sloop, gives him her full undivided attention, and enters with all her heart into his mother's thanksgiving. So Agnes in her corner has time to soothe the fluttering heart which will not be still and sober, and, in the pauses of her breathless listening, chides it like an unruly child. Here is but a scene of home-like joy, of tearful thanksgiving—the danger and toil and pain and separation lie all in the past. Ghosts and spectres are dead and gone; life, young and warm and sweet, is in the very air: heart, that would do naught but dream to-day, when there was serious work in hand, now, content with all this unexpected gladness, learn to be sober—for one little hour; but Agnes only hears a mutter of defiance as she repeats again and again the unheeded command.

Secretly, by Euphie's connivance, the Sabbath shawl and Sabbath hat have been conveyed home, while the house-mother was not there to see; but they lie heavy still on the conscience of Agnes; and heavy too lies poor Colin Hunter, whom now no elaborate piece of thought will avail, for, looking up, she finds Patie Rintoul's eye dwelling on her—dwelling on her with a smile; and the blush deepens into burning crimson as Agnes remembers the secret she told to Patie, and to the grave rocks and curious brambles, by the little fairy cove among the Elie braes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And this is to be the end o't a'—a' the pains I've ta'en wi' ye, and a' the care? Eh, Nancy Raeburn! weel may your faither say I've spoilt ye baith wi' owre muckle concern for ye. To think *you* should set your face to this, and Euphie there, that might ken better, uphauding ye in a' your folly! Wha's the Rintouls, I would like to ken, that I should ware a' my bairns upon them?—A fisher's sons, bred up to the sea, with neither siller nor guid connections. I'm sick of hearing the very name!"

"I think ye might have kepted that till I wasna here, mother," said Euphie indignantly. "I'm no denying the Rintouls were fishers, but I would like to ken wha would even a

fisher to a tailor, or the like of these landward trades; and I ken ane of the name that's as guid a man as ye'll find in a' Fife; and Patie's a fine lad, if he's no sae rich as Colin Hunter, and no so discreet as our John. For my part, I wonder onybody has the heart to discourage the puir laddie, after a' he's come through."

"He came through naething at our hand," said Mrs Raeburn; "and weel I wot he has little cause to look for comfort from us, and him airt and pairt in the loss o' the sloop wi' a' our gear. Just you dry your cheeks, and gang back to your wark, Nancy; and let me see nae mair red een in my house; for if you'll no take Colin

Hunter, ye maun just make up your mind to be naething but your faither's daughter a' your days, for Samuel Raeburn will never give his consent to marry ye to Patie Rintoul."

"I'm no asking his consent—I'm no wanting Patie Rintoul," cried poor Agnes, in a passion of injured pride and maidenliness. "I'm wanting naeboddy, mother, if folk would only let me alane."

And it turned out, in the most conclusive manner possible, that Anges certainly did not want Colin Hunter; and Colin Hunter, stung by kindred pride and disappointment, took immediate steps to revenge himself, but happily forgot all evil motives very speedily, in a fortunate transfer of his affections to a wife much more suitable for him than Agnes Raeburn. Meanwhile Patie Rintoul, a lion and great man in the Elie, came and went thrifty of his silver dollars, and whistled till the air was weary of hearing it, and every little boy on Elie shore had caught the refrain—a tune which was very sweet music to one heart in Samuel Raeburn's house—

"I'll tak my plaid and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie O."

They could put up the shutter on the window, and hide from him her very shadow; but they could not keep his simple serenade from the charmed ear which received it with such shy joy.

Patie went away another voyage in the "Justitia" of Dundee; Patie came home mate, with a heavier purse and a face more bronzed than ever; and Mrs Raeburn had long ago forgotten her little skirmish with Euphie, and her angry injunction to Agnes, "never to cross Euphie's door when aue of the Rintouls was there." It was a very useless caution this, so long as the Elie itself remained so little and so quiet, and the braes were so pleasant for the summer walks from which Agnes could not be quite debarred. By and by, too, father and mother began to be a little piqued that no one else did honour to the good looks of Agnes; and so, gradually, bit by bit, there came about a change.

When another year was out, Samuel Raeburn solemnly assisted at the induction of Captain Plenderleath—

now returned a competent and comfortable man, to spend his evening time at home, a magnate in his native town—as one of the redoubtable municipality of the Elie; and as the new Ballie's nephew disinterestedly offered to the old bailie his escort home, Samuel Raeburn saith with much solemnity—

"Patie Rintoul! I hae twa daughters, as ye ken, and a matter of eight hundred pounds to divide between them when I dee—onyway, I had that muckle afore your faither and you lost the sloop. Now the wife tells me—and I have an ee in my ain head worth twa of the wife's, that you're looking after our Nannie. Be it sae. I conclude that's settled, and that's the premises. Now I maun say it was real unhandsome usage on your pairt and your faither's to encourage John Rintoul, Euphie's man, to stay at hame for the sake of her havers, and then to let the sloop gang down that hadna had time in our aught to do mair than half pay her ain price;—sae I consider—canna ye gang straight, man!—that I've paid ye down every penny of Nannie's tocher, and that ye're to look for naething mair frae me; and that being allowed and concluded on, ye can settle a' the rest with the wife, and let the hail affair be nae mair bother to me."

Having said this loftily, Samuel Raeburn went home with placid dignity, and left his house-door open behind him for the unhesitating entrance of Patie Rintoul.

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fisher, the first John Rintoul. With- in sight of the place where he used to stand in his antique blue coat and thick white muslin cravat, lifting his lofty head, grizzled with late snows, over the plate where the entering people laid their offerings, stands now a framework of stone, somewhat rudely cut, enclosing a bit of dark sea-worn wood, carved with the name of Elder John: the sun shines on it, brightly tracing out the uncouth characters, with a tender renovating hand; and your heart blesses the gracious sunshine as it takes this gentle office, cherishing the name of God's undistinguished servant as tenderly as if it were inscribed upon a martyr's grave. No martyr, though his Master chose for him another than the peaceful way of going home which an aged man himself might choose. In the

deep heart of his widow's unspoken love, a canonised saint—to the profound regard of his only sister, a prophet high and honoured—to the universal knowledge, a godly man; and the earth, which has no grave for him, and the sunshine which plays upon the great mantle with which the sea encloses his remains, are tender of his name—all that is left of him on the kindly soil of his own land.

Gowans and tender grass slowly encroaching on its base, verdant mosses softly stealing along its thick stone edge—the sea within sight, whereon he lived and died, and the humble roof where he had his home; and many a kindly and friendly eye pauses, with reverent comment, to read the "Lost at Sea" which puts its solemn conclusion to the life of John Rintoul.

A MODERN FRENCH COMEDY.

If the most distinguished of our living dramatists were to provoke, by the title and subject of a play, comparison with one of Shakspeare's masterpieces, blame and ridicule would greet his temerity, and the real merits of his work would be lost sight of in the exorbitant pretension. Molière must be content (as who must not?) with a lower place than Shakspeare upon the muster-roll of fame; but his name is illustrious—his genius of the first order; and an attempt by a French dramatist of the present day to supply a counterpart to his greatest work, produces in the mind somewhat of the same sensation with which one would hear of a living French artist aspiring to paint a companion picture to a Poussin or a Claude. Such presumption might be expected to indispose the public, and to afford the critics a tempting target for their keenest shafts of satire. The writer who enters upon a path thus beset with peril, should have a stout heart and a tough cuticle. Whatever failings may be associated with the name of Emile de Girardin, lack of courage is certainly not one of them.

It is hardly going too far to say that audacity is the most prominent characteristic of the indomitable editor of *La Presse*. His wife shares, it appears, her husband's daring self-confidence. What else can be inferred from the fact of her having brought out a play depicting a female parallel to Molière's immortal *Tartuffe*? The captain is a bold man; but who will now affirm that his lady is not the bolder? Surely Viscount de Launay* may hunt the world through for a blade more audacious than himself. Well, pluck always favourably prepossesses, and sometimes screens presumption. The success of *Lady Tartuffe* has been unequivocal and complete.

To speak seriously. Those would greatly err who should attribute to Madame de Girardin the arrogant pretension of placing herself upon a companion pedestal to that lofty one occupied by Molière. The resemblance, actual or intentional, between *Lady Tartuffe* and *Le Tartuffe*, extends not beyond the name. Allusions there are, happily introduced, made by characters in the former play to passages in

Lady Tartuffe, Comédie en cinq actes et en prose, par Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN. Représentée pour la première fois à la Comédie Française, le 10 Février, 1853.

* Madame de Girardin's well-known signature to her *feuilletons* in *La Presse*.

Molière's world-renowned satire; but these constitute neither resemblance nor imitation. The name claims a few explanatory words. Authors and publishers know that there is often a great deal in a name, and that the success of a book may be enhanced, or its chances lessened, by its title, whose happy selection is a matter of deep interest. If a book's name be thus important, that of a play is far more so; especially in Paris, where most persons take a passing glance at the bills that are stuck up daily in the forenoon, on the pillars of the boulevards and on the numerous dead walls and allotted places which render the French capital the paradise of bill-stickers. For people, who read as they run, something attractive, pointed, witty if possible—something, in short, to catch the eye, remain in the mind, and set the imagination working, is evidently the desideratum. The repertory of the *Comédie Française* offers many brilliant examples of this kind. A play is sometimes read, approved, and accepted, without a title; or, at any rate, with a title that is evidently temporary, and must be ultimately changed. Then come the suggestions of authors, actors, and friends. Thus was a comedy by Scribe and Legouvé one day waiting for baptism. A young man, implicated in a Buonapartist conspiracy in 1817, takes refuge, disguised as a footman, in a country house, where he is sheltered by two ladies, both of whom are attached to him, and whither he is followed by the prefect of the department, who suspects his presence there. One of the ladies, by her terror of his detection, is constantly on the verge of betraying him; the other, with infinite presence

of mind, as often repairs blunders and averts peril. With dramatic injustice, the ungrateful refugee prefers the dame by whom his liberty has been repeatedly endangered. *Deux Dames et un Valet** was the title first inclined to for this very agreeable comedy. It was submitted to Scribe. *Bataille de Dames*,† was the prompt amendment of the king of vaudeville-lists. The amendment was adopted by acclamation. But we are a league away from Madame de Girardin. The Prude was the title at first proposed for her new play. It was not a good one, it made no show upon a bill; it had nothing pungent, seductive, or suggestive. So the authoress changed it to *Lady Tartuffe*. Some of her friends ventured doubts of the propriety of this title. To these she replied, that it was merely a nickname given to her heroine by other characters in the piece, and that it would quickly be seen how far her intention was from imitating or rivalling Molière. And the title was retained. To malevolent critics it might give a pretext—but when do they fail to find one? And with the public, it has certainly had the effect of drawing attention and stimulating interest and curiosity.

The history of *Lady Tartuffe*, stripped of details, which would be less interesting to English than to Parisian readers, is briefly this: It was originally a melodrama, intended for performance at the Porte St Martin, where Madame Guyon was to sustain the principal character. This project, however, was abandoned, and there was an idea of bringing it out at the Gymnase—after the *Comédie Française*, the most agreeable theatre in Paris, and possessing several accomplished actors. The piece, however,

* The point of this title is not to be rendered in English. *Deux dames et un valet*—Two queens and a knave, at cards; two ladies and a lackey in another sense.

† BATAILLE is a game at cards, popular in France, especially with children. Each of the two players turns a card; the highest takes the trick. When both turn a card of the same value, it is *bataille*. Thus two knaves are *bataille de valets*, two kings *bataille de rois*, two queens *bataille de dames*. When this equality occurs, other cards are turned, and it sometimes happens that, for several successive times, the opponents turn the same card, and the battle remains in suspense, of course waxing with every turn. The phrase *Bataille de Dames* is known to every French man, woman, and child, and constitutes a popular allusion, to say nothing of its appropriateness to the subject of the piece. Scribe, purveyor of the London stage supplied the definite article, and rendered the title as *The Ladies' Battle*, which has neither aptness nor sense, as applicable to comedy in question.

was rather too much for a minor theatre; and, besides this, the husband is said to have contended a little with the manager in the breast of Mr Montigny, the director of the Gymnase, who did not wish his wife (Rose Chéri) to undertake so anti-pathetic and unamiable a part as that of Lady Tartuffe. Finally, after certain alterations had been made, the play was read, by Regnier, the well-known and justly-admired comedian, to the committee of the *Comédie Française*. Rachel was present, and asked Madame de Girardin, who was also there, if there was a part for her in the piece. The reply was in the negative; that there was nothing very suitable to her, or that she would be likely to adopt with pleasure. The first act, however, fixed her attention, as something out of the common way; after the second, she asked the authoress why she had not thought of her for the character of *Lady Tartuffe*; at the third, her wish to perform it redoubled; and at the fifth, she entreated, demanded, and insisted that the part should be allotted to none other than herself. The reading was one of the most successful that for many years has been known. The limited, but highly competent and severely critical audience, were delighted, and predicted complete success. Their acumen was not at fault. Rightly to appreciate the extent of this success, which numerous performances to crowded houses have now irrevocably confirmed, it is necessary to consider one or two extraneous circumstances, unconnected with the actual merits of the play, but likely seriously to influence its reception. Madame de Girardin is the type of the French literary lady, and *femme d'esprit* of the nineteenth century. The reputation of her graceful and witty letters, in the *feuilleton* of her husband's journal, is European. Excepting George Sand, we can call to mind no French female writer of the day who is her superior, or even her equal, in power. Without sacrificing the refinement, which ought always to be the leading, as it surely is the most fascinating, characteristic of a lady's pen, she frequently displays a truly masculine vigour of style and grasp of subject. Having said thus

much, need we say that she has many enviers? To these may be added, perhaps, some few who have suffered from her satire, and been stung by her *bon mots*—needle-darts, which wound not the less severely by reason of their polish and delicacy. To these, too, must assuredly be added the host of foes whom Emile de Girardin has acquired during his long and eccentric career as a journalist, few of whom would scruple to assail him through the medium of his wife's play. By adding up those who envy the lady and hate her husband, we should obtain, beyond any doubt, an exceedingly numerous body of opponents. That these were not inactive, was manifest on the night of the 10th of February. An eye accustomed to scan the audience of the *Comédie Française*, promptly detected its unfavourable composition at the first performance of *Lady Tartuffe*. Hostile elements abounded. The *grippe*, too, was at its height in Paris, and all the persons afflicted with it seemed to have made appointments to meet at the theatre in the Rue Richelieu. The actors declaimed their parts amidst a perfect storm of coughing, throat-clearing, and nose-blowing. The first three acts were but coldly received. Rachel was a little out of her element. Used to act, so to speak, alone, in pieces where hers was the part, and all others comparatively subordinate and unimportant, it evidently seemed strange to her to be surrounded by actors whose talent, like her own, commanded the attention and applause of the public. There was Regnier, the experienced and consummate artist, sharing with her whatever success the piece might command (at first it seemed likely to be but moderate): there was the youthful Mademoiselle Dubois, charming in the interesting character of Jeanne; there was Samson, excellent as the gouty marshal; and Madame Allan, admirable as the Countess de Clairmont. It took some little time for Rachel to accustom herself to an *entourage* so unusually distinguished. The fourth act, however, decided the fate of the play. That it should have done so is the more creditable to Madame de Girardin, that in this act Rachel does not appear, and Regnier (whose masterly per-

formance of the Baron des Tourbières contributed no little to carry the play through the first night's trying ordeal) has comparatively little to do. The chief weight of the act rests upon the shoulders of Mademoiselle Dubois. Upon shoulders fairer and more graceful, or better able to sustain it, the burthen could hardly repose. Madame Allan ably aids her youthful comrade. But it is only just to observe, that the triumph of this act—unquestionably the gem of the five, and the cornerstone of the fabric—is attributable less to the acting, excellent as that is, than to the author's skill and talent.

There was a very handsome allowance of malignity in the *foyer* of the opera on the night of *Lady Tartuffe's* appearance. The anti-Girardinists mustered in force; the small fry of Parisian journalism sharpened their tongues and descended from their garrets. Envy, hatred, and malice sat in judgment on the new comedy. Girardin is anything but a popular man, his wife is too clever to please many who feel themselves her inferiors, and venom was not spared. The play was pronounced to be trash, an impudent attempt, a total failure; sneers and epigrams flew about, and the spitting of spite, to use poor Hood's phrase, rivalled the storm of coughs and sneezes which contributed to make the evening a most arduous one for the actors. Fortunately, however, for *Lady Tartuffe*, the gentlemen who were so virulent in the *foyer* had little or nothing to say to the theatrical criticisms whose appearance every Monday morning witnesses. With the exception of a gross attack by a Mr Lireux in the *Constitutionnel*—an attack whose tone and style would have excited less surprise in the columns of the *Tintamarre* or the *Corsaire* than in those of a serious journal—the Paris press passed a very favourable, and, at the same time, a very fair verdict upon the new play. The degrees of approbation were, of course, various; but all the critics (with the one cited exception) concurred in recognising the incontestable merit of the comedy. This praise has since been confirmed and justified by the public enthusiasm.

Lady Tartuffe retains traces of its melodramatic origin. It is of that

order of comedy into which very little of the comic enters, and it might, without impropriety, be termed a domestic drama. Its scene is in Paris, in the year 1851. The curtain's rising discloses Madame de Blossac, alone in the apartment which, for the last two years, she has occupied in the hotel of Marshal d'Estigny. She arranges her hair before a mirror, and complains of her lady's-maid—that clumsy old Madame Berthollet, who must, however, be endured, since one more skillful would also be more clear-sighted. Whilst busied in repairing her abigail's blunders, and in sundry small coquettish cares intended to set off her beauty to the best advantage, the bell announces a visitor. Quick as thought she is on her knees before a *prie-Dieu*. She as quickly rises to her feet upon the entrance of Baron des Tourbières. Upon him hypocrisy is thrown away. He is the female Tartuffe's confidant—almost he may be called her accomplice. Perhaps it is because he knows her as she really is, that he is the least welcome of intruders—the Warwick she fain would keep from her sight. Her first inquiry concerns Marshal d'Estigny, who is in one of his worst fits of the gout. His niece, the Countess de Clairmont, and his daughter Jeanne are with him. This last intelligence displeases Madame de Blossac. The Countess thinks her a hypocrite, and does not scruple to say so. The dialogue that ensues acquaints the audience with the relative position of the principal persons in the play.

MADAME DE BLOSSAC.—Do the Countess and her daughter pass every evening with the Marshal?

DES TOURBIÈRES.—Yes; unfortunately.

MADAME DE BLOSSAC.—Why unfortunately?

DES T.—Because, what with listening to the conversation of his niece, who is very piquante, and what with looking at little Jeanne, who is very pretty, the good gouty old fellow finds time less tedious; and your absence.....

MAD. D. — I am absent

DES T.—Is it long? Yes

the Marshal's niece. There is talk of her

MAD. DE B.—She will

to marry.

DES T.—Why so?

MAD. DE B.—There is a certain story current concerning her.....

DES T.—Little Jeanne ! What, already calumniated !

MAD. DE B.—Poor girl, brought up with such negligence and levity.

DES T.—Negligence ! Her mother has never quitted her for a single day.

MAD. DE B.—For a single day, perhaps not ! But the story does not say that it was in the daytime.

DES T.—Jeanne embarked in a nocturnal adventure ! What nonsense ! At her age people sleep of nights ; a serenade, a charivari would not awaken them. But have a care ; if that charming young girl is continually at the Marshal's side nursing and amusing him, he will think no more of marrying you.

MAD. DE B.—That alarms me but little.

DES T.—Her influence daily augments ; he finds her charming, and I am of his opinion.

MAD. DE B.—Oh ! you are always of his opinion ; you repeat all he says, so much so, that they have surnamed you the Marshal's Echo.

DES T.—Madame de Clairmont gave me that nickname. She is spiteful, Madame de Clairmont. It was she who first called you Lady Tartuffe.

MAD. DE B.—Because the most respectable women in England are of the number of my friends.

DES T.—Honestly, that name of Lady Tartuffe is appropriate enough. It is a happy hit ; for, between ourselves, Mademoiselle Virginie de Blossac, are you not, more or less, the widow of a young lord ?.....

MAD. DE B. (agitated).—Monsieur des Tourbieres ! it was agreed between us that you should never revive that horrible *souvenir*. (She seats herself upon the sofa).

DES T.—Oh, *mon Dieu* ! madame, I am far from wishing to offend you. You remind me of the nickname bestowed upon me, and I mention the one allotted to you—that is all ; but if I am the Marshal's echo, it is by your order. (He takes a chair near the sofa). I am not a fool, as you know, since you advised me to assume that character. And what excellent advice it was ! I find such advantage in following it ! With the people amongst whom I lived before I met with you, I passed for a man of some wit and sense. Well, they made no account of me ; they treated me unceremoniously, like one fit for nothing. In your circle, on the contrary, where I pass for an honest dolt, I am considered and listened to ; people talk gravely to me, and think that I am fit for anything. Ah ! you were quite right—wit is unlucky ; but if I consent to be stupid, I will be so in my own

way. Plagiarism is repugnant to me ; by making myself the echo of a bore, I sacrifice myself twice over—in repeating what he says, and in suppressing what I might have said myself.

MAD. DE B.—Marshal D'Estigny is not a bore—he is well read ; he has travelled a great deal.

DES T.—Yes, I know all his travels by heart. They never fatigued him half so much as they have me.

MAD. DE B.—I find the account of his diplomatic missions very interesting.

DES T.—And I overpoweringly wearisome. What I cannot forgive him is to have taken me in as he has done. A marshal, an old soldier, who talks of nothing but protocols, and who, instead of surrounding himself with jovial aides-de-camp, with whom one can laugh, and drink, and smoke, has a retinue of secretaries, who know Latin, and carry pens behind their ears.

MAD. DE B.—You regret thrice-told tales of battles won !

DES T.—I prefer them to thrice-told tales of diplomatic intrigues. (He raises his voice). Tales of battles are told in a loud voice. (He lowers his voice). Chronicles of embassies are muttered in an under tone.

MAD. DE B.—And you find that tiresome !

DES T.—I find it send me to sleep. And what avail whole hours of patient investigation, if I lose, by a moment's nap, all the fruits of my wakefulness !

MAD. DE B.—You are always jesting.

DES T.—Let us speak seriously. Two years ago, when you obtained, with the intention of marrying the Marshal, this apartment in his hotel, you suffered six months to elapse before going to see him. It was a trait of genius ! But now it appears to me hazardous for you to remain even a week without seeing him. When do you propose paying him a visit !

MAD. DE B.—Not till two more days have elapsed.

DES T.—Oh, what a mistake !—But in two days your place will be filled. Ah ! you reckon upon old men's fidelity ! Old men have no leisure to be faithful. Fidelity is a luxury, for it is time lost ; and one must be young, very young indeed, to afford one's-self that luxury ! Your marshal is already half estranged from you. You reckon also upon the gout, do you not, to fix this wounded butterfly ! Error the second ! Infirm persons are precisely those most exposed to seduction ! We, who have the use of our limbs, may escape danger by rapid flight ; but they, what can they do ! How can they help being inconstant, when temptation seeks them at the very elbow of their easy chair ! Believe me, Madame de Blossac, it is a

false calculation. An intelligent woman should never pretend to run away from a man, unless he is able to run after her. Look at Mademoiselle de la Vallière, the model of all of you. She fled from Louis XIV., because Louis XIV. was young, and could overtake her. She would not have fled from Louis XVIII. Truly, it is the very infancy of art to run away from a man who has the gout. But I am not your dupe; you do not tell me all—you have another reason for remaining here.

MAD. DE B. (embarrassed).—You have guessed aright—yes, I have met a person whose presence makes me uneasy. The day before yesterday, I was going early, according to my custom, to visit my poor old.....

DES T.—That sort of thing is quite thrown away upon me—mere waste of time.

MAD. DE B.—What, sir! you do not believe that I went, the day before yesterday morning.....

DES T.—Oh! I believe that you went out early—very early. But I totally disbelieve in your visits to poor old men. That is to say, I do not believe that the old ones are poor, or the poor ones old. It is not a crime to be incredulous.

MAD. DE B.—You always turn my charity and piety into ridicule. But your Madame de Clairmont, whom you so greatly admire!—she is as devout and charitable as I am.

DES T.—Yes, but after another fashion.

MAD. DE B.—You laugh at my benevolent societies—she also belongs to them.

DES T.—Yes, with a difference. She is devout for herself; you are devout for others.

MAD. DE B.—She goes to mass every morning, as I do.

DES T.—She goes, but she never says "I have been." Whilst you always say "I have been," and I am not very sure that you go.

MAD. DE B. (rising indignantly, and crossing the stage).—Sir, this tone which you habitually assume towards me, becomes at last intolerable.

DES T.—Oh! I admit, Mademoiselle (correcting himself) Madame de Blossac, it must be very tiresome, when one has set one's self up as a pattern of immaculate virtue, to have for a confidant a cynic philosopher, always ready to disconcert the decorum of your bearing.

MAD. DE B.—Sir!

DES T.—A shocking reprobate like myself, who, from time to time, reminds you of a certain secret.....

MAD. DE B.—I do not remind you of yours.

DES T.—*Parbleu!* there is no occasion. I do not contradict myself: with

you I am what I am—I do not deceive you. Do I set up for a model of excellence? Do I revile the faults or vices to which I am myself addicted? You never have occasion to recall me into the path of veracity—I always follow it—with you at least. I never try to impose upon you. Come now, be just for once, and confess that if I talked to you all day of my prudence, of the extreme order with which I conduct my affairs, of my invincible aversion to the gaming-table, you would start as I do, with impatience, and you would at least say to me: "But, sir, your prudence has not prevented you from ruining yourself at the *Bourse* and by play, from losing all your money and all your credit, from running into debt to the tune of two hundred thousand francs, twenty thousand of which you owe to me." That is what you would say to me, is it not? Well, it is just what I do when I remind you of the things which all your modesty has not prevented your doing. It irritates my nerves to hear you talk of your virtue! It exasperates me! I would much rather you would call me names!

MAD. DE B.—You are mistaken, sir. I should not be exasperated by hearing you talk of your prudence and delicacy: I believe in them.

DES T.—Good! she is manufacturing hypocrisy for my benefit! What a woman!

MAD. DE B.—I am not in the least uneasy about the twenty thousand francs; I am certain you will repay me them, as soon as—

DES T.—Undoubtedly. I have not got them, but I have an uncle who—represents them. I might ask him for them; I prefer waiting until he gives them to me—in a natural manner. You have lent me this sum, you have discounted my uncle—a great service, which I shall not forget. Moreover, you promise to have me made prefect or receiver-general as soon as you become *Madame la Maréchale*. I reckon upon you so doing. Accordingly, you have but to command, and I will serve you; and as for your secret, which a chance betrayed to me—I will keep it.

MAD. DE B.—What do you call my secret!—it is a painful reminiscence.

DES T.—A reminiscence! Say rather a remorse.

MAD. DE B.—Monsieur des Tourbières!

DES T.—Ah! here you are beginning again—you are as skilled in deceiving yourself as in deceiving others. But I know the truth.

MAD. DE B.—The truth—

DES T.—Is this. Once for all, let us lay it down distinctly, and do not try any

more to make me believe in—a variation. You gave Arthur a *rendezvous* in the Pavilion at Redcastle; at sound of the hunter's voices, Arthur, fearful of compromising you, leapt from the window—

MAD. DE B.—Be silent! be silent!

DES T.—His gun went off—he fell bathed in his blood.

MAD. DE B.—Could I help him?

DES T.—You need not have fled from the spot and left him there to die.

MAD. DE B.—Arthur!

DES T.—You abandoned him to death, because the dizziness of shame had seized you—because to call for succour would have been to denounce yourself—because you are a prude, in short, and because to a prude, the life of a man is as nothing compared to her own good fame.

MAD. DE B. (angrily).—But I mourn him! I weep for his fate! Do you not see it?

DES T.—And therefore I pity you. But, as you know, I am not the sole possessor of this secret. The bunch of heath, forgotten by you in the pavilion, served as an indication.....

MAD. DE B.—Yes—that fatal bouquet—doubtless some one had seen me gather it—and every year, on the anniversary of Arthur's death....

DES T.—You receive a similar one. The day after to-morrow will complete the fifth year!

MAD. DE B.—Who sends it to me?

DES T.—Do you suspect any one? His mother, perhaps?

MAD. DE B.—Lady Redcastle? No, she has never left Scotland.

DES T.—A friend of Arthur's? Had he not an intimate friend, a young Frenchman?

MAD. DE B.—Yes; I told you, just now, that I had met somebody. It was he!

DES T.—He! who?

MAD. DE B.—Some one comes. (Enter Madame Berthollet.)

We confess our incompetency as translators, where the original is so strongly leavened with the peculiar *finesse* of French *esprit*. Nevertheless the reader will appreciate, to a certain extent, from this extract, the wit and point of Madame de Girardin's style. The above scene, admirably played by Rachel and Regnier, rivets the attention of the audience, which never afterwards flags. From it the least imaginative spectator at once foresees some very pretty complications, especially when, in almost the next scene, he witnesses the arrival of Hector de Renneville, the

young French friend of the unfortunate Arthur, the destined husband of the charming Jeanne, and the man for whom Virginie de Blossac has long fostered a passionate attachment; for Lady Tartuffe's passions are as violent and uncontrollable as her exterior is calm, decorous, and self-possessed. The emotion she betrays at sight of Hector does not escape Des Tourbières' quick eye. "Can this be one of her poor old men?" he says to himself. But the hour of meeting of a charitable society (The Young Epileptics), of which Madame de Blossac is a prominent member, and Des Tourbières the worthy treasurer, now approaches. The members of this philanthropic institution arrive; its president, M. de St Iriex, a pedantic busybody, is rapturous at sight of a jacket which the virtuous Virginie has just completed with her own fair hands for a Savoyard's monkey. The discussions of the Epileptic Society are a little delayed by a visit from Madame de Clairmont and Jeanne, sent by the Marshal to announce the approaching marriage, and to invite Madame de Blossac to dine with him that day, and celebrate the betrothment of the young couple. The Countess gone, the charitable society indulge in a few uncharitable remarks, in which, however, Madame de Blossac is far from taking part. By imperceptible gradations, and with exquisite skill, she leads the conversation to Jeanne, praising her beauty and innocence, and indignantly rejecting the slanderous tale of her having been seen, after midnight, in tender conversation with Charles Valleray, son of the prefect of Blois—at which town, and in Madame de Clairmont's garden, the assignation was said to have taken place. The Epileptics prick up their ears. None present have heard the story. Feigning to refute, Lady Tartuffe continues to disclose it. She cares not, she exclaims, that Leonard, the old Marchioness de Clairmont's gardener, is said to have detected the lovers in their nocturnal meeting. But there is one person present who does care, and that is the pompous president, St Iriex, a meddling fool, who declares his intention of instantly informing his friend the Marquis de

Renneville, Hector's father, of this slur upon the fair fame of Jeanne de Clairmont. Madame de Blossac is horrified to learn that St Iriex is a friend of the Renneville; she implores his silence, but he is obdurate, and departs on his charitable errand. Des Tourbières, who, scamp though he be, is not altogether heartless or dishonourable, is indignant at what he considers a calumny. To his surprise, Madame de Blossac maintains the truth of the tale, and promises proofs. And so the first act closes.

At the opening of the second act, the Marshal—an old diplomatist of the Talleyrand school, remarkably good-tempered and benevolent for a man afflicted with gout, and having absurd pretensions to juvenility, and a considerable *penchant* for Madame de Blossac—is interrupted in the dictation of his memoirs by the entrance of his grand-niece, whose youthful heart has already bestowed itself upon the husband of her guardian's choice. We are almost inclined to take exception to the character of Jeanne, as too simple and unsophisticated even for a girl of sixteen, brought up in the country under a watchful mother's eye. The shade of exaggeration, if it exists, is very slight, and strikes one only when reading the play. The admirable acting of a most promising young comedian, Mademoiselle Dubois, carries the part triumphantly through. Her scene with the Marshal is a very pretty one. It is broken in upon by a visit from Madame de Blossac; Jeanne departs, and the wily Tartuffe brings her antiquated adorer to the verge of a proposal, when in her turn she is interrupted. A servant announces the English ambassador, whom the Marshal goes to receive in another apartment. Des Tourbières enters, and, in a *tête-à-tête* interview with Madame de Blossac, receives his instructions. These concern the manner in which he is to speak of her to the Marshal, so as best to expedite the offer of his hand. It is but a hollow alliance between this intriguing pair. The lady detests Des Tourbières for his sarcastic tone and constant allusions to her past life; he, on his part, winces under the yoke, and curses the day when

sad necessity compelled him to accept her assistance, and become her bounden vassal and confederate. And this brings us to one of the flaws of the play, arising from the remodelling it has undergone. In the original melodrama, Des Tourbières was a thorough-paced rascal, without remorse or redeeming qualities. As treasurer of the Society of Young Epileptics, he had betrayed his trust, and made away with twenty thousand francs. Madame de Blossac had come to his aid and saved him from detection and the galleys, securing at the same time a power over him against which he dared not rebel. This explained things clearly and naturally: the situation of the two personages was well defined. Upon the other hand, this accumulation of crime and depravity in the persons of the two principal characters of the play, however well it might have been accepted at the *Porte St Martin*, would have been too much for the refined and classic boards of the *Comédie Française*. It was necessary to soften and modify; and this was no easy matter. Madame de Girardin has done, perhaps, all that could be done, but still the part of Des Tourbières will not endure a severe critical scrutiny. He is an unnatural mixture. His debt of twenty thousand francs—although Madame de Girardin, without giving details, skilfully contrives to place the reader under the impression that it was contracted in dire necessity, and under peculiar circumstances—is an insufficient reason for a man, who still retains generous impulses and some sympathy with virtue, to become the tool of a Virginie de Blossac. The authoress has exerted all her ingenuity (which is far from small) to get rid of the incongruity, but we are quite sure she must feel that she has not completely succeeded. She has made Des Tourbières a sort of cynic philosopher—a kind of passive Mephistopheles, with small belief in human virtue, and taking malicious pleasure in watching the manoeuvres of vice, with which, however, he feels a certain repugnance to co-operate. "Let us understand each other," he says to Lady Tartuffe, in the second act. "*Je suis un franc vaurien*—

I am a thorough good-for-nothing fellow; I amuse myself with the wicked—but I am not of their fraternity. By nature—as an artist—I have a taste for virtue. Whither do you lead me? I desire to understand that. If Mademoiselle de Clairmont be guilty, it is not my business to defend her honour, and you may do as you like. But if Jeanne is innocent—mark my words! I am your confidant, but I will not be your accomplice.” This is all very clever, as far as special pleading goes, but still one feels that the difficulty is evaded rather than overcome. The number of small and skilful touches with which the dramatist tries to perfect her picture, induces the spectator willingly to accept it, but cannot wholly conceal the fault in the drawing.

With an ill grace and frequent murmurs, the ruined gambler continues to obey the behests of the benefactress whom in his heart he despises and detests. The day advances. All the principal persons of the play are assembled at the Marshal's. Dinner waits only for the Marquis de Renneville. Instead of him comes a letter of excuse. The Marshal reads it, betrays annoyance and agitation, is questioned by his niece, and admits, after some pressing, that an obstacle—he trusts only a temporary one—has arisen to the projected marriage. The Countess demands to see the letter—insists, and finally obtains it. It contains the story of the midnight rendezvous, propagated by Madame de Blossac, and transmitted by St Iriex to Hector's father. “Absurd!” exclaims the Countess, after reading it, and confident in her daughter's innocence. The Marshal would question Jeanne, who has left the room to fetch a pearl necklace, her uncle's present to the future Countess of Renneville. Her mother proudly forbids the interrogatory, which Hector opposes with equal warmth. “He loves her!” exclaims Lady Tartuffe, and sinks in discouragement upon the sofa. “This is frightful!” says Des Tourbières aside, and, turning to the Marshal, he is about to speak, when he is checked by a menacing glance from his tyrant. Jeanne, the unsuspecting cause of all these emotions,

reappears, the Marshal's splendid gift around her lovely throat. Dinner is announced, and all depart to eat it, with what appetite they may.

In Act III. Madame de Blossac is very busy—as when is she not, either in word, deed, or thought? But, during nearly the whole of this act she is on the stage, actively pursuing her evil machinations, whose triumph at its close seems all but secure. She has two appointments—one at noon, with the Marshal, the other at three o'clock, with Hector, who is fully convinced that she is at the bottom of what he deems a base calumny. In her interview with the Marshal, profiting by the state of doubt and vexation into which M. de Renneville's letter has precipitated him, she plays a bold game, and strengthens his faint suspicions by fainter praise and wily insinuations. Flattery, sympathy, coquetry, all the weapons in her arsenal, are by turns employed to ensnare the old diplomatist,—and employed with such skill that, by the end of the scene, everything is settled according to her wishes. The Marshal, who is Jeanne's guardian, is to take her at once to a convent, where she is to remain till further orders; the next day he is to leave Paris, Madame de Blossac is to meet him at a short distance from the capital, and he is to conduct her to the house of a friend until a private marriage can be arranged. The well-matched pair are then to take up their abode at an old country seat of M. d'Estigny's, there to lead a life of rural seclusion and domestic bliss. The gouty swain goes out in such glee that he forgets his stick; Lady Tartuffe, left alone, no longer restrains a burst of pride and triumph. Her pleasant reflections are unpleasantly disturbed by Des Tourbières, who sees that she wishes him to go, and therefore stays. She is on thorns lest Hector should arrive, and, seeing Des Tourbières obstinately remain, she pretends a visit to pay, and leaves the room, hoping thus to get rid of the intruder. Left alone, the baron soliloquises. He is thoroughly convinced of Jeanne's innocence (an old debauchee, he is no bad judge of female purity); he sees that Madame de Blossac mistrusts him, and he writhes more than ever

under the obligation that alone withholds him from a rupture of their secret treaty, and from striking in to the rescue of the young girl whose youth, grace, and beauty have interested him strongly in her behalf. The unlucky baron has that sort of honour which is said to prevail amongst thieves, and considers himself bound to do evil until his creditor be paid. "When I think," he says, "that I need but twenty thousand miserable francs to become once more a man of honour, and that, for want of such a paltry sum, I remain a wretch, the accomplice of a viper, I, I, Baron des Tourbières. 'Tis truly pitiable!" Hector comes in, looking very sad. "To think," says the baron, "that with twenty thousand francs I could dispel his sadness.—Ha! an ideal! What if I asked him for them?" He does ask him for them, and gets them, pledging himself to clear Jeanne's fame. He has a scheme already planned, in pursuance of which he must leave Paris that evening, and he hurries away, warning Hector that he will get nothing out of Madame de Blossac, and that his best chance is to interrogate Leonard, the gardener, on whose evidence the charge against Jeanne rests, and who has been sent for from Blois. The warning is fully justified by the ensuing scene, in which Hector's utmost art proves inadequate to cope with Lady Tartuffe's cunning. She alleges her love for him, of which she makes an impassioned avowal, as her motive for repeating a tale which she maintains to be true. The scene is cleverly managed. There is another person, she says, who knows more of the affair than she does; from her she will endeavour to obtain corroborative proof of Jeanne's culpability, and she will tell Hector the result next day. He is not to come to her—it would excite notice; she has a visit to pay in the same hotel at which he has alighted, and she will go to him.

Under pretext of taking her to see a cousin, the Marshal and Madame de Blossac are about to hurry Jeanne off to the convent. Madame de Clairmont comes in at the critical moment, and sternly opposes their design. A stormy scene ensues; the Marshal declares his intended marriage, blames

his niece, who retorts with spirit, and at last, as she steadily refuses to part from her daughter, or to suffer her to be immured until the scandal shall have blown over, M. d'Estigny requests her to leave the house. "I have none left but you," says the poor old dupe, with piteous tenderness, to the cause of all this mischief. We are reminded of Orgon's speech to Tartuffe, also at the close of the third act:

"Pour les mieux braver tous ;
Je ne veux point avoir d'autre héritier que vous ;
Et je vais de ce pas, en fort bonne manière,
Vous faire de mon bien donation entière.
Un bon et franc ami, qui pour gendre je prends,
M'est bien plus cher que fils, que femme et que parents."

In the fourth act, Leonard the gardener arrives from Blois, where, aided by the bounty of Madame de Clairmont, he has acquired a nursery-ground. He is gratefully attached to the family, in whose service twenty years of his life have passed happily by. The Countess interrogates him in presence of Hector de Renneville. There can be no doubt of Leonard's affection and veracity. He proves a most unwilling witness. Pressed by the Countess's questions and commands, he at last makes the following statement:—

LEONARD.—It was in the month of August, a year ago, in the night of the 27th to the 28th; I had gone to bed early, for I was to rise before daybreak. Madame la Comtesse was then very ill, and I had a prescription to take to the apothecary at Ménars, Madame not having confidence in the one at Blois, who, nevertheless, is a very honest man. At about three o'clock I was startled out of my sleep; there was a noise, the great dog was barking. "All the better," said I to myself, "I shall be the sooner ready to set off." I got up, took my gun, and went to see what was the matter. I slipped behind the shrubbery—I listened—I heard nothing more; then I looked out and saw a white dress crossing a streak of moonlight on the broad walk; I soon recognised Mademoiselle's pretty figure; there are none like her for that. I was quite frightened to see her in the garden at that hour; I thought some misfortune had happened, that she had lost her senses; I was going to run after her, when I observed that she was not alone, and that, instead of showing uneasiness or

agitation, she was walking cautiously, mysteriously, like a person who had all her reason, and did not wish to be seen. I stood still and tried to make out who was with her. It was difficult, on account of the clumps of dahlias, and of the tall asters, which prevented my getting a good view of him. I made out that it was a young man. At first I had thought, I had hoped, it was the doctor. "What a fool I am!" said I to myself. "It is M. Lhomond, who has passed the night beside madame's sick-bed, and Madame Jeanne is letting him out by the little garden-gate, so as not to awaken the whole house by opening the large window of the antechamber, which is so hard to shut." So I hurried after them, to ask the doctor himself how his patient was going on, and if I was still to take the prescription to Ménars. But, dear me, when I got near it was not the doctor at all. M. Lhomond is a short, thickset man, and this was a tall young man—impossible to mistake one for the other. Still, I had such difficulty in believing what I saw, that I hit upon another invention; I said to myself—"It is a pupil of the doctor's, whom he has left to watch madame, for fear of accidents, and mademoiselle is letting him out. But—but—it is not in that manner that one walks with a stranger—a young girl does not treat in that manner a young man whom she sees for the first time—does not.—Madame la Comtesse, do not ask me anything more.

THE COUNTESS.—Leonard, speak; I must know everything.

LEONARD.—But, madam—*Mon Dieu!* it blisters my tongue to denounce the poor child whom I have seen playing in the garden since she was such a little thing, and whom I loved, craving your pardon, Madame la Comtesse, as if she had been my own daughter. Oh! I love her still—I cannot help loving her; but since that day she does not seem to me like the same—

THE COUNTESS (greatly distressed).—Leonard, my dear Leonard! you see what anguish is mine—speak—

LEONARD.—Ah! madam will suffer still more when I tell her all—and to give her pain, to cause her so much sorrow, when she has always been so good to me, when I owe her everything—it cuts me to the heart.

THE COUNTESS (irritated, and rising from her seat).—Think not of me, Leonard—I must avert new dangers. Speak, I have courage.

LEONARD.—Ah, Madam la Comtesse, a mother has never courage enough for these things.

THE COUNTESS.—But—perhaps you were in the right, perhaps a pupil of Dr

Lhomond's watched beside me that night, and Jeanne, in the effusion of her gratitude, pressed his hands as she might do those of a friend—

LEONARD.—Oh! that—I should have understood that! But she was not only affectionate, she was—familiar, tender—caressing; she leaned upon his shoulder, she fondled him—how shall I say—just as my wife does when I go home or when she bids me good-by. Ah! I make no mistake; one must love people very much indeed to fondle them in that way.

THE COUNTESS (suffocating with emotion).—But—he!—

LEONARD.—From the place where I was I could not see him well. Wishing to get a nearer sight of him, when I heard Mademoiselle Jeanne open the little garden-wicket, I jumped over the wall to catch my man as he passed through the meadow. There, accordingly, I found him, and on recognising M. Charles Valleray, our prefect's son, I understood everything. I knew that Madame la Marquise had never received him at her house, on account of his political opinions; and I perfectly understood that if the young people loved each other they could meet only in secret, since their parents would not allow them to love each other otherwise. What made me most uneasy was the thought that perhaps I was not the only person who had seen them, and I hastened back into the garden. At the same moment I heard the noise of a window shut. It was in the direction of the Hotel de France, to the left, near the great poplar. That window shut, at such an hour, has always made me uneasy. And so, thinking that this adventure would sooner or later be known and talked of, I asked madame to allow me to leave her service, so as to be out of the way when the thing should be brought up. I don't know how to lie, and that secret weighed heavy on my mind. Nothing less than the orders and entreaties of Madame la Comtesse should have induced me to speak against mademoiselle. I have obeyed with great regret; but—in short, you know all the truth. I hope Madame la Comtesse will forgive me. (He wipes his eyes.)

Leonard gone, the Countess bursts into passionate grief. She cannot discredit what she has just heard; she believes her daughter the victim of an unprincipled seducer, who has thus sought to avenge the humiliation his family had endured at the hands of the proud old Marchioness de Clairmont. She releases Hector de Renneville from his engagement; but he refuses to be thus released, declares his

conviction of Jeanne's purity, and urges her mother to send for and question her. The Countess rises to summon a servant, but starts and falters. "How can I question her?" she says. "I would not—I know not what questions to put to her—I fear to enlighten her" (*Je crains de l'éclairer*). "Ah!" joyfully exclaims Hector, "you see very well you do not think her guilty." Jeanne appears; and this scene is the most charming and affecting in the play. With delicate art the Countess leads gradually to the subject. At the name of Charles Valleray, Jeanne shows embarrassment. The Countess continues adroitly to interrogate her. Her admissions, her reserve, her confusion, combine to produce a most unfavourable impression. The agonised Countess hardly restrains an outburst of indignation: even Hector's faith is shaken. Jeanne cannot deny that she was in the garden with M. Valleray. She did not tell her mother of it, she says, because that would have been wrong; she had promised to keep the secret. At parting, he had only kissed her hand, but she confessed that she had lavished caresses upon him. The situation is most dramatic—the *imbroglio* admirably sustained. The audience feel that they are on the brink of an explanation, but cannot foresee its nature. At last it comes.

HECTOR (in a low voice to the Countess, trying to calm her).—Restrain yourself—look at her—see how sure of herself she is. (To Jeanne, trying to smile)—Come, mademoiselle, tell us how it was you treated that handsome young man so well!

JEANNE.—Ah! the jealous man! I will explain it to you; it is very simple. I wanted to prevent—but, no, I will tell you the story from the beginning. I have already told you it was on the 28th of August; for three weeks my mother had been dangerously ill—oh! very ill indeed—and for two days she had been delirious, and knew none of us. She had great glittering eyes, which fixed on nothing; and, when I went near her, "Begone, begone!" she cried, with a frantic air, "your presence is hateful to me!" She said that to me—to me! Only think how ill she must have been! All about her despaired of her life. I saw them lifting their hands to heaven and speaking in whispers, when I was there; and

then they looked at me, and "Poor child!" I heard them say. Oh! it was dreadful.—At last, towards the evening of that day, she grew a little calmer, and the doctor—who saved her—told us, that if that calm lasted—if the patient could but sleep for three or four hours, he answered for her life. After so many days of despair, this word of hope restored to us all our courage. M. Lhomond went away, and soon after his departure mamma sank into a sweet sleep. Then, without speaking, almost without daring to breathe, we three—old Theresa, Fanny, and I—prepared to pass the night. Theresa established herself in a comfortable easy chair; Fanny, who had already sat up with mamma for a whole fortnight, and who has never recovered from the fatigue, as soon as mamma got better, she fell ill, and was obliged to leave us. She came to see us the other day; she is going to—

THE COUNTESS.—Never mind Fanny! Go on, and quickly.

JEANNE.—Fanny lay down upon her bed, and I knelt down to pray. Oh! how I prayed that night! I was not inattentive, as sometimes at mass; there was no fear of that! The silence was so profound that one heard nothing but the ticking of the clock; then it occurred to me that the hour would soon strike, and that the sudden sound, in that great stillness, might awaken the patient. I got up, and, walking on tiptoe, I went to the chimney-piece and stopped the clock. I had hardly done this, when I heard Cæsar, the great watch-dog, barking like a mad creature at the bottom of the garden. The noise was still distant, but I heard it coming nearer—coming nearer. Oh, good heavens! I thought, he will come and bark under mamma's windows—she will awake, and all this good sleep will be lost. Without reflecting on what I did, I took a little lamp that was on the table—I looked at Theresa—she had heard nothing; besides, Cæsar does not like her, and would not have listened to her—and I ran down stairs. It did occur to me that thieves might perhaps be there; but I did not feel afraid. Oh! I am not at all a coward! I opened the door, and what did I see upon the terrace! That wicked Cæsar, with a tall young man fast in his gripe! As long as he kept his hold there was no danger, he did not bark; but the young man had a thick cane, and beat him hard, and I saw that Cæsar was likely to let go. It is then he would have howled and awakened the whole house. There was not a minute to lose. So I went up to M. Valleray—it was he—and I said to him, "Take my hand, sir; quick, and be very friendly with me." M. Valleray at once

understood that I came to help him; he seized my hand, and then I spoke to him very kindly—caressing him like this—(With a quick movement she takes Hector's hand, and leans upon his shoulder, then gets confused, and goes away from him.) With you, I do not dare; how strange! You, mamma—(She places her hand on her mother's shoulder, and caresses her.)—Like this, saying: "This good M. Charles Valleray, I know him; he is a friend of ours—we like him very much—you must not hurt him, or bark at him. Cæsar, don't be angry—you see very well it is a friend." In short, all manner of nonsense, which must have made a great impression upon Cæsar's mind, for at last he quietly released the poor young man. I fetched the key of the little garden-gate, to which I accompanied M. Valleray, holding his hand all the way very affectionately, because that naughty Cæsar still looked excessively out of humour, and I distrusted him. Then I hastened back to the house. Oh! how uneasy I was as I went up-stairs! I trembled lest I should hear your voice, and find you awakened. I went very gently into your room! I approached your bed—Oh, mamma! what a happy moment was that! God had had compassion upon me—you were still asleep. (Hector goes up to the Countess, and takes both her hands, with an air of proud joy; overpowered by their feelings, they fall into each other's arms.) Well! what is the matter with them!

HECTOR (embarrassed, and seeking a pretext).—Charles Valleray is an old schoolfellow of mine—you saved him.

JEANNE.—He told me I had. He—the prefect's son—had been at the meeting of a secret society. If he had been caught, he was lost.

THE COUNTESS.—But how had he come into our garden?

JEANNE.—He had jumped out of the window of the Hotel de France.

HECTOR.—Yes, yes; everything explains itself! That window that they shut—there is no longer a doubt.

THE COUNTESS.—Dear child! (She weeps.)

This scene is extremely pleasing to read, but paper cannot convey the charm imparted to it by the delicious acting of Mademoiselle Dubois. She looks, she feels, she plays the part to perfection, and, being perfectly natural, she is consequently perfectly graceful. The childish, unsuspecting glibness with which she tells her story; her artless embarrassment when she places her hand on Hector's shoulder;

her tattling digression about Fanny's illness—vehemently repressed by her mother, who is fevered with anxiety and impatience; her astonishment at the almost frantic joy with which her lover and the Countess embrace, on receiving from her innocent and truthful lips conviction of her spotless purity, and the still greater wonder she displays when Hector takes her head in both his hands and passionately kisses her—all these incidents, and indeed the whole scene, have a most powerful effect upon the audience, amongst the female portion of which there is scarcely a dry eye. Madame Allan plays the mother's part with great judgment and truth to nature, her deep grief admirably contrasting with her daughter's unsuspecting gaiety. Madame Allan's talent is well known and appreciated, but there is something really surprising in the exquisitely finished performance of so very young an actress as Mademoiselle Dubois. In Jeanne she has created and appropriated a part which it will be very difficult for any other actress to undertake without provoking a most dangerous comparison.

Jeanne's fair fame cleared, all goes merry as the marriage bells, which evidently are soon to ring for her wedding with Hector. The last act is one of retribution. In the fourth the virtuous are made happy; in the fifth the wicked are confounded. Des Tourbières returns from Blois. With the assistance of Leonard, he has discovered the window which the gardener heard shut upon the eventful night of the 27th August. It is in convenient proximity to the branches of a lofty tree in the Countess's garden. The room to which it belongs is proved, by the register of the hotel, to have been occupied, on the night in question, by—Lady Tartuffe.

The grand scene of the fifth act is between Hector and Madame de Blossac, in the apartment occupied by the former. It is Rachel's triumph, in which she lavishes the resources of her genius. Alternately coquettish, tender, simple, wily, seductive, despairing, not a note in the scale of feminine art is left by her untouched. In spite of himself, in

spite of his conviction of her baseness, and of his knowledge that she is acting a part, Hector is fascinated by the syren. His hatred, like Bob Acres' courage, oozes out. He feels this, and, indignant and desperate, casts his eyes around him for rescue from the snares of Circe. The desired succour presents itself in the form of a bunch of heath-flowers which, by his order, has that morning been brought to his apartment. It is the fifth anniversary of Arthur's death. He seizes the bouquet, and bids Virginie de Blossac remember! "I should have sent it you to-day," he says; "it is not my fault if you have come to seek it here." And he dashes the flowers at her feet. Still, by her well-acted despair, her professions of repentance, and (this is skilfully kept in sight, although not obtruded) by the violence of her passion for himself, she so works upon Hector that he resolves to spare her the humiliation and discomfiture which was the planned finale of the interview. Instead of making the signal that was to summon Madame de Clairmont, he gives egress to the baffled schemer by a different door from that by which the Countess was to enter. But woman's wit and a mother's vengeance are not thus to be cheated. The Countess has foreseen that her plan for her daughter's complete justification, and for the exposure of Lady Tartuffe, will probably be wrecked by the passions and generosity of youth. She has rightly estimated the effect of Madame de Blossac's artful blandishments and profound dissimulation, and she has changed accordingly the place of her ambushade. When Hector opens the door to let out the disconcerted adventuress, who, although she has lost the battle, has yet a prospect of escaping the Caudine forks, the Countess enters the room. "Hector," she says, "you are betraying us. The signal of her ruin, ah! I well knew that he would never give it." She summons the Marshal, who is quickly followed by Des Tourbières. Driven to bay, Lady Tartuffe shows herself still undaunted. She explains her presence in Hector's apartments. She has come, thus mysteriously, to bring him proof of Jeanne's inno-

cence. The proof is a secret, compromising the reputation of another person. The publicity and scandal brought about by the Countess now prevent her revealing what she would have told in confidence to M. de Renneville. Her presence of mind, plausibility, and apparent candour would perhaps have their effect upon the Marshal, but Des Tourbières arrives with the register of the hotel at Blois. With the pride and hardihood of a fallen angel, Madame de Blossac still confronts her foes, forestalls the inevitable disclosure, and avows her fault in a tone and manner better calculated than the most strenuous denial to leave upon the mind of the infatuated Marshal a lurking belief in her innocence.

MADAME DE BLOSSAC.—I will not reply; appearances are against me. I forgive you your suspicions. Madame de Clairmont knows that a woman may be compromised without being guilty; yesterday her daughter was accused—to-day she is justified. Patience! the moment will come when I shall be justified in my turn. M. Charles Valleray announces his approaching arrival; until then I accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the accusation which purifies your niece. Tell those who have heard that sad adventure spoken of, that everything has been revealed, that my intrigues have been discovered—say, in short, whatever is necessary to justify this young girl. Hasten to destroy my reputation; it is your interest, it is perhaps mine!—Every signal injustice is followed, sooner or later, by signal reparation; and this reparation, which shall be a glorious one, I await it calmly and trustfully. Farewell, Monsieur le Maréchal; I would have given you my existence, but I do more, I give you my honour!

THE COUNTESS (ironically).—The honour of Lady Tartuffe!

MADAME DE BLOSSAC.—Less pride, madame! The world will say of me: She has a lover. It says the same of you—who have none.

The last three words, admirably spoken by Rachel, convey, by their tone, a doubt which is an insult. Launching this Parthian shaft, the last hiss of the serpent, Virginie de Blossac quits the stage. "She falls with audacity," says the Countess, "but she is lost!" "Alas! not so," replies Des Tourbières. "Look at the Marshal; he is touched by her fate. He does not say 'poor man!' but"...

"They all accuse her," says the Marshal, aside. "Poor woman!"

Although more than one acted translation has made *Le Tartuffe* better known in England than any other of Molière's plays, still the present generation has so slight an acquaintance with that great dramatist, that it is not amiss to explain the allusion here made to the celebrated scene where Orgon replies to every sentence of Dorine's account of his wife's serious illness, by an inquiry after Tartuffe. To the servant's answers, which are all of the most satisfactory nature as regards Tartuffe's health and well-being, the invariable rejoinder of the hypocrite's infatuated friend is, "Poor man!"* The allusion here placed by Madame de Girardin in the mouth of Des Tourbières, with a direct reference to Molière, is legitimate and happy, and certainly cannot be said to constitute her play an imitation of *Le Tartuffe*, to which, however, touches of this kind are the nearest approach we have discovered.

Our judgment upon *Lady Tartuffe*

is passed in few words. It is the production of a highly accomplished writer, of an experienced woman of the world; of one, too, we must in fairness add, as well able to appreciate and exhibit the most delightful qualities of her sex, as she is skilled in exposing the vices and aberrations of individuals. The literary merit of the play is great; it sparkles with wit, and is full of *finesse*. Although acted by the first comedians in France (which is probably equivalent to saying, by the first in the world), its perusal improves the high opinion one forms of it on witnessing its performance. This may partly arise, in our own case, from the uncomfortable state of the audience upon the nights on which we saw it played—the coughing and other *influential* noises drowning many of the delicate points that abound in it. Allowing for this, there still is no question but that the piece has greater literary than dramatic merit. Madame de Girardin has written little for the stage, and cannot be called an experienced dramatist.

* DORINE.—Madame eut avant hier la fièvre jusqu'au soir,
Avec un mal de tête étrange à concevoir.

ORGON.—Et Tartuffe ?

DORINE.—Tartuffe ? Il se porte à merveille,
Gros et gras, la teint frais, et la bouche vermeille.

ORGON.—Le pauvre homme !

DORINE.—Le soir elle eut un grand dégoût,
Et ne put, au souper, toucher à rien du tout,
Tant sa douleur de tête étoit encore cruelle.

ORGON.—Et Tartuffe ?

DORINE.—Il soupa, lui tout seul devant elle ;
Et fort dévotement il manger deux perdrix,
Avec une moitié de gigot en hachis.

ORGON.—Le pauvre homme !

&c. &c.

It is said that the idea of this admirable scene was taken by Molière from one that passed in his presence, and in which Louis XIV. played a principal part. During that king's march to Lorraine, in the summer of 1662, and on the eve of St Lawrence's day, the Bishop of Bordeaux, who had been his tutor, told Louis, with a certain affectation, when quitting him before supper, that, upon a fast-day like that, he made but one slight collation. At this declaration, a courtier standing by could not restrain his laughter. The king asked its motive. The courtier told his majesty that there was no occasion to be uneasy about the bishop, and proceeded to detail the dinner he had that day seen him eat. At every one of the savoury and succulent dishes recapitulated by the narrator, Louis XIV. exclaimed "Poor man !" saying it every time in a different tone of voice, which had a very comic effect. "Molière," says a note to the edition of 1775, "in his capacity of valet-de-chambre, had made this journey and witnessed the scene, and as he was then working at his *Impostor*, he made the happy use of it we here see. Next year, Louis XIV., when witnessing the performance of the first three acts of *Tartuffe*, did not remember the share he had in this fifth scene. Molière reminded him of it, and he was not displeased. Who knows whether this fact, which associated, in a manner, the prince and the poet, did not contribute to rescue this masterpiece from the oblivion to which a powerful cabal did their utmost, for four years, to consign it !"

Of one striking fault in her comedy we have not yet spoken. It will probably have already struck some of our readers. We refer to Madame de Blossac's system of hunting double, pursuing two quarries at one time. So experienced and wily a dame would hardly commit this mistake—so enormous a one in the circumstances in which she finds herself. The object of pursuit to which such an adventuress would, in the first instance, exclusively devote herself, is the hand of her aged adorer, the title and fortune of Madame la Maréchale. This would be her paramount consideration. Her passion for Hector would never, by a schemer so selfish, so experienced, and so unprincipled, be permitted to interfere with the attainment of rank, wealth, and position—already almost within her grasp. To be consistent with herself, and with her character and previous life, she should suffer the course of Jeanne's and Hector's loves tranquilly to flow on, and, whilst the young man's attention is thus distracted from her proceedings, she should inveigle the Marshal into a clandestine marriage. She would hardly have more difficulty in doing this than she would have scruples, at a later period, in practising her wiles and seductions upon Jeanne's husband. Instead, however, of acting as her corrupt and ambitious nature would naturally prompt her to do, she rashly provokes Hector's enmity (which she has more than one reason to dread), by assuming the aggressive, and defaming his intended bride. Of course, were she not made to do this, the action would be simplified in a degree fatal to the play. Exact truth to nature would blight the plot in the bud; the public would lose much amusement, and Madame de Girardin's literary chaplet one of its brightest and freshest leaves.

A great deal has been lately heard of the censorship in France. The press—once perhaps too free, or at least too licentious—has latterly been too severely cramped and fettered. This is matter of opinion, and at any rate it concerns not us in our present capacity of dramatic critics. We shall not here investigate whether some happy medium might not be found be-

tween unbounded license and absolute repression, or whether it be altogether fair play for a government to fall foul of opposition journals with its own organs in the press, and then prohibit reply under pain of confiscation and imprisonment. But when dramatic censure is on the carpet, we may be permitted to say a word. And, first, we beg to express our acknowledgments to the friendly correspondent (the censor himself, we suspect) who sent to us the other day, in a blank envelope, a copy of *Lady Tartuffe* as she was before the scissors had snipped her flounces. The excisions are less numerous than might be expected. In fact, it is impossible sufficiently to laud the magnanimity that permitted the piece to appear at all, when we remember that its *dramatis personæ* include two adventurers. How is it that none fitted on the cap and prohibited the play? Some people are so very thin-skinned. But our readers are doubtless curious to see how these things are managed in France, and what degree of sedition, immorality, and irreverence suffices to bring a frown to the awful brow of Rhadamanthus, and to impel the indignant stroke of his damning goose-quill. Here is a passage we find expunged. It occurs in Act I., Scene II.—the scene we have extracted between Madame de Blossac and Des Tourbières. After the latter's complaint of being put to sleep by the Marshal's thrice-told diplomatic anecdotes, the dialogue, as it originally stood, continued thus:—

DES TOURBIÈRES.—You ought to be more grateful for all I do for you.

MADAME DE BLOSSAC.—What, then, are those great things you do for me?

DES T.—What I do—do—why, I fast upon fast-days, which is not at all according to my taste and ideas.

MAD. DE B.—It is a duty.

DES T.—It ought even to be a pleasure to those who believe—but I, who am as Voltairean as the King of Prussia—

MAD. DE B.—Say, as a Republican.

DES T.—Pardon me, madam, there I stop you. I was a Republican for two years, and I declare that there are very religious men amongst the Republicans. Besides, I will never permit a party to which I have belonged to be attacked in my presence.

MAD. DE B.—Then I will say, Voltairean as an Orleanist.

DES T.—Pardon me, madam, I was an Orleanist for eighteen years. I ceased to be so in consequence of circumstances I could not control. But I must also declare that there are persons of exalted piety amongst the Orleanists. Besides, I will never suffer a party of which I have once been a member to be attacked in my presence.

MAD. DE B.—So be it. Then let us say, as a Buonapartist.

DES T.—Once more, madam, I beg—

MAD. DE B.—What! you have been a Buonapartist also?

DES T.—No, madam, but I may become one, from one minute to another. *Eh! mon Dieu!* that has happened to people who must have expected it much less than I do. And so, I declare to you, I will never suffer an attack to be made in my presence upon a party of which I may at any moment form a part.

MAD. DE B.—You are a pitiless scoffer, a mischievous sceptic.

DES T.—We no longer say sceptic, but eclectic—it sounds better!

MAD. DE B.—We women, who are accused of caprice, we know how to be faithful.

DES T.—In politics, I believe you! Ladies are not obliged to produce a register of their services. It is the government that causes our inconstancy. It exacts thirty years' service, before permitting us to retire upon even the smallest pension. Go and serve your thirty years under the same government, in a country where the government changes every day! The government itself would be mightily puzzled if it were asked for its thirty years of service. It has not got them to show.

If Madame de Girardin chose to introduce a family portrait into her comedy, we cannot for the life of us conceive what that mattered to the censor, or why he should have cut out so harmless a passage as the above. If any one complained, it should have been M. Emile de Girardin, whose history appears to be here most accurately sketched. In vain do we seek the moral or political poison supposed to lurk in the words of the sarcastic Des Tourbières. After this, we should like to see a French censor. It must be something curious to contemplate. The only conceivable motive for suppressing Des Tourbières' amusing profession of political

infidelity and opinion as to the usual duration of dynasties in France, must have been an apprehension of exciting in the audience demonstrations of sympathy or antipathy, as the various parties were alluded to, which, for the last three-and-twenty years, have in turn seized the helm of French government—to guide the ship, in two instances, to disastrous wreck, in a third, to rigorous despotism. Considering the apparent apathy and indifference with which the great mass of Frenchmen now contemplate their country's political condition, and the utter weariness of change and party-strife that, at least for the present, evidently possesses them, the apprehension had but little foundation, and the versatile baron might have been suffered to expound his principles without danger of provoking demonstrations more dangerous than laughter. Such, it seems, was not the censor's opinion.

The play of *Lady Tartuffe* could hardly fail of success with an English audience. For its proper performance—to do justice, that is to say, to the merits of the piece—at least three first-rate actors are necessary, to fill the parts taken at Paris by Rachel, Regnier, and Mademoiselle Dubois. The character of the Countess is also a highly important one; and it would not be easy to find a performer capable of enacting it with the ladylike grace and ease, and absence of rant and exaggeration, so conspicuous in Madame Allan's performance. The St James's Theatre has shown capacity for everything, from one-act *vaudeville* to five-act tragedy, and always reminds us of the celebrated enchanted tent that could at will be compressed into a bachelor's bed-chamber, or expanded into a pavilion for an army. So that, if the needful number of good performers could be mustered, without absolute ruin to the lessee, London might this summer have opportunity of judging the merits of a play which, during the twenty performances it has already had in Paris, has secured—and is likely long to command—the unanimous suffrage of the fastidious and critical frequenters of the *Comédie Française*.

LOMBARDY AND ITS IRRIGATION.

It is wonderful in how many different ways water may interfere with the general wealth of rural communities. In one region water stagnates, and bogs, lakes, and marshes must be laid dry by a large arterial drainage. In another, rains fall heavily and unseasonably, and the earth, saturated with overabundant moisture, must be tapped by underground outlets before its agricultural capabilities can be properly developed. In a third, the too scanty or periodic rains require to be arrested, as in Ajmeer and the hill-country of Mairwara, and dammed up for after use, when the droughts of summer come on. While in other regions, again, in which rains rarely ever fall, the waters of lakes and perennial rivers either yearly spread themselves over the parched desert, as in the valley of the Nile, or are conducted by long channels, as in ancient Mesopotamia, to spread verdure over the adjoining wastes.

Besides all these, however, there are other special physical conditions, in which, though the actual existence of verdure, or of average yearly returns of vegetable food, be not altogether dependent upon the interference of art, yet, by such interference, the produce of the land may be greatly increased both in quantity and intrinsic value. Such, for example, is the flooding of the surface, in certain climates, to fit it for the growth of rice. Such, also, is the irrigation of meadows and corn-fields, with the view of maintaining verdure and perpetual growth during months of scorching heat or even of winter's cold, and thus adding materially to their average annual yield. In Europe, Northern Italy is most famous for its works of irrigation, while, in Asia, those of British India are best known, and probably of the greatest magnitude, although China, when more fully explored, may possibly be found to compete with India in the latter respect.

To the European student of agricultural development, in a general and historical sense, Italy presents many interesting subjects of inquiry. The *Pontine Marshes*, when Rome, after two centuries of war, subdued the city of the Volsci, supported eight other large cities of this people on their then fertile plains. It was the wealth of these plains chiefly which enabled the Volsci to maintain so protracted a contest with their encroaching neighbours. And even after they were subdued—as late, at least, as 440 A.U.C.—the marsh below Terracina, the ancient Anxur, was small and little thought of. But as the dense population became thinned by war and conquest, the native Volscian cultivators were gradually expelled to make room for Roman colonists, and their lands were divided among settlers from Rome, unfamiliar with the physical history and wants of the new territory. By these new possessors the rivers and ancient canals were neglected, the banks were allowed to fall in, the rapidly-growing weeds to choke up the riverbeds, and the outfalls to the sea to become insufficient for the escape of the natural waters. Thus the narrow *palus* of Anxur extended, the dammed-up rivers overflowed the plains, and, through natural agencies, sprung up the broad Pontine Marshes of later days, which now cover the sites of ancient cities, and spread pestilence and death far beyond their visible boundaries. The successive labours of Appius Claudius (A.U.C. 442 to 447), of Cornelius Cethegus (A.U.C. 594?) of Decius, under the auspices of Theodoric king of Italy (from 493 to 526 of our era), and even those of Pius VI., at the end of the eighteenth century (1780 to 1796), have only locally and temporarily assuaged the evils which Roman oppression and neglect allowed gradually to overwhelm the once fertile and salubrious Pontine valley.*

Then the *Tuscan maremma* is no

Italian Irrigation: a Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy. By R. BAIRD SMITH, F.G.S. London: Allen & Co. 1852.

* See, *De' Bonificamenti delle Terre Pontine*, Roma, 1800, p. 56 et seq.

less interesting. A low flat plain, of ten to fifteen miles in breadth, fringes the hills along the sea-border of Tuscany, from the frontier of the Roman States to a few miles beyond Leghorn. From these hills towards the sea flow numerous streams, bearing gravel and mud from their mountain sources. These in more stilly places they deposit, and thus gradually obstruct their own progress, or erect barriers to their natural escape. Driven in this way from bed to bed, by lapse of ages the frequently changing rivers have wandered over the plain in every direction, covering with lakes, or converting into wide pestilential marshes, "a tract which nature has endowed with the richest of soils and the mildest of climates." Whether this region was ever the seat of an industrious rural population history does not record, though the ruins of ancient cities of Etrurian and Greek origin appear to testify that such was really the case.* We know, however, that from the time of Pliny till towards the close of the eighteenth century, the words of this author, "*sane gravis et pestilens ora Tuscorum quæ per litus extenditur*," has been strictly applicable to the Tuscan *maremma*. Among the marshy lakes by which this pestilence is bred, that of Castiglione is the largest and most important.

"It covers nearly thirty-four square miles of surface, and derives a classic interest from having been adverted to by Cicero in his oration for Milo, as containing the island seized by Clodius from Pacavius, and which now forms a little promontory called Badiola. To the eastward of the lake flows the river Ombrone, one of the largest in Tuscany, and very rich in the earthy matters it contains. To the westward are the rivers Bruna and Sovata. The former river extends to the northward, where the boundary is completed by the high lands; while to the south the sea-coast is the limiting line. It is on the plain between the Ombrone and the lake that the town of Grosseto is situated, a position which exposes it to the full effect of the malarious emanations from the marsh."—SMITH, i. pp. 74, 75.

In 1828, the system locally termed *colmata*, but in England *warping*, was applied to the reclaiming of this

marshy lake, according to a plan of Count Fossombroni, and under the auspices of the Grand-duke of Tuscany. After twenty-three years of this process, 22 square miles have been more or less completely recovered, while the remaining 11½ continue in their original condition.

"When I visited the works, I saw a large volume of water so loaded with rich yellow earth as to appear almost viscid in consistency, entering the bed of the marsh on the eastward, and leaving it again by the outlets of San Leopoldo and San Rocco, on the south-west, as pure and limpid as a mountain stream. This process is going on unwearingly, unceasingly. The Ombrone, if it was once a curse to the district, is assuredly so no longer. It is now the willing slave of the intelligent minds which guide its efforts; and just as surely as it continues to flow, so surely shall the day come when, in spite of all gloomy forebodings to the contrary—of which, strange to say, I heard a great many—the marsh of Castiglione will cease to exist, and its whole area will become covered, as a considerable portion of it even already is, with rich corn-fields and luxuriant pastures. On foot, or on horseback, or in boats, I traversed nearly every part of the lake, and everywhere saw proof that the process of filling up was in satisfactory progress. The works seemed to me generally efficient, though not invariably so; and I am sure that time only is required to realise all the hopes of the promoters of the operations, on which government has already expended a sum of upwards of £600,000 sterling. For a small government like that of Tuscany, this implies a great and meritorious effort; and there are none, I believe, even under the present unhappy state of feeling between the prince and the people, who refuse to give to the Grand-duke all the credit he deserves for his unwearied efforts to improve this ill-fated portion of his dominions."—Vol. i. p. 77.

Whoever has seen the warpings on the Humber, and especially on the Trent, will be reminded of the muddy waters of these English rivers by the earth-loaded Ombrone; while in the rich coverings they have spread over waste tracts of English moorland, and in the many hollows they have filled up, they will see a repetition of the corn-fields and luxuriant pastures, which are gradually taking the place

* See DENNIS'S *Ancient Etruria*.

of the waters of the Lake of Castiglione.

Again, the *Roman Campagna* is another of those pestiferous districts, full of ancient associations as well as of modern interest, to which the agricultural inquirer turns when considering the rural vicissitudes of the Italian peninsula. "Once the richest and most populous country in the world, it is now destitute of inhabitants, except in a few towns scattered over its surface, to which the rural labourers resort at night to avoid the effects of malaria." How this change has been brought about, by what joint operation of natural causes and of human instrumentality, and what measures have been from time to time taken, or proposed with the view of arresting the progress of evil in this unhappy region, it would detain us too long at present to inquire. It may suffice to express the melancholy conviction that there is no prospect of any serious steps being taken for reclaiming this wide waste for a long time to come.

The irrigated valley of the Po—the seat of a rich fertility, as densely peopled, we believe, and as productive of human food as any part of modern Europe—this delightful valley invites us from the marshy, malarious Campagna, with promises at once of instruction and of delight. The exuberant vegetable abundance of the plains of Lombardy is familiar to thousands of our readers, as well as the extended irrigation, which renders so remarkable the neighbourhoods of Pavia and Milan. Yet comparatively few, we believe, are aware of the numerous physical conditions which concur to render this wide irrigation possible and profitable, or of the successive labours by which the existing productiveness of the watered region has been brought about. We shall first briefly advert to the favouring physical conditions.

The Po, which rises in Mount Viso, at the junction of the Cottian and Maritime Alps, flows north-east for forty-five miles, till it reaches Turin, whence it runs, mainly in an easterly direction, through the wide plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, till it falls into the Adriatic. It has a course of about 340 miles, of which 280 are navigable by barges and river steam-

ers. The great valley, the bottom of which is occupied by this river, is bounded on the north by the principal chain of the Alps, and on the south by what are called the Maritime Alps, which extend towards the east till they join the Apennines. From both these ranges of mountains many tributaries descend to feed the Po; but there is one important character in which those which take their rise in the higher differ from those which arise from the lower Alps: the former, having their origin amid perpetual snow, flow full and freely during the heats of summer; while the latter, being unfed by melting snows, lessen in size and languish in their course as the warmest months come on. This physical difference, we shall see, determines to a great extent the locality of Lombard irrigation.

The annual fall of rain in this valley is considerably above the average of Great Britain, being at Brescia 35½ and at Lodi 38 inches, both places being situated in the irrigated regions of Lombardy. The fall is least in winter, and is pretty uniformly distributed throughout the other months of the year; so that, for ordinary husbandry, the supply of water from the heavens appears to be sufficiently abundant. At all events, irrigation does not appear to be called for, as in many other countries, by a dry and arid climate. But here another physical peculiarity interposes to falsify the conclusions which our Island experience would lead us to draw from the annual fall of rain, considered by itself. The 38 inches of rain fall upon 38 rainy days, and during about 200 days of the year not a speck is seen to dim the clear blue sky above the city of Milan! Heavy tropical showers are succeeded by bright and tropical suns, which drink up the moisture as soon as it has fallen, and make water grateful to animal and plant. At Milan the temperature is sometimes as high as 94°, at Brescia as 92°.8, at Lodi as 91°, and at Mantua as 98°.2 of Fahrenheit's scale, and these great heats are accompanied by a remarkable dryness of the atmosphere. From the heated valley the rapidly ascending current of air bears aloft the moisture which evaporates, and disperses it so quickly, that although thirty

millions of tons of water are daily spread by artificial canals over the surface of the country during this hot season, it appears to produce no sensible effect upon the humidity of the air. How different this actually observed result from the impression entertained by many, that in irrigated countries the air must necessarily be injuriously loaded with moisture, at least during the period of irrigation!

This parching atmosphere, this scorching summer sun, and the infrequent tropical showers, are the physical circumstances which, notwithstanding the large annual fall of rain, prepare the plain of Lombardy for artificial irrigation, and render it profitable to the cultivators.

Let us turn next to the sources from which the supply of water is drawn, and we shall see other interesting physical circumstances conspiring in favour of the irrigation of this interesting region. We have seen that both from the northern and southern ranges of hills many streams descend to the bottom of the valley, and empty themselves into the Po. The waters of this latter stream, therefore, were they otherwise desirable or generally available, cannot be applied to the purposes of extended irrigation, because the canals which would be required to convey them must cross all these tributary streams. Recourse, therefore, is had to the tributaries for the water supply. But, as we have already remarked, the Maritime Alps, having no covering of perpetual snow, are unable to keep in full flow their summer streams; so that, while some run nearly dry, nearly all diminish seriously in volume in the very month when water is valuable for irrigation. Thus, irrigation to the south of the Po is carried on only to a limited extent; and this part of the valley boasts of none of those great canals which form at once the pride and the riches of the more northern Lombardy. That the northern rivers rise in snow-clad mountains, which, the hotter the sun is, supply them the more abundantly with water, is the first physical circumstance which especially fits these streams for the purposes of summer irrigation. Another is seen in what we may call the preparatory purification they undergo before they are permitted to enter

the sloping plains. At the southern base of the high Alps lie those beautiful Italian lakes which poets and painters have immortalised, and which travellers of all countries delight to visit. To Lago Maggiore, through which flows the Ticino, succeed the lakes of Como, Isco, Idro, and Garda, from which proceed respectively the rivers Adda, Oglio, Chiesa, and Minicio. Into these lakes the mountain torrents precipitate themselves, loaded with stones and mud, and in their deep bosoms both assuage their violence and deposit their earthy burden. The remarks of our author on this subject are very appropriate:—

“The Italian lakes, whose usual interest is restricted to their beautiful scenery and their delicious climate, possess an additional and special interest as most important elements in that hydrographical system to which Lombardy owes its rich productiveness. Looking to the manner in which this system has been developed in nature, it is certain that, if the highest human skill had been permitted to deal with the materials of which it is composed, that very adjustment which we now find to exist would probably have been employed without a single material modification. The great rivers, flowing from the region of perpetual snows, through channels narrowed within rocky barriers, and disposed in slopes of excessive rapidity, would have been modulated and controlled by being made to enter into still-water basins of great superficial extent and proportionate depth. Entering such basins as mountain torrents, almost uncontrollable in their force, charged with the various earthy matters they had carried away during their passage through rocks and soils which could not resist their erosive power, the rivers would be made to leave them by channels of gentler and more manageable slopes; and, further, purified by having deposited those masses of silt they had brought from the interior of the mountains. Such are, in fact, the functions performed by the chain of lakes which lie at the base of the Alpine range, and into the various members of which the rivers supplying the irrigation canals of Lombardy discharge themselves before descending to the plain. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of this natural arrangement; it is one for which Lombardy has constant cause to be grateful to a skill above that of man; and, looking to the natural features of the country, it is perhaps not too

much to say, that without it the rivers flowing directly from the mountains would as often have blighted the land by their destructive floods, as blessed it by the discharge of their fertilising waters."—Vol. i. p. 66.

It is therefore a second important physical circumstance connected with the economical employment of these north Lombard rivers, that they pass through natural resting-places, in which they forget their youthful violence and deposit their natural impurities. Loaded with mud, they might have rendered the Po still more unclean, might have aided it in raising its bed still higher above the surrounding level, and in making new land on the shores of the Adriatic; or, like the Tuscan Ombrone, might have been used for filling up lakes; or, like our own Trent, in fertilising and raising to a higher level tracts of barren moor; but for the purposes of irrigation they would have been entirely useless.

It is impossible now to ascertain when or by whom the first public steps were taken for the irrigation of the plains of Lombardy. It is probable that along the bottom of the valley, and especially where the muddy Po has raised its own bed above the level of the plain, ancient marshes existed, the drainage of which led to the formation of the earliest canals; and, in the second place, attempts at irrigation on a small scale, by private individuals, probably induced, by their success, an entirely agricultural people to introduce the system more generally. But in whatever causes the first beginnings may have originated, the full development of north Italian irrigation is owing to the unremitting efforts of an active and industrious population. We have been informed by an enlightened agricultural friend of ours, in the south of England, that where he has constructed water-meadows for his tenants, which are confessedly profitable to themselves, he can with difficulty compel them to keep the ditches open. But in Piedmont and Lombardy the value of water is too well understood for any one to allow such a stoppage

of the inlets as might lessen his supply; while the evil of allowing it to become stagnant is too immediate to admit of the outlets being even temporarily choked.

In illustration of the value placed upon water in Italy at a very early period, it is stated, "that in 1183 the inhabitants of Modena and Reggio actually went to war in defence of their respective rights to the waters of the Secchia,* and kept up the quarrel, with much mutual damage, for twenty years, when it was adjusted by the good offices of the Podestas of Parma and Cremona acting as arbitrators."

The valley of the Po naturally partakes of a double inclination—one towards the bottom, in which the main river flows, and one towards the east, by which all the drainage is directed towards the Adriatic. This double inclination favours the diffusion of the water in every direction by the subsidiary canals and smaller conduits, into which it is delivered from the greater canals fed immediately by the rivers. Of course, the descent of the tributary streams towards the Po, even after they escape from the lakes which arrest their headlong course, is more rapid than that of the Po itself. Thus the Lake Maggiore, from which the Ticino flows, is 638 feet above the sea; the Lake of Como, the source of the Adda, has a height of 656 feet; and Lake Garda, which feeds the Mincio, a height of 226 feet. Thus the fall, especially of the two former streams, is comparatively great, averaging about seven feet per mile; while the Po itself, below Pavia, where the Ticino falls into it, has a height of only 190 feet above the sea, from which it descends gradually in its long subsequent course towards the Adriatic.

The city of Milan is at once the head and centre of the most important irrigation operations of Lombardy. Situated between the Ticino and the Adda, and about twenty miles north of Pavia and the Po, it now enjoys the benefit of canal communication with these and all the intermediate rivers,

* The Secchia descends from the Maritime Alps, and runs between these two cities on its way to the Po.

and is the natural capital of the rich triangular region which these main rivers enclose. To what extent the art of irrigation was known or practised in Italy in classic times, is not known. There are, however, no traces of any great works now remaining which can be referred to that epoch. It is probable, however, that, like the Maremma and the Pontine marshes, this fine region enjoyed a prosperity, in the more peaceful Imperial times, which was disturbed or overthrown by the misery and neglect to which barbarian inroads, and other causes, gave rise during the dark ages. In the tenth century a great part of the province is known to have been covered with forests. Tracts now richly cultivated were then stagnant marshes or arid wastes. The rivers, unregulated and uncontrolled, had spread themselves over the plains, and reduced to worthless marsh what centuries before had been cultivated and reclaimed. It was not till the latter half of the twelfth century, that the modern works for irrigation began to be constructed. Of the greater works around Milan, the Naviglio Grande, which connects the city with the river Ticino, was commenced some time previous to 1177; the Canal Muzza, which connects it with the Adda, in 1220; the Canal Martesana, which also connects it with the Adda at a higher level, and irrigates a more northerly region, in 1457; and the Canal of Pavia, long before projected, was commenced, by order of Napoleon, as late as 1807.

Into details as to the course, construction, cost, and dimensions of these canals, our space forbids us to enter; nor can we dwell on the various ways in which, in different localities, the water of these canals is sold and distributed over the land. The almost invariable practice in Lombardy, has been for the government to sell the water of the main arteries, in absolute property, to the proprietors of the soil through which they pass; and this has been attended with many advantages.

"The great families, who are the landed proprietors throughout the irrigated districts, having the capital to expend on the construction of those minor works required for the interior distribution of

the waters, found, in the perpetual right of possession granted to them by the state, an inducement to invest their funds in such works, and a guarantee for the returns to be derived from them. So soon as the water passed beyond the banks of the government canal, the purchasers had unrestricted liberty to dispose of it as they chose. The *diritto di acquedotto*, or right of passage, secured to every proprietor of water the power of carrying his channel, under certain specified conditions, across all lands intervening between the main canal and his own property; and when the supply purchased exceeded the immediate wants of the purchaser, he had the right to dispose of the surplus to such of his neighbours as were desirous of having it. Under this system it is astonishing to see the extent to which minor canals have been executed. The whole surface of the country is covered by them, as by a dense net-work. At all levels, and by the use of various ingenious works, they pass over, or under, or through each other, in such ways as to preserve individual rights uninterfered with; though the result, to outward appearance, is a system of such marvellous complexity, as to make the observer conclude it must lead to interminable disputes."—I. p. 41.

Captain Smith has given a map of this district of the Milanese, showing the number and ramifications of these canals; and the only thing to which we can liken it, is the endless minute diffusion of blood-vessels over the human skin.

The subsidiary canals executed by private persons, which are their private property, and are usually called after their names, are often of great length, of large size, and have been executed at great cost. Such canals, though monuments of enlightened patriotism on the part of the constructors, and sources of permanent wealth to the country, illustrate what is said to be the case with the whole canal system—that the direct pecuniary return affords no adequate compensation for the cost of construction.

"It may, perhaps, appear singular that, in a country where water is so valuable, these private canals have rarely been directly profitable to their original constructors. The number of works required is so great, the payment for the land occupied so heavy, the various legal and general expenses so considerable, that the direct returns from the smaller canals

of irrigation are, for many years after their construction, insufficient to pay any interest on the capital expended. It is to the indirect returns, to the improvement of the soil, to the power of replacing inferior by superior cultivation, that the proprietors look, in the first instance, for their reward.

"I had an opportunity of examining, in great detail, the Cavo Lerino Marocco, one of the largest private enterprises in Lombardy. Derived from the Canal Martesana, and carrying a volume of water equal in summer-time to nearly two hundred cubic feet per second, the Cavo Marocco flows in a generally southeasterly course from Milan towards Lodi, through the richest tracts of meadow and arable land. Its entire length, including its various branches, was estimated to me by the engineer in charge as, in round numbers, about 150 miles; and the same authority calculated its entire cost, including every expense, at nearly £1500 per mile, while its repairs and maintenance cost about £20 or £25 per mile per annum. No work would give the student of the Italian system a better idea of its singular details than this. The almost unlimited number of branches diverging from the main stream; the perplexing way in which the water drawn out of the channel was returned into it again, by taking advantage of even the minutest differences of natural or artificial levels, the crossings and recrossings of the various streams; in a word, the wondrous plasticity of the entire system, were most curious to see, and almost impossible to describe in such a manner as to give a true idea of the actual state of affairs.

"The financial history of this interesting work is one of perpetual struggle. Two generations of proprietors have been exhausted in the effort to complete it. The principal proprietor, whose name the canal bears, must have been a man of indomitable perseverance; for, I believe, he alone of the members of the association by whom the project was commenced remained firm in his adherence to it, and his family are now the possessors of the whole. The entire fortune and credit of M. Marocco, who was a distinguished lawyer in Milan, were devoted to the canal, and his descendants are beginning to reap the advantages of his energy and singleness of purpose. His story is, in truth, a reappearance in canal annals of that of the Duke of Bridgewater; and I hope the ultimate reward will reach the family of the Lombard as it has done that of the Englishman."—Vol. i. p. 43.

The history of the main or government canals also presents many circumstances not less creditable to the people as a body, than the execution of private canals has been to their proprietors. In the middle of the sixteenth century, for example, the Canal Martesana was found unequal to supply the demand for water. Not only were lands which were well situated for irrigation unable to obtain water, but the navigation was liable to constant interruptions. To still the public complaints, therefore, the magistrates of Milan resolved, in 1572, to enlarge the canal along its whole length. This was the more difficult, as part of it was excavated in the solid rock; and as the demands of cultivation rendered it necessary that the canal should be closed for as short a time as possible, the necessary funds having been happily provided through the ready liberality of a small number of the proprietors, the work was commenced with a singular enthusiasm, energy, and unanimity on the part of all engaged.

"Three hundred masons attacked simultaneously the rocks along the line, on a height of from forty to sixty feet, and for a great distance in length. At the same time a multitude of labourers wrought at the excavation, throwing the earth into boats, by which it was speedily carried away and discharged into the Adda. On the whole length of the bed laid dry, the workmen were so numerous, and devoted themselves with so much energy to digging the channel, to cutting the stones, to laying the foundation, to building the masonry, &c., that they seemed like a mass of industrious bees building a hive. Under the dread of unfavourable weather, the works were prosecuted without any interruption, so that during the night the whole line was illuminated by the sparks struck from the hard rocks by the steel of the tools. The magistrates of Milan came in a body to visit the workshops, and to encourage the workmen, so that within the prescribed time the contract was happily terminated, and solemnly confirmed by the governor in person."

The Canal Martesana, to which the above extract refers, and which is fed by the Adda, is connected through the Naviglio Interno (or *fossa interna*),

* *Settala*—quoted by Smith, vol. i. p. 265.

the former ditch of the ancient town, with the Naviglio Grande, which is fed by the Ticino. By this connecting link of intramural navigation, three and a half miles in length, the navigation line is rendered complete between the two rivers we have mentioned, and through them between the Lago Maggiore on the west, and the Lake of Como on the east. But to the sanitary condition of Milan this junction is of especial importance. It is by means of the current maintained, through this connection, in the Naviglio Interno, that the sewerage of the city is swept away, and the periodical recurrence prevented of such inflictions as the frightful plague of 1576, which is attributed by old historians to the want of proper drainage, and the consequent accumulation of filth throughout the place. The sewerage thus swept away is subsequently employed for the purposes of irrigation; and as the example of this city has been cited in the report of our Metropolitan Board of Health as one which might be beneficially imitated in this country,* we shall quote what our author has recorded in regard to this application of sewerage matter in Milan, and as to the extent to which the system has been adopted in Italy as a whole.

"Among the smaller channels, the most remarkable is the Vettabbia, the escape-line of the Naviglio Interno, the former ditch of the ancient town, and the receptacle, at the same time, of a large portion of the sewerage of the town. With its waters, so rich in fertilising matter, the adjoining meadows are irrigated, and produce no less than eight crops annually, of which five are grass and three hay. One of the farms watered from this stream, which I visited, gave a rent of thirty francs per *pertica*, or nearly £8 per acre; and this was considered a moderate amount, there being farms in the immediate neighbourhood which were rented at from £15 to as high as £22 per acre. Results like these, however, were confined to a very narrow circle, including not more than a few square miles immediately around the city. It was only at Milan that I found

the sewerage waters utilised. In the other large towns which I subsequently visited, I found no measures taken to benefit by the drainage or the refuse they supplied. Even at Milan, it is a portion only of the proceeds of the sewerage which finds its way to the Vettabbia." —Vol. i. p. 38.

It appears from this extract that the application of the city sewage is certainly productive of great benefits around Milan, but nevertheless that few, if any, of the other large towns of Italy have employed their sewage for a similar purpose. The extension and beneficial results of Italian irrigation are dependent solely on a sufficient supply of natural water. The cases in which the results are dependent on the proximity of large towns are only exceptions.

Spread out by the countless channels which we have described, these natural waters are employed in flooding rice-grounds, in irrigating pastures and meadows, and in watering the Indian corn, flax, and other arable fields. For rice-fields, as in India, heavy clay-soils are preferred, and, as in the East, they are surrounded by low mud walls, fifteen to eighteen inches high. The cultivation of this grain is very profitable, but very injurious to the health, especially of the labouring population who come from the hills to aid in gathering the harvest in autumn. At this period fevers prevail, often of great severity; and those poor people, working in the midst of great discomforts and exposure, are much exposed to their ravages. The meadows and pastures are watered either by laying the whole field down into one long slope, and leading one water-channel along the top; or more generally, in the Milanese, by arranging it in ridge and furrow, and conducting a small feeding channel along the top of each ridge, while the drainage conduits occupy the furrows. But the waters by which the meadows are refreshed and stimulated are derived from two sources. Besides the canals of which we have spoken, the natural springs of the country afford a copious supply, which has been

* *Minutes of Information collected on the Practical Application of Sewer Water and Town Manures to Agricultural Purposes.* Published by the General Board of Health. London, 1852. P. 73.

Trees were planted round the edges; and the whole place had a pleasant, fresh, and rather picturesque look, with its clear pure stream, drooping foliage, and constant gurgling of the spring waters. After flowing about half a mile in excavation, the water reached the ordinary surface of the soil, and was then employed in irrigating, at the time I visited the spot, about thirty acres of very fine marcite, or winter-meadows. After doing so, there still remained about 10 cubic feet per second for employment on lands at inferior levels. In thus using spring-water for marcite, it is calculated that, under average circumstances of soil and climate, about one-seventh of the total supply is lost, either by absorption or evaporation. The remaining six-sevenths may continue to be used, if there are lands so situated in regard to levels as to be able to receive it, in which case there is little or no waste; but if there are no lands so situated, the waste of water in marcite cultivation becomes excessive—amounting, in fact, as just shown, to six-sevenths of the whole available supply.”—Vol. i. pp. 45, 46.

It is in winter that the waters of these springs are conveyed over the field, when by their warmth they keep up the growth of the grass when all other verdure has disappeared.

“We wandered over the meadows,” says our author, “green as in spring-time, though not a leaf was to be seen around us. These fields were the marcite or winter-meadows of northern Italy—a species of cultivation limited, I believe, to the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, and to which I have seen nothing similar in any part of the world which I have visited. From these meadows fresh grass is procured during the whole of the winter.”

We have already stated that, in forming these meadows, the land is first disposed into a series of ridges and furrows. On the crest of each ridge a small channel is cut, and supplied with water from the irrigating water-course. From this the water flows over each slope in a thin but constantly moving veil, and runs off again along the furrows into the general water-course, to be employed again for the irrigation of other fields. This is in the Milanese.

“The constant passage of the water over the roots of the grass stimulates the growth greatly; from which cause, and also from the fact that the moving

water carries forward with it a portion of the rich humus of the soil, the process is found to be a very exhaustive one for the ground. Twice a-year the marcite fields are, therefore, abundantly manured, and there are, as a general rule, five crops of grass obtained from them during the year. To dispose the surface of a field so as to fit it for marcite costs from £10 to £12 per acre under ordinary circumstances; but in some cases, where the movement of soil and the cost of works for the supply of water are great, the expense rises to £40, and even £50 per acre. Signor Cario estimated the net value of the annual produce of an acre of marcite at about 150 francs, or £6 sterling.”—Vol. i. p. 24.

About Brescia the fields are levelled into a single slope, watered by a single flow from a conduit at the head of the inclination.

“It is a recommendation possessed by the Brescian method of disposing the marcite fields in a single slope, that it is adapted to the financial condition of the district, which possesses much fewer capitalists than the Milanese. The cost of this method of preparing land for winter-meadows amounts roughly to about £2 per acre, while in the Milanese six times the cost is no extraordinary charge. It is, however, on the dry cultivation—the cereals, vines, olives, and silk—that dependence is chiefly placed near Brescia, and not on products requiring irrigation. Indeed, the only crop, besides the grass, to which this is applied is the maize or Indian corn, from which the favourite *polenta*, the simple food of the agricultural population, is derived.”—Vol. i. p. 62.

It will be understood from what has been said, that the water is the property of the owners of the several private canals, who have either bought in perpetuity, or pay an annual rent to government for the supply they draw from the main canals. These proprietors, again, sell to the farmers or owners of the land through which the canals pass, what is not required by themselves for the watering of their own fields. The cost of the water thus disposed of is in Piedmont from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per imperial acre, for a permanent supply. In Lombardy it ranges from 3s. 6d. to 4s. per acre for continued irrigation in summer—a flow of a cubic foot per second, irrigating, on an average, about 70 acres. For winter irrigation, or marcite, the price rises to

about 28s. an acre, showing the value that is placed upon green herbage in winter and early spring. The regulations according to which the water is sold and distributed are both complicated and curious. A flow of so many cubic inches, for so many days or hours a-week, is sold for so much money; and officers are appointed, under whose direction the sluices are opened and shut, and the water turned on and off, when and where it is required. The legislation, also, by which the rights of property in water are defined and secured, and the maintenance and regular cleaning of the canals provided for, is very voluminous, and is described by our author to be very perfect and complete.

As a summary of the agricultural results of the system which are independent of, and in addition to, the commercial and other facilities afforded by the main canals, we may mention—

First, as to Piedmont, that the whole area of the plain belonging to this state contains $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres, of which 890,000 are susceptible of cultivation. The total irrigated surface of Piedmont amounts to 486,613 acres, of which 306,600 are in the plain; consequently, one-third of the plain of Piedmont is irrigated. The total quantity of water employed amounts to 8290 cubic feet per second, and the revenue from the canals is about £25,000 a-year, of which four-fifths belong to government, and one-fifth to private parties. But the most important fact is, that the additional rental of land caused by the irrigation is estimated at £290,000 a-year, or an average of about 13s. an acre.

Second. In Lombardy, again, about one-sixth of the whole plain, or one-fifth of its productive area, is under irrigation; the area under summer

irrigation being 1,061,292, and under winter irrigation 12,837 acres. The water consumed amounts to 15,118 cubic feet per second, of which 2540 are derived from springs. Thus Lombardy employs nearly twice as much water in irrigation as Piedmont; and spreads it over more than twice the area. The increased rental from the land is estimated at £560,000 a-year, or about an average of 10s. per acre. Another idea of the irrigation system of this province may be derived from the statement, that there are of great main canals a length of 133 miles; of large main branches (353 in number) 3530 miles, besides 700 to 800 miles beyond the Adda; making of mains and first-class branches 4500 miles. The construction of these is computed to have cost at least £40,000,000 sterling, spread, however, over a period of 700 years, and not always judiciously expended. The increased rental of £560,000 a-year being only equal to a capital of about £14,000,000, it appears, at first sight, as if, in an economical point of view, the canalisation of Lombardy had been a failure. But it must be recollected that these canals, besides supplying water for irrigation, have, at the same time, been instrumental in developing all the other resources of the country; they have prevented floods, removed swamps and marshes, covered arid wastes with perpetual verdure, converted the natural maremma into a garden, and given healthy homes to 2,500,000 of people.

The population of Lombardy is often spoken of as very dense, and this density is not unfrequently ascribed to the prevalence of irrigation. But a comparison of statistical data shows that this is at least not directly and universally the case. The following table illustrates the fact:—

	Total population.	Inhabitants per square mile.	
		Irrigated districts.	Unirrigated.
Plain of Lombardy, . . .	2,471,000	391	527*
“ Piedmont, . . .	1,000,000	269½	313

In the entire valley of the Po, it appears from this table that the population is dense, but both in Lombardy and Piedmont it is more dense in the unirrigated than in the irrigated dis-

tricts. The reason of this is satisfactorily stated in the following paragraph:—

“ I sought an explanation of the higher ratio of the population in the unirrigated

* In the province of Milan the population is at the rate of 707 to the square mile.

districts from several Lombard friends, and it was invariably attributed to the prevalence, in Upper Lombardy, of small properties, cultivated exclusively by the proprietors themselves and their families. It was held that the land, so divided and cultivated, supported a denser population than when formed into those large farms which characterise Lower Lombardy. The mountain streams in these high localities furnish a motive force which is employed largely in manufactures of various kinds for internal consumption; and throughout the districts noted in the preceding statement, there are said to be not less than 80,000 looms, in the houses of the rustic population, for weaving the coarse cotton cloths in which nearly the whole labouring population of Lombardy and the Venetian provinces are clothed, and also for the processes in the manufacture of silk, which is so abundantly produced in these provinces. I came in contact with many of these small proprietors, and saw their cottages and style of life. The impression I received was favourable to their intelligence, and a certain independence of character and opinion was noticeable in their conversation."—Vol. i. p. 193.

Although, however, as between the irrigated and unirrigated districts of Piedmont and Lombardy, the population is greater in the latter, yet where districts in the low country, equally favoured by nature, but irrigated in different proportions, adjoin each other, the numbers of the population are in favour of the more largely irrigated district. Thus Lodi has a population of 475 to the square mile, while Cremona, quite as fertile naturally, has only 367½ to the square mile; the cause being that the former province is much more under the influence of the irrigation canals than the latter. Thus, besides greater agricultural and commercial wealth, Lombardy owes also a greatly enlarged population to the system of canals, by which its lower districts are traversed.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the various ways in which water in the states of Italy may be seen by the observing traveller—now, through the neglect or evil violence of man, showing itself the enemy of rural industry and of public health—and now, through the guidance of human skill, reclaiming old wastes, and turning reeking swamps and arid

sands into fruitful gardens. In the undrained Maremma it is a cause of desolation and misery; in the plains of Lombardy it is the fountain of rural wealth, the promoter of industry, and the fosterer of a dense and flourishing population.

In so physically happy a country, which engineering and agricultural skill has so happily improved, we might expect to see comfort reigning among a contented people, and cheerful faces reflecting happy hearts in its richly-verdant homes. But alas for unhappy Lombardy! Nature still smiles, as molten snows amid summer-heats bear refreshing coolness to the thirsty fields; but melancholy and discontent still, year by year, find a natural place in the minds of the Lombard people. "In every Italian face, in the rich district of Milan," says our author, whose visit was in 1851, "I thought I observed a look of suffering and discontent." We question if an observant traveller, visiting the same rich plains in 1853, would find the cloud lighter on the brows of the people, or fewer symptoms of hopeless dejection and discontent.

Our author is an officer of engineers, in the service of the East India Company, attached, we believe, to the great irrigation-works for which British India is pre-eminent. His book is the fruit of a visit to the irrigated plains of Italy, undertaken by order of the Company, with the view of ascertaining if, in the famed Po valley, there were any methods in use which were still unknown in India, and which could advantageously be introduced into that country. Our space does not admit of our entering into details upon this point, but it will be satisfactory to our readers, as it has been to ourselves, to peruse the two following passages:—

"Before leaving the Muzza Canal, I must take the opportunity of correcting a misapprehension on the part of the Lombard historians and writers on irrigation. They are under the impression that the Muzza is the largest canal of irrigation in the world. It is no more than justice to the British Government in India to mention that the existing canal, west of the river Jumna, has a volume equal to that of the Muzza, and a length of course more than ten times greater. Its area of irrigation is nearly five times

that of the Muzza ; its works are far more numerous—in all respects equal, in some decidedly superior, to those of the Lombard line. Instead of 75 outlets, it has upwards of 670 ; and instead of half-a-dozen bridges, it has 214 ; and so on with other works. Finally, its gross rental, instead of £1400, is upwards of £30,000 a-year ; while it has secured to the agricultural community benefits fully equal to those of the Muzza. With the Ganges Canal the greatest in Lombardy will stand no comparison. The volume of water of the Indian line is thrice that of the Muzza ; its area of irrigation eight times ; its length thirty times ; its estimated annual income a hundred times greater ; and there are no works, either on the Muzza or any other canal I saw in Northern Italy, which approach in magnitude to those now in progress in Northern India.”—Vol. i. p. 256-257.

And again, as to his general impression in regard to the whole irrigation system of Lombardy, compared with our own in India, he says—

“The general impression left on my mind by my examination of the canal works of Northern Italy, as compared with those of British India, may be expressed in a single sentence. As regards the works themselves, whether reference is had to their designs or modes of execution, I do not think the Italians are superior to ourselves ; and in regard to the manner in which the efficiency of the works is maintained, they are, I must frankly say, decidedly inferior : but in the theory of distribution, in points of interior economy connected with the use of water, and in the exactitude and details of legislation, they are far in advance of us. When, however, it is borne in mind that the one system has been in full operation for six centuries, and has, during that period, had all the care of governments, and some of the highest intellects in the country applied to aid its development, while the other has not been more than twenty-five years in actual operation, the differences above adverted to need not be wondered at. I make bold to assert, that if the same energy continues to animate, and the same intellect to guide, the progress of the system which the British Government has established in India, as of late years have characterised its operations, it will not be twenty-five years more before we have our methods of distribution, application,

and legislation theoretically equal to, and perhaps in some respects practically better than, those now existing in Northern Italy.”—Vol. i. p. 69-70.

All which, we, as friends of India, and admirers of the united energy and talent displayed in difficult circumstances by so many officers of the Indian Service, both civil and military, hope and believe will come to pass. And we cannot help feeling the force and sympathising with the sentiments of the following passage:—

“I have thought it right to say these few words on the comparative dimensions of Italian and Anglo-Indian canals, because I found that nothing whatever was known of the latter among the intelligent engineers of Lombardy and Piedmont. Nor do I wonder at this, for in England there is nearly equal ignorance ; and I cannot refrain from saying that I think the government of India does itself the most grievous injustice by taking no measures whatever to convey to the public authentic information regarding those great works, which, with equal advantage to its subjects and itself, it has been occupied in developing vigorously during the last thirty years. The impressions of the character of the British Government in India, among intelligent foreigners, I found to be of a very unsatisfactory kind ; and it was gratifying neither to my national nor personal feelings, to have to rectify the idea that we had done little or nothing to improve the condition of the people. As men’s minds in Northern Italy were thoroughly familiar with the nature and influences of works of irrigation, I found that even the imperfect accounts I was able to give of what the English in India had already effected in this department were productive of good. The constant commentary on the information given was, however, ‘Why are no accounts of such works communicated to the world ?’ And I earnestly hope it may yet be considered desirable that a worthy record of them should be made.”

In which earnest hope we also concur. And at a time when Indian affairs and Indian management are about to be submitted to a searching discussion, it appears to be a duty which the Company owes to itself, to make its good works more generally known.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

IF Lady Lee had been that exceedingly disagreeable character, a perfect pattern of a woman, so often met with in the pages of romance, so seldom, fortunately, in real life, I need hardly say these portions of her history would never have been chronicled. She had a vast number of charming little womanly failings—would give way to pique, vanity, prejudice—was liable to be influenced by all manner of unreasonable reasons, such as rank high in the feminine code of logic, though they could not stand for a moment against Archbishop Whately—was petulant, sometimes wilful, and perhaps capable of bestowing affection without first inquiring whether the object was deserving of it, being quite as likely to be influenced by her taste as her judgment. So I would warn those readers who, with their tastes depraved by a long course of didactic fiction, expect to find her, perhaps, a model for the Widows of England, that she has none of those pernicious excellences which would qualify her for the honour. Any of those approved and respectable heroines who so often refrigerate the reader with visions of unattainable merit, and make him shudder at the idea of the possibility of taking such a bundle of virtues to his bosom, would have found her full of blemishes. Dear Lady Lee! like England, with all thy faults I love thee still—neither of you are the worse for a little uncertainty of atmosphere. Yet how should I have been forced to nip and prune thee, and cocker thee up, hadst thou been that responsible being, the heroine of a tale with a moral; but, thank Heaven! mine has none that I know of. Moral, God bless you, sir, I've none to tell! And I'm not sorry for it, either—though I observe that writers, now-a-days, think so much of their moral, that, when they have not sufficient leisure or art to embody it, they tack on an essay to the beginning or end of a chapter for fear they should miss their aim—where it

looks like a red elbow or horny toe protruding through the finery that clothes the rest of the design. For this reason many devoted novel-readers have begun to taste fiction of late with a mixture of longing and distrust—from the same cause which makes us, for many years previous to adolescence, suspect a latent dose in every spoonful of pleasant insidious raspberry jam.

Lady Lee had sorrowed sincerely for Sir Joseph. She was affectionate by nature; and the baronet had been so dotingly, so reverentially fond of her, and had displayed his fondness in so many acts of generosity and thoughtfulness, that she must have been both hard-hearted and ungrateful to have speedily forgotten him, whereas she was far from being either.

But since her marriage she had undergone a great change—superficially at least. She no longer showed the bright enthusiasm, the repressed hopefulness, that had characterised her of yore. Jumping too quickly, as ladies sometimes do, at a conclusion, she had long ago settled it in her own mind that, having failed to realise in her husband the hero of her imagination, that ideal personage must be an absurd nonentity, to be banished for ever from the precincts of her thoughts. In her early widowhood she mourned for Sir Joseph in a calm religious way, and took to going to church many times a-week, bought up all the sermons that she saw advertised for publication (doing horrible violence to her taste by persisting in perusing them), and became a Lady Bountiful to the villagers. Then she dropped down gently from religion to science, and studied chemistry, geology, and botany, though none very deeply;—shuddered over the *Vestiges of Creation*, revered Hugh Miller, and pretended to admire Doctor Paley, whose *Natural Theology* she found entirely convincing on points of which she had never entertained any doubt. In fact, she knew quite as much about science as, some people think,

a woman need or ought—enough to give her a new interest in the world she lived in, and to enable her to talk agreeably, though superficially, on the subjects of her studies. She didn't think much for herself on these subjects—few women do, perhaps; and when they do, they had better have let it alone in nine cases out of ten—(no offence, ladies!)—but she was quite capable of appreciating and appropriating the best thoughts of others. Thus she had gone on accumulating ideas and knowledge, which gave solidity to her more exclusively feminine accomplishments, and had qualified herself for being eminently companionable. There was something extremely piquant in hearing the same voice that had just charmed you with the brilliant delivery of a difficult song, or the exquisite grace of a simple one, discourse most excellent music on the Old Red Sandstone and primary formations. But shortly before the opening of our story she had abated in zeal for these matters; she had become rather indolent, and given to speculate on why she was born, and what was her business in this world, and the like improving themes, customary with dissatisfied philosophers. If I might venture to guess at the cause of this dissatisfaction, I pronounce it to be the emptiness of her heart. All sorts of loving capabilities, fit to make an inexhaustible paradise for a lover worthy of them, were running to waste, and caused her daily amusements to sound hollow to the ear of her fancy.

But it must have been her own fault, you will say, when I tell you she had had lovers enough since Sir Joseph's death. There was Sir Christopher Clumber, also a baronet and a widower, who, keeping his eye on her, and suffering a decent time to elapse before he made his proposals, then urged them in a calm, dogged, confident way, that seemed to defy even the bare idea of refusal;—meeting with which, he could never be persuaded of her being in earnest in her rejection of him, but persisted for many years in considering it a mistake. Then there was an ancient *roué* of a nobleman, who saw her accidentally as he passed through Dod-dington, and whose capacity for admi-

ration, at least, still survived—this lover lived three weeks at the hotel, and procured an introduction, and two or three interviews with her ladyship, after the last of which he suddenly ordered post-horses and departed, notwithstanding he was threatened with gout. And there was a rich manufacturer of the neighbourhood, who resolved to indemnify himself for the sacrifices he had so long offered up on the altar of trade by a little domestic felicity with the woman of his choice; but the choice falling, unfortunately for him, on Lady Lee, who wouldn't listen to him, he thenceforth bestowed his undivided energies on the less romantic pursuit that had hitherto engrossed them, and grew disgustingly rich.

These rude attempts upon her heart, instead of making the task of opening it any easier, only damaged the lock. She became almost misanthropic—was prepared to think ill of mankind in general, like a female Timon, and could be severely epigrammatic on matrimony. She began to fancy herself *blasée*, and spoke of herself to Orelia and Rosa as if she were an old and experienced matron, who had discovered that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and, while unconsciously brimful of romance and sentiment, she affected to look on life with as little sense of its poetry as a Free-Trader. She languidly continued her dabbings in science—read a good deal in general literature, under the guidance of a discriminating friend who shall appear presently—and took charge of Julius's education, which was accordingly conducted after a desultory fashion, moral and intellectual; for she sometimes let him have his head, sometimes suddenly took him up short in the curb, in a way that, joined to the spoiling he got from the other two, might have gone far to ruin him, had he not been a little fellow of an extremely good and generous temper.

And here, by the by, this mention of the other two reminds me that I have a couple of young ladies in the narrative whose presence is as yet unaccounted for; and as critics are often a sort of people who would by no means permit young females, however charming, to stray unprotected,

and without character and pedigree duly attested, about the precincts of a story, we will have a little explanation on that head forthwith, Mr Critic.

Orelia Payne had been a great friend of Lady Lee's, in the latter's maiden days, and their acquaintance chanced in this way: Near the parsonage-house of Mr Broome, Hester's father, stood an ornamented cottage, with very pretty grounds surrounding it. It had been the property of a majestic old lady, who dwelt therein in great state; and after the old lady's death, it continued to be kept in good preservation.

To the garden and conservatory, both well filled, Hester, who had taken it into her head to study botany, frequently went, during the time the house was unoccupied after the old lady's decease. Rumours there were of a new possessor, and of orders being sent to keep everything in trim; but no occupant arrived for some time, and Hester attained such supremacy, that no alteration was made in any of the horticultural arrangements without her concurrence.

About a year after the death of the majestic old lady, a young lady, her god-daughter and heiress—selected for those united honours, perhaps, because she was a majestic young lady—came to live at the cottage. Hester, ignorant of the arrival of the new possessor, continued her visits, greatly to the improvement and instruction of the head-gardener; for she knew more about botany than he, though his salary was about double that of some curates. When Orelia (for she was the new possessor) heard from him that a young lady who understood plants particular well was in the habit of coming there, she experienced a desire similar to that which George III. felt when he heard that Doctor Johnson was a frequent visitor to the royal library, and, like that monarch, gave orders that she might be apprised of the next advent of the illustrious stranger.

So Hester, poking about among some newly-arrived orchids, heard a rustling of female garments behind her, and turning, found herself face to face with Orelia. The latter held a book open in her hand, and on her

head was a straw hat, such as young ladies do not often appear in beyond the precincts of their own private territories—so that Hester had no difficulty in guessing that the handsome girl, with her eye and face of the falcon type, and a figure straight and elastic as steel,—who looked twenty, though only seventeen,—was a resident in the house, and might perhaps think her an intruder. No fear of that, however. Orelia read in Hester's beautiful, high-bred face, and large, soft-shadowed, hazel eyes, the promise of what she principally wanted to make her comfortable and happy in her new abode—viz., a companion. Walking straight towards her, and unheeding the overthrow of a couple of exotics, pots and all, which stood in her line of march, she said, in a steady tone, as if to an old acquaintance whom she had long expected, "I'm so glad you're come. I've been waiting in for you all the morning."

In about a week from this, they were all but inseparable. Orelia's only other companion was an elderly governess, who never attempted to dispute her will, and therefore, like some other docile rulers whom the world has seen, would seem to have enjoyed a title rather at variance with facts. On Saturdays her father, a rich banker, (not, however, of the firm of Smith, *Payne*, and Smith,) used to come down to spend Sunday with her, going back on Monday morning. If by any chance the two girls didn't meet early in the morning, you would be pretty sure, if you happened to be traversing the road between the parsonage and Orelia's cottage, either to meet Hester posting to the latter, or Orelia rushing in the direction of the former; and sometimes, actuated by this common impulse, they met half-way between the two mansions. They read the same books, and talked them over together; they told each other their thoughts—(luckily they had some to tell, which is not invariably the case on these occasions, as I am informed)—in fact, they were fast friends. And, though ascetic and malevolent old bachelors (fellows who have been jilted, probably, and have a spite against the sex) do say, that female friendships springing up thus rapidly, and cemented

with passages from Byron, Moore, and Madame de Staël, are sometimes rather fanciful than sincere, and are apt to fall to decay with marvellous celerity, yet this was an honourable instance of the stability of female alliances; it continued during the period of Lady Lee's married life, and,

since her widowhood, Orelia had been a frequent visitor at the Heronry.

Her ladyship's acquaintance with Rosa was of more recent date; and as the account of its origin involves the introduction of a new character in our story, we shall discuss it in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Not very far from the Heronry—perhaps half a mile from the gates—stood the little village of Lanscote. This was not the village described in a former chapter as in view from the windows of the house, but was situated on the hither side of the river. A trim but somewhat steep lane, descending shadily between high banks, led to it. Looking through a long vista of overhanging hawthorn, the wayfarer saw before him, just at the point where a sharp turn would bring him in sight of the village, the white gate of the parsonage. Arriving at this gate, and standing in the cross-road, the view suddenly expanded;—on each side stretched a perspective of four or five miles, while, beyond the parsonage, the prospect was closed by the foliage of trees clothing the steep bank of the farther side of the river.

Here dwelt Josiah Young, curate of Lanscote, and here he had dwelt for two or three years previously. Some time before the opening of our story, it had occurred to him that the presence of his sister Rosa, who had been, when he last saw her, a merry school-girl, but was now grown into a young lady of near eighteen, would agreeably enliven his solitude. He pondered the idea of procuring a visit from her for some time, and at length resolved to broach the project to his housekeeper, Jennifer Greene.

If the Reverend Josiah had possessed the slightest turn for diplomacy, he would never have done anything of the sort, but would have locked the idea securely in his own breast till it was ripe for execution. Jennifer Greene was by no means the sort of housekeeper likely to regard the establishment of young ladies in the household with a favourable eye. She was a widow, about thirty, trim,

neat, black-eyed, sharp of look and voice, and as fond of power as Lord John Russell. As she stood on the other side of the breakfast-table, with the tea-caddy in her hand, measuring out, according to custom, the number of spoonfuls required for the Curate's breakfast, he began to feel the impracticability of his project dawning on him. Up to that moment, it had seemed to him a simple, matter-of-fact sort of thing, easy of arrangement, and sure of her concurrence; but now, as, sitting in his easy-chair, he glanced nervously over his book at her closed lips—firmly closed as they always were, as if to keep in a retort struggling to burst out before it was required—he really wanted words to begin. It suddenly seemed to him a favour he had no right to expect, and he felt that Jennifer would be justified in the outburst that would be sure to follow. The Curate was a nervous man. He experienced a sort of guilty sensation, as he often did when preferring requests to the despotic Jennifer—such as he had felt lately when he thought of asking her to change his dinner-hour to a more convenient one, but couldn't make up his mind to it. He half resolved to express himself on the present subject in a note, which he could leave behind, after departing on feigned urgent business for a day or two. While he was thus considering, the housekeeper, having finished measuring the tea, put the caddy on the table.

"You couldn't make it convenient to spend the day somewhere to-morrow, Mr Young?"

"To-morrow, Mrs Greene. Why so?"

"I want," said the housekeeper, "to clean up the house. This carpet must come up, and—"

"Wouldn't brushing it do?" sug-

gested the Curate, glancing at the lanes of books, which, having overflowed the pair of bookcases that stood in two niches of the apartment, were now meandering in labyrinthine confusion over the floor—ponderous tomes; ancient volumes, solidly bound and solidly written; and modern works, lighter in structure, certainly, on the outside at least—all wandering, side by side, over chairs, tables, and window-seats; for the Curate was an insatiate and insatiable reader. "Wouldn't brushing it do?"

"No, it wouldn't, sir," said Jennifer, shortly. "There's heaps of dust" (pretending to cough) "in this carpet, only it's kept down by the books. There's nothing so bad as books for hoarding the dust; and wherever there's dust there's spiders—and where there's spiders there's cobwebs," (glancing sternly at a thread of gossamer swaying from the ceiling, that would have escaped a less vigilant eye, as she propounded this entomological axiom.) "And there's the spare bed-room's getting quite mouldy—if it isn't aired, I wouldn't be the next person to sleep in it—not for fifty pound—"

"We must see to that," said the Curate, "for it may be wanted."

"Sir?" said Jennifer, inquiringly.

"I was thinking," said the Curate, stammering with nervousness, "I was thinking—that is—I haven't seen my sister for a long time, Mrs Greene."

"Well, sir?" said Mrs Greene.

"And—and—I've been thinking of asking her to come and see me; and of course she'd have to sleep in the spare bed-room, Mrs Greene."

Jennifer's side was towards him, and, as she tossed up her head now, her sharp eyes glanced sideways on his face, so that the right one looked at him across the point of her nose.

"Oh, sir," said Jennifer. "Very good, sir!"

That was all. The Curate did not know how she looked as she departed, for he did not dare to glance at her; but he remarked that her step was rather quick, and the door made a good deal of noise in closing.

"Dear me," said he, drawing his chair to the table, and pouring out the tea, "I feel quite relieved. Really

it is very good of Mrs Greene to be so accommodating."

The Curate went on devouring his book and his toast unsuspectingly in this deceitful calm. He had finished a chapter of the former, and was buttering a second round of the latter, when the door was again opened, and Jennifer entered.

"There, sir," said she, flinging down on the table a bunch of keys; "there, sir, you'll find everything correct to the last pin."

"Mrs Greene!" said the astonished Curate; "dear me, what's the matter?"

"Three years come June I've lived here," continued Jennifer, gazing at a point in the wall over the Curate's head, and keeping time to her words with her foot on the floor, "and if anybody can say there's been so much as a pin wasted, let 'em say it. I've toiled and moiled, high and low, up stairs and down, like any slave—I've been a good servant to you, sir."

"Excellent, my dear Mrs Greene!" said the Curate, who suddenly began to believe Jennifer the pink and pattern of all housekeepers, and himself an ingrate and a tyrant—"invaluable, Mrs Greene—who says otherwise?"

"I've been a good servant to you, sir," continued Jennifer, "and would have so been, as was my duty and pleasure, but for spies being set over me."

"Spies!" said Mr Young; "bless me, who talked of spies?"

"Yes, spies!" continued Jennifer, pressing her hands very tightly on her bosom, and nodding at the wall, with inflated nostrils. "They may be called sisters, or they may be called visitors, but there's only one name for them. And my mind's made up."

"But, my dear Mrs Greene! surely it's very natural that I should wish to see my sister," said the Reverend Josiah, apologetically, "and she needn't interfere with you—she wouldn't wish to, I'm sure."

"Wouldn't she! Oh, sir, you may think so, perhaps, in the innocence of your heart, but you don't know 'em. It's one thing to look after gentlemen, and another thing to be looked after by ladies. I haven't refused the

many good situations I might have had, to be overlooked now—and so, sir, as I said, my mind's made up, and—and"—(here a cloudiness about the eyes betokened a coming shower, while the tapping on the floor was louder than ever)—“and I hope you'll get somebody to” (sob, sob)—“please, please you” (sniff, sniff)—“better than me.”

Mr Young sighed, and was troubled. Perhaps (he thought) he had been very wrong to speak about it. Housekeepers had their feelings and points of honour like other folks, and were entitled to have them indulged. The idea of her really going away, and leaving him to look out for a fresh housekeeper, who didn't know his ways, and would give him no end of trouble, was not to be entertained for a moment—so he decided to relinquish his project, and go home for a week instead; and, applying himself to soothe the wounded prejudices of Jennifer, prevailed upon her, as a great favour, to resume the seals of office, in consideration of his submission.

We are all of us henpecked—husbands by their wives, bachelors by housekeepers, washerwomen, and other females with whom they come in contact: none of us can plume ourselves upon the intact perfection of our plumage, for the marks of the pecker are over us all; and the Reverend Josiah Young, with his neck quite denuded, and his tail-feathers sorely bedraggled, cowered like a plucked capon in the presence of his housekeeper, who began to wear a comb and crow like a cock.

Immediately after his defeat, the Reverend Josiah, hastily concluding a breakfast for which he had no appetite left, lit his pipe and went out into his garden.

Every flower there was a personal friend of his—he knew, not only the history of its race, but the biography of the individual. To this lonely, silent man the woods and lanes and fields opened their hearts, and became great storehouses of interest.—Prim-roses spoke to him when they came out in the spring; harebells chimed an audible music; the moss and the heath and the fern disclosed to him their hidden virtues. The tinted or-

naments of the earth were not more lavish of their sweetness to the roving bee, than to this plain, black-coated, white-cravated Curate.

I say plain, for, open as was the Curate's soul to forms of grace and sounds of harmony, his person was not remarkable for beauty—he was rather plain than otherwise, with light, very light hair and eyebrows, and his pale pink complexion inclined to run into small excrescences about the nose, cheeks, and chin. Ah! to think that the fairest minds sometimes elude the observer behind warts and pimples! Had I the management of the world, the Curate should have a skin of satin, and a halo like an angel.

So he walked carefully through the paths of his little garden, stooping to take each flower between his two first fingers, and upturn its face to his, while the sun, glancing through his light frizzly hair, made it look like hay. And, sometimes espying a caterpillar, earwig, or other bandit and free companion, mutilating his favourites, he would pour on the felonious insect clouds of tobacco smoke till it became insensible, and, carefully transferring it in a state of coma to a leaf, would convey it beyond the boundary of his garden. A paddock across the road was the convict establishment, and was quite a preserve of banished vermin and reptiles.

He was gazing fondly on the countenance of a blue anemone near the gate, when a very gentle tap or poke on the shoulder from the point of a parasol caused him to start and turn round—Lady Lee smiled at him over the palisades, and the image of the anemone faded from his mind. With his pale-pinkness of complexion become celestial rosy red (for, like all nervous, studious men, the Curate had a sad trick of blushing), he hastened to open the gate, and she and Julius entered, while the white pointer crouched outside in the sun.

“How I envy you your interest in your flowers! If I could read the book of the earth like you, I would be content to turn a sort of a philosophic nun, and consecrate myself to its worship,” said her ladyship.

“So would men lose one of their objects of worship,” said the Curate,

gallantly; but he spoiled the compliment by hesitating in its delivery.

"Your interest seems always so fresh," she continued, not heeding his speech. "You seem to turn to each object as unweariedly as if it were your first glance—the bloom is renewed for you, while I—"

"While you find novelty in perpetual diversity," said the Curate. "It shows your mind to be many-sided, your sympathies wide."

"No," said Lady Lee, dropping on the stone seat at the gate, and poking absently in the flower-bed with the point of her parasol; "it shows me fickle, unstable, unsatisfied. I am occupied for the time; but in the intervals I sit listlessly, and hear the earth creaking wearily on its axle."

The Curate gazed at her with wonderful sympathy; he absolutely winked with earnestness. "Ah," he said, "could I but have the happiness of knowing how to fill up these chinks of fancied weariness—for fancied it must be, since to be wearied of yourself seems an impossibility," (this he muttered to himself.) "I could be content indeed."

"And have you not done great things for me?" said she. "I don't know any one to whom I owe so much. It is you who have directed my studies and widened my views. Before, I was a desultory devourer of books, reading much but meditating little; walking through the world like a peasant girl at a fair, wondering and ignorant. You have led me within the portals of those fairy lands of science where you walk at your ease, and where I might follow, but for an indolence and apathy which I have spirit enough to regret but not to conquer."

"Perhaps I could wish you a little more zealous in your pursuit of knowledge," rejoined the Curate; "your powers of observing and judging are too rare to be allowed to rust; and yet I don't know whether there isn't something more engaging to the fancy in your present mode of straying only among the flowers and avoiding the dust of these pursuits. To saunter is more feminine and graceful than to plod."

"Flatterer!" said her ladyship, shaking her parasol at him; "you

certainly have the art of putting me in a better humour with myself; whether by your words or example, I don't know. Bless me, Juley," she said, jumping up from the bench and looking at her watch, "we must be off. We are going to visit some people in the village, Juley and I." One would no longer have known her bright face for the clouded listless one of a moment before—the remembrance of her weariness had vanished. But the Curate was not so versatile, and he stuck to his subject.

"I was in hopes," said he, "that I should shortly have given you a new subject of interest—my sister Rosa, of whom you have heard me speak—but I am vexed to find she can't come to me."

"And why not?" asked Lady Lee.

The Curate was rather ashamed to confess the obstacle, but, by skilful cross-examination, her ladyship elicited that Jennifer was the opposing party.

"Wretched woman!" said Lady Lee to herself, apostrophising the offending Jennifer; but presently a thought seemed to strike her. "What is Rosa's address?" inquired she; "I must write to her, and say how sorry I am she can't come; and so we may become acquainted, at least on paper." And having obtained the address, she bid the Curate good morning, smiling, and departed.

A few days afterwards, he got a note desiring his presence at the Heronry. Before he had well entered the hall, a pair of arms were cast round him—

"I'm come, Josiah," whispered Rosa to her astonished brother, "to stay with Lady Lee, and I'm to visit you every day."

Thus it was that Rosa Young became domiciled at the Heronry, and, henceforth, the Curate's visits there were made on a more familiar footing.

Hitherto his admiration and friendship for Lady Lee had been of a very respectful kind; and not even her frank and sisterly treatment of him had been able to diminish the awe with which her beauty, refinement, and a certain loftiness that mingled even with her frankness, inspired him. She had been a holiday figure in his

imagination, to have contemplated which too often and familiarly would have appeared, to the Curate's mind, a kind of unholy revelry.

But Rosa's presence now formed a connecting link between them. That "things which are familiar with the same thing are familiar with one another," is an axiom as true as any in Euclid. Not that I mean to insinuate, however, that because both the Curate and Lady Lee were in the habit of occasionally kissing Rosa, they ever kissed each other. I should be truly sorry to stain my pages with the chronicling of any such enormity, which would deservedly call down on my devoted head the wrath of all the aged and exemplary female critics in England (old ladies, as I judge from internal evidence, being the authors of four-fifths of the most profound criticisms of the day); and I have quite enough to do, as it is, to avoid treading on the corns of those estimable persons. No, no; all I mean to say is, that Lady Lee, when seeing Rosa skipping round the curate, putting a neater bow on his white cravat, brushing the dust off his coat, and calling him Josiah, would sometimes, in a half inadvertent way, call him Josiah also; for, indeed, it was not easy to be ceremonious with him. And the Curate's heart would thereupon give a lively jump of delight, sending his blood leaping not only into his face, but right up to the crown of his head, and filling his soul and his eyes with a wonderful gratitude and complacency; inspiring him, at the same time, with such an ardour to make some return for this delightful familiarity, that he would have been charmed to rush off at a moment's notice to the extremities of the earth to fetch her pocket-handkerchief. But no such sacrifices were required at his hands; and the calling of him by his Christian name grew more frequent, till "Mr Young" was almost banished from the precincts of their conversation; and, when the appellation did creep in, it caused him to feel a kind of mild and sorrowful resentment.

Then, what could be more charming than to sit with them in the spacious library, with its hollow carved ceiling, its deep bay-windows with the dis-

mond panes, its velvet-covered easy-chairs, and shelves filled with books, many of them of his own selection; and there to expound to them some botanical or geological theory or system, or read aloud from some author whom they had hitherto been unacquainted with, either from his being so very ancient or so very new. And a new and hitherto unsuspected peculiarity began to develop itself in the Curate—he became extremely cunning, and, under pretence of giving brotherly advice to Rosa, would direct all sorts of moral and didactic batteries upon Lady Lee. For the benefit of the latter, too, though under the same pretence, he would advance sentiments and opinions on intimate and confidential subjects, all having remote reference to her ladyship; but whenever she expressed her dissent from any of these, he would immediately abandon them, and shamelessly go over, with the utmost facility, to her side of the question.

He showed a great deal of art, too, in the gradual approaches he made towards calling her Hester. If she had been simply Miss Lee, he would have seen his way clearly enough; for he might first have called her Miss Hester, and then gradually have dropt the formal prefix. Now, to convert Lady Lee into Hester was no such easy process. But Rosa, by her ladyship's own desire, always addressed her by her Christian name; and when she said to her brother, "Josiah, Hester says so and so," the Curate would repeat after her, "Oh, Hester says so and so, does she?" and then would tremulously and furtively glance at her ladyship, to see how she took it; and, finding this pass, as a matter of course, he grew bolder; and when Rosa said, "Hester and I are going to work," he would say, "Well, if Hester and you are going to work, I'll read to you;" which devices he considered as the climax of human ingenuity and tact.

Instead, too, of any longer keeping the image of Lady Lee under a glass-case, as it were, and only indulging himself occasionally with the contemplation of it, it now began to intrude itself between him and his flowers, to take shape, and ascend in the smoke of his meerschaum—nay, to cause the

pages of the very sermon he was writing for delivery on the ensuing Sunday to grow dim and confused beneath the celestial radiance; totally obliterating, perhaps, some eloquent paragraph he had just composed on the vanity of all human affections. And then, waking up, he would wave away the vision impatiently, take a fresh dip of ink, square his elbows resolutely, and write, "Thirdly, my Christian friends, let us consider—" and, sinking back in his chair, the poor Curate would consider nothing more to the purpose than how Lady Lee had looked or spoken when he last saw her. And he carried on with her, while alone in his elbow-chair at the parsonage, more imaginary conversations than ever Walter Savage Landor wrote, and would thirst for the next visit, that this airy eloquence of his might take actual sound, and receive audible replies. And he used to be so brilliant, so lively, so irresistible, in argument, in these ideal interviews, that he would sometimes, at the conclusion of a real one, wonder why he should depart with a sense of having acquitted himself in a manner so inferior to his thought.

Let no impatient lover, sighing like furnace, and burning like one, taking no note of time, and wishing it annihilated till the moment shall come to give him all he wishes—let none such imagine that the Curate's passion made him anxious or unhappy. Study and

reading and philosophy had made his life so full before, that no empty hours were left wherein to originate those ardent hopes that give a man no peace till they are smothered in possession. So far as mere beauty affected him, the Curate might have been chaplain to a seraglio, without ever falling in love with the fairest Georgian of them all. He would have simply admired her, as he did one of those gorgeous beetles or painted butterflies with which his hat and pockets overflowed after a morning walk. He would never have gone an inch out of his way to look for an object of worship. But how could he help falling in love, poor unsuspecting Josiah, when love lay directly in his accustomed paths? And never did captive dwell more contentedly at the bottom of his pitfall. A new and bright element had been introduced into a busy, peaceful life, lending it a fresh charm, but producing no violent displacement of the habitual train of thought. And the Curate was so happy, that, if these pleasant relations had continued just as they were, without growing either more or less intimate, he could have passed on thus, even to old age, without a murmur. And his life, thus gently rippled, was flowing on shadily and pleasantly, when its placid surface was further broken by the reappearance of an old acquaintance of his (though a new one to the reader), as occurred in the following manner.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a wet evening—cold, though in June, and more comfortless than a stormy winter twilight, when the idea of the cheerful fire illuminating the inner world of home is pleasant to the drenched and shivering victim of weather. The Curate was returning from a visit to an invalid in the village; his black trousers, saturated with the moisture of the long rank herbage, mostly fern and dockleaves, that fringed the lane, stuck closely as gaiters to his ankles, while his umbrella rattled again with the showers of drops it shook down in its passage underneath the hawthorn bushes. There was a little pool in the latch of the garden-gate as he put his fore-

finger in it; the white palings gleamed wetly in the gloom; the garden itself was drenched and dismal; and the window of his sitting-room, which, in a winter's evening, glowed out on his returning figure like the portal of a brighter world, looked black and sullen as a cave. "I'll have a fire," said the Curate, "if Mrs Greene has no objection; and I'll have some tea; and I'll finish the other volume of that capital book." The Curate was a great sensualist in his way.

Forgetting to scrape his shoes before entering, and sticking his wet umbrella upright against the wall, from the ferrule of which forthwith meandered a dark sluggish stream

along the passage (both high crimes and misdemeanours in the Jenniferian code), he rubbed up his hair, and entered his sitting-room. He was groping his way to the bell, to order a fire to be lit, when he saw a tall dark figure standing in the shadow of the window-curtains. The Curate at first thought it an optical delusion, and waved his hand towards it, in order to dispel the vision; but his fingers encountered the lapel of a veritable coat. "A robber!" thought the Curate, and instantly grappled the intruder. "Who are you, sir? and what are you doing in my house?" queries which the mysterious person responded to by grappling him in return, and forcibly causing him to seat himself in his easy-chair. The Curate, however, still resisted valiantly, till his antagonist, who had been struggling, not only with him, but with a laugh that threatened to become uproarious, suddenly quitted his hold, giving hearty vent to his merriment.

"I should know that voice," said the Curate; "who on earth is it?" The sound had conjured up a vision of the Curate's youth.

Just then Mrs Greene entered with the candles. The light showed the figure of a tall man in undress cavalry uniform, with a handsome face and a light mustache, beneath which his teeth gleamed whitely in his mirth. He held out his hand to the Curate. "The same old boy," said he, "as ever—the same old Josey."

The Curate, with his head thrust inquiringly forward, his mouth open, stared in his face, and dubiously took his hand. "Not Fane," he said—not Durham Fane?" The other nodded, smiling.

The Curate, instantly tightening the grip of his right hand, seized Fane's arm above the elbow with his left, and worked at him as if the house had sprung a leak, and his visitor were the pump on which he depended for safety.

"Not forgotten, Durham!—never forgotten in all the long years since we were companions!—always remembered as my earliest friend. I may almost say my only one; for I have never had one of the kind since. And where have you come from?—and what are you doing with that

mustache?—and how did you find me out? Have you had any dinner?"

"Ha, ha!—the same muddle-headed old boy as ever, with his ideas, called suddenly in from wool-gathering, pouring forth in breathless disorder," said Fane. "First, Josey, I come from Doddington, where my troop is quartered at present. I had been out for an afternoon ride, when, struck by the appearance of your parsonage, I asked a girl who was passing whose it was?—more for the sake of speaking to the article, who was pretty, Josey, than because I cared to know. 'The Reverend Josiah Young!'—the name electrified me—it was threatening rain; so I tied my horse to the gate (from whence he has since been transferred to the stable) and entered. A glance round the room, and at the backs of the books, would have assured me who was the inhabitant, even without the autograph on the fly-leaves. Burton—Gilbert White—Camden—Evelyn—Jeremy Taylor—Kenelm Digby—the antiquated brotherhood would have been sorely incomplete without old Josey Young, the most old-fashioned of the fraternity, to consort with them. So I sat here patiently, while the rains descended and the winds came, waiting till you should make yourself manifest."

"Not altered, Fane, in speech or spirit," said the Curate smiling—"the same irreverent fun on the surface—the same strong sense and kindness, doubtless, underneath. We'll have such a glorious evening!—for you won't leave me, I'm sure. Mrs Greene! Mrs Greene!" (Enter Jennifer.) "My friend here is going to stay the evening—he has had no dinner—couldn't you, that is, would it trouble you much to—a beefsteak, you know, or something of that sort, and some of your excellent mashed potatoes—and a bottle of beer—and I'll just have my tea at the same time."

The countenance of Jennifer was gloomy in the extreme; under-done steak and half-mashed potatoes were written thereon very legibly, to the despairing glance of the Curate, who knew that she didn't like to be put out of her way by *impromptu* visitors. Fane stepped forward.

"Excellent Miss Greene," he said, "don't mind what my hospitable friend says. Some bread and butter, cut by your own fair hands—some tea, such as you administer to him—are all I shall trouble you for. I know, my pretty Miss Greene, what a bachelor's household is."

Mrs Greene's feelings were touched—she liked being called Miss Greene, because it made her think she looked young. She liked the politeness of the handsome officer—she liked his consideration for a bachelor's housekeeping, while she felt a pride in her own resources. She smiled and curtsied pleasantly as she withdrew. Fane sent a shot after her.

"What a handsome housekeeper you've got, Josey. What does the bishop say, you sly dog?"

"Is Mrs Greene handsome?" said Josiah. "I really never noticed her looks."

Fane laughed. "Now, if anybody but you had said that," said he, clapping the Curate on the shoulder, "were he the most venerable of archdeacons, or an archbishop, I should have thought him an arch-humbler. But I believe you, Josey. You were always a virtuous old boy, by nature and habit as well as principle; and I'll be sworn you don't even know the colour of your housekeeper's eyes."

"And now answer me, thou naughty varlet," said the Curate, drawing his chair to the fire; "what hast thou been doing these ten years?"

"We soldiers, Josey," replied Fane, "spend our time pretty much as Satan spends his, according to the Book of Job—in passing to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it."

"Can't you let Job alone, and answer for yourself?" returned Josiah. "I trust your life only resembles Satan's in a perambulatory point of view. And how does it suit you? Is it what you could wish? Have you read much?—you used to be a great reader? Have you seen a great deal of the world? Has it prospered with you?"

"Why, yes," said Fane; "in the ordinary sense I have been prosperous. Health—promotion rapid enough—

pleasant, though seldom quite congenial, associates—a stirring Indian campaign, out of which I came sound, wind and limb—and, for the rest, a soldiering, sporting, love-making life, with snatches of better things. Such has been the tenor of my course. Judge you of its congeniality."

"Not satisfactory, Durham—not what I had prefigured for you. Though, as a boy, you were impetuous, impatient, impulsive"—

"In fact, everything that was impish," said Fane.

"Yet I knew there was ballast enough to steady the vessel. But I fear the good ship has been drifting aimlessly."

"Too true," said Fane—"too true. But my prospects have changed. Three years ago, I was serving in India, exemplifying how happy the soldier is who lives on his pay, when I unexpectedly received a communication from my mother's eldest brother. This old gentleman had never forgiven my mother for marrying my father, a poor subaltern, nor exchanged word or letter with her to the day of her death. I had consequently nothing to expect from him, especially as he had adopted my cousin, Langley Levitt, and was bringing him up as his heir. But Langley, by some acts of disobedience and extravagance, had mortally offended him, and was cast adrift without a penny. My uncle now offered me the vacant place in his affections, and proposed an immediate exchange to a regiment at home. 'Twas a grand offer for such a poor devil as me. I was sick of India, and gladly consented. The old gentleman behaved very liberally—got me an exchange to a cavalry regiment, and gives me a handsome allowance. So here I do now walk before thee, Josey, captain of dragoons, and heir-apparent to some thousands per annum, on condition of good behaviour."

"I'm delighted at your good fortune, Durham," said the Curate, getting up to pat his friend on the shoulder. "But the poor cousin—what became of him?"

"Nobody knows," replied Fane. "I have caused diligent inquiry to be made for him—secretly, for my

uncle won't hear his name mentioned—but without success. From all I can hear, he is chargeable with nothing worse than imprudence, though my uncle did once hint at something of a darker nature. I believe he was a general favourite; but I never saw him."

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathetic Curate. "You must find him, Durham, and take care of him. But has this change of life been for the better? Has your prosperity brought any clear prospect of worthy occupation with it?"

"Was ever such an atrocious kill-joy!—as if it were not enough occupation for an unfortunate mendicant like me to revel in the glories of his new position, and go pleasantly to the devil. But no, Josey; my conscience has smitten me for leading such a useless life, and I said so to my uncle. I told him I had looked on long enough at the world, and wished to play a part in it. 'You want to leave dragooning?' said he. 'I do,' said I. 'Marry,' said he, in his usual laconic fashion. 'Whom?' asked I. 'Anybody that's respectable,' was the avuncular rejoinder. 'What atrocious hypocrisy!' thought I; 'I'll expose it immediately.' 'What d'ye think, sir, of Miss Podder?' I said—'pretty, agreeable, and with the prospect of a grand cotton concern as her heritage.' 'Rascal!' thundered my uncle, going as near the verge of apoplexy as an elderly gentleman with safety can—'how dare you mention the infernal cotton-spinning name?' 'Miss Standish,' I suggested—'good breed—regular Church-and-State family.' 'She hasn't a second idea,' said my uncle, 'and I wouldn't have you marry a fool, Durham.' 'The only other eligible person I can think of,' said I, 'is our neighbour, Miss Kindersley.' 'Would you marry a death's-head?' thundered my relative, (and the lady is somewhat gaunt and grim, Josey,) 'or do you think I wish to see my niece-in-law grin at me?' The upshot was, that as nothing was to be found near home, I was to try my fortune elsewhere. Married or not, at the end of a year I exchange life military for life bucolic; but I hardly dare

show my nose at home without a wife. Do you know anybody, Josey, that would suit me?"

Why did the Curate redden at the question? Was it that he did know somebody to the purpose? And if so, why not name her? Poor Josiah! a spark of jealousy shot sharply along that simple honest heart, as he thought how well Durham Fane would match with Lady Lee.

Before he had time to grapple with the thought, or to reply, a rattling as of plates, knives, and forks in the passage was heard; and presently a savoury odour preceded Jennifer into the room. A tender steak, done to a turn, a well made omelet, and a little pyramid of mashed potatoes, of a charming shade of brown, appeared on the snow-white cloth, with a bottle of beer standing sentinel over the whole. The Curate's heart was filled with gratitude to Jennifer.

"Bad policy, Miss Greene," said Fane, drawing a chair toward the well-spread tray, "to make my dinner so inviting. I shall be coming too often."

"Really, Durham, I don't know what spell you've cast over Mrs Greene," said Josiah, as she retired simpering primly. "She is really in a charming humour."

It did the Curate good to mark the affectionate ardour with which Fane threw himself on the steak. He hovered round his guest, plying him with pepper, ketchup, a browner portion of potato—uncorked his beer and poured it foaming creamily into the tumbler—drew the loaf and butter more within his reach—put a fire-screen before him, and then, somewhat inconsistently, poked up the fire; after which, he sat down opposite him, smiling in the intervals of sipping his tea.

"And how has the time passed with you, Josey?" inquired Fane, looking up from his plate; "doubtless, as of yore, in a state of dreamy activity. I always considered yours the most wonderful case of somnambulism ever known. You eat, drink, and walk about like other men, while your mind dwells for ever in pleasant dream-lands. I would lay a wager that you do not now see me in my true light, as a very ordinary mortal

dropt in unexpectedly on an old friend, but as an Orestes brought by good spirits to rejoin his Pylades. Life and its incidents were always to you, in reality, what they are to other men only in the illusions of memory or of hope. And I would lay another wager, Josey, that if thou shouldst get thee a wife, she, to ordinary eyes a mere chronicler of small beer, and a mender of cotton stockings, will be, in yours, a peerless and perfect dame, more than half angel, even though she should waddle before thee with no more waist than a soda-water bottle, and with chins all the way down to her stomacher."

"Do you think I have that faculty?" said the Curate, thoughtfully. "Why, it never struck me—perhaps I have, though—perhaps I have. But I don't remember ever forming a very lofty opinion, such as you mention, of any woman, except one—and she deserves it. Anybody would say so. You will say so yourself when you see her."

"No, Josey, no. I lack the vision and the faculty divine. I am as much over-critical as you are the reverse; and it has enabled me to walk scathless through the hosts of sirens and Circes that beset a man in the earlier stages of his pilgrimage. Why, most reverend and simple Josey, you, with one-half my temptations, would have been hopelessly wedded years since to some remorseless female, who, with no more sympathy with your pursuits than my horse, would have invaded your sacred leisure and beloved ease at the head of a troop of imps, whom you would secretly have hated all the worse because you believed yourself their father. And for this lady without peer that you speak of—why, 'tis ten to one, Josey, that I find her some dowdy, or perchance some stupid lay figure which your warm imagination has"—

"Durham!" said the Curate, seriously—"Durham!"

"Why, Josey, a thousand pardons," said Fane, looking up and pausing with a piece of steak on his lifted fork. "Why, the old boy looks as grave as a judge—the sort of look you used to assume, Josey, when I played tricks on our revered headmaster at the old vicarage school.

But I will look at her, Josey, through your spectacles, and, whatever may be my secret thoughts of this piece of Eve's flesh, I will say nought except in praise of her; nay more, without seeing her, I pronounce her"—

"Say nothing till you have seen her, Durham," interposed the Curate, "and then say just what you honestly think."

"But you have roused my curiosity, Josey. Who or what is she? What is her name among men?"

"She is called Lady Lee," said the Curate; "and her Christian name is Hester."

"Lady Lee!" repeated Fane—"then she is married, eh? and you are admiring your neighbour's wife, most virtuous Josey?"

"No," said the Curate; "she's a widow."

"A widow!" cried Fane. "Why, there you have shivered to pieces at a word all the high imaginations with which I was labouring to come up to your description. There are two sorts of widows—one, fat, contented, red-faced, looking out for prey among mankind with the calmness of a proficient in the art of man-stealing—the other, wizened, sharp-nosed, querulous, and mighty prolific, as a train of ugly little copies of the dear departed bear witness. Which does her ladyship belong to, Josey?"

"I'll talk to you on the subject when you're in a better frame of mind," said the Curate.

"But, seriously now, Josey, and in sober truth, would there not be something truly formidable in the idea of marrying a widow? To step, not merely into a dead man's shoes, but to put your head in his very nightcap—to have a ghost for a rival—to have base comparisons drawn between yourself and an apparition—to find that her taste inclines towards dark men (the complexion of the deceased having been of a fine deep bronze, while yours is of angelic fairness)—to know that, when you keep her waiting for dinner, or venture to be drowsy when she wants you to be lively, she is thinking of a dear first husband who never committed these crimes. Ah, Josey, do not all these sentiment-defying considerations lurk

within the close-crimped circle of a widow's cap?"

While delivering these remarks, Fane was too busy with his knife and fork to observe that they caused the Curate to fidget nervously in his chair. At the conclusion of them the latter hastened to change the subject, taking advantage of the allusion Fane had made to their school-days to talk of those vanished times with wonderful zest and glee.

At length, after prolonged and youth-restoring review of past times, Fane rose, looking at his watch. "Josey, I must be off."

"Not at all," said the Curate, starting hastily from his chair; "you must stay here to-night. Don't you hear the rain?"

"But 'twill put you out of your way," urged Fane.

"Not in the least—not in the least," said the hospitable Curate. He had been revolving in his mind the chances of Jennifer permitting the sanctuary of the spare room to be profaned, and had resolved not to run the risk of giving her a distaste for Fane at this, his first visit,

by taxing her amiability too much, as that might render his future ones unpleasant. Therefore the Curate had arranged that Fane should occupy his own bed, that he should himself sleep on the sofa, and that Mrs Greene need not know anything about it.

So when they had talked their fill, the Curate took a candle to show him the way. But first they went out to the stable, where Fane, with his own hands, groomed his charger, fed him (for Josiah, though he had no horse of his own, was always prepared to entertain the steeds upon which his brother clergymen came to visit him), and littered him down, Josiah holding the candle. Then they proceeded up-stairs, at the top of which Josiah halted, and cautioning his friend to step lightly that he might not awake Mrs Greene, whose door he would pass, whispered "Good night," and, watching him disappear and shut the door of the chamber, descended softly to his sitting-room, where, taking off his coat and shoes, he slumbered peacefully on the sofa, with his best surplice and a green baize table-cloth for bed-clothes.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Jennifer entered the next morning, to glance her sharp eyes round the sitting-room and direct the labours of the housemaid (a young villager, whom she kept in a state of complete subjection), she was startled at seeing her master extended on the sofa, slumbering, as aforesaid, peacefully beneath the surplice and the table-cloth—for the Curate, rendered restless by the many thoughts which the presence of his friend had conjured up, lay tossing long after midnight, and had failed to wake so early as he designed in order to evade detection. Jennifer drew herself up and looked at him with austere surprise; but presently guessing the true state of the case, she turned to her young assistant, who stood behind her with broom and duster, and commanded her to go softly into the Curate's bed-room and bring her word who was sleeping there. Presently the maid returned, and Jennifer's features relaxed into

a stern smile as she thought of the supremacy she had established over the Curate, driving him to adopt such devices in his own house. Sweet is the evidence of our own power—far sweeter to natures such as Jennifer's than proofs of affection. And, sending the maid elsewhere, she closed the door softly and went away.

But even that soft closing of the door roused the Curate. He opened his eyes, looked for a moment wonderingly about him, and then, recalling the event of the evening, he sat up on the sofa, rubbed his eyes, and stole gently out from under the shelter of his ecclesiastical bed-clothes. Congratulating himself on the perfect success of his manœuvre, he arranged the table-cloth on the table, put by his surplice where he had found it, shook and thumped the sofa cushions to remove the traces of his occupancy, and, throwing his coat and waist-coat across his arm, stole gently out into the passage, intending to finish

his toilette in his own room before waking his friend, and to instruct him to feign that he, Fane, had dropt in to breakfast after having slept elsewhere. But these machinations were dissolved into thin air at the sight of Jennifer, who confronted him in the lobby. The Curate started like a guilty thing surprised, stared, and then said feebly, "Good morning, Mrs Greene."

"I'm afraid, sir, you've not slept comfortably," said Jennifer; "but I must say 'twas your own fault, Mr Young. Wasn't there the spare room for your friend, if you had only let me know?"

The Curate was overpowered by Jennifer's goodness, and murmured something about "not wishing to give her trouble."

"And pray, sir, when did I complain of trouble when I could make you or your friends comfortable?" asked Jennifer, reproachfully. "Would the Captain like tea or coffee for breakfast, sir?—or there's chocolate, if he would prefer it?"

"Anything, anything you like, my good Mrs Greene—my friend's not particular," said the Curate, quite embarrassed with his gratitude, and running hastily up-stairs.

This condescension to meet the Curate's wishes was a great stroke of policy on the part of Jennifer. She felt that it was of no use to strain the reins too tightly without an object, and that an occasional relaxation of them might better answer her ends—for ends, and very definite ones, Jennifer had, even from the first day of her establishment at Lanscote Parsonage. She had soon perceived the Curate to be as helpless, as she phrased it, as a child, in his domestic concerns—and who could manage them better than she? And, having established this fact, she had once absented herself on a week's leave, for the purpose of letting the Curate feel how necessary she was to his comfort; and, on returning, had the satisfaction of hearing him confess that everything had gone wrong in her absence. Then, was she not good-looking?—was not her family respectable? And if she had lowered herself before, in consequence of reduced circumstances, by marrying a small ship-

master, why, that was all the more reason she should do better next time. And, in fact, the shipmaster having been disposed of, by drowning, some years before, Jennifer, in her innermost heart, cherished the design of supplying his place with the Curate. And what was there, she thought, so unlikely in it? Their relation would be but little altered by such a step—in fact, she should care even better for his interests then than now—and so Jennifer, with the patience of a sharp, calculating, cat-like nature, set herself deliberately to watch for the unsuspecting, unwary Curate.

Excellent was the breakfast to which the Curate and his friend sat smilingly down that morning—so excellent, that Fane could not help eulogising it.

"Why, Josey," he said, "what a precious old sensualist you must have grown since we parted! Not content with bread and toast, you must have hot rolls too—and, (shade of Apicius!) as if marmalade were not sufficient, here are two sorts of jam—and this trout is superb, and so is the coffee—Josey, I must really borrow Mrs Greene for a short time—won't you lend her to me, you clerical gourmand?" And the Curate, submitting cheerfully to the charge of gourmandising (which was, however, quite unmerited, for he did not often get such breakfasts), smiled gratefully on Jennifer, who, in her smartest cap, was pouring out the coffee with an air of prim satisfaction.

"I enjoy this wonderfully," said Fane, as he sat after breakfast on a wooden seat fixed against the hedge that bounded the Curate's garden, having a canopy of lilacs and laburnums, while around were thickly scattered yellow wall-flowers, with a bee feeding on the red heart of each, and humming as it fed, mingled with many a balsam, and stocks purple and white—"I enjoy this wonderfully," said Fane, looking up from a great volume that lay on his lap, and addressing the Curate, who, pipe in mouth, was bending among his flowers;—"more than you, Josey, for this is your daily life, and familiarity with these pleasant sights and sounds and scents must have bred a certain

indifference towards them. But hours like these steal in enchantingly in the intervals of a busy or a struggling life, such as mine has mostly been, and as I hope it will be."

"You are mistaken," said the Curate. "You are one of those who love strong contrasts, and can scarcely appreciate even the peaceful blue of the sky unless it peers in streaks through thunder-clouds. But the key of my taste is pitched lower, and I find in these quiet scenes a daily beauty, as Iago says—(by the by, where did such a villain as Iago come by that delicious phrase, Durham?) And if I did find my pursuits staling by custom, why, a slight fillip, such as the presence of an old friend, suffices to restore their lustre. To-day the garden looks almost gaudy, Durham."

"You're a good simple old boy, Josey," said Fane, "and I've half a mind to envy you. There are two classes in the world who seem to me to come nearer happiness than any others—gardeners and painters. Both are brought into incessant contact with the wonders, the glory, and the variety of nature, and are thus secure against satiety. Both are engaged in a struggle, not with their fellows (which leads to emulations, envyings, and the rest that you wot of, Josey), but with the secrets of the outer world—and both receive sufficient encouragement to lead them onward in infinite search. Lastly, Josey, both find perpetual rewards in the sympathy and pleasure which their success excites in others. And, therefore, could I but discern in myself any artist-power of expression, I would turn my *sabre-tasche* into a palette, fill my holsters with camel-hair brushes, and (leaving gardening out of the question, because it would make my back ache, and is, moreover, of the earth, earthy) devote myself to placing on canvass the essence of something now lying unthought of in nature's treasury. Thus might one give the world assurance of a man who could listen to its din without wishing to join in the struggle or the shouting."

"A little momentary enthusiasm, excited by present peaceful enjoyment, Durham," said the Curate,

smiling. "You are meant to cast a broad and general glance upon the world, not to peer microscopically into its minuter, though still infinite wonders. Trust me, Durham, you would never learn to hang your morrow's expectations, as I do, on the unfolding of a bud, or the breaking of a germ through the soil."

"Long may you continue to flourish in your paradise," said his friend.

"It only wants one thing to complete it—such as I now see coming down the road, sending rays before her, as Dante says of his advancing angel, like the morning star. An Eve, Josey, approaches, in a fringed parasol and straw bonnet—and, by Jove, she's coming in at the gate!"

The Curate, somewhat short-sighted as he was, recognised the celestial apparition before it lifted the latch—he always knew Lady Lee a long way off. In his haste to greet her he made a spring over the central flower-bed, instead of going round it, and, over-estimating his agility, decapitated two gorgeous tulips. Her ladyship, however, displayed none of this haste, waiting patiently with the open gate in her hand to admit Julius, who had overshot the goal in breathless pursuit of a butterfly.

"I am so glad you have come this morning!" said the Curate (as if his illuminated countenance and eager haste did not sufficiently express this). "I am so glad you have come, for there is an old friend of mine here whom I should like you to know."

To say the truth, Lady Lee's face did not assume any appearance of warm interest in this friend, nor of great anxiety to make his acquaintance. In fact, when the Curate had occasionally before introduced her to friends of his, whom he had warmly eulogised, her quick-sighted ladyship had perceived in a moment that they owed their merits principally, if not altogether, to the Curate's imagination acting through his warm heart, being, in fact, the merest stupid respectabilities imaginable. So she walked with the Curate amid the flower-beds towards the bench where Fane was seated, in full expectation of finding there some clerical gentleman clothed inside and out in dinginess, and whose talk was of tithes.

Accordingly she lifted her eyes somewhat languidly as Fane rose at her approach; but they immediately opened into an expression of interest on encountering the glance of the earnest, thoughtful, intelligent pair that met them. Certainly, there was nothing of the personage she had prefigured in the tall, well-made form, clad in a handsome uniform, that bent towards her as the Curate named "his friend, Captain Fane."

Fane, too, finding that he was in the presence of the peerless dame who had illuminated the Curate's conversation the night before, and knowing from old experience that Josiah's swans often appeared merely geese to the public eye, did not feel his curiosity much excited till he caught that after-glance of hers, contrasting so flatteringly with her first indifferent, somewhat supercilious look, as to appear like an involuntary compliment.

The Curate stood by, watching the interview, and gently rubbing his hands as he glanced from one to the other. He had always thought each of them handsome—but they looked handsomer than they ever had before, to his eyes, as they stood opposite to each other, their faces reflecting interest. And then a strong sense of his own personal identity flashed suddenly on him, as if he could stand apart from the group and see himself making the third in it, with his plain face and form, his ungraceful attitude, and his dingy dress, contrasting strongly with the grace, easy strength, and picturesque attire of his friend. The Curate was little accustomed to think about his own appearance, and could not account for the sudden access of egotism.

"Come, don't be ceremonious; shake hands," said the Curate. "I'm sure you'll be friends."

Fane held out his hand—"He should think the better of himself, henceforth, for Josiah's prophecy." A sensation, as of guilt to be atoned for, came over him as he looked at Lady Lee, and thought of his blasphemy about widows on the previous night.

Now Lady Lee's second glance had satisfied her of the truth of a suspicion which the first had communicated to her mind—viz., that she had seen Captain Fane before. He was, how-

ever, quickest in remembering where, because she had, on the occasion of their meeting, been attired very much as at present, whereas his uniform made a difference sufficient to puzzle one who had only seen him in a shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat. Presently, however, she recognised the hero of the adventure at the stepping-stones—the more easily, perhaps, because his face had once or twice risen uncalled for to her mental eye during the interval; and, remembering the mode in which he had got her out of her difficulty, she very ungratefully intrenched herself in a double allowance of reserve and coldness. So she merely put the tips of her fingers in his extended hand, and turned to the Curate.

"She and Juley," she said, "were taking their morning walk, and she had looked in to say that there was an arrival at the Heronry very interesting to the Curate—a packet of new books, which he must come and inspect, and which Rosa was now unpacking." This was one of her ladyship's methods of obliging the Curate, for, knowing that his slender income was entirely inadequate to appease his literary voracity, she used to order regularly all the most expensive works connected with his pursuits, though she never looked into the half of them herself.

The Curate's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands vigorously in anticipation. "Now we shall see the great illustrated Ornithology," said he; "glorious! glorious! they say the drawings are like life."

"And that's exactly what they ought to resemble," said Fane, who had seated himself again on the bench with his book open on his knee. "Always take care, Josey, that in your ardour as a naturalist you don't lose sight of nature. For, do but listen now to a passage I had just lighted on in old Gilbert White." And he read as follows—"Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination that the poets have personified her, and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since" (mark you, Josey), "since it may become the sub-

ject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries." "Strange now," went on Fane, "that to this old gentleman, a lover of nature, it should appear that nature was made for science, not science for nature; that he should fancy his partiality for having his imagination stirred by echo needed a scientific excuse!"

"But that was only his printed and published opinion," said Lady Lee, who listened with interest. "Trust me his private one was very different, and, often when shouting like a schoolboy to wake an echo, the idea that pleased him was neither mathematical nor philosophical, but poetical—that of an invisible inhabitant of the solitude."

"Good!" said the Curate, rubbing his hands exultingly. "Ah, you shall find no boy's play here, Durham. But the truth is, that naturalists are sometimes matter-of-fact people, incapable of seeing a double meaning in the great book they study, and in talking to them we must use their language. White was writing to some utilitarian friend, who could better understand his sympathy with science than with nature. And if—"

The Curate paused abruptly, for he became aware that Jennifer was standing at a little distance from him, with an expression primmer even than usual, and holding his surplice thrown over her arm. "What is it, Mrs Greene?"

"There's a couple that was to have been married at ten, sir—and now it's half-past—the clerk's come to say they're waiting," answered Jennifer.

"Bless me!" cried the Curate, "I had forgotten all about it; quick, good Mrs Greene" (as Jennifer helped him on with the surplice, looking all the time as resentful as if it were her wedding that was delayed). "You see

what you have to answer for, between you," said he, hastening through the garden, out of the gate, and down the road, with his surplice streaming behind him as if he were the bearer of a flag of truce.

"It's one body's work to look after him," said Jennifer, as she re-entered the house.

"Come, Juley," said Lady Lee, finding herself left alone with the Captain, bowing to whom she took her departure.

Fane looked at his watch, and, finding his presence would shortly be required on parade, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and walked down the road leading him by the bridle. And as his homeward road was the same as Lady Lee's, and as he walked faster than she and Julius, he, in the natural course of things, overtook them, and slackened his pace to theirs, and the subject of the conversation he then opened was one in which they had common interest—their friend the Curate. Presently Julius, becoming clamorous for a ride, was lifted into the saddle. There was no such thing as preserving a cold demeanour to one so frank, easy, and clever as Fane—and her ladyship found herself gradually forgetting the origin of their acquaintance, conversing with him nearly as freely as with the Curate; and she felt almost sorry when they halted at the lodge-gate of the Heronry, and Julius being with some trifling resistance dismounted, Fane got into the saddle, took his leave, and they separated. After riding a short distance, he turned and looked back. Lady Lee, too, was looking back, perhaps after Julius, for, immediately calling to the boy to come along and not be troublesome, she walked onward to the house, and the trees hid her from his sight.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

HERE is a curious book, of a kind not often met with. It relates to a colony of which less is known and heard, in Europe and out of Spain, than of almost any other belonging to a European power. The remote position of the Philippines, and the slight interest generally attached to them, have checked the ardour even of that inquisitive race of travellers who seek by preference the least explored regions of the earth's surface. And Spaniards and Creoles, by nature indolent and unobservant, trouble themselves little with the writing of books. The author of the one before us is an adventurous Frenchman, of quick intelligence and warm feelings, who has seen and suffered much, and who mingles with a description of scenes and tribes almost unknown to the world, an interesting, and often an affecting narrative of his own cares and sorrows. He writes with the most uncultivated simplicity. No portion of the success which his volume can hardly fail to secure, can be attributed to the factitious graces of style. His extreme naturalness, perhaps, serves him better than would have done any more ambitious attempt. It harmonises excellently with the character of his adventures, and the freshness of his subject.

Of all arts, trades, and professions, the most universally applicable and available is unquestionably that of medicine. Amongst its professors in England, and especially amongst their junior portion, complaints are frequent of the scarcity of sick, the fewness of fees, the excess of doctors. Our advice to those impatient disciples of Galen, who fret and chafe under the long feeless probation which invariably precedes fame and wealth, but which these by no means invariably succeed, is to get ready a compact kit, a bright lancet, and a well-filled medicine chest, and to betake themselves to one of the numerous lands where an English or a French doctor is prized, pampered,

and, above all, paid. Whithersoever he goes, the doctor may reckon on a good reception. In the Indian hunting lodge or the Bedouin tent, by the gold-gully of the lawless Far-West, or amidst the fierce tribes of the distant East, the man will seldom meet injury or offence who brings relief to suffering humanity. So long as sickness and infirmity are the allotted burthen of our race, he may make pretty sure of a welcome. A chancery barrister, however learned and acute, would be but moderately useful in the desert or the backwoods; a dignitary of the church, however pious and eloquent, might have a better chance, amongst Arabs and cannibals, of being knocked on the head than listened to, of being eaten than of getting anything to eat. But the man of pills and bistourys is at once appreciated. Such, perhaps, was the reflection that induced the author of the book before us to choose medicine as his profession.

M. de la Gironière begins his narrative in an abrupt, old-fashioned way, which carries one back to the days of Defoe and his imitators.

"My father was born at Nantes," he says, "and held the rank of captain in the regiment of Auvergne. The Revolution lost him his commission and his fortune, and left him for sole remaining resource a little property called *La Planche*, belonging to my mother, and situate at two leagues from Nantes, in the parish of Vertoux.

"At the beginning of the Empire he wished to take service again; but, at that period, his name was an obstacle, and he failed in every attempt to obtain even lieutenant's rank. Almost without the means of existence, he retired to *La Planche* with his family. There he lived for some years, suffering the grief and many annoyances occasioned him by the sudden change from opulence to neediness, and by the impossibility of supplying all the wants of his numerous

family. A short illness terminated his sad existence, and his mortal remains were laid in the cemetery at Vertoux. My mother, a pattern of courage and devotedness, remained a widow with six children, two girls and four boys; she continued to live in the country, and herself gave us the first elements of instruction."

An out-of-door life, the fresh sea-air of Brittany, abundance of violent exercise, combined to harden and strengthen the body of Paul de la Gironière, and to qualify him to encounter the perils and adventures to which he was subsequently exposed. As a mere child, he daily walked his four leagues to and from Nantes, where he went to school, and where he afterwards studied at the *Hôtel Dieu*, and passed at an unusually early age his examination as surgeon. Twenty-four hours after he had received his diploma, he offered his services to the consignee of a vessel then fitting out for the East Indies. He agreed for a very moderate salary, and made the voyage. In a year he was back at Nantes. He made two other similar voyages, before embarking, in the autumn of 1819, on board the *Cultivator*, a crazy old ship, commanded by an old captain, long ashore, and bound for Manilla, at which they were eight months in arriving. The *Cultivator* cast anchor near the little town of Cavite, where M. de la Gironière engaged a lodging, having obtained permission to reside on shore.

"To make up for my long inactivity on board ship, I eagerly engaged in my favourite exercises, exploring the country in all directions with my gun upon my shoulder. Taking for a guide the first Indian whom I met, I made long excursions, less occupied in shooting than in admiring the magnificent scenery. I knew a little Spanish, and soon acquired a few *Tagalog* words. Whether it was for excitement's sake, or from a vague desire of braving danger, I know not, but I was particularly fond of wandering in remote places, said to be frequented by robbers. With these I occasionally fell in, but the sight of my gun kept them in check. I may say with truth that at that period of my life I had so little sense

of danger, that I was always ready to put myself forward when there was an enemy to fight, or a peril to be incurred."

Not to many men, certainly, are so many opportunities afforded of gratifying a passion for peril and adventure, as there have been to M. de la Gironière. The first soon occurred. He had been but a short time at Cavite, when the cholera broke out and quickly spread over the entire island. Its ravages were terrible; the Indians, especially, were swept off by thousands; day and night the death-carts were in the streets. In their terror and despair, the Indians imagined that the foreigners had poisoned the rivers and fountains, with intent to destroy the native population and seize the Philippines. The consequence of this belief was a terrible massacre at Manilla and at Cavite. The captain of the *Cultivator* was one of the first victims. Almost all the French in Manilla were assassinated, and their houses pillaged and devastated. One alone escaped—a captain of a ship, named Gautrin, now alive and in Paris. His courage and muscular strength saved him. After seeing one of his friends pitilessly cut to pieces, he threw himself head foremost amongst the murderers, his fists for sole defence, and made his way through them, receiving, on his passage, three sabre-cuts and a lance-thrust. At Cavite, M. de la Gironière was pursued, but had time to jump into a boat and take refuge on board the *Cultivator*. Thence he was summoned to an American vessel, whose mate had just been stabbed upon his own deck by custom-house guards. He had scarcely dressed the wound, when he learned that the captain of a Marseilles vessel was on shore, and that perhaps there still was a possibility of saving him. M. de la Gironière bravely volunteered the attempt. He went ashore alone, in a boat which he ordered the rowers to keep at a short distance from shore. "On reaching," he says, "a small square called *Puerta Baga*, I observed a group of three or four hundred Indians. I had a presentiment that it was in that direction I ought to prosecute my search. I approached, and beheld

the unfortunate Drouant, pale as a corpse. A furious Indian was on the point of plunging his krees into his breast; I threw myself between the captain and the poignard, violently pushing the murderer and his intended victim, so as to separate them. 'Run!' I cried in French, 'a boat awaits you.' So great was the stupefaction of the Indians that the captain escaped unpursued." M. de la Gironière's life seemed worth but little at that moment. He was surrounded by four hundred frantic and blood-thirsty savages. Daggers menaced him on every side. By audacity and presence of mind he kept the foe at bay for a few moments, and was finally rescued by an Indian soldier, whose sick wife he had cured gratis. The boat was doubtless gone, so the Doctor turned his steps towards his lodging, but encountered upon the way a numerous gang of workmen from the arsenal, armed with hatchets and hurrying to attack the French vessels lying in the bay. Again a grateful patient saved the life of the Doctor, who had scarcely got into his room when Yang-Po, a Chinese, who kept a tea-shop on the ground floor, warned him to depart, for that the Indians were coming to attack. Partly because he knew not whither to betake himself, and partly, perhaps, with the idea that the worthy Chinaman's caution proceeded from apprehensions for his tea-chests, the Doctor decided to remain where he was till morning. It was now dark night. He barricaded his room-door with furniture, loaded his pistols and double-barrelled gun, and put out his light. He waited thus for three hours, struggling against sleep, for, in spite of his critical position, fatigue weighed down his eyelids. At eleven o'clock a friendly half-breed came to the rescue. The Doctor got out of a window in the roof, and descended into the street in rear of the house, just as the Indians assailed it in front. The half-breed took him home for the night, and provided a boat for him to go on board his ship. Just as he was about to leave, a letter was put into his hand, signed by the captains of the foreign ships in the bay. Fearing an attack, they were about to take a wider offing. Two of them

had left on shore a part of their provisions, all their fresh water, and even their sails. They entreated M. de la Gironière, in whose courage and influence with the natives they evidently reposed great confidence, to send them these indispensable things, as well as a large sum of money in dollars, belonging to one of them. Most men, in our young medico's place, might have thought they had done enough in the way of self-devotion. Not so he. He actually returned amongst the Indians, from whose hands he had thrice so narrowly escaped with life, and, by a happy union of fearlessness, firmness, and conciliation, he not only remained unscathed amongst them, but induced two hundred of them, by the promise of a dollar per man, to work under his orders, and embark the much-desired stores. His greatest difficulty was the transport of the great heap of dollars belonging to the captain whose life he had saved. Had the Indians got scent of them, the temptation would have been far too strong for their virtue. M. de la Gironière adopted the plan of filling his pockets and going on board the boat, where, hidden by the sailors, he most gingerly emptied them, almost coin by coin, lest the Indians should hear the gingling of the silver. After twenty journeys between house and boat, the money was all in safety. Whilst transporting the sails on board, the Doctor's life was again in imminent peril. A few days before the massacre, a French sailor, who was working as sailmaker, had died of the cholera. His comrades took fright, wrapped the body in a sail, and hurried on board their ship. This body the Indians now discovered. It was in a state of putrefaction. Terrified at first, their terror soon changed to fury. "Your friends," they cried, "have left this corpse here, on purpose that it might poison the air, and increase the violence of the epidemic." And once more they handled their kreeses, and were about to assail the Doctor. Once more his coolness saved him. "What," he cried, "you are afraid of a poor devil dead of the cholera! I will soon rid you of him." And, although inwardly shuddering, he wrapped the corpse in a little sail,

carried it down to the beach, and had it buried. It was a busy and agitating day, but at last the work was completed, and at nightfall the Doctor returned to the *Cultivator*, towing, at the stern of his boat, a dozen casks of fresh water, and completely worn out by fatigue, excitement, and want of food—for he had eaten nothing since the previous day. He tells his adventures with a simplicity and modesty which carry conviction of their truth. His heroic exertions and self-devotion were but poorly rewarded. He had lost nearly everything he possessed, in the pillage of his lodgings at Cavite, including a small venture of merchandise, in which he had invested the savings of his previous voyages. He had but the clothes he stood in, a few old things which he could only wear on board, and thirty-two dollars. The two French captains he had so greatly served, do not appear to have shown themselves substantially grateful; and an English captain, who owed him a hundred dollars—to fetch which he rowed to the entrance of the bay, a distance of ten leagues from Cavite—laughed in his face and denied the debt. Youth, self-confidence, and a good conscience, are apt to be accompanied by a light heart, and M. de la Gironière, or Doctor Pablo, as they called him in the Philippines, by no means desponded. Things got quiet upon shore, the Spanish authorities had taken tardy steps to prevent the recurrence of disorder, and the priests at Cavite had been so obliging as to launch a public excommunication against all who had attempted the life of the French doctor. The only medical man in the place, his services were greatly prized. Now that he had returned on board, the sick were again obliged to content them with the hazardous prescriptions of Indian sorcerers. M. de la Gironière was thinking of returning to land, when an Indian, whom he had sometimes met in his shooting excursions, came off in a skiff to invite him to spend some time with him at his house, ten leagues from Cavite, near the mountains of Marigondon. The temptation of sport was irresistible. Taking with him his double-barrelled gun and his thirty-two dollars—his entire pro-

perty, in short—he intrusted himself to the guidance of his new friend. The Indian's little dwelling was delightfully situated, in the cool shadow of the palm, and of the Yang-Yang, a large tree whose flowers spread around a delicious perfume. Two charming Indian girls were the Eves of this terrestrial paradise, where the young Frenchman met with the utmost kindness and hospitality. He passed three weeks there, hunting and shooting. Then came a summons to his ship, which was about to sail. The messenger had lingered, and the missive was already several days old. Making a present of his gun to his kind host, the wanderer unwillingly quitted the pleasant shade of the Yang-Yangs, and the exhilarating pursuit of the deer, and hastened to Manilla. The *Cultivator* had sailed. In the far distance he beheld her, moving sluggishly before a gentle breeze, towards the exit from the bay. If the breeze did not freshen, the Indian boatmen said it was possible to overtake the ship. But they demanded twelve dollars to make the attempt. M. de la Gironière had but twenty-five remaining. What would become of him, in this remote colony, where he knew no one, with only thirteen dollars, and without other clothes than the white jacket and trousers and striped shirt in which he stood. A sudden thought crossed his mind. What if he were to remain at Manilla and practise his profession? Young and inexperienced though he was, he ventured to think himself the best physician and surgeon the Philippines then could boast. He turned his back to the ship, and walked briskly into Manilla.

Manilla and its suburbs have a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, of which Spaniards and creoles form but a tenth part. The remainder are Tagalocs (the Indians), half-breeds, and Chinese. The town is divided into two sections, the military and the mercantile. The latter is the suburb. The former, surrounded by lofty walls, has the sea on one side of it, and, upon another side, a vast plain, where the troops are exercised, and where, each night, the indolent creoles, lazily extended in their carriages, repair to exhibit

their elegant dresses, and to inhale the sea-breezes. It is the Hyde Park of the Indian Archipelago. On another side the military town is separated from the trading town by the river Pasig, along which, all the day long, float boats laden with merchandise, and charming gondolas, conveying idlers to different parts of the suburb, or to visit the ships in the bay.

Inhabited principally by Spanish officials, the aspect of the military town is dull and monotonous; the streets run in straight lines, and have very wide granite footpaths. The carriage-way is carefully macadamised. The inhabitants are so effeminate, that they could not endure the noise of carriages upon pavement. The spacious houses—palaces in size—are built in a particular manner, calculated to resist earthquakes and hurricanes, so frequent in that part of the world. They have none of them more than one storey above the ground-floor. That storey, where the family usually live, is surrounded by a wide gallery, which may be shut or opened at will by means of large sliding panels, with panes of very thin mother-o'-pearl instead of glass. The mother-o'-pearl permits the passage of light whilst excluding the heat of the sun. Bilondoc, the suburb or mercantile town, has much more life and gaiety. It is traversed by numerous canals, crowded with gondolas, and with boats of many kinds, and is the residence of the rich merchants—Spanish, English, Indian, Chinese, and half-breed. Simple in their exterior, the houses contain the most costly inventions of English and Indian luxury. All those which stand upon the river's brink have landing-places, where to take boat, and "little bamboo palaces," serving as bathing-houses, greatly resorted to as a relief from the overpowering heat. The rich half-breeds give balls and entertainments that are celebrated throughout the whole of the Philippines. The dances are Indian and Spanish, the fandango and bolero alternate with waltz and quadrille. The gambling-rooms are thronged, and merchants have been known to win or lose ten thousand pounds in a night. The half-breeds, Indians, and Chinese have a great passion for

cock-fighting. "I have seen," says M. de la Gironière, "40,000 francs betted upon a cock which had cost 4000 (£160); in a few minutes this costly champion fell, struck dead by his antagonist."

M. de la Gironière continues for some pages an extremely interesting and lively account of Manilla, its customs and its people, expatiating particularly upon the beauty of the half-breed women (Chinese-Tagal and Spanish-Tagal); but, although greatly tempted to dwell upon and extract from this early portion of his book, we are obliged to pass over it, in order to trace his own adventures, and to progress to the more completely novel and extraordinary matter which is found in its latter pages. We have already spoken of the scanty nature of his wardrobe. Before commencing practice, it was indispensable to increase it. He fell in with a young European doctor, who, like himself, had intended settling at Manilla, but who was compelled, by family affairs, to return to Europe. From him he purchased, for twenty-four dollars, a coat in tolerably good condition, although considerably too long and too large for him, and six lancets. With a single dollar in his pocket, M. de la Gironière wandered about the town, considering what he should do to live, and how he should obtain patients, when a brilliant idea shot athwart his brain. He had heard of a certain Spanish captain, Don Juan Porras by name, whom an accident had nearly blinded. He determined to seek him out and offer his services. After inquiring his address at fifty places, he at last obtained it at the barracks. A soldier guided him to the captain's dwelling. It was after nightfall. What ensued is told with a kind of Gil Blas-like *naïveté*, which tempts us to a short extract, after which we must positively hurry on to *Jala-Jala*.

"Don Juan Porras was an Andalusian, a good man, and of an extremely cheerful disposition. I found him with his head wrapped in a Madras handkerchief, busied in fastening on two enormous poultices which completely covered his eyes.

"'Señor Capitan,' I said, 'I am a physician and learned oculist: I have come hither to take care of you, and

I am fully convinced that I shall cure you.'

"*Basta!*" (enough said) was his answer. 'All the physicians in Manila are asses.'

"This more than sceptical reply did not discourage me. I resolved to turn it to account. 'My opinion is precisely the same as yours,' I promptly answered, 'and it is because I am very strongly convinced of the ignorance of the native doctors, that I have made up my mind to come and practise in the Philippines.'

"Of what nation are you, sir?" inquired the captain.

"I am a Frenchman."

"A French physician!" cried Don Juan. 'Ah! that is quite another matter; I ask your pardon for having spoken so irreverently of men of your art. A French physician! I put myself entirely into your hands: take my eyes, Señor Medico, and do what you will with them.'

"The conversation was taking a favourable turn. I hastened to broach the principal question.

"Your eyes are very bad, Señor Capitan;" said I. 'To accomplish a speedy cure, it is absolutely necessary that I should never quit you for a moment.'

"Would you consent to come and pass some time with me, doctor?"

"Here was the principal question resolved.

"I consent!" replied I, 'but upon one condition; namely, that I shall pay you for my board and lodging.'

"That shall not part us, you are free to do so," said the worthy man; 'and so the matter is settled. I have a nice room and a good bed all ready, there is nothing to do but to send for your baggage. I will call my servant.'

"The terrible word 'baggage' sounded in my ears like a knell. I cast a melancholy look at the crown of my hat (my only portmanteau), within which were deposited all my clothes—consisting of the little white jacket—and I feared Don Juan would take me for some runaway sailor, trying to dupe him. There was no retreat, so I mustered my courage and briefly related my sad position, adding that I could not pay for my board and lodging until the end of the month—if I was so fortunate as

to find some patients. Don Juan Porras listened to me very quietly. When my tale was told, he burst into a loud laugh, which made me shiver from head to foot.

"Well!" cried he, 'I am well pleased it should be so; you are poor, so you will have more time to devote to my malady, and a greater interest in curing me. What think you of the syllogism?'

"It is excellent, Señor Capitan, and before long you will find, I hope, that I am not the man to compromise so distinguished a logician as yourself. To-morrow morning I will examine your eyes, and I will not leave you till I have radically cured them.'

"We talked for some time longer in this joyous strain, after which I retired to my chamber, where the most delightful dreams visited my pillow."

On examination, the Doctor found one of Don Juan's eyes in so terrible a state that it was necessary to remove it. The captain courageously submitted to the operation, which was completely successful. In six weeks the other eye was as sound as it ever had been. Still, to his oculist's great regret, he would not leave the house. M. de la Gironière reckoned on his patient's reappearance in public for fame and fortune. It could not fail to produce an immense sensation, and stamp him as the first doctor in the Philippines. One day he ventured to touch upon this delicate topic.

"Señor Capitan," said I, 'what are you thinking about, to remain thus shut up between four walls, and why do you not resume your old habits? You must go and visit your friends, your acquaintances'—

"Doctor," interrupted Don Juan, 'how can I show myself in public with an eye the less? When I pass along the street, all the women will say: There goes Don Juan the one-eyed. No, no, before I leave the house you must get me an artificial eye from Paris.'

"You don't mean that? It would be eighteen months before the eye arrived."

"Then here goes for eighteen months' seclusion," said Don Juan.

"I persisted for upwards of an hour, but the captain would not listen

to reason. He carried his coquetry so far that, although I had covered the empty orbit with black silk, he had his shutters closed whenever visitors came. So that, as they always found him in the dark, none would credit his cure."

This state of things was intolerable to the Doctor, who could not afford to wait eighteen months for a practice. So he resolved to make an eye himself, got some pieces of glass and a tube, and after many fruitless attempts, at last succeeded in obtaining the perfect form of an eye. This had to be coloured to match its fellow, so he sent for a poor coach-painter, who painted a pretty fair imitation of Don Juan's remaining ogle. A goldsmith made a little silver globe, which fitted within the glass one, to preserve the paint from the tears. In short, after a week's toil, the counterfeit was complete and placed in the socket. Don Juan found it a little inconvenient at first, but his leech assured him he would get used to it, and, after putting on spectacles, he was so satisfied with his reflection in the glass, that he resolved to go out and pay visits the very next day. Just as the Doctor had foreseen, this sudden sortie made a prodigious sensation, and soon all Manila was talking of the Señor Don Pablo, the great French physician and wonderfully skilful oculist. Patients came trooping in; several successful operations for cataract confirmed and increased his reputation, and in a few days he found himself raised from penury to opulence. He had a carriage and four horses in his stable, but, out of gratitude, he would not leave the house of Don Juan, who kept him company during his scanty leisure, and amused him with tales of his campaigns and love-affairs. After six months' residence with the one-eyed captain, this most fortunate Frenchman married one of the prettiest women in Manila—a marchioness—a widow, nineteen years of age, and the possessor of a large fortune, the greater part of which consisted of property in Mexico. It was agreed between M. de la Gironière and his bride that, as soon as this fortune could be realised, they would go to France, and they awaited with impatience the arrival of the galleons

that trade between Acapulco and Manila. In the meanwhile the colonial government conferred upon the Doctor two appointments as surgeon of regiments. Everything smiled upon him, and he doubted not the duration of the vein of good fortune, when one evening the vessels from Acapulco were telegraphed. They should have brought the fortune of the marchioness *de las Salinas*, amounting to the agreeable sum of £28,000 sterling. They brought not a single piastre. The reason was this: An enormous sum in dollars, including the marchioness's fortune, had been sent from Mexico to the coast under escort of a regiment of the line commanded by Colonel Yturbide. Civil war was then, as usual, raging in Mexico. Yturbide appropriated the specie, and took his regiment over to the enemy. It will be remembered that he afterwards had himself proclaimed emperor of Mexico, and was finally driven from power, and shot. This was all the reparation M. and Madame de la Gironière ever obtained for the loss of their fortune. It was now impossible to go to France. In Manila, the Doctor's practice and the revenue arising from various posts he held under government, enabled him to live in the costly and sumptuous manner usual in the Spanish colonies. In a few years he might have realised another fortune, but unfortunately an eccentric whim, which he terms "a desire for unbounded liberty," made him "abandon all these advantages for a life made up entirely of dangers and emotions." M. de la Gironière was then still quite a young man, and, it is evident, rather wilful than wise. It was neck or nothing with him—Paris or the wilderness. On the slightest possible provocation, he threw up his appointments, renounced his practice, and exchanged the comforts and luxuries of the city, and the certainty of speedy fortune, for an abode in what may be termed the backwoods of the Philippines, and for the society of Indians and wild beasts.

The river Pasig, which flows through the city of Manila, has its source in Bay Lake, a sheet of water thirty leagues across, containing one considerable island—that of Talem—and having its shores indented by a vast

number of creeks and inlets. Coasting the northern shore, and passing through the strait of Quinabutasan (a Tagal word, signifying "that has a hole through it"), the traveller presently comes in sight of the peninsula of Jala-Jala, which stretches from north to south into the middle of Bay Lake. This peninsula is traversed longitudinally by a chain of mountains, which, for the last three leagues of their extent, dwindle into mere hills. They are everywhere easy of access, and abound in timber and rich pasturage. From their summits and flanks gush limpid streams, which flow through the plain to the lake, refreshing the vegetation by the way. The abundant pasturage renders Jala-Jala the district, in the entire island of Luzon, that most abounds in game—deer, wild boar, and buffalo, and birds of countless kinds. The lake swarms with wild ducks and other water-fowl. Notwithstanding its extent, and its position within the tropics, Luzon is entirely free from carnivorous animals. On the other hand, monstrous serpents inhabit its forests, and its waters are infested by the cayman—an enormous alligator—of which more hereafter.

M. de la Gironière purchased the peninsula of Jala-Jala of the colonial government, and set out to visit it.

"At that period," he says, "Jala-Jala was inhabited by a few Indians of Malay descent, who lived in the woods, and cultivated small nooks of land. At night they committed piracies upon the lake; and they afforded asylum to all the banditti of the surrounding provinces. At Manilla, the district had been represented to me under the gloomiest colours. According to the opinion of the inhabitants of the city, I could not possibly remain there long without falling victim to robbers and outlaws. All this, owing to my adventurous character, did but increase my desire to visit these men, who lived almost in a savage state. As soon as I had purchased Jala-Jala, I laid down for myself a plan of conduct having for its object to win the attachment of that portion of its inhabitants which was most to be feared. I resolved to make friends with the robbers, and to that end I felt that I must appear

amongst them, not as a sordid and exacting master, but as a friend and father. The welfare of my enterprise depended entirely on the first impression I should produce on these Indians who were now my vassals. On landing, I walked along the edge of the lake to a little hamlet composed of a few huts. I was accompanied by my faithful coachman. We were both armed with double-barrelled guns, pistols, and sabres. I had previously ascertained, from some fishermen, to which of the Indians I ought chiefly to address myself. This man—the most respected amongst his countrymen—was called, in the Tagal tongue, *Mabutin-Tajo*—a surname which may be translated as *the brave and valiant*. He was a thorough brigand—a real pirate-chief. Without scruple or remorse, he was quite capable of committing, in the course of a single expedition, a half-dozen of murders; but he was brave—and bravery is a quality before which all primitive races respectfully bow. My conversation with Mabutin-Tajo was not long. A few words sufficed to win his good-will, and to render him my faithful follower during the whole time I remained at Jala-Jala. Here is how I spoke to him:—'You are a great scoundrel,' I said; 'I am the lord of Jala-Jala. I insist upon your changing your conduct; if you refuse, I will make you expiate all your misdeeds. I have need of a guard; give me your word of honour to become an honest man, and I will make you my lieutenant.' When I concluded this brief address, Alila (that was the bandit's name) remained for a brief space without replying. I saw upon his countenance all the marks of profound reflection. I waited for him to speak; I was rather anxious to hear his reply. 'Master,' he at last exclaimed, offering me his hand, and putting one knee to the ground, 'I will be faithful to you until death.'"

Thus did this amateur Robinson Crusoe find himself a man Friday. His next care was to recruit ten other followers, whom he placed under the command of his new lieutenant. The next day he collected his subjects around him, gave orders for the hewing of stone and cutting of wood, pitched upon a place to found a vil-

lage, and selected a site for his own dwelling; then he returned to Manila. The friendly governor, deeming his resignation to be the result of a moment of petulance, had not accepted it. He might have retained his places, and resumed his practice; but it was all of no use—the pioneer spirit was strong within him. He could not make up his mind to the civilised “fixings” of the luxurious city, but sighed after the excitement of a backwoodsman’s life, and preferred, to all the feasts and delicacies of Manila, the savoury diet won by strenuous toil. His sole request to the governor was, that he might be appointed to command the whole of the local gendarmes of the province of Laguna, with permission to have a body-guard of his own formation. This was at once granted, and his commission made out. His object was to enforce his rule, and to be able to punish his Indians, if necessary, without having recourse to the nearest alcalde, who lived at ten leagues from his domain.

“Wishing to be commodiously lodged in my new residence, I drew out the plan of my house. It consisted of a first floor with five bedrooms, a large vestibule, a spacious sitting-room, a terrace and bath-rooms. I contracted for its construction with a mason and carpenter, and then I set out again for Jala-Jala, taking with me arms and uniforms for my guard. On my arrival, I was joyfully received by my Indians. My lieutenant had punctually executed my orders: a large quantity of building materials were already got together, and several Indian cabins had been erected.” After eight months, and numerous journeys between Manila and Jala-Jala, house and village were completed. M. de la Gironière broke up his town establishment, sold his carriages and superfluities, chartered a vessel to convey the necessary furniture, and, with his affectionate wife, who cheerfully and willingly chimed in with his eccentric projects, set out for the wilderness of Jala-Jala, whose inhabitants welcomed Madame de la Gironière as their queen. Here is a sketch, traced by her husband’s hand, of her new subjects. “The moral portrait of the

aborigines of the Philippines is curious to draw, and still more curious to read. The Tagaloc Indian sets value on his word, and yet, strange as it appears, he is a liar. He holds anger in horror, comparing it to madness; and prefers drunkenness, which, however, he also despises. To avenge an injustice, he scruples not to use the dagger; abuse is what he least supports, even when it is merited. When he has committed a fault, he will bear blows without a murmur, but hard words he cannot endure. He is brave, generous, a fatalist. The profession of a robber, which he readily adopts, pleases him well, by reason of its excitement and lawless liberty, and not because he may grow rich by following it. Generally, the Tagalocs are good fathers and good husbands—two qualities rarely found apart. Horribly jealous of their wives, they are careless of the honour of their daughters, and little heed the faults their brides may have committed previously to marriage. They never require a dowry with the woman they marry; they bring one themselves, and make presents to the parents of the betrothed. They look scornfully at the coward, but readily attach themselves to the man who has courage enough to brave danger. Play is their ruling passion. They love combats between animals, especially cock-fights.” Such was the race amongst whom M. de la Gironière voluntarily settled, and whom he undertook to govern. By a happy and judicious blending of severity and kindness, he completely succeeded, and soon these Indians, who are very susceptible of good treatment, rarely required harsh usage. M. de la Gironière gives some interesting examples of the generosity and fidelity of their character; but the necessity of going resolutely ahead, in a book upon whose every page one is tempted to dwell, prevents our citing any of them. We pass on to what can hardly fail to rivet the reader’s attention—to the daring Doctor’s adventures in the hunting-field and the lagoon. Before he quitted Manila for Jala-Jala, he passed some time at a delightful country residence named *Tierra-Alta* (the High-land), and, during his residence there, he, for the first time,

took part in a buffalo hunt. His Indian friend—the same who dwelt beneath the Yang-yangs at the foot of the Marigondon mountains—had many scruples about exposing him to the great risk inseparable from the pursuit of so fierce and dangerous an animal as the wild buffalo of the Philippines. At last, having satisfied himself that Doctor Pablo was a good horseman, cool, active, and ready, he yielded to his urgent request, and they set out one morning with nine huntsmen and a little pack of dogs. In that part of the Philippines the buffalo is taken with a lasso, elsewhere (as we shall presently see) fire-arms are used. There is little difference in the danger. In the one case, skill and good riding are the essentials; in the other, great presence of mind and a good gun. The buffalo of those regions does not run when assailed, but rushes on his foe as soon as he sees him, and transfixes him with his terrible horns.

“My faithful Indian was much more anxious about my safety than about his own. He objected to my taking a gun; he had little confidence in my skill with the lasso, and preferred that I should merely sit on horseback, unarmed and unencumbered in my movements. So I set out, with a dagger for sole weapon. We divided our party by threes, and rode gently about the plains, taking care to keep at a distance from the edge of the wood, lest we should be surprised by the animal we sought. After riding for about an hour, we at last heard the baying of the dogs, and understood that the enemy was forced from his forest retreat. We watched, with the deepest attention, the spot where we expected him to break forth. He took a deal of coaxing before he would show; at last there was a sudden cracking noise in the wood, branches were broken, young trees overthrown, and a superb buffalo showed himself at about one hundred and fifty paces’ distance. He was of a beautiful black, and his horns were of very large dimensions. He carried his head high, and snuffed the air as though scenting his enemies. Suddenly, starting off at a speed incredible in so bulky an animal, he made for one of our groups, composed of

three Indians. These set off at full gallop of their horses, and distributed themselves in the form of a triangle. The buffalo selected one of them, and impetuously charged him. As he did so, another of the Indians, whom he had passed in his furious career, wheeled his horse and threw the lasso he held ready in his hand; but he was not expert, and missed his aim. Thereupon the buffalo changed his course and pursued the imprudent man who had thus attacked him, and who now rode right in our direction. A second detachment of three hunters went to meet the brute. One of them passed near him at a gallop, threw his lasso, and was as unsuccessful as his comrade. Three other hunters made the attempt; not one of them succeeded. I, as a mere spectator, looked on with admiration at this combat, these evolutions, flights, and pursuits executed with such order and courage, and with a precision that was truly extraordinary.

“I had often witnessed bull-fights, and often had I shuddered at seeing the toreadors observe a similar method and order to turn the furious animal from the pursuit of the picador. But what comparison could possibly be established between a combat in an enclosed arena and this one in the open plain; between the most terrible of bulls and a wild buffalo? Fiery and hot-blooded Spaniards, proud Castilians, eager for perilous excitement, for stirring and perilous spectacles, go hunt the buffalo in the plains of the Marigondon! After much flight and pursuit, hard riding and imminent peril, a dexterous hunter enveloped the animal’s horns with his lasso. The buffalo slackened his speed and shook and tossed his head, stopping now and then to try to get rid of the obstacle which impeded his career. Another Indian, not less skilful than his predecessor, threw his lasso with a like rapidity and success. The furious beast now ploughed the earth with his horns, making the soil fly around him as if anxious to display his strength, and to show what account he would have made of any of us who had allowed themselves to be surprised by him. With much care and precaution, the Indians conveyed their

prize into a neighbouring thicket. The hunters uttered a shout of joy; for my part, I could not repress a cry of admiration. The animal was vanquished; it needed but a few precautions to master him completely. I was much surprised to see the Indians excite him with voice and gesture until he resumed the offensive, and bounded from the ground with fury. What would have been our fate had he succeeded in shaking off or breaking the lassos! Fortunately there was no danger of this. An Indian dismounted, and, with great agility, attached to a solid tree-trunk the two lassos that retained the savage. Then he gave the signal denoting that his office was accomplished, and retired. Two hunters approached and threw their lassos over the animal, fixed the ends to the ground with stakes, and soon our prey was thoroughly subdued and reduced to immobility, so that we could approach him with impunity. With great blows of their cutlasses the Indians chopped off his horns, which would so well have revenged him had he been free to use them; then, with a pointed bamboo, they pierced the membranes that separate the nostrils, and passed through them a cane twisted in the form of a ring. In this state of martyrdom they fastened him securely behind two domestic buffaloes, and led him to the next village."

There the poor brute was killed. Such cruel triumphs over the shaggy sovereign of the Philippine plains are not always obtained with the like impunity. At the next hunt in which M. de la Gironière shared, an Indian was surprised by the buffalo as he issued from the wood, his horse killed, and he himself dreadfully gored. When M. de la Gironière established himself at Jala-Jala, he soon perceived that, if he would maintain his power and moral ascendancy, he must give proof of bravery, and show himself, at the first opportunity, at least the equal of the most valiant of his Indians. A buffalo hunt was the occasion he took to establish his reputation for courage. His Indian guards often said that they would rather place their bare breast at twenty paces from the muzzle of a rifle than at the same distance from a

wild buffalo. The rifle's bullet might only wound, the buffalo's horn was certain death. When M. de la Gironière one day quietly declared his intention of buffalo-hunting, they did all in their power to dissuade him, sketching a vivid picture of the perils of such a hunt to one as inexperienced as himself. He took no heed of their arguments, and well that he did not, for he afterwards found it was merely a snare laid for him, and that they had agreed amongst themselves to estimate his courage according to his acceptance or refusal of the dangerous chase. This time the gun, not the lasso, was the weapon to be employed. The scene was in the mountains, the hunters were on foot. Instead of galloping away, they were steadily to await the charge.

"The following is the course of proceeding: You arm yourself with a gun upon which you can rely, and you so place yourself that the buffalo, on issuing from the wood, must perceive you. The instant that he does so, he sets off at the very top of his speed, breaking, crushing, trampling every obstacle upon his path; he rushes upon you as if he would overwhelm you; but, on arriving within a few paces, he stops for some seconds, and presents his sharp and menacing horns. It is during this brief delay that the hunter has to draw trigger to send his bullet into the forehead of his foe. If unfortunately his gun misses fire, or if his coolness deserts him, if his hand trembles, if the ball deviates, he is lost, for Providence alone can save him." This was the pleasant sport to which M. de la Gironière resorted, for the sake of convincing the Tagalog Indians of his courage. His whole account of the day's proceedings is graphic in the extreme; but as we have still to accompany him on more than one equally remarkable expedition, we can afford the buffalo little more space, and must confine ourselves to the actual encounter between the man and the beast, after the latter had issued from the forest. "It would be difficult for me to describe exactly what passed within me during the brief time the buffalo took to traverse the distance that separated us. My heart, so violently agitated

by the crashing sound of the monstrous beast forcing his way through the trees, now no longer palpitated. My eyes were fixed upon him, my gaze was riveted to his brow, with such intensesness that I saw nothing else. It seemed as if a profound stillness reigned around me. I was too absorbed to hear anything, although the dogs kept up their clamour as they followed their prey at a short distance. At last the buffalo lowered his head, presented his keen horns, made a pause; then, with a sort of leap, he sprang upon me; at that moment I fired. My bullet penetrated his skull; I was half-saved. The animal staggered forward, and fell prostrate just a pace in front of me: his fall was so heavy, and the noise so great, that it resembled that of a mass of rock. I put my foot between his horns, and was about to fire my second barrel, when a hollow, prolonged bellowing told me that my victory was complete, and that the buffalo had breathed his last. My Indians came up. Their joy turned to admiration; they were enchanted; they found me all that they wished. All their doubts had been dissipated with the smoke of my gun, when I had shot the buffalo. I was brave, I had all their confidence; I had shown what I was made of. My victim was cut up and carried in triumph to the village. As its conqueror, I took possession of its horns; they were six feet long; I have since deposited them in the Museum at Nantes. The Indians, those lovers of metaphor, those givers of surnames, called me thenceforth *Malamit Oulou*—Tagal words, signifying *Cool Head*."

It is certainly difficult to imagine a more delicate operation than that of stopping a savage bull with a single bullet when he has arrived so near the sportsman that, if the shot misses, the next instant beholds the luckless Nimrod transfixed upon horns six feet long. The sporting Doctor acquitted himself most creditably for a first time—stimulated, doubtless, by the reflection that, at that sort of game, if a man misses upon a first trial, it is extremely likely to be also his last. The first few times, however, he assures us, and we readily believe him, are really very perilous.

With a little practice, a good gun, and coolness, the thing becomes comparatively easy, and M. de la Gironière used subsequently to shoot his buffalo every month or thereabouts. For fear of accidents, he was shy of taking strangers with him. Once he allowed a Spaniard named Ocampo to accompany him. On the hunting ground, he stationed two Indians by his side, but the imprudent fellow sent them away. The buffalo came forth and rushed at him; he fired both barrels, missed with both; the hunters ran to him, but it was too late. Ocampo was dead, pierced through and through by the buffalo's horns. This sufficed for M. de la Gironière. After that, when he took tyros to see the sport, he insisted on their climbing a tree or ascending a lofty rock, whence they could look on in safety. The buffalo, as we have already seen, is the only dangerous quadruped in Luzon; but our Nimrod from Nantes, when the setting of his life upon the toss of a horn began to pall upon his appetite for excitement, had a very tolerable choice of antagonists amongst the reptile species.

"At the period at which I first occupied my habitation and began to colonise the village of Jala-Jala, caymans abounded upon that side of the lake. From my windows I daily saw them gambolling in the water, and waylaying and snapping at the dogs that ventured too near to the brink. One day a female servant of my wife's, having been so imprudent as to bathe at the edge of the lake, was surprised by one of them, a monster of enormous size. One of my guards came up at the very moment she was being carried off; he fired his carbine at the brute, and hit it under the fore-leg (the armpit), which is the only vulnerable place. But the wound was insufficient to check the cayman's progress, and it disappeared with its prey. Nevertheless, this little bullet-hole was cause of its death; and here it is to be noted that the slightest wound received by the cayman is incurable. The shrimps, which abound in lake, get into the hurt; little by little their number increases, until they penetrate deep into the flesh, and into the very interior

body. This is what happened to the one which devoured my wife's maid. A month after that accident, the monster was found dead upon the bank, five or six leagues from my house. Indians brought me back the unfortunate woman's earrings, which they had found in its stomach.

"Upon another occasion, a Chinese was riding before me. We reached a river, and I let him go on alone, in order to ascertain whether the river was very deep or not. On a sudden, three or four caymans, which lay in waiting under the water, threw themselves upon him; horse and Chinese disappeared, and for some minutes the water was tinged with blood."

M. de la Gironière was very curious to obtain a near sight of one of these voracious monsters. "At the time that they frequented the vicinity of my house," he quietly says (pleasant fellows to have walking about the poultry-yard, or looking in at the pantry window), "I made several attempts to attain that end." One night he baited a huge hook, secured by a chain and strong cord, with an entire sheep. Next morning, sheep and chain had disappeared. He lay in wait for the creatures with his gun, but the bullets rebounded from their scales. A large dog belonging to him (of a race peculiar to the Philippines, and exceeding in size any European dog), happening to die, he had his carcase dragged to the shore of the lake, and hid himself in a little thicket, where he presently fell asleep. Cayman came, and carried off the dog, fortunately overlooking the dog's master. When the colony of Jala-Jala had been for a few years founded, the caymans disappeared from its neighbourhood. Out one morning with his shepherds, at a few leagues from his house, M. de la Gironière came to a river, which must be swum across. One of the shepherds advised him to ascend it to a shallower place, for that it was full of caymans; and the advice was about to be followed, when another man, rasher than his companions, spurred his horse into the stream. Midway a monstrous cayman advanced to meet him. His companions uttered a warning shout, the Indian himself perceived the danger, threw himself from his horse, and made for

the bank. On reaching it, he immediately paused behind a fallen tree-trunk, where he had water to his knees, and where, believing himself in perfect safety, he drew his cutlass and waited. Meanwhile the cayman reared his enormous head out of the water, threw himself upon the horse, and seized him by the saddle. The horse made an effort, the girths broke, and whilst the cayman crunched the leather, the steed reached dry land. Perceiving that the saddle was not what he wanted, the cayman dropped it and advanced upon the Indian, whose master and comrades shouted to him to run. The poor fellow would not stir, but waited calmly, cutlass in hand, and on the alligator's near approach, dealt him a blow upon the head. He might as well have tapped upon an anvil. The next instant he was writhing in the monster's jaws. "For more than a minute we beheld my poor shepherd, his body erect above the surface of the water (the cayman had seized him by the thigh), his hands joined, his eyes turned to heaven, in the attitude of a man imploring divine mercy, dragged in the direction of the lake. Soon he disappeared. The drama was over, the cayman's stomach was his tomb."

Unable to save the Indian, the spectators of his horrible end swore at least to avenge him. The account of the measures they took, and of the fight with the cayman, is one of the most startling passages in the book, and we translate it without abridgement.

"I had made," says M. de la Gironière, "three nets of strong cords, each of which nets was large enough to form a complete barrier across the river. I also had a hut built, and put an Indian to live in it, whose duty was to keep constant watch, and to let me know as soon as the cayman returned to the river. He watched in vain for upwards of two months; but at the end of that time he came and told me that the monster had seized a horse, and had dragged it into the river to devour it at leisure. I immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied by my guards, by my priest (by this time M. de la Gironière had built a church, and got a priest from Manila), who positively would see a cayman-

hunt, and by an American friend of mine, Mr Russell, of the house of Russell and Sturges, who was then staying with me. I had the nets spread at intervals, so that the cayman could not escape back into the lake. This operation was not effected without some acts of imprudence; thus, for instance, when the nets were arranged, an Indian dived to make sure that they reached the bottom, and that our enemy could not escape by passing below them. But it might very well have happened that the cayman was, in the interval, between the nets, and so have gobbled up my Indian. Fortunately everything passed as we wished. When all was ready, I launched three pirogues, strongly fastened together side by side, with some Indians in the centre, armed with lances, and with tall bamboos with which they could touch the bottom. At last, all measures having been taken to attain my end without risk of accident, my Indians began to explore the river with their long bamboos.

"An animal of such formidable size as the one we sought, cannot very easily hide himself, and soon we beheld him upon the surface of the river, lashing the water with his long tail, snapping and clattering with his jaws, and endeavouring to get at those who dared disturb him in his retreat. A universal shout of joy greeted his appearance; the Indians in the pirogues hurled their lances at him, whilst we, upon either shore of the river, fired a volley. The bullets rebounded from the monster's scales, which they were unable to penetrate; the keener lances made their way between the scales, and entered the cayman's body some eight or ten inches. Thereupon he disappeared, swimming with incredible rapidity, and reached the first net. The resistance it opposed turned him back; he reascended the river, and again appeared on the top of the water. This violent movement broke the staves of the lances which the Indians had stuck into him, and the iron alone remained in the wounds. Each time that he reappeared, the firing recommenced, and fresh lances were plunged into his enormous body. Perceiving, however, how ineffectual firearms were to pierce his cuirass

of invulnerable scales, I excited him by my shouts and gestures, and when he came to the edge of the water, opening his enormous jaws all ready to devour me, I approached the muzzle of my gun to within a few inches, and fired both barrels, in the hope that the bullets would find something softer than scales in the interior of that formidable cavern, and that they would penetrate to his brain. All was in vain. The jaws closed with a terrible noise, seizing only the fire and smoke that issued from my gun, and the balls flattened against his bones without injuring them. The animal, which had now become furious, made inconceivable efforts to seize one of his enemies; his strength seemed to increase instead of diminishing, whilst our resources were nearly exhausted. Almost all our lances were sticking in his body, and our ammunition drew to an end. The fight had lasted more than six hours without any result that could make us hope its speedy termination, when an Indian struck the cayman, whilst at the bottom of the water, with a lance of unusual strength and size. Another Indian, at his comrade's request, struck two vigorous blows with a mace upon the but-end of the lance; the iron entered deep into the animal's body, and immediately, with a movement as swift as lightning, he darted towards the nets and disappeared. The lance-pole, detached from the iron head, returned to the surface of the water: for some minutes we waited in vain for the monster's reappearance; we thought that his last effort had enabled him to reach the lake, and that our chase was perfectly fruitless. We hauled in the first net, a large hole in which convinced us that our supposition was correct. The second net was in the same condition as the first. Disheartened by our failure, we were hauling in the third, when we felt a strong resistance. Several Indians began to drag it towards the bank, and presently, to our great joy, we saw the cayman upon the surface of the water. He was expiring. We threw over him several lassos of strong cords, and when he was well secured we drew him to land. It was no easy matter to haul him up on the bank; the strength of forty

Indians hardly sufficed. When at last we had got him completely out of the water, and had him before our eyes, we stood stupefied with astonishment, for a very different thing was it to see his body thus, and to see him swimming when he was fighting against us. Mr Russell, a very competent person, was charged with his measurement. From the extremity of the nostrils to the tip of the tail, he was found to be *twenty-seven feet* long, and his circumference was eleven feet, measured under the arm-pits. His belly was much more voluminous; but we thought it useless to measure him there, judging that the horse upon which he had breakfasted must considerably have increased his bulk.

"This first process at an end, we took counsel as to what we should do with the dead cayman. Every one gave his opinion. My wish was to convey it, bodily, to my residence; but that was impossible; it would have required a vessel of five or six tons burden, and we could not procure such a craft. One man wanted the skin; the Indians begged for the flesh, to dry it and use it as a specific against asthma. They affirm that any asthmatic person who nourishes himself for a certain time with this flesh, is infallibly cured. Somebody else desired to have the fat, as an antidote to rheumatic pains; and, finally, my worthy priest demanded that the stomach should be opened, in order to ascertain how many Christians the monster had devoured. Every time, he said, that a cayman eats a Christian, he swallows a large pebble; thus the number of the pebbles we should find in him would positively indicate the number of the faithful to whom his enormous stomach had afforded sepulture. To satisfy everybody, I sent for an axe, wherewith to cut off the head, which I reserved for myself, abandoning the rest of the carcass to all who had taken part in the capture. It was no easy matter to decapitate the monster. The axe buried itself in the flesh to half-way up the handle, without reaching the bones; at last, after many efforts, we succeeded in getting the head off. Then we opened the stomach, and took out of it, by fragments, the horse which had been devoured that morning. The cayman

does not masticate; he cuts off a huge lump with his enormous teeth, and bolts it entire. Thus we found the whole of the horse, divided only into seven or eight pieces. Then we came to about a hundred and fifty pounds' weight of pebbles, varying from the size of a fist to that of a walnut. When my priest saw this great quantity of stones—"It is a mere tale," he could not help saying; "it is impossible that this animal should have devoured so great a number of Christians." It was eight at night when we completed the cutting up. I left the body to our assistants, and had the head placed in a boat to convey it to my house. I very much desired to preserve this monstrous caput as nearly as possible in the state in which it then was; but that would have required a great deal of arsenical soap, and I was out of that. So I made up my mind to dissect it, and preserve the skeleton. I weighed it before detaching the ligaments; its weight was four hundred and thirty pounds; its length, from the nose to the first vertebre, five feet (about five feet six inches English measure.)

"I found all my bullets, which had flattened themselves against the bones of the jaws and palate as they would have done against a plate of iron." The lance-thrust which had slain the cayman was a chance, a sort of miracle. When the Indian struck with his mace upon the but of the pole, the iron pierced through the nape into the vertebral column, and penetrated the spinal marrow, the only vulnerable part.

"When this formidable head was well prepared, and the bones dried and whitened, I had the pleasure of presenting it to my friend Russell, who has since deposited it in the museum at Boston."

This is rather a tremendous bit of description, and may possibly find incredulous readers, ready to tax M. de la Gironière with fabricating his alligators, or at least exaggerating their dimensions. The place is therefore appropriate for an expression of our belief in that gentleman's strict and scrupulous veracity. As if himself conscious that some of the strange things he relates may be doubted, or considered as travellers' tales, he loses

no opportunity of referring by name to living persons who witnessed them. His book is founded upon a journal kept during the whole period of his absence from France; and he declares in his preface that he has set down nothing but facts, whose exact truth can be attested by hundreds. That much said, he goes boldly onwards, simply telling his story, without vouchsafing extenuation or shunning criticism. Thus he proceeds to describe the companion monster to the cayman, the prodigious boa-constrictor. The species is common in the Philippines, but it is rare to meet with a specimen of very large dimensions. The reason of this, according to M. de la Gironière's belief or hypothesis, is, that centuries are necessary for this reptile to attain its largest size; and to such an age the various accidents to which animals are exposed, rarely suffer it to attain. Full-sized boas are met with only in the gloomiest, most remote, and most solitary forests.

"I have seen many boas," says M. de la Gironière, "of ordinary size, such as are found in our European collections. There were some, indeed, that inhabited my house; and one night I found one, two yards long, in possession of my bed. Several times, passing through the woods with my Indians, I heard the piercing cries of a wild boar. On approaching the spot whence they proceeded, we almost invariably found a wild boar, about whose body a boa had twisted its folds, and was gradually hoisting him up into the tree round which it had coiled itself. When the wild boar had reached a certain height, the snake pressed him against the tree with a force that crushed his bones and stifled him. Then the boa let its prey fall, descended the tree, and prepared to swallow what it had slain. This last operation was much too lengthy for us to await its end. To simplify matters, I sent a ball into the boa's head."

Then the Indians took the snake-flesh to dry (buccaneer) it, and the skin for dagger-sheaths; and the wild boar, instead of being engorged

by a serpent, was cooked and eaten by Christians. One day an Indian surprised one of these reptiles asleep, after it had swallowed an enormous doe-deer. Its size was such that a buffalo-cart would have been necessary to transport it to the village. The Indian cut it in pieces, and contented himself with as much as he could carry off. M. de la Gironière sent for the remainder. "They brought me a piece about eight feet long, and so large that the skin, when dried, enveloped the tallest man like a cloak. I gave it to my friend Lindsay."* The lord of Jala-Jala had not yet seen any of these largest-sized serpents, when, one afternoon, crossing the mountains with two of his shepherds, his attention was drawn to the barking of his dogs, who seemed to be assailing some animal that stood upon its defence. He at first thought it was a buffalo, and approached the spot with due caution. The sight he beheld was a very strange one, particularly striking to European imaginations.

"My dogs were dispersed along the brink of a deep ravine, in which was an enormous boa. The monster raised his head to a height of five or six feet, directing it from one edge to the other of the ravine, and menacing his assailants with his forked tongue; but the dogs, more active than he was, easily avoided his attacks. My first impulse was to shoot him, but then it occurred to me to take him alive and send him to France. Assuredly he would have been the most monstrous boa that had ever been seen there. To carry out my design, we manufactured nooses of cane strong enough to resist the most powerful wild buffalo. With great precaution we succeeded in passing one of our nooses round the boa's neck; then we tied him tightly to a tree, in such a manner as to keep his head at its usual height—about six feet from the ground. This done, we crossed to the other side of the ravine, and threw another noose over him, which we secured like the first. When he felt himself thus fixed at both ends, he coiled and

* Hamilton Lindsay, author of a *Voyage to the Coasts of China, and in the Yellow Sea*.

writhed, and grappled several little trees which grew within his reach along the edge of the ravine. Unluckily for him, everything yielded to his efforts; he tore up the young trees by the roots, broke off the branches, and dislodged enormous stones, round which he sought in vain to obtain the hold or point of resistance he needed. The nooses were strong, and withstood his most furious efforts. To convey an animal like this, several buffaloes and a whole system of cordage were necessary. Night approached; confident in our nooses, we left the place, proposing to return next morning and complete the capture: but we reckoned without our host. In the night the boa changed his tactics, got his body round some huge blocks of basalt, and finally succeeded in breaking his bonds and getting clear off."

Human beings rarely fall a prey to these big reptiles. M. de la Gironière heard various stories from the Indians of men being killed and swallowed by them; but Indian stories are not to be implicitly credited, and he was unable to verify more than one instance—that of a malefactor, who hid from justice in a cavern. His father visited him occasionally, to supply him with food. One day he found, in place of his son, an enormous boa, sleeping. He killed it, and found his son in its stomach. The poor wretch had been surprised in the night, crushed to death, and swallowed. Upon the whole, however, the boa is one of the least terrible of the Philippine serpents. There are small ones whose bite proves mortal within a few hours. Of an exceedingly venomous description is one which the Indians call *dajon-palay* (leaf of rice). Burning with a hot ember is the only antidote to its bite; if that is not promptly resorted to, horrible sufferings are followed by certain death. The *alin-morani* is another sort, eight or ten feet long, and, if anything, more dangerous still than the "rice-leaf," inasmuch as its bite is deeper, and more difficult to cauterise. Although so much abroad in forest and mountain, and taking few precautions, M. de la Gironière was never bitten. He tells us of some narrow escapes. Once he trode upon

a *dajon-palay*. "I was warned by a movement under my foot. I pressed hard with that leg, and saw the snake's little head stretching out to bite me on the ankle; fortunately my foot was on him at so short a distance from his head, that he could not get at me: I drew my dagger and cut off his head. On another occasion, I noticed two eagles rising and falling like arrows amongst the bushes, always at the same place. Curious to see what manner of animal they were attacking, I approached the place; but no sooner had I done so, than an enormous *alin-morani*, furious with the wounds the eagles had inflicted on him, advanced to meet me. I retreated; he coiled himself up, gave a spring, and almost caught me on the face. By an inverse movement, I made a spring backwards, and avoided him; but I took care not to turn my back and run, for then I should have been lost. The serpent returned to the charge, bounding towards me; I again avoided him, and was trying, but in vain, to reach him with the edge of my dagger, when an Indian, who perceived me from a distance, ran up, armed with a bough of a tree, and rid me of him."

A life of activity and occasional peril, with abundance of field sports and out-of-door exercise, was exactly what suited M. de la Gironière's tastes and character, and he was very happy amongst his Indians at Jala-Jala. His wife was contented, and did not repent the change from Manila to the backwoods; his vassals and dependents were well off, his fields yielded rich harvests, his pastures were thronged with cattle. All this prosperity was of course not brought about without much toil and trouble, and it was chequered with not a few disasters and disappointments. The inflictions incidental to tropical lands were not spared to the French colonist, who had often the mortification of seeing a fine harvest, which he had had all the pains in the world to protect from the depredations of buffalo and wild boar, monkeys and locusts (these latter, a real plague of Egypt, usually devastate the island of Luzon about once in seven years), utterly destroyed on

the eve of its gathering in, by a hurricane or an inundation. Notwithstanding such accidents, Jala-Jala was a flourishing colony. Immense fields of rice, sugar-canes, and coffee, replaced unproductive forests; a handsome Indian village stood in the centre of the clearing; abundance reigned around; activity and contentment were the characteristics of the population. M. de la Gironière—with whom, whilst reading his book, we have many times been heartily disposed to quarrel for not sorting his materials a little better, and giving an occasional date, whereby to trace his progress—affords us no means of estimating how long it took to bring his property into this flourishing state. After a certain time, it appears, his house became a place of rendezvous for all the foreigners who arrived at Manilla, and for many convalescent persons who resorted thither to perfect their cure in the wholesome air of Jala-Jala. Unbounded hospitality, without distinction of nations, was the rule; Frenchmen and Spaniards, English and Americans, were alike received with true colonial cordiality and heartiness. It was a fine place for naturalists, who made superlative collections of strange insects, birds, and plants; the sick found a physician in their host, the idler pleasant society and an amiable hostess, the lover of the picturesque a never-ending variety of magnificent landscapes, wood and mountain, stream and waterfall. As to the partisans of field sports, Jala-Jala was their paradise; there they found a good pack of dogs, Indian guides, horses to ride, and deer and wild boar in plenty. Did they wish for smaller game, and a more indolent sport, boats conveyed them to war upon the water-fowl. Or did they covet a species of diversion quite unknown in Europe, they were at liberty to open fire upon the enormous vampire bats which abound, during the six months of the year when the easterly monsoon reigns, upon the small islands situated between the large one of Talem and the peninsula of Jala-Jala. "These creatures cover all the trees, from the lowermost branches to the very summit, replacing the foliage, which they

utterly destroy. Wrapt in their large wings, they sleep during the day; at night they set off in large troops, and fly afar to seek their food. As soon as the westerly replaces the easterly monsoon, they disappear, and go (always to the same spot) to shelter themselves from the wind upon the east coast of Luzon. Again the monsoon changes, and they return to their former quarters.

"As soon as my guests set foot on shore in one of the little islands, the firing began, and continued until the bats, terrified by the noise, and by the cries of the wounded which remained clinging to the branches, departed in a body. For a while they circled and hovered like a great cloud above their dwelling, perfectly resembling the furies represented in certain engravings representing the infernal regions. Then they betook themselves to a short distance, and alighted upon the trees of a neighbouring island. If the sportsmen were not weary of the carnage, they might follow them thither and recommence; but generally enough victims were obtained upon the first island, and all hands set to work to pick them up from under the trees off which they had been knocked. Bat-shooting over, the next amusement was to hunt the iguana, a large kind of lizard, five or six feet long, which inhabits the rocks at the edge of the lake. Tired at last of such easy prey, the pirogues were again manned, and the party went in quest of a third kind of sport. This was eagle-shooting. The birds were fired at as they hovered in the air above our heads; but this required a great deal of skill and good marksmanship, for it was rare that these great birds could be reached with anything but a single ball."

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a large fledged leech, the mere notion is provocative of vomit. After a day's sport of the kind described above, a young American told M. de la Gironière that he and his friends desired to taste iguana and bat. Believing the whole party to be agreed in this wish, he ordered his cook to prepare an iguana stew and a bat ragout. At dinner they began with the stew, and seemed well pleased with it, when their host happened to say, "You see that iguana is a meat of delicate flavour." There was a general change of colour, pushing away of plates, and ejection of semi-masticated mouthfuls. Bat and iguana had to be removed before the dinner could be proceeded with.

A very curious place, to which M. de la Gironière sometimes conducted his friends, is the island of Socolme, a circular lake a league in circumference, in the midst of Bay Lake, from whose waters it is sundered by a ring of land, or rather by a mountain, of very small diameter at the base, narrowing to a sharp summit as it rises, almost perpendicularly, to a height of more than five hundred yards above the surface of the water. The inner and the outer slopes of this singular mountain are covered with lofty trees. It is on the shores of the inner lake, unvisited by the Indians, who fear the caymans, that almost all the waterfowl of the great lake have established their domicile. There is large store of inaccessible guano, and the trees are stuffed with nests, full of eggs and of young birds of all ages. One day M. de la Gironière, accompanied by his brother, by Mr Hamilton Lindsay, and an American, determined to transport a pirogue over the mountain, and launch it upon the waters of the small lake. The Indians thought them mad, and predicted their absorption by caymans. There was certainly some risk; but we have already seen that it took more than a trifle to deter him of Jala-Jala, and his companions upon this occasion seem to have been of the same daring stamp as himself. As usual, he is abominably brief in his description of this great natural wonder, probably the only one of the kind in the whole world.

"The aspect of this lake is dismal and mournful in the extreme. Never

did any wild coast inspire me with the feeling of sadness that I experienced when contemplating Socolme, whose waters, pent up in the midst of mountains, bear perfect resemblance to a large mirror at the bottom of a gulf. Thither the winds never penetrate; rarely does a light breeze ripple the water's surface. Only when the sun is in the zenith do its beams reach the water, to which, at all other hours of the day, the shadow of the mountains imparts a rich black hue. The profound silence that prevails is broken but by the cries of birds, and, from time to time, by a noise similar to that produced by striking two boards against each other. This noise proceeds from the cayman seizing a small prey, and violently shutting his enormous jaws.

"Our pirogue was gliding lightly over the lake, when the appearance of a cayman, a short distance off, compelled one of us to fire at him. The effect of the detonation was prodigious; an incalculable number of echoes repeated it up to the very summit of the mountains, and the cayman disappeared. But suddenly vast flocks of cormorants and other aquatic birds issued from the leafy masses of the trees, uttering piercing cries, and whirling in a dense cloud above our heads during the whole of the time we troubled their retreat. We were frequently obliged to fire at the caymans, the noise of the discharge deterring them much more than any harm we could do them, for our bullets glanced harmlessly off their scales. We completed our excursion round the lake, took as many young birds as we wished, and returned from our expedition without accident, and without having encountered so many dangers as my Indians had led us to anticipate."

Another favourite excursion from the settlement of Jala-Jala was to Los Baños, at the foot of a tall mountain several thousand yards high, whence gush abundant boiling springs. These flow down into the lake, and, mingling with its waters, form natural baths of every temperature. This was a great place for wood-pigeons, and a warm bath and a full game-bag were usually associated. The colonist and his friends flew at all game—not even

forgetting the monkeys, those terrible crop-destroyers. They had a little dog trained to this sort of work. They went into the woods adjoining the cultivated land, and the dog preceded them. As soon as he spied a monkey, he gave tongue; monkey was up a tree in no time, but the dog stood fast at its foot until the man came up. Before their arrival the scared quadrumane had ensconced himself in the foliage—invisible, as he thought; but he was invariably discovered, and fired at till he fell. The victims were hung in *terrorem* round the sugar-fields, save and except the largest, which was always sent to Father Miguel (the half-breed priest, half Japanese, half Malay), who held a monkey ragout to be the triumph of culinary art.

"It is probable, almost incontestable," says M. de la Gironière, "that the Philippine Islands were originally peopled by a race of small negroes, who are still found in tolerably large numbers in the interior of the forests, and whom the Tagalocs call *Ajetas*, the Spaniards *Negritos*. At a period doubtless very remote, the nearest neighbours of the Philippines, the Malays, invaded the sea-board, and drove the indigenous population into the interior; subsequently, either in consequence of the casualties of navigation, or to profit by the soil, they were joined by Chinese and Japanese, by the inhabitants of the vast archipelagoes of the Southern Seas, by Javans, and even by Hindoos. From the mixture which resulted from the union of these various races, physically so dissimilar, have issued the various shades of colour and character of physiognomy observable amongst the Tagalocs, who nevertheless preserve in general the Malay countenance and cruelty."

Ethnologists will find some interesting passages (brief and far apart, unfortunately) in M. de la Gironière's volume. They will regret, as we do, that a man of liberal education, enlightened mind, manifest intelligence, and great opportunities, has not devoted more time and pains to the narrative of his experience. Frenchmen, as we have recently remarked, are inexpert in the production of books where an interesting narrative

of travel and adventure should be combined with valuable information and scientific developments. They are either all one thing or all the other—popular or profound. We have read M. de la Gironière's book with too much pleasure to be severe upon its author; we will hope that this volume is but a pilot balloon, and that his memory, and a journal extending over twenty years, will yet suggest to him the production of a far more important work, which need not, we are very sure, be, by reason of its importance, at all less interesting than the minor one with which he has commenced. To return, however, to the *Ajetas*. M. de la Gironière had the misfortune to lose his wife. He was overwhelmed with grief. Shortly before and after her death, he had lost other near and dear relatives. He found himself alone, with his only child, a son. If in busy Europe, where all things combine to divert thought and dissipate grief, the loss of dear friends be a bruise to the heart, which long, long years alone can heal, how much more dreadful must be to the dweller in the far wilderness the blow that deprives him of those endeared to him by exclusive intercourse, and that robs him at once of all sympathy and society. Our poor French adventurer could not get over his sorrows. He was inconsolable. His former pursuits, his favourite haunts, had become irksome and indifferent to him. He thought of returning to France to see his old mother, and tried to comfort himself by imagining her joy at embracing her grandson. Whilst thus unhappy and hesitating, the French consul-general at Manilla, recently appointed to the post, went to pass a few days at *Jala-Jala*. Scrupulously hospitable, M. de la Gironière felt bound to hide his grief and do the honours of the colony. For a short time he relapsed into his former active existence, and, when M. Barrot left him, a friend, to whom he had parted with his house, persuaded him to put in execution a long-formed project of a visit to the *Ajetas*. He set out, accompanied only by two Indians, one of them being the ex-brigand *Alila*, his faithful lieutenant, who never quitted him on any of his expeditions. Every

one of the party carried a small knapsack, containing a three or four days' ration of rice, a little dried venison, good store of powder, shot, and ball, a few coloured handkerchiefs, and enough cigars for the journey, and to propitiate the *Ajetas*. Their arms were a double-barrel and a dagger a-piece. Thus did they start upon a journey of several weeks, during which their only shelter was to be the trees of the forest, their sole food palms and the produce of their chase. The baggage was scanty, but more could not be carried over rugged mountains and through virgin forests. The expedition must be undertaken Indian fashion, or not at all. Of those majestic and magnificent forests M. de la Gironière gives a glowing description; albeit his admiration was a little qualified by certain discomforts, including a species of flying leech, which stations itself upon leaves, or lays wait in the grass, and springs like a grasshopper upon its prey. This unpleasant little reptile is found upon all the high and wooded mountains of the Philippines. Travellers carry small bamboo knives to detach them from their skin, after which they rub the bite with chewed tobacco. The blood soon attracts other tormentors, and constant attention is necessary not to be actually devoured by these hungry worms, whose voracity is much greater than that of the European leech.

The route was eastwards, towards the Pacific Ocean. The travellers were overtaken by a tremendous storm, which quickly quenched their fires and drenched themselves. The palm-leaf hut they had erected for shelter was beaten down, and they stood in profound darkness, exposed to all the fury of the storm, to the dazzling lightning and the falling trees. The roar of the thunder was incessant, and with it mingled plaintive and mournful cries, resembling the wailing of a dog that has lost his master. These sounds proceeded from the terrified stags, as they wandered to and fro, seeking an asylum. M. de la Gironière and his two Indians were covered with the terrible little leeches, which drew blood in such quantities, that in the morning, when the storm had ceased, and they would have continued their journey, they were

scarcely able for very weakness. It was absolutely necessary, however, to proceed. By the help of an inflammable species of gum, found in abundance in these forests, they kindled a large fire, cooked some palm-stalks, and warmed and dried themselves. There was a large and rapid torrent to cross. The Indians despaired, declared it necessary to camp for a few days till the water subsided, and began looking for a good place to bivouac. Thanks to M. de la Gironière's energy, however, the obstacle was happily surmounted, and towards three in the afternoon they reached the shores of the Pacific, and made a hearty meal on shell-fish. Towards nightfall they stretched themselves on a bed of sea-sand and went to sleep, but were roused by the fierce attacks of Bernard the Hermit, a species of crab which lodges in deserted shells, and walks on land at night in quest of prey. These crabs were in such great numbers that the ground seemed alive with them; they were of all sizes and ages, and their nippers were particularly active. Whilst waging war with them, M. de la Gironière and his companions saw a light at the edge of the forest, whence there presently emerged two *Ajetas*, carrying torches, and apparently coming for fish. They approached and gazed at the strangers; then one of them made a movement to handle his bow, but at the click of a musket-lock they threw away their torches and fled into the forest.

The next three days were passed at a Tagaloc village, where M. de la Gironière, well known by reputation to the inhabitants, was received with unbounded hospitality. After recruiting his strength he resumed his march, over mountains covered with dense and trackless forests. At night the fires were concealed, and one of the party kept watch, for they were now in the *Ajeta* territory. At last they fell in with a party of these savages, who appear to occupy about the same position in the scale of humanity as the Diggers of Western America or the Bosjesmans of South Africa.

"One morning, as we were silently pursuing our way, we heard before us a chorus of shrill voices, more

resembling those of birds than of men. Presently we perceived at a short distance about forty savages, of both sexes, and all ages, and having completely the appearance of animals. They were gathered round a large fire, hard by a stream. We took a few steps forward, presenting our guns at them. On perceiving us they shrieked, and were about to fly; but I showed them a packet of cigars, and made signs that we wished to present these to them. When they understood this, they drew up in line, like soldiers on parade; it was the signal that we might approach. We did so, cigars in hand, and, commencing at one extremity of the line, I distributed my gift. It was very important to make friends of them, and, according to their usages, to give to each an equal part. The pregnant women counted for two, and they tapped themselves on the belly to give me to understand that they were to have double allowance. The distribution over, our alliance was complete; the savages had nothing more to fear from us, nor we from them. They all began smoking. A deer was hanging from a tree: the chief took a bamboo knife and cut off three large pieces of venison, threw them into the glowing embers, and, a minute afterwards, withdrew them, and presented a piece to each of us. The outside of this savage carbonado was rather burnt and ashy, the inside quite raw and bloody. It would not do to show repugnance; my entertainers would have been scandalised, and I wished to live with them for a few days in harmony, so I eat my bit of deer, which, upon the whole, was not so very bad; my Indians followed my example, and thenceforward treachery was out of the question."

M. de la Gironière found it very difficult to make himself understood, but the next day he fell in with a woman who spoke the Tagal tongue. She acted as his interpreter; and from her he obtained such information as he desired concerning the Ajetas. These people appeared to him to be far more like monkeys than human beings; even their voices resembling the cries and jabbering of the animal, whilst their gestures were monkey all over. Their superiority consists in knowing

how to make a fire, and to use bow and lance. Their colour is the ebony black of the African negro; their utmost stature hardly attains five feet English, their hair is woolly; and as they know not how to get rid of it, it forms a strange sort of crown or halo round their heads. Their features resemble those of the African blacks, but the lips are less prominent. Their sole dress is a girdle, eight or ten inches broad, made of the bark of trees. They feed on roots, fruit, and the produce of the chase. A bamboo lance, a palm-wood bow, and poisoned arrows, are their weapons. They eat their meat nearly raw, and live in groups or tribes composed of fifty or sixty persons. During the day, the old people, the invalids, and children sit round the fire, whilst the others go hunting; when they have enough food to last for some days, they all remain round the fire, and at night they sleep promiscuously in the ashes. "It is extremely curious to see thus assembled some fifty of these brutes, of all ages, and all more or less deformed. The old women are especially hideous: their decrepid limbs, their pot-bellies, and their extraordinary hair giving them the appearance of furies or witches." Nothing human can possibly be more degraded than these Ajetas. They have no religion; they neither worship sun nor stars, nor bow before permanent idols, but adore, for the day, any rock or tree-trunk in which they trace a resemblance to an animal. Their language has very few words; their children take for sole name that of the place where they are born. They have great respect for old age, and for the dead. For years after the decease of one of them, they place tobacco and betel-nut upon his grave, above which his bow and arrows are suspended. Every night—so they believe—he quits his grave to go a-hunting. They have no funeral ceremony. They lay the corpse at full length in the grave, and cover it with earth. But when an Ajetas is ill of a malady deemed incurable, or has been slightly wounded with a poisoned arrow, his friends place him in a large hole, his arms crossed upon his breast, and bury him alive. All the weapons of the Ajetas are poisoned. A wound

from one of their arrows would not suffice to check the career of so strong an animal as the stag. But the least scratch of the poisoned dart produces an unquenchable thirst, and as soon as the animal drinks he dies. The hunters then cut away the flesh from around the wound, for otherwise the whole carcass would quickly acquire so intensely bitter a flavour that even the Ajetas (not very dainty feeders) could not eat it. When in Sumatra, M. de la Gironière had investigated the nature of the poison used by the Malays for their arms, and had found it to be simply a strong solution of arsenic in lemon-juice. He was curious to know what the Ajetas used. They took him to a large tree, tore off a bit of the bark, and told him that was what served them for poison. He chewed some in their presence; it was insupportably bitter, but otherwise harmless, in its natural state. To render it fatal the Ajetas prepare it in a particular way, but they would not communicate their secret. It forms a paste, of which they spread a thin coat upon their arms. M. de la Gironière had painful experience of its powerful and pernicious effect. On quitting the Ajetas, who had treated him hospitably, and to the best of their ability, he took it into his head to carry away with him one of their skeletons, which he thought would be an acceptable present to the *Jardin des Plantes*, or anatomical museum at Paris. It was rather a dangerous undertaking, owing to the savages' veneration for their dead; and he had little quarter to expect if caught body-snatching. Undeterred by this risk, he had got but to a quarter of a league from the camp, when he commenced opening some old graves. The first skeletons he got to were mouldered, but towards evening he met with that of a woman, who, from her attitude, had evidently been buried alive. Her bones were still covered with the skin; she was a sort of mummy, and exactly what Doctor Pablo wanted. So he took her out of the grave and put her in a sack, but had scarcely done so when shrill cries were heard. The Ajetas were on the trail of the three resurrectionists, who ran for their lives, but without relinquishing their booty.

The savages climbed trees (which they do just like monkeys — using their hands, and setting the soles of their feet against the trunk), and peppered them with arrows. Darkness facilitated the escape of the fugitives; but, on getting out of the wood, M. de la Gironière noticed a scratch on one of his fingers. He attributed it to a branch or briar, and thought no more about it.

Seated upon the sea-beach with the skeleton, the three wanderers took counsel together. Alila was downcast, and anticipated evil. His chief did not much admire the aspect of affairs, but nevertheless kept a stout heart, and a bold visage, and cheered his followers. A fire was lighted, and the two Indians went to seek shell-fish. On their return, they announced the discovery of a pirogue, which the waves had cast upon the strand. It was half buried in the sand, and needed caulking and repairs; but with the help of gum and bamboo-fibre, they managed to make it water-tight, and put to sea. A bamboo formed the mast, the skeleton's sack was converted into a sail. The waves ran high, but the voyagers were accustomed to handle those fragile boats, and feared nothing. Unluckily the Indians, more used to the lake than the ocean, fell sea-sick, and M. de la Gironière had to sail and steer the skiff totally unassisted. "When I reflect," he says, "upon the position in which I found myself, afloat on the Pacific Ocean, in a frail pirogue, having for auxiliaries two helpless persons (the Indians lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat), two skulls, and the skeleton of an Ajetas, I can imagine my reader suspecting that I am fabricating a story for my amusement. Nevertheless, it is the exact truth I am narrating; and, besides, let those who please believe me." After four-and-twenty hours' anxious navigation, the pirogue put in to land, near a Tagalog village, and another day and night took the adventurers to Jala-Jala. Thence M. de la Gironière went to Manilla. On the first night of his arrival there, he experienced such acute pain in the finger, which had received a scratch during his flight from the Ajetas, that he twice fainted away. The pain became so violent that he no longer

doubted the trifling hurt to have proceeded from a poisoned arrow. An operation, performed by a brother surgeon, rather increased than diminished the pain and irritation. The inflammation spread to the arm, then to the chest. After some weeks' illness, agony, and sleeplessness, the doctor made way for the priest, who administered the last sacrament. Nevertheless M. de la Gironière recovered; but his convalescence was long, and for more than a year afterwards he suffered from acute pains in the chest. But, with characteristic tenacity, he had stuck to his skeleton, both by sea and by land, and it is now in the Museum of Anatomy.

A variety of other expeditions, in different ways equally remarkable and perilous, are recorded in the volume before us—one to the north of the island, to visit the *Tinguianès* and *Igorrotes*, savage tribes, much talked about, but little known. In the former people, M. de la Gironière was surprised to find a comely race, no darker than many southern Europeans, with regular features, and hair instead of wool. They were perfect barbarians, nevertheless—the men's attire consisting solely of a girdle, and a sort of turban of fig-tree bark. The women, who were handsome and graceful, wore an apron in addition; their heads were adorned with beads of glass, gold, and coral, mingled with their hair; the backs of their hands were painted blue; and, from wrist to elbow, their arms were tightly clasped by a sort of plaited bracelet, also ornamented with beads. These bracelets, M. de la Gironière learned, are put on in early youth, and never removed. They keep the arm meagre and thin, and swell the wrist and hand, which become hideously large. This is deemed a great beauty by the *Tinguianès*, as a small foot is by the Chinese, and a slender waist by Europeans. Although, in fact, ferocious and cruel, there is nothing alarming in the aspect of the *Tinguianès*; but notwithstanding that they are cleanly in their habits, and usually bathe morning and evening, there is a strong aroma about them which renders their proximity far from pleasant. For an account of their domestic economy and customs, and of the horrible

cannibal banquet of which M. de la Gironière was compelled to partake, we refer the reader to that gentleman's book. His adventures with banditti form another curious section of his book, and particularly his account of a visit to Tapuzi, the place of refuge for outlaws and malefactors. In the Tagal language, the word *Tapuzi* signifies the *end of the world*. It is here applied to a little village situated in the interior of the mountains, at about twenty-five leagues from Jala-Jala, and originally founded by robbers and fugitives from the galleys, who live there in freedom, govern themselves, and defy, from their inaccessible eyrie, the pursuit of the Spanish troops. M. de la Gironière had often heard of this strange little republic, but had never met with any one who could give him an account of it from personal observation; so, with his usual restless curiosity and craving after the novel and the unknown, he one day resolved to go there himself, encouraged thereto by Alila, who made no doubt of finding old friends and comrades amongst the Tapuzians. After two days' scrambling over almost impracticable roads, the travellers reached, upon the third, a torrent whose bed was encumbered with enormous blocks of stone. "The sides, only about twenty paces apart, rose perpendicularly like two lofty walls, whose summits, at a height of about a thousand yards, inclined towards each other and left but a narrow opening, admitting scarcely sufficient light to show us our way, as we leaped from one stone to another. This ravine is the only road by which one can reach Tapuzi. It is the natural and impregnable barrier which protects the village from invasion by the Spanish police. 'Look above your head, master,' said my lieutenant; 'only the dwellers at Tapuzi know the paths that lead to the top of the mountains. All along the ravine they have placed enormous stones, which they have but to push to precipitate them on those who should come to attack them: a whole army could not reach their village without their permission.' We had walked for a full hour through this defile, when an enor-

mous mass of rock fell perpendicularly, and dashed itself to pieces only twenty yards in front of us. It was a warning. We came to a halt, placed our arms upon the ground, and sat down. Perhaps a block similar to the one that had just fallen was suspended above our heads, ready to crush us." The state of suspense was disagreeable, but not of long duration. A shout was heard, Aliia advanced alone and returned with two Indians, who, satisfied that their visitors were friendly, came to guide them to the village. On emerging from the sort of tunnel they had had to traverse, they found themselves in a plain, several miles in circumference, completely enclosed by high mountains, and presently they came in sight of Tapuzi, a village of about sixty straw houses, built Indian fashion. The inhabitants were all at the windows to witness the arrival of the strangers, who were taken to the chief of the settlement, a venerable and benign old brigand of eighty, whose appearance and discourse were rather those of a virtuous patriarch than of an outlawed refugee. He was the chief, judge, and priest of the village. He initiated M. de la Gironière into the habits and mode of life of the Tapuzians; and great was the surprise of the lord of Jala-Jala to find himself in the midst of a well-ordered community, leading a virtuous and pastoral life, instead of in a nest of criminals, addicted to every vice. The chase, and the produce of a few fields of maize and potatoes, sufficed for their wants; the women, not one of whom had ever quitted her village—scarcely lost sight of her house—knitted and wove their garments from the *abaca* (vegetable silk) which the forest supplied. It was the successful realisation, upon a diminutive scale, of the least objectionable doctrines of socialism. Money was unknown in the little settlement; none were even hungry, for those who had gave to those who had not. The old chief buried, married, and baptised, and administered the laws, the severest punishment inflicted for any offence being expulsion from the colony—a mild penalty, but which, nevertheless, was doubtless not without its terrors for men who had strong

reasons for avoiding the authorities of the island. M. de la Gironière offered to intercede with the archbishop of Manila to send them a priest. The well-meant proposal was respectfully declined. The cacique of the settlement had a wholesome horror of the innovation upon the established order of things, and entreated his guest to make no mention of what he had seen, nor in any way concern himself about them. The old gentleman's sagacity (although from his youth upwards he had lived in this banishment), had by no means deserted him. By a priest's influence, he said, they would soon become subject to the Spanish government; they would need money to pay their taxes; ambition would creep in amongst them; and, from free that they were, they would become slaves. M. de la Gironière could not but admit the truth contained in these words. He promised all that was desired of him, and departed in peace.

The visits to the burial-place of the Tinguianes, to the cave of San Mateo, and to the Igorrote Indians, supply other most original passages of this book. It is when returning from the last-named excursion that M. de la Gironière, who is far too laconic and sparing in his descriptions of natural curiosities, gives the following account of one of the vegetable wonders of the Philippines—the *baleté*, an extraordinary fig-tree which grows in the sombre and tangled forests of Luzon. "This immense tree springs from a single seed, resembling that of the common fig; its wood is white and spongy; it attains in a few years to an extraordinary size. Nature, who has foreseen everything, who suffers the young lamb to leave its wool upon the briars by the way-side that the timid bird may use it for its nest, has displayed all her ingenuity in assisting at the growth of the fig-tree of the Philippines. The branches of this tree, spreading out horizontally from its trunk, presently change their direction, form an elbow or right angle, and rise perpendicularly. But the tree is, as I have already remarked, of a spongy wood, easily broken, and the branches would inevitably snap off, did not a fibre, which the Indians call *drop of water*,

descend from the tree to the ground, take root there, and, increasing in size in proportion with the branch, form a natural prop. Besides these, there extend, all around the trunk, at a very great distance from the ground, other supports of a similar nature, which converge to the centre of the trunk. The appearance of the *baléts* is often indescribably picturesque. Within a space of a few hundred paces in diameter (the extent of ground usually covered by one of these gigantic fig-trees), one sees grottoes, vestibules, chambers, which are often furnished with natural seats formed by the roots. No vegetation is more varied or extraordinary. The tree often grows upon a rock where there is not an inch of earth; its long roots stretch themselves over the surface, wind round its angles, and finally plunge into an adjacent stream. The *balété* is very common in the virgin forests of the Philippines."

This final extract, which we have

endeavoured to render rather clearer in the translation than it is in the original, shows that M. de la Gironière is less uniformly successful in descriptions of scenery and inanimate objects than in narratives of action and adventure. What a glorious picture Sealsfield would have made of the giant fig which the Frenchman has so meagrely depicted. M. de la Gironière is full of his subject, but he does not evince a sustained power of expressing, lucidly and forcibly, the vivid impressions retained by his memory and refreshed by his journal. We have no right to expect, from a dweller in the desert, whose hand for twenty years has been far more familiar with the sportsman's rifle than with the student's pen, a work of high literary accomplishment. But, whilst warmly extolling the incontestable merit of this book, we may be permitted to regret that its author has not thought fit to devote to it a somewhat larger amount of time, of patience, and of care.

HINTS FOR LEGISLATION.

THERE is something, after all that can be said, not altogether unsatisfactory in a Government coalition of contradictories. They who cannot agree upon anything else, often agree to do nothing; and where mischief is to be apprehended from action, incapacity to make a movement promises at least a relief to fears. It would be a happy thing for our country, if all our governing dissentients could remain quiescent in this "sleepy hollow," and there were no coming budget to break their repose. Every one of them knowing he cannot do what he would, keeps his eye on his neighbour, that he, too, shall not stir. This is what Mr Puff calls "situation;" every one holds his dagger at his fellow's throat, yet none dare strike. It is the stage situation of a dead-lock; "for," as Mr Puff in the *Critic*, says, "every one of them is afraid to let go first."

The political and dramatic situations are so apposite, that they cannot be better concluded than in Puff's own words—

SNEER.—Why, then, they must stand there for ever.

PUFF.—So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't—now, mind—

(Enter Beef-eater with a halbert).

In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop Your swords and daggers."

(They drop their swords and daggers).

SNEER.—That is a contrivance, indeed.

PUFF.—Ay—in the Queen's name.

Thus having accommodated themselves and each other, to drop swords and daggers, even of speech—under honourable self-restraint, they are judiciously cautious not to open their mouths. How long this happy continence may continue, they themselves cannot so easily determine. The hour will come, when, though just out of the Trophonius cave of Downing Street, they will be forced to break silence. The fearful budget is to come. It would, however, be very desirable, if, in this lull of real Parliamentary excitement, Her Majesty's Government would be so kind as to perform the service to the country which, as of Peelite profession, they may be supposed quite able to

do; that is, become an active embodied Police Force, and rout out the dens in which every species of crime and wickedness is prepared for perpetration. The increase of crime is astounding; as is the new savagery which characterises it. There is something wrong. Let us not brag of our prosperity, of our security, or of our honesty, the main virtues, or results of virtues of a well-ordered nation, when people dread the garotte as they walk the streets, robbery at every corner; and even in their own homes adulteration of every article of meat, drink, and clothing. It is said that the whole vast army of thieves and scoundrels in our Metropolis, as well as in our towns, is registered, and every individual known to the police; and yet they actually live and thrive in the daily and nightly exercise of their calling. What an amount of rascality must, then, be perpetrated every day. And how small a portion of it is brought to notice; for they could not live on all that is brought to light, much as it is; and how fewer still of the perpetrators are punished—or, when punished, duly punished. Magistrates even congratulate on narrow escapes. Then, look at Ireland, where murder stalks amongst a witnessing population, and is protected. This is too awfully horrid a subject to dwell upon. Let him be considered a great Minister who shall cleanse this Augean stable. He may let other political measures take their course, and he will pursue the best by rigorously putting down this general scoundrelism. Liberty is a fine thing; but it has much to answer for if the "liberty of the subject" does not protect the subject. It would be absurd to write thus, if it could be really believed that there is no remedy; to believe there is none, is either very much to slander humanity, or to bring its wisdom and prudence into contempt. A little giving up of one's liberty, real or ideal, to be secure from atrocious licentiousness, would be perhaps to gain a loss. Now, as I said, in this lull of common politics, why should not the amalgamated Peel Government think it not beneath them to follow the real genius of their master, and make the police system perfect, protect it and society by enforcement of laws as they exist, and

by instantly making new where they are wanted? There is really a good example set them, and now in operation in Parliament, and it comes upon us all, to our astonishment. Members are taking Bribery of Elections cases into their hands in earnest, and saying plainly,—this shall not be any longer; yet for years and years we have been going on with the sham game of putting it down, and laughing at the Parliamentary hypocrisy. Things are not so impossible as they appear; and I cannot but believe that villany, rascality, and roguery may be treated with a more wholesome severity, and the great evils very much abated. But there has been too much a fashion to laugh at minor rogueries, as they are called; whereas no roguery ought to be treated as a minor evil: admitted as such, it pervades society with wonderful rapidity, carrying with it its palliative apology. Why should not all false weights, measures, mixtures, adulterations, be pursued with unerring scrutiny? Is it to be imagined that they cannot be put down? Must it be admitted as irremediable, that a quart shall not hold a quart, a pint a pint, or a pound be a pound? One of the last legislative announcements in this way really favours cheater. Coffee is allowed to be mixed with chicory and sold as coffee, for there is no limit to the adulteration, if the mixture is admitted. A paper in this Magazine a few months ago, called attention to some of these domestic commercial knaveries. Since then, scarce a day passes but some gross adulteration is detected. Nor do the meanest and cheapest substances escape—as if the pleasure of knavery was too great to be resisted, though the profit be the smallest. Here is lard, for instance, with which so many things are adulterated, and especially butter, is itself largely adulterated—and it is a cruel adulteration too—for it has been detected in our hospitals, where what should have been a remedy for disease and pain, has been shown to be an aggravation. "Milk and honey, the glory of all lands," is not the glory of ours, for neither are to be had. Who can tell what vinegar is? The "big loaf" itself, of our boast, is not all bread; the "staff of life"

is losing its supporting character. And when by these wholesale adulterations the poor recipients are reduced to a state of disease, does the mischief end there? I have by me a little pamphlet, written by a very eminent physician, in which he makes serious complaints of the difficulty of procuring genuine drugs. He continually found substitutes and adulterations; and in some instances his patients were, in consequence, at death's door.

It is time to look into these things with legislative authority; for never before, in the annals of the world, has there been such universal, such wholesale iniquity of this kind perpetrated. I do not profess to know what the quality or extent of crime is in other countries; I speak of this, and to its disgrace, it would appear that its general trade habit is fringed with roguery, and that the very roguery is worn as an ornament. O the boast of this nineteenth century! and if all be in progress, what will the twentieth be? But then, say some, we are to have the millennium, and long before that; if so, it may be safely said we are making but a poor preparation for it.

It is but a few years ago that there was a terrible exposure of deficiency in measurement of yards of some cotton substances supplied to retail dealers; these, mostly poor women, instead of finding a profit, were surprised into a loss, and the greater the more they sold. Now, I would have the perpetrators of these doings disfranchised of a great portion of their liberty;—fellows who live upon the saying of Demetrius, that “knavery was the ready way to riches, and that the casting off virtue was the first step to thriving in the world.” Has fair trade been inoculated with covetousness? It has been well said, that if the poor man wants many things, the covetous man wants all. He will not be content with fair trade. It is too much the practice of modern speculation to play the name of “beggar my neighbour,” and in some instances to poison him too. Is not the following characteristic of much that I have been saying? It is not many years ago, a friend looked in upon me to spend the evening. He told me he had been travelling in a coach in

which were two other passengers, very respectable, dressed in black, with a semi-clerical affectation about them very apparent. They soon commenced a kind of professional conversation. Says one, “Now, there is Mr So-and-so—that is what I call a truly good man—that’s a thorough good man. He’s a man, now, after my own heart.”—“Ye-ye-s,” replied the other, with some hesitation. “What!” said the first speaker, “you do not seem to have the same veneration for him that I have?”—“Why, you know,” said No. 2, “he behaved very cruelly to his creditors; he treated them dreadfully, shamefully.”—“Ah,” said the first venerator, “I should have expected that of him.” By this we learn that, in the modern theory of morals, a man may have a thousand obliquities, delinquencies, falsifications, perjuries, treacheries, or what you please; but yet, if he does the one thing he is wanted to do, he may be put down as a truly good man, a thorough good man; nay, perhaps come in for a share of “hero worship,” and be a man after some people’s own hearts. If a statesman, he may have statues set up to his honour. Such things are not uncommon. There are, however, some of us yet living of older principles, who would prefer, whether in trade or in politics, those whom we can trust, who will neither adulterate principles nor commodities. All are creditors who give trust, whatever be the nature of the trust or promises given; and all kinds of creditors may be treated “dreadfully, shamefully,” according to the old-fashioned maxims of truth and honesty; and much cannot be said in favour of the hearts, “after” which are any of these doings. The bad sign of our day is the admission of expediency into morals. It is a part of expediency to do a wrong that good may come. It is commonly said, we must do the best we can, and in this or that case we must throw off a principle. In nine cases out of ten, this new-made necessity is altogether imaginary; but were good the result in *any* case, it is quite overwhelmed by the pernicious consequence of confirming a dangerous doctrine.

But to return for a moment to the *agenda*. It may be thought that

these suggestions—that our Government should in their lull look at home at the monstrous evils of growing vice—point to the impossible, and would intimate a perfectibility of human nature. I would not be so absurd. I would have the best means devised to cure, to amend; but there will always be multitudes to do evil, who must be coerced. I believe laws might be enacted that would put wickedness in some terror: it seems at present to entertain very little. I verily believe the old parish stocks and a little corporal punishment—a wholesome flogging at the cart's tail, and well administered—if it intrenched upon the liberty of subjects really unworthy of any liberty, would give a very pleasant security to the liberty of good subjects. So far as to these domestic dens of iniquity. But there are others that affect not only our wellbeing and our honour, but the peace of the world. These are now attracting public notice. But why now? Because the enormous mischief perpetrated, though perfectly known while in the plotting, has manifested the danger. No man in his senses can be ignorant that the disastrous attempts at revolutions everywhere have been brought about by committees sitting in London. Dens of foreign refugees are not unknown. The perpetrators of treasons, rebellions, and revolutions, have either enjoyed, or fancied they have enjoyed, the "sympathy" of Englishmen; and no wonder. The principal actors have been fêted from city to city, and have had not only municipal doors open to them, and platforms wherefrom to give vent to their odious falsehoods and fury: but we all know there was a time when, and a little after some mischievous roving commissions had been sent abroad by the Whig Government, ministers of state had coquetted with these detestable plotters; and so offensively, that we are feeling the consequences now, in the evil name we are bearing on the Continent.

Even in a good cause, and on the side of humanity, our interference has been so ill-judged, so impertinent, as to offend and defeat the benevolent object. That "Complete Letter Writer," Lord John Russell, by his pettishly dictatorial epistle to the

Court of Tuscany, probably postponed the liberation of the *Madiai*. But this case is of minor importance in comparison with the doings of the *Mazzini* ruffians. I cannot but charge the Whig governments with encouraging this "Sympathy" insanity amongst our own people. It is a dangerous insanity, whose symptoms should be well watched, and by medicinal care kept below fever heat; for if it arrive at a certain point, it never can be allayed without a "blood-letting" nigh unto death. What was the ostensible symptom in the first horrible French Revolution? Universal philanthropy—to set at liberty the whole family of man from tyrant kings and tyrant institutions. What years of suffering, what frightful cruelties, deaths, and torments worse than death, has it cost to cool down that insanity, which, after all, is only cooled; the disease is not eradicated; it shows still its occasional symptoms; and we, in this country, instead of taking warning from the bloody page of its history, have been helping to bring it into activity. Like the cholera, the disease, with us, has been imported, and perhaps we, in our turn, have exported it, and the Anglo-Saxon race across the Atlantic have shown a congenial nature to receive the infection. And what must foreign governments think, but that it is the curse of liberty to be aggressive. And thus they who encourage such "sympathising," are actually the destroyers of rational liberty, and checking its growth, where, but for them, it might grow and thrive. It is all very well that this should be a country of refuge: let us boast of it, if we please, as we do of many other things, whereof our boasting is more pleasant to the ear than wholesome to our morality. Mercy is one thing, but such mercy looks a very little way which admits these revolutionist refugees to plot, with scarcely concealment, against legitimate governments, and enables them to make war and devastation wherever they please. Truly, such mercy is but a shifting character, and rises from the assumed posture of protection to the stature of cruelty. Look at the miseries inflicted by one of these outbreaks, the shortest, that which has been recently put down.

The lengthened ones will have their frightful history. It was a disgrace to the Common Council of London, and to the authorities of Southampton, to fête, and patronise, and patriotise such a man as Kossuth. Was not the plotting connection between Kossuth and Mazzini well known? Is it not now well known? There is Kossuth's proclamation in Mazzini's hands, to be used as occasion might require. And do the Common Council of London, the authorities of Southampton, and elsewhere, take to themselves the shame they ought, now that they have manifested before them the dread result? Are they true and just sympathisers, in the repentance of their folly, with the families ruined, with the surviving relatives of butchered soldiers and assassinated victims? Do they feel, as they should, happiness driven into fear, and hopeful liberty trampled into the earth? And, while one burns with indignation, as with real pity, it is announced—and is there a hope it is not true?—that Mazzini, who, if caught, would be hanged, and most deservedly, has been received on board one of her Majesty's ships. Would not you have such men as these escape as they can? Why are culprits always to be rescued from justice, because it is foreign justice? The first thing foreign refugees do, when they come amongst us, is to set the press to work to propagate their diabolical doctrines. Now, surely we should be justified in making a somewhat stringent law on this matter. Then they cast wide their revolutionary nets, and draw in foolish sympathisers, who give them both their voices and their money; and thus they set up their committees, both their open and their secret. Where, it may be asked, are muskets and other weapons manufactured, and whence despatched?—and what must foreign governments think when they see the marks upon them? We boast of our manufacturing system. Is a part of it to consist in manufacturing revolutions and infernal machines? For of them there is some notice in the papers within these few days. There was to be an "infernal machine" for the assassination of the Emperor of the French. The attempt at assassination of the Emperor of Austria

stands not an isolated atrocity. I do not mean to charge these things, in the slightest degree, to our "sympathy," as knowingly abetting; but I will say, that the encouragement given to foreign refugees will lead other governments, who know not our laws, and the real character of our people, to suspect us of a complicity of which we are not guilty; and it needs little argument to prove that we are sufferers thereby. Why should we, who are perhaps as really ignorant of other nations, with reference to their laws and habits, as they are of us, be ever declaiming against them? Our press teems with this unseemly arrogance, this dictatorial presumption; and there is no better engine that these plotters can employ, more likely to further their diabolical schemes. Social and political principles are widely disseminated with evil designs—not the works, though by the pens of individuals, but productions set on foot by societies, disturbers of the peace of the world. The revolutionists of Europe have had their sittings in London, and have been playing their game of revolutionary chess with their best skill, and have brought all their pieces to bear, at this moment, upon Austria, because they imagine there lies the weakest point of the game of legitimate governments. They are ingenious in their contrivances; they know the adroitness of the knaves' eccentric moves; and, though most of them would at any time without remorse sacrifice a bishop, they know well the effect of a little divinity, and dress up fanaticism as an oracle, that they may enlist superstition and credulity, which make up so large a portion of mankind, to be on their side.

A foolish little pamphlet, which professes to be entirely religious, has been put into my hands as a work making great way, and working its influence over people's minds. The title is, "The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth; or the Political Events of the next fifteen years, described in accordance with Prophecies in Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse, showing the important position Britain will occupy during, and at the end, of the awful conflict." The pamphlet before me is the sixteenth thousand. Before I speak of

what I conceive to be the design of the book, let me say, that I look upon it as at best a very daring presumption in any one to predict, with anything like detail, and as from sacred prophecy, what will take place within fifteen years. For if, in a fanatical spirit, any one could really bring himself to believe that he could so dot down the ways of Providence, which we are taught to believe are "past finding out," he might be asked, *Cui bono* publish his vision, if it is pregnant with denunciation and hatred of any nations of the earth? The uncharitableness of the thought ought to make him doubt of the truth. But there may be some reason to doubt if he has any faith in his own predictions. The reader may now know that the whole force of them, the fullest power of his vial of wrath, is against *one* country—and that country is *Austria*, and this sixteenth thousand is dated 1853. I confess that whenever I see a work on Revelation, which professes to look forward, I have the dread of an evil curiosity that might punish me with a false belief, and therefore I never read it. Prophecies are to be known in their fulfilment, and not previously pointed out by the finger of uninspired man; and it would be well to guard ourselves against participating in a dangerous, perhaps wicked presumption, of thinking that we can know the "secrets of the Most High" Now, as to this little work, the matter of it—that is, the basis upon which the new-coming political events are fabricated—is old enough, and trite enough. It is the old story—the end of the world, or the coming millennium. Lecturers without number have of late years been perambulating the country oratorising on this subject; that is all the previous matter: the particular and most prominent (in this work) application to *Austria*, is the addition. I remember a few years ago, being in a country town in Somersetshire, I attended one of these lectures. It was admirably delivered; large drawings of "The Image" were exhibited; there was no hesitation: the voice was of confidence and authority, the historical applications clever, and imposingly ingenious. The audience was very attentive, and most of them evidently very credu-

lous; and it was said in the town, a few days after the lecture, when the lecturer had departed, that some were credulous to their cost. I do not think I am mistaken if I say the object of that lecture was to show that, within a very short period, now long passed, the world was to come to an end.

Some years before that, two gentlemen, very respectable tradesmen, had come some miles on a divine mission, as they said, to me and two or three of my neighbours, to announce the same thing, I presume as a warning. Now I do not, and did not, entertain the least evil suspicion against these gentlemen; I believe they were perfectly honest and sincere; but I have often since thought of the danger to themselves of their fanaticism. When convinced that *their* faith had deceived them, what had they to fly to? They believed in their mission, and, alas! found it a lie; the natural consequence would be that they would suspect every inspiration, finding the idea of their own a fallacy. But this is beyond my inquiry. These explanations of prophecy go to a certain point, from thence there is liberty to verge off into any direction, and ingenuity may fill up any scheme, where to question what is to come would appear as presumptuous as to assume it. The author of this pamphlet, as all these interpreters do, includes in his scheme the fall of the Papacy; but here the Papacy is quite of minor prominent importance. As I said, *Austria* is doomed, her destruction quite gloated over, and denounced as an immediate event. The second item of events is in italics, thus:—

"War between France and Austria, overthrow of the latter, and consequent destruction of the Papacy."

Now, let us for a moment suppose a bad political intention—let it be assumed for a moment that the enemies of *Austria* desire to prejudice this country against her in particular, could they do a more wise thing than to take advantage of the just indignation throughout the population of England at this moment against Popery? And to make it be believed that the necessary preliminary event to the destruction of Popery must be the destruction of *Austria*—and as

familiar interpretation of the prophecies terminates in the overthrow of the Papacy, and that has been so widely believed—what can be more dexterous than to append the overthrow of the Popedom to the destruction of the government of their hatred? I do not pretend to know that the author, be he who he may, had any such intention; but, without question, he is consciously or unconsciously furthering the views of those revolutionists who have been of late, and are now, making Austria the country of their attack. There is, however, so much bitterness in every word which relates to Austria, far beyond any expression of the kind towards Rome, that a suspicion of intention may not unfairly be entertained. Let the reader judge.

"After the angel had poured it (the seventh vial) into the air, where it caused a world of dire commotions, the apostle was carried away into the wilderness, to see the judgments these would cause to fall on the beast and his image—in other words, on Austria and Rome. For, let it be observed, that Austria, as well as Turkey and Rome, is doomed to perdition, before the ten toes of the image are smitten with the stone. As Turkey had yielded to the Papacy its secular and ecclesiastical power, so Austria has supported this two-fold authority more than any of the other powers, and therefore shall suffer a more signal punishment. Indeed, we find this kingdom, which is in the prophecy styled the two-horned beast, identified with, and assimilated to, the Papacy in all its more damnable features. The history of its rise and progress is given in the last eight verses of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, as well as in the seventh of Daniel, where its fate is particularly described—'They (the saints) shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end.' In that dark history of cruelties and crimes perpetrated by the horns against the saints, or friends of liberty, Austria occupies an unenviably prominent distinction. The blood of the two witnesses lies heavily on that country, and has long cried for vengeance from on high; nor has it cried in vain. When these witnesses were raised, and appeared in the person of Napoleon, the iron hand of a stern retribution was laid upon Austria, and his dominion was for a time taken away. The judgment was temporarily suspended by the removal of the ambitious Corsican; but though vengeance has been delayed,

it cannot be much longer averted. His dominion was at that time only temporarily taken away, but now it must be 'consumed and destroyed unto the end.' And this will doubtless be accomplished by the same power that punished him before. France, though herself one of the doomed toe kingdoms, will be the scourge and destroyer of the two-horned beast, and preparation is being made for the accomplishment of the work. Already are the two powers placed in *hostile* relations, and a speedy war must ensue. The result of this will be the final overthrow of the 'bloody house of Austria,' and the annexation of its territory to France."

It is admitted that Austria is "not within the boundary of the image territory"—notwithstanding which, she is to be destroyed as if she were. Here, then, is an *emendation* of the Scriptural prophecy, which *ought* to have included it. Such is fanatical presumption. Other countries are dismissed to their account, and to perdition in a more summary manner. "The powers which really answer to the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image are—Bavaria, Lombardy, Hungary, Greece, Sardinia, Naples, Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium; and if we understand the prophecy aright, these kingdoms will be wholly destroyed, or at least completely shattered, within the next fifteen years." There is not, then, the slightest use in taking a lease for more than fourteen years in any of those countries. Nay, he who believes the interpretation and sells a property for twenty years' purchase, must be conscious that he is a very great rogue. One would like to have some test of the real belief of these modern prophets in their own prophecies. Do they in the business of life act upon them? One of the gentlemen who said he was an angel sent to me, was a wine-merchant. As he announced the speedy end of the world, it would be curious to ascertain if he ceased to lay in a stock of the previous vintage; if he gave bills payable after the day of the coming general destruction. Should a man throw away his estate and ruin his children on such a belief, would he come under an inquisition *de lunatico inquirendo*, as one who knew not how to take care of his property? Dean Swift dismissed a troublesome crowd by telling them he had

put off an eclipse; credulity will readily fasten upon any excuse. People yet believe that Joanna Southcott is not dead. Her chapel, or whatever the building be called, is still hermetically sealed, waiting for her reappearance. What though Joe Smith was a very great rogue, and his discovered plates have disappeared, his believers are quite a nation; and very strange, by all accounts, are their doings. They are powerful, even to cause some alarm to the States. So let not any say that this or that absurdity is too manifest, and can do no harm.

It is an old trick that prophecies should bring about the events they foretell, and prophets are likely enough to multiply exceedingly under mesmerism. Adolphe went about the country to be consulted upon future events, to tell where valuable writings regarding estates might be discovered, and to give inspired—or mesmeric, which is perhaps meant to be the same thing—information for direction of most private family affairs. He made his living by it—it is no fable—I was present when it was announced that he would receive visitors for these purposes—and of course visitors came; and if people of education went to him and paid their money, can we expect that those of less information will not believe? And who will be bold enough to say that a general, or even wide belief in an evil prophecy, may not be a dangerous thing? Persuade a people that they are doomed to be destroyed,—and they will not manfully defend themselves. Here may be a cunning card for the peace societies yet to play, and it is known that many of their members have been great sympathisers with Poles and Hungarians, and universal Revolutionists, when the word peace was not so much upon their lips, as other untoward expressions. If one of these prophets knew he would be believed, he might make a very dangerous use of his talent, and, prophesying evil, would certainly deserve burning as much as ever witch did, if witch-burning were in fashion. But these old dames are gone—witchcraft has assumed another name. People don't think so because they don't see the black cat, though Mr Charles Dickens is resuscitating the demonia-

cal animal, together with spontaneous combustion.

But this is digression. It is not to be supposed that this little pamphlet is intended for England alone. Parts of it, at least, may be translated for the benefit of the restless French nation, that their love of conquest and glory may be put into action. The whole may with a purpose be circulated in Germany. But of France, how flattering is it to be told, that France is to overthrow Austria—"The result of this will be the final overthrow of the bloody house of Austria, and the annexation of its territory to France." If this were compassing the death of an individual king, or perhaps person, the publisher might be amenable to law. Yet the offence is much beyond that of the individual case which is really involved in it. It calls immediately upon France to inflict upon a power with which we are at peace, the worst miseries of the worst war, one for entire overthrow—national annihilation. And should not this be punishable? We have little reason to complain of a similar recommendation to the new emperor, with regard to us, by a Frenchman, if we permit such publications as this to go forth, the first result of which may be assassinations by fanatics; and probably the attempt on the life of the Emperor of Austria was not the act of a mad Hungarian alone. The French document, however, was so ridiculous, so outrageous, that it is only contemptible; in this case, the assumed gravity and sanctity of prophecy gives it a more serious aspect. It were to be desired that some law will meet the mischief, or we know not to what extent this experiment may go, or how far repeated attacks, through the press of England upon foreign governments, may not only alienate us from them, but encourage a disposition more than unfriendly towards us. Truly we are becoming a meddling, impertinent nation; and it is lamentable to think that a rabid press have taken the cue from men high in her Majesty's councils. The recent speeches of two of her Majesty's Ministers incapacitate them at least from devising a law to meet cases of this atrocious nature. But further, with regard to these prophetic pages, to make its way the

better it must flatter the vanity of England as well as of France. Flattery, that "stalking horse of policy," offers us its most pleasant balm. Russia is to aim at, and nearly obtain, Universal Empire; but section 4 tells us, "*Britain rapidly extends her Eastern possessions, prevents the occupation of Judea, and completes the first stage of the restoration of the Jews.*" The Jews ought to take off some editions of the work for this, especially at this moment of their political hopes; but that by the by. As this pamphlet is to be read also in Ireland, a little salve must also be applied to the Irish sore. Ireland, then, is to be saved; Ireland "is destined to be saved," because of her union with England. It is the "bloody house of Austria;" but not a word is whispered about blood-shedding in unhappy Ireland. The whole Anglo-Saxon race are to be the really favoured. "To her (Britain), to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, of which she is the head and representative, is the task assigned of carrying forward the religious, moral, and social progress of the world; and by this she must be well assisted by her children in the west and south. America is to be united with her in the holy work, and Australia must grow in strength for the same purpose; and thus supported on each side by a strong and stalwart son, the brave old empire will feel equal to the task." Exceedingly flattering this to the Anglo-Saxon race. "The great moral contest of spiritual freedom and social morality must be sustained, and the cause must unite them and us in an eternal bond of brotherhood." Besides that this brotherhood is a little too like fraternisation, one is not quite sure of the social moral of brother Jonathan, nor that the Cuban sympathisers are exactly the people for a righteous cause; although there may be some analogy in the author's mind between refugee scoundrelism and Cuban expeditions. England is to be at first single-handed against the autocrat of Russia. The Alexander of the North, having conquered the rest of the world, is to besiege Jerusalem with immense armies. Now, at this point there is such a manifest absurdity, as to appear a mere act of forgetfulness in the writer. America is to send

forces to Jerusalem, to aid the British; and for what? "To prepare for the greatest *physical* battle that ever was fought on this struggling earth." The battle array is given in perfectly dramatic effect. "On one side, the motley millions of Russia and the nations of Continental Europe are drawn up on the slopes of the hills and sides of the valleys towards the north; while on the other are ranged the thousands of Britain and her offspring, from whose firm and regular ranks gleam forth the dark eyes of many of the sons of Abraham, determined to preserve their newly recovered city, or perish, like their ancestors of a former age, in its ruins—all is ready." The reader will be astonished, however, to find there is to be no battle after all. What! all these armaments come all the way from America and from Britain, for nothing? Yes, for nothing; there is a "*Deus ex machina*"—no need of them. Then why should they have come?—merely to give the writer an opportunity to describe the battle preparations? This is very absurd, and again demands one of Mr Puff's stage directions in his tragedy, *The Spanish Armada*. "Flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c. &c.; the procession of all English rivers and their tributaries, with their emblems, &c.; begins with Handel's water-music—ends with a chorus, to the march in Judas Maccabæus." During this scene, Puff directs and applauds everything.

But the Americans, with their merit of "spiritual freedom" (not a word about any other freedom), with the stars and stripes—how come they there? for, in their way, with their three million of slaves, they are as great autocrats as the Great Autocrat. They come by special invitation. Is it not? Mr Puff again speaks:—

"In the critical emergency, the parent island sends a cry across the Atlantic, 'Come over and help us!' Swiftly the sound is borne over the waves, and soon an answering echo is wafted back from the shores of Columbia." (The echo here would be a mockery, and no answer; but let that pass.) "The cause is common, and the struggle must be common

too." (It is not an echo after all.) "We are coming, brother John" (saith brother Jonathan), is the noble reply, and almost ere it is delivered, a fleet of gallant vessels is crossing the Pacific, with the stars and stripes glancing on every mast. Another force is on its way from the far South, and soon the flower and strength of the Anglo-Saxon race meet on the sacred soil of Palestine. The intelligence of their approach reaches the sacrilegious usurper, and he leads forth his army," &c. &c.

Yet, after all, as I forewarned the reader, there is no fight! What is to become of them all? It is only surprising the author did not ask them, as Mr Puff did his *dramatis personæ*, if they couldn't go off kneeling. As to the Russians, and all that mighty army, literally their fate is borrowed from the fate of the Kilkenny cats: they destroy each other. No wonder the author should say, "The scene that follows baffles description. Amid earthquakes and showers of fire, the bewildered and maddened armies of the Autocrat rush, sword in hand, against each other, while the Israelites and their Anglo-Saxon friends gaze on the spectacle with amazement and consternation. It does not appear that they will ever lift their hand against that foe which they had come so far to meet." These are the words of the author. They come for no purpose, but, as it may be guessed, to act the part of undertakers. This is really awfully ridiculous. As the whole great tragedy—if it be a tragedy, or rather melodrama—is to be completed within fifteen years, the question may fairly be asked, Has Lord John Russell read the book?—and is he looking—as one good turn deserves another—to be made the Jews' secretary of state?—and is he preparing an oath of fidelity for himself, quite unlike that on the "faith of a Christian?" For, be it observed, in this catastrophe the Jews are not yet to be converted.

"For the preparation of a race for such a destiny as this, it was necessary that they should burst those chains of civil and ecclesiastical despotism which priestcraft had forged for, and fastened around, the human soul. And how emphatically and

nobly have Britain and America performed this duty!"

What does the writer of this think of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? Has he ever read the slave-sale advertisements?—the Virginia slave-crop? There are some millions who would be exceedingly glad if the chains were broken. I do not mean to throw vituperation on the Americans—the very slave question has its difficulties—but this little contradiction between fact and promise is rather surprising, considering that the author is a prophet. He leaves quite out of the account some million of slaves, as not "humans," and boldly speaks of the whole people as free. "At this moment they are free, and ready to assume their heaven-appointed office." He is a hero-worshipper—idolises Cromwell and the old hypocritical Puritans—than whom earth never had greater tyrants; and though he is obliged to include Poland and Hungary in the image-territory, he has a word of comfort for the refugees—the patriots—whereby he makes a curious distinction. "As *powers* they are doomed to fall; and though their wrongs shall one day be righted, for the present their noble-hearted patriots must resign themselves and their cause to the will of Heaven."

There is a very striking difference between the prophets of old and the prophets of our new times. They of old were humbled under their inspiration—awe-stricken, smitten to the earth with the knowledge of the evil to come. Under the deepest woe, their hearts yearned in commiseration of the sufferings they foresaw, and were compelled to denounce. Far other are the feelings of our modern prophet; far from pity, he exults to see dwelling-places go "crashing down," and people "licking the dust." There might be pleasanter sights for a humane man. He proclaims these truths of his vision to remove uneasiness and anxiety, by assuring his countrymen they will only see the whole world, excepting only themselves, under intolerable sufferings. And thus he says: "The author of this pamphlet hopes that, for this very purpose, it will be widely circulated." Do but hear how he swells and magnifies

himself as the only commissioned angel—how he is privileged to receive with his glory, intense delight from scenes that would give ineffable pain to all mankind but himself. Poising himself, as it were, upon the highest pinnacle of safety, he looks below,

“And is himself the great sublime he draws.”

And thus he says:—

“What a sublime position does that individual occupy, who can stand at a distance, and gaze upon such a thrilling spectacle as Europe will soon present, with calmness and assurance, ‘seeing the end from the beginning.’ Can anything, indeed, be more sublime than this? It is like” (here is a mistake certainly) “one of the ancient prophets of Israel gazing from some far-off mountain-side on the fulfilment of one of his own prophecies. As he gazes on the scene—perhaps a city staggering into the bosom of an earthquake, or the progress of a battle between Israel and her enemies—is it possible to imagine the calmly glowing feelings of his soul, as, privileged beyond mortals, he contemplates what had already been pictured to his mind, and can tell the next dwelling-place that shall go crashing down, or the next enemy that shall lick the dust. Still greater, if possible, is the position occupied by one who can pass the boundary of the everlasting *present*, and boldly map the events of the future. God-like he sits on the edge of the thick darkness, and resolves the mystic shapes that flit and gamble there into regularity and order. The dense mist which has hitherto overhung this end of the ‘bridge’ rolls slowly upward, and the things it concealed loom forth dimly, it may be, but still visible enough in their outlines and lineaments to enable him to recognise them when the wheels of time bear him slowly past them. The very idea of superiority of position like this is enrapturing. To think that it is only a select few that are thus highly privileged—that those whom the events so nearly concern are ignorant of them—to witness the terror and astonishment with which they are met by those they come to destroy—and, above all, to know that

he and his kindred are beyond the reach of their sweeping embrace, is to occupy a position never before reached by any save the inspired of the Lord.”

The cruel wretch—was he drunk or mad when he wrote this detestable nonsense? If there were nothing else in these pages to disparage the prophesying spirit, would not this fustian, to the commonest understanding, bring conviction that he must be a false prophet?

“*Tribus anticyris caput insanabile.*”

Is he a mad refugee?—and has he had his bombast translated into bad English? To gloat over the miseries of mankind, “privileged above mortals”—to be capable, in such scenes, of enjoying ineffable raptures, under the mean, selfish satisfaction of his own and his kindred’s safety! It is charity to hope he is not in his senses—certainly he is not in his “*right mind*.” The insanity of fanaticism, whether religious or political, is always cruel.

Perhaps I have needlessly extended remarks upon this pamphlet; but as it came in my way—one of the “sixteenth thousand”—and bears upon politics, on which I purposed to write, though in a rambling way, it may be as well that it should be noticed; for it may do mischief among credulous people. There are numbers of people who are helping a rabid democracy, as if ignorant of its objects. There is a widespread conspiracy against all existing governments; when foreign princes are aimed at, the arguments are intended to come home to our own. Those politicians who, in their oratorical flourishes, suspend on a gibbet the emperors of Russia and Austria, you may be sure, when they set one up, will take care to leave room in the middle for other crowned and uncrowned personages. A mad dog is not more perniciously rabid than a true republican; he will bite all and everywhere, that the world may be poisoned with his slaver, and all rave together.

The interpreter of prophecy above quoted having settled the “unconverted” Jews in Palestine, and settled himself and kindred quietly down in the Millennium reign, leaves a

pause for a little consideration of the Jews, not in Palestine, but in Parliament. The bill has not passed the House of Lords; and as the majority in the Commons is a reduced one, it may be yet hoped the Lords will reject it. As long as Christianity is "part and parcel of the law of the land," the country may be said to put itself in trust for protection to a Christian sanctity. It is true we have held this "part and parcel" loosely enough of late years. But absolutely by legislation to repudiate its Christian character, does appear to be tempting Providence, and provoking an abandonment. Does not the law of Parliament recognise Christian prayers, and invoke the Divine aid upon their deliberations, for which Christians are wont to pray? It is presumed, whatever may be fact and practice, that members are influenced by these proceedings, and that they are bonds upon their consciences—a Jew cannot join in them—and the nation relaxes one ostensible bond. Is a Jew to legislate for a Christian church? Scarcely, it may be thought, can they fairly legislate for any country but that they all look to, for their interests are not confirmed in any. Their very dealings with foreign nations—their loans—may very much interfere with their judgments as members of Parliament. Questions of peace and war may not always be trusted with safety to those who are so peculiarly involved in foreign interests. But surely the visible, palpable repudiation of the national claim to Christianity and Christianity's protection, should be all in all in this Jew-question. Forceful as any other objection may be, it is nothing compared to this one. And why is it so pertinaciously forced upon the country? Only because in some manner or other, which it is not convenient to scrutinise too closely, it is connected with the return of Lord John Russell as representative for London. Ingenious sophistries always imply a bad cause, and a lack of any argumentative foundation. When this subject of admission of Jews into Parliament was discussed in 1851, I could not help noting down the very strange kind of reasoning adopted by a leading

journal. It amounted to nothing less than an elaborate defence of oath-breaking. It was an attempt to prove that "on the faith of a Christian" is no oath at all—that "sensible men ought to be able to separate the substance of an oath from the attestation by which it concludes." What is this in effect, but to emancipate all men, from henceforth, from the guilt of perjury? If this be sound doctrine, any one may, without committing a crime, kiss the book and swear upon it, and not be forsworn, provided he does not believe in it. Men's lives may be thus sworn away by any infidel, and this social law acquits him: he is no perjurer. That this may not appear a false interpretation, take the words as given in the journal (*The Times*): "To reduce the question to a narrow point, suppose an unbeliever, being once sworn upon the Gospels, should give evidence in a court of justice well and truly, would it anywhere be held that this man had committed perjury?"

Surely our present laws would at least punish him as a perjurer, and therefore pronounce him guilty of the crime. This argument would justify Jews and Infidels to take any oath, with the very purpose of breaking it. There was a time when the Jews were more scrupulous; and far be it from me to say they are not still more scrupulous in this matter than such an advocate of their cause would make them. There was once a case in which, we are told, false witnesses were sought, "yet found they none: at last came two false witnesses." It is a dangerous doctrine, if once well and extensively inculcated, that it is the part of sensible men "to separate the substance of an oath from the attestation by which it concludes." But even this apparently novel and ingenious pleading is not original, nor is it borrowed from a quarter that sensible men look upon with much favour. It may be found, and strongly urged, in the chronicles of our king-killing times. It was frequent in the mouths of those who murdered the king, and demolished or mutilated our churches. The farther we go from their morals and principles, the better. The arguments of that day

are well put into quaint rhyme by Butler, in his *Hudibras*. Let any one compare them with the originals:—

"We're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely, at all to swear,
But to swear idly and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying
Is but a kind of self-denying."

"Did they not swear to maintain law
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?"

"This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought.
And that by them 'twere only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the public faith found out for,
But to show men for what they fought for?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound to observe, yet kept by none;
And if they go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie?"

"The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' the nations
Might free him from the obligations."

The ironical sophistries of Butler are finely covered with the graces of rhyme; but the plagiarist of the press, in his serious prosaic paraphrase, missing rhyme and reason, has only rendered the moral the more odious.

Whether such doctrine, so scattered, has in some peculiarly favourable soils taken root, and promises a prolific crop of perjuries, may be a fair subject of inquiry for those whose duty it is to make it. Certainly, of late years much laxity of opinion on oaths has been very observable; faith has so often been broken by politicians of the expediency school—faith given with oath, and faith implied without it—that it is not matter of much wonder, if the morality of the people in this respect be somewhat loosened. It is to the point to quote a few words delivered by Mr Justice Erle, as given in the *Times* of the 9th of March:—

"Perjury appeared to him now to be so common, that he was very strongly in favour of the appointment of a public prosecutor, who might be directed by the judge to take proceedings against persons who had evidently given false testimony, in order that a stop might be put to acts of so

gross a nature as had recently come before him."

I have thus ventured to point out some matters in our home condition, worthy the attention of those who seem just now to have little else to do. There is little need of casting slurs on foreign governments, but there is need of routing out the conspiracies ripening daily here, endangering them and us; and there is our own increase of crime, and the new phases it has assumed. Do not let it be said that the word "Protection"

is so odious, that we will have none of it, of any kind. Let us be able to walk the streets without fear of the garotte; let the well-located armies of thieves, rascals, rogues, house-breakers, and, alas to say! murderers, find their regular training, practice, and organised discipline, more difficult to accomplish than they have hitherto found them to be. Let them have some dread of punishment, and *feel* it, though it be at some infringement of the liberty of the subject. Our state apothecaries and doctors who have served apprenticeship in the political laboratory of the greatest empire of our day, have much to do when they seemingly have nothing to do. Though they shake their heads, and answer no questions, let them look to their patients and their selves; and wherever they apply them, let the plasters be at least as broad as the sores. A. Q. S.

P.S.—Since the above was written, I have seen three notices, which show that my remarks are not altogether ill-timed. Two are parliamentary, and one the decree of a foreign government. The last would make an admirable item in the general law of nations; it would be most useful to this country, and prevent a world of trouble to come. It is thus given in the *Times*:—"PARMA.—A grand ducal decree declares that every individual conspiring against the safety of any foreign state shall be punished with five years at the galleys." Were there now a law in existence that would authorise the apprehension of Mazzini, the moment he lands, to be tried for the murders recently committed under his conspiracy, few honest men would regret its being

put in force; and if Kossuth were added in the indictment, for his complicity, so much the better.

Then there is Mr Fitzroy's motion on "Assaults upon women and children." Thanks to Mr Fitzroy, and to Mr Phinn who ably seconded him. What the latter said with regard to corporal punishments is quite right. It might with great advantage be extended much beyond the limitation laid down. Your swell-mob gentry might be all the better for a good bastinado now and then; and your brutes, though they generally bear the brute-mark in their foreheads, it would be a good thing if they had it on their backs; and if burnt in more visibly on their persons, they would only have their due. But why women and children only should come under this protection, is not so clear. Aged men are as defenceless; nor is there any reason why all should not be equally protected. The oath question, introduced by Mr Pellat, is a subject requiring more consideration than can now be given to it. On that I have at present but one re-

mark to make. It is said that the *word of a gentleman is his oath*. It may be asked, What is the parliamentary sense in which this saying is to be received? for it might be as well to remind the Peelite portion of our Government, that in carrying out the expediency system, a construction has been put upon it which has astonished the gentlemen of England's old school. One, and perhaps more than one statesman, has said what he did not mean—has promised what he never meant, when he promised it, to perform—(property tax, for instance),—nay, at the very time when he promised, he set about other enactments, with the afterwards acknowledged intention of perpetuating what he had promised speedily to abolish; and on another occasion, betraying a party who took his word, made speeches to delude them in favour of the laws which he was preparing to abrogate. It would be well the House should give a definition of the Word of a Gentleman, as well as the limited meaning and force of Oaths.

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"Three—ten!" called Bagot, as she came round again.

"That'll do," said Seager. "Keep to that, Jim."

At the fourth mile Seager called to Jim to pull up.

"Twelve minutes, fifty-eight seconds," said Bagot. "No mistake about her pace, if she can hold it."

"Just look at her," said Seager, walking to the spot where she had pulled up, and now stood with her respiration scarcely accelerated by her performance. "There's a pair of bellows for you. Splendid wind, sir. Take her in quietly, Jim. What d'ye think now, Colonel—booked to win, eh?"

As she trotted gently away, Bagot's quick eye detected a perceptible alteration in her gait. He directed Seager's attention to it.

"Bring her back, Jim." Yes, it was so. She was slightly lame on the leg Jim had indicated, though it could not be detected when she was going full speed.

"Unlucky business!" said Bagot, as Seager felt the ailing fetlock.

"Well, there'll be time enough to see about curing it, that's one com-

fort," returned Seager, after a volley of curses on his ill-luck. "One thing you may take your oath of, and that is, that if she's got legs to pull her through it, do it she shall, if I have to shoot her next day. Mind, Jim, not a word!"

Jim winked intelligence, and drove slowly off to the stable.

Bagot looked very grave. "But if she can't do it—if you have to pay up—why, God bless me, fifteen hundred pounds is no joke."

"Time enough to think about it when the time comes," said Mr Seager, who was not prone to anticipate misfortune, nor to be depressed by presentiments of evil. "In the mean time, I shall stay here for a while to look after her, and get a vet to see her quietly. You can go home; and if she gets all right in a few days, I'll come and look at you again."

So they returned to the village, which was now beginning to be astir. After comforting himself with a little breakfast, Bagot departed by the next train on his way to the Heronry, while Mr Seager remained at the inn to look after the welfare of Goshawk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What with playing billiards by day and whist by night, and making betting-books with the dragoons, and watching what progress Sloperton might make with Lady Lee, and studying that young man's character, with a view to turning him to future account, Bagot's hands were full of business. And therefore, though he took, as we have seen, the liveliest interest in the mare Goshawk, yet he would not allow even that consideration to separate him long from his friends at the Heronry. Nevertheless, that interest, as aforesaid, was of the liveliest—not so much on account of any abstract sympathy with the gains and losses of his friend Seager, as for the following reason—viz., That he had lost more of late to Mr Seager than he could conveniently pay, and he had a shrewd idea that the degree of pressure for prompt payment of this would depend altogether on the state of his credi-

tor's exchequer. For Seager's friendship extended thus far, that he would not dun a particular friend so long as he didn't want the money—if he did, why, of course the friend must pay up.

Life at the Heronry now began to assume an aspect somewhat similar to that which it had borne in Sir Joseph's bachelor days. Stalls that of late stood empty were now generally occupied by officers' chargers; the clicking of billiard-balls was incessant in the hall; and there were more riding parties. The Colonel was of course always charmed to see the dragoons, and they were equally delighted to escape from Doddington. And though these visits were ostensibly made for the most part to Bagot, yet what could be more natural than that, once in the house, they should wish to pay their respects to the fairer portion of its inhabitants? Thus it happened that there were few

mornings when the military visitors did not, on some pretence or other, find their way to the drawing-room. In the evening Bagot would either go over to dine at their mess at the Bush, or some of them would stay and share his bachelor's cheer in the snug apartments he tenanted in the Heronry, on which occasions Orelia and Rosa and Lady Lee, traversing distant corridors on their way to bed, would sometimes be startled by "a sound of revelry by night," and, pausing, flat candlestick in hand, would listen for a moment to a wild chorus, led probably by Mr Oates, and wherein Bagot's bass took a prominent part, to which distance and reverberation gave a somewhat unearthly character, like the chorus with which Don Juan descends to his infernal destination.

But, notwithstanding these nocturnal orgies, by day all was decorum. Even Mr Oates lost all his boisterous confidence as he entered the presence of the ladies, growing quite tame, almost bashful, and sometimes, when suddenly addressed, blushing to deep pinkness between his extensive shirt-collars. And he would envy Bruce for the flowing ease and openness with which he conversed with Rosa, as well as for the interest and friendliness with which she returned it: for Mr Oates himself, when he had with great effort and manœuvring obtained a place at Rosa's side, and saw her face turned towards him with the best-humoured smile in the world, would find himself quite unable to enjoy the advantage of the position he had taken such pains to secure, and would wonder why on earth he wasn't able to chat away with her like Bruce. The consequence of this was, that at length the friendship which had subsisted between him and Bruce was threatened with dissolution; Oates becoming rude and sometimes sarcastic towards his associate, and thus rendering the joint occupancy of the grocer's lodgings less smooth and pleasant than before.

Tindal could not flatter himself that he made any great progress with Orelia; on the contrary, she received all his attempts to propitiate her with a coldness amounting to incivility, and would sometimes be not at home

when he called. Bagot, perceiving this, would good-naturedly decoy Orelia down to the hall, to get a lesson in billiards, whenever he knew Tindal was coming, and the Major, entering unexpectedly, and receiving a stately and frosty greeting from the young lady, would look on, admiring her attitude as she bent over the table, applauding her skill when she cannoned or made a hazard, and sometimes venturing to instruct her how to form a better bridge, by elevating her knuckles and stretching out her thumb, while the contact into which his fingers were necessarily brought with that soft hand, gave the grim, undemonstrative Major very considerable pleasure.

"Come and finish this game for me, Tindal," the friendly Colonel would then say; "I must be off to the stables." And the Major, with grim alacrity, would seize Bagot's abandoned cue; and nobody could possibly have recognised the stern martinet, whose glance had made the whole parade thrill, or had caused the heart of some hard-drinking dragoon culprit to quail within him in the orderly room an hour before, in the alert, courteous, somewhat subdued cavalier, who now hovered round the queenly Orelia.

"Allow me, Miss Payne—if you strike your ball so as to hit this one on the side just where the light falls—and gently, if you please, very gently—you will go into that middle pocket."

"Excellently done!" he would resume, as Orelia made the hazard he recommended. "Now you have an easy cannon on the balls. Hit the red hard and full, and strike your own a little on the side so as to screw, and you'll come off that top cushion and cannon. Why, there now—beautiful! Really, Miss Payne, if you go on in this way, you must give me points."

Notwithstanding all this, the Major did not make much progress with her imperial highness. "I'm afraid I've offended Miss Payne," he said to Bagot—"I don't seem to get on with her."

"Gad, sir, a strange girl that!" responded Bagot; "deuced high and *noli me tangere* when she likes. But

that makes her the more enchanting when she does unbend—ha, Tindal?" To which the Major unhesitatingly assented.

"Can't you get up some show with your men?" suggested Bagot presently: "girls like that sort of thing."

"The very thing," said Tindal. "A review in the grounds—eh? Full-dress review, with manœuvres? By Jove, I'll propose it to her at once."

Accordingly he did so; said the ground was exactly what he wanted for a good morning's drill; was sure the men would acquit themselves better than usual under the influence of the ladies' bright eyes; and, if Orelia would promise to sanction the display with her presence, he would forthwith entreat permission of Lady Lee to carry the project into execution. He was delighted to hear Orelia express her approval in a more cordial tone than he was accustomed to; and, secretly applauding the generalship of Bagot, he made arrangements for the review to take place in a few days.

The more Sloperton saw of his new-found relation Lady Lee, the more he became confirmed in the opinion that she would, whenever he should think proper to make his proposals, do credit to his taste in the eyes of all the world. Her ladyship always received him hospitably, and sometimes seemed amused at his conversation; and he had bestowed so much attention in attiring his person to the best advantage, on the occasions of his visits, and displayed such inexhaustible varieties of harmonies and contrasts of cut and colour, in the selection of cravats, waistcoats, trousers, and topics of discourse, that he felt assured of always appearing to the very best advantage—which, in the opinion of the conquering Captain himself, was synonymous with being irresistible.

The only thing he didn't altogether approve of was, that Fane—who seldom troubled himself to pay visits, and, when he did, still seldomer crossed Sloperton's path—had once or twice come into the drawing-room at the Heronry, and interfered with him sadly, by turning the conversation to matters which the handsome exquisite knew nothing about, and took

no interest in, though Lady Lee had immediately brightened up to a degree of animation which he had never seen her display before. There was also a Parson—a fellow with no manner, and not the slightest idea of dress—who came sometimes with Fane, sometimes alone, and bored one with talk about books and philosophy. On the last occasion, indeed, when those two had come there together, Sloperton, who was also present, and in full flow when they entered, had never, from the moment of their appearance, been able to command the least attention, but had sat like a handsome well-dressed figure by Madame Tussaud. And he might possibly have felt uneasy about this, had he not luckily received next morning a parcel of clothes from his tailor in town, and immediately rode over to the Heronry in such an exquisite waistcoat as, he felt assured, must place him at once beyond all rivalry.

To many ardent young assertors of the supremacy of intellect, the divinity of the female sex, and the like doctrines, these expectations of Captain Sloperton may seem presumptuous, and impossible to be gratified. The habitual romance-reader, too, knowing that Lady Lee is of more value than many Slopertons, and that poetical justice must be done though the heavens totter, grows incredulity. But if we look at the sources whence romances should in their essence be drawn—if we look at life and reality—where, then, is the improbability of a cultivated, imaginative, nay, gifted woman, linking herself "with joy, revel, and applause," as Cassio has it, to some half-souled lump of humanity, who, perchance, shall not even possess the perfections that please the eye? Contented, nay proud, in the possession of her "most filthy bargain"—seemingly unconscious that all who are capable of appreciating her are wondering at her choice—a choice made apparently for no better reason than because she would not say no—she flings away, without any audible sigh, all hope of marital congeniality, letting her affection hang on the object of it, like a rich garment on a rusty nail.

If each of those who form the natural aristocracy of the sex were resolved to uphold the dignity of her order, choosing rather "to live a barren sister all her life" than to wed one whom she could not honestly, and in her soul, acknowledge for her lord and master—taking for her motto *palman qui meruit ferat*—"I am for him who deserves me"—what a lure were here for emulative man! How would blue ribbons, peerages, thanks of both Houses, fade into insignificance before this Legion of Honour, apparently instituted by Nature herself! What were droves of oxen, and brazen armour, and long-haired captives to Achilles, while his Briseis was yet in the tent of "dog-faced, deer-hearted" Agamemnon? And, perhaps, the emulative man aforesaid figures to himself such a fair prize—feels that he will try to deserve it—dreams of it, and is cheered by the vision—at length sees his ideal—but sees it only to find this Titania, queen of the fairies, enamoured of some Bully Bottom, whom, while kissing his "fair large ears," and decking his sleek head with musk roses, she lovingly apostrophises as "her gentle joy." Therefore, let no ambitious,

amorous numskull despair merely because he is a numskull; he may yet live envied of the gifted of the earth, and pass from this world never suspecting that he has, through life, at bed and board, entertained an angel unawares.

And yet, Lady Lee, if you, untaught by experience, should *twice* profane that hand and heart of yours—what hope or sympathy were then for you? What word could you say in arrest of judgment, ere the fates decree, either that such marriage-bed shall be to you a Procrustes-bed, whereon your mind and tastes and sympathies shall be clipt to the level of those of your companion; or else, that you shall wear away your life, filled with a contempt which must never be spoken?

But the proverb says a cat may look at a queen; and animals, not much higher in the scale of creation than cats, and lower than the Slopertons, may aspire to the Lady Lees.

This truth the reader may find illustrated in the next chapter, where we shall see who this wooer is who now comes riding to the Heronry, and whom we have lost sight of for many chapters.

CHAPTER XIX.

Squire Dubbley was sitting all alone in Monkstone, after breakfast, trying to wile away the time till a suitable hour should arrive for mounting his steed and cantering over to the Heronry to prosecute his suit with Lady Lee.

Since his conversation with Bagot, the Squire's intentions, heretofore very vague and uncertain, had taken shape and substance. So long as the idea of making love in that quarter had been confined to his own breast and brain, it had floated there in a misty, desultory fashion, sometimes more distinct, sometimes fading almost to nothing, but always appearing rather as something that might be than as what certainly would be. But now that Bagot had talked over the subject with him in a business-like manner, and had, moreover, brought it fairly within the limits of plain matter-of-fact by the little

pecuniary transaction between them, the Squire, with the facility of a weak brain, considered the matter as settled, all but a few necessary preliminaries. These he had resolved to complete forthwith, chuckling to himself, with a sort of imbecile exultation, at the thought of making his declaration of love, and being accepted without the mediation of Bagot, who fancied himself so essential an auxiliary. So he tried, somewhat impatiently, to wile away the time, till the hour of his visit should be at hand.

This operation of wiling away the time was a task of peculiar difficulty to the Squire—in fact, perfectly herculean. The poor Squire, when he could not shoot or hunt, had no more resources within himself than a kitten deprived of its tail. Books he looked upon not merely with indifference, but with positive disgust, as if they had

been sentient and superior beings, personally hostile to him, and repelling his advances with calm disdain. This he had resented in early life by filling such as were thrust upon him with blots and dog's-ears, and tearing them up to paper kites with ; and, later, by using them for gun-wadding and cigar-lights. But since his advancement in life had caused him to feel his deficiencies, he had begun to look on learning with a secret respect, as being immediately and constantly connected with his interests. At first, he was ashamed to make his ignorance public by applying for instruction, but at last he bethought himself of having recourse to a person whose poverty would render the purchase of his secrecy easy, while he possessed the necessary qualifications for the office of preceptor.

This person, Mr Randy, was clever, and had been well educated, but had not flourished in the world owing to his incurable habits of conviviality. Situation after situation had slipped jovially away from him ; whenever he met with a piece of good fortune, he seemed to mistake it for care, for he immediately drowned it in the bowl—till he had been employed as an usher in the grammar-school at Doddington ; and this post, also, he had forfeited, having twice profaned that temple of Minerva by entering it in a state of inebriety. Subsequently he supported himself by giving private lessons in classics and mathematics, and reading up with university men who wanted to cram in the vacations, and spent the money thus procured in the company of some congenial acquaintances, in his favourite taproom at the Grapes.

So, at certain hours of the day and night, there might have been seen in the little room at Monkstone, which the Squire called his study, the curious spectacle of a gentleman, of considerable property and mature years, taking lessons in the rudiments of education from a seedy, snuffy individual, in a rusty, musty suit of black.

The Squire looked out of his window and whistled. It wanted yet two hours of noon—two mortal hours lay in dreary desert expanse before him, with a glimpse of green country beyond. He knew it was in vain to

attempt to study by himself, having tried it once or twice, and found his attention wandering off beyond recall every half minute, in spite of all his efforts to fix it ; for the Squire could not govern his own mind in the least, notwithstanding it was such a weak one. He would have liked to amuse himself by cleaning his gun, and oiling the locks ; but then that was his servant's business, and he did not choose to pay servants for doing nothing. One little green spot in the desert had offered itself since breakfast—and that was when he went to his cellar, and drew himself a foaming tumbler of strong October ; but the flavour of this had died away, and he dared not drink another, for fear of muddling himself before the interview with Lady Lee.

With more complacency than usual, therefore, the Squire beheld the portly debauched figure of Mr Randy approaching the house—a tall figure, with thin arms and legs, a large paunch, over which was buttoned, with difficulty, a threadbare black surtout, and wearing a black stock, worn at the edges, beneath which was visible a portion of what was probably a flannel waistcoat, and which was overhung by his brown, flabby cheeks. Dignity and growing infirmity struggled together in his gait, which was at once majestic and tremulous.

The Squire tapt on the window-pane to attract Mr Randy's attention, and put his finger on his lips, to intimate that he wished his approach to be silent and secret ; and Mr Randy, with a nod of intelligence, exchanged his crunching walk over the gravel for a stealthy tripping pace, like a corpulent fairy, and came warily up the steps of the porch, as if there were a herd of deer in the lobby which he intended to stalk. The Squire was behind the door, holding it softly ajar for him—affording him so little space for entering, that his portly person was somewhat jammed and crushed before he effected his ingress, the lower button of his black surtout, long injured at the roots, being torn right out of the cloth.

"Softly," said Mr Dubbley, motioning him towards the study ; "don't let these confounded servants hear

you. If any of them should come in, we'll talk about the same business as before." Mr Dubbley felt so much shame at being engaged, at his time of life, and with his property, on the business of his education, that he kept the object of Randy's visits a profound secret from the household, and when interrupted by any of the domestics during his studies, had, with great ingenuity, feigned to be conversing on some matter of an entirely different nature.

"I won't offer you anything to drink after your walk," said the Squire, as they sat down at the table; "because, if I see you drinking, I shall drink myself, and I've reasons for keeping clear this morning; but when I'm gone, I'll leave out the spirit-bottles for you."

Mr Randy bowed gravely in token of his acquiescence. "What shall we study to-day?" he inquired, putting on a pair of brass-mounted spectacles.

"That's just what I pay you to settle," said the Squire; "isn't it? Here I am in want of teaching—here you are in want of money; we'll make a fair exchange, and you can't expect me to do any of your work for you."

Randy coloured at the coarseness of the Squire's speech; he would have resented it, as he was frequently tempted to do, only he could not afford resentment, but was accustomed to revenge himself privately at night with his companions of the taproom, by showing the Squire up for their entertainment, and pouring forth floods of eloquent invective on the ignorant upstart, who, by virtue of his dirty acres, "dared to insult a scholar and a gentleman."

"Our object," began Mr Randy, lowering his head, and looking at the Squire through the space between the tops of his spectacles and the points of his bushy eyebrows, and rattling his r's very much—"our object is, to impart as much general information as we can, without going into the tedious rudiments of scholastic learning. We wish to be conversant with the topics of the day—to bear our part in general conversation with credit—to form and deliver an opinion on points of public interest, without falling into any grievous or ridiculous blunders."

The Squire nodded.

"Having, therefore, in our previous studies, run through the geography of the most prominent and important countries, with slight sketches of their previous histories, we will now recall and apply our recollections to some of the leading topics of the day."

"Hang me, if I haven't forgotten every word of it," muttered the poor Squire.

"Patience, my good sir, patience. Rome was not built in a day; nor can Squire Dubbley be qualified to shine in society in a week or a month. Many centuries ago, a philosopher and man of science, with whom we shall, by and by, I hope, become acquainted, told a great monarch who, like other great men, was somewhat impatient," (here Mr Randy chuckled facetiously,) "that there was no royal road to geometry. Learning is one of those things," said Mr Randy, with the conscious dignity of a possessor, "that no power can command, nor wealth purchase."

"Then what the deuce am I throwing away my money for with you?" asked the Squire. "Perhaps I should get on faster with some other instructor."

"Patience, my good sir," again urged the preceptor; "money may do much, though not all; it may provide us with the means, if we only make a right and diligent use of them. Here, now, is the newspaper of the latest date; we will see what the world is talking about, and we will apply what we have already acquired to the matters thus brought under our notice."

So Mr Randy sat and read the newspaper—an occupation he took great pleasure in—and expounded portions of it to the Squire. After the latter had listened for some little time attentively he rose, and, saying it was dry work, produced a case of bottles from a cupboard, and a couple of tumblers; and these latter being filled with a refreshing compound of rum, water, lemon-juice, and sugar, Mr Randy's countenance, after a long pull at the same, brightened perceptibly, and he read all the columns of Foreign Intelligence, and descanted on our foreign relations as if he had been the private and confidential friend of Lord Palmerston. The

Squire, however, began to relax in his attention—he was thinking about his approaching visit to the Heronry, and how he should deport himself there.

"You're a sort of fellow that knows everything," observed the Squire presently. "What should you say, now, was the kind of conversation to take a fine lady?—an accomplished person, you know."

Mr Randy always answered every question the Squire thought proper to propound (some of them nonsensical enough) with a composed and grave promptitude, as if it had long employed his thoughts. He laid the newspaper across his knees, took off and wiped his spectacles, and hemmed thrice before answering.

"That," said Mr Randy, "would depend on circumstances: first, on the degree of impression I wished to produce; secondly, on the age, character, and disposition of the lady, and the degree of intimacy I was favoured with."

"Well, suppose you were regularly in love," said the Squire, "and the lady was young and handsome, and deuced clever and all that?"

"In that case," returned Mr Randy, "I should evince my partiality by glances, sighs, pressure of the hand, and all those understood tokens of passion"—and, by way of illustration, Mr Randy leered at the Squire from under his shaggy brows, with a pair of eyes so muddy and watery that it was difficult to say where the pupils ended, and the whites, or rather the yellows, began; emitting at the same time a sigh that filled the apartment with many cubic feet of vapourised alcohol. "Having thus established an understanding, I should gradually, and by delicate degrees, approach the subject of love, by broaching collateral and kindred topics."

"Kindred topics!" repeated the Squire. "What! praise her relations, eh?"

"Not at all," said Mr Randy, inwardly making a note of the Squire's mistake for the benefit of his friends at the Grapes that night, to whom he would serve it up with some sauce piquant of his own. "I should become by degrees sentimental—con-

verse of poetry, of romances, of which love was the subject."

"But I don't know a line of poetry," muttered the Squire, "except some songs. I know some capital songs—'Old Towler,' and 'Nancy Dawson,' and 'A-hunting we will go;' but perhaps she wouldn't care about them."

"Never mind," said Mr Randy; "talk of nuptial felicity—paint to her the delights of a union where—"

"But suppose she knows all about that better than me," interrupted the Squire, "in consequence of having been married before?"

"Oh, indeed—a widow!" said Randy; "that simplifies the matter immensely. In that case, I should be much more direct in my approaches, and, after a few short indications of partiality, should propose at once."

"It's very clear, Randy," said the Squire, "that, though you talk so glibly about it, you never tried it yourself—at least, not with the kind of person I'm speaking of: if you had, you'd know, that, for all it seems so easy, yet, when it comes to the point, there's a kind of cursed feeling comes all over one as if you were going to be hanged, and drives everything you had to say out of your head; and she, instead of helping you out of the mess, looks all the while so cool and innocent that it makes you worse than ever."

Mr Randy considered for a minute. "If I found my powers of speech desert me, from bashfulness," said he, "I should convey my wishes in a letter."

"Capital!" thought the Squire; "I never thought of that. 'Twouldn't be half so nervous a thing to slip a letter into her hand as to sputter it all out by word of mouth. Come, now," said the Squire, putting a sheet of paper and a pen before his adviser, "let's see what you can make of it—just out of curiosity," added the cunning Squire, "not that I want anything of the sort for myself."

So Mr Randy refilled his tumbler, and by its assistance concocted such an epistle as Dr Johnson might be supposed to indite if he had fallen in love with an empress, and having read it aloud to the Squire, the latter seized upon it, and, saying it might be

useful some time or other, put it away in his desk.

He now affected to be particularly busy, in order to get rid of Randy, whose departure he further facilitated by locking up the spirits; and that

gentleman, seeing no prospect of getting any more punch, having at length departed, the Squire sat down, and, having made a fair copy of the love-letter, posted away to the Heronry.

CHAPTER XX.

Lady Lee was seated in the drawing-room in company with Julius, who was in disgrace, and undergoing punishment at the hands of Dr Watts, one of whose pious poems he had been condemned to commit to heart. The offence which had called down this visitation on his head was a personal assault upon Miss Fillett. Julius, on seeing Rosa and Orelia prepare to set forth on their ride, became perfectly outrageous to accompany them, and, having rushed down stairs in defiance of orders, had been captured by Kitty just as he was in the act of pulling Sergeant Cumbermare's horse by the tail; but, far from feeling gratitude to her for saving his brains from being kicked out, he at once proceeded (as she expressed it) to make his teeth all but meet in the back of her hand, and to kick her shins into all the colours of the rainbow. This description of her wrongs, far from melting Julius, as she intended, only excited his curiosity, and, being partial to rainbows, he privately resolved to watch her when she pulled off her stockings. So, having obstinately declined to apologise, he was now seated on a low stool near his parent, with Dr Watts in his lap, swelling with indignation, and glancing furtively at his cat Pick, who was polishing his face with his paw on the hearth-rug; and instead of committing to memory the masterly distinction drawn by the amiable Doctor between the line of conduct to be pursued by Christian children, and that excusable in dogs and bears and lions, he was thinking how pleasant it would be to steal behind Pick, and, clasping him round the neck, to draw him into his lap, and kiss him behind his whisker, and on the top of his head, and subsequently tickle him into fury, till he growled and bit and clawed with his fore-paws, and spurred with his hind ones.

Lady Lee was reading Pope. Her taste in poetry had, of late years, undergone an entire revolution—and whereas, in her spinster days, nothing was too romantic, high-flown, and enthusiastic for her, she had now begun to condemn everything not capable of being brought within the strict rules of plain common-sense. And the best of it was, that she really persuaded herself she enjoyed the melodious worldly wisdom of the little Queen Anne's man; though, between you and me, reader, she had no more taste for worldly wisdom than she had for playing at leap-frog.

However, she went on reading, sometimes pausing to repeat a terse couplet to herself, and wondering how the man could manage to pack all that sense so neatly into two lines, and fancying she liked it, till she was roused by Julius poking her on the elbow with his book.

"Can you repeat it, you shocking child?"

Julius nodded, putting out his lip at the epithet.

"Go on, then."

Julius commenced, casting a wistful glance at Pick. "Let cats delight to bark and bite—"

"Cats, sir!" said Lady Lee, returning the book to him, after tapping his cheek with it. "Go back to your stool," whither he accordingly retired; and his mamma was resuming her study of Pope, when Miss Fillett, walking into the room on her prismatic legs, announced Mr Dubbley.

Mr Dubbley came in rubbing his forehead and very nervous. He had started for the Heronry in a state of great elevation: exhilarated by punch, and the letter he had in his pocket, proposing seemed to him the easiest thing in the world; he laughed as he thought of his previous failures. But his spirits had gradually evaporated as he approached the house—they

went off more and more rapidly as he followed Kitty up-stairs—and when he entered Lady Lee's presence, not even the dregs remained.

"Charming day," said Mr Dubbley, polishing his temples till the small tufts that grew thereon threatened to disappear altogether; and, nothing else occurring to him, he then said, "Splendid day!" and at last grew quite enthusiastic about the day. "Never saw such a fine day," said Mr Dubbley.

The Squire, not having any other remark at hand, took to his old resource of polishing his skull, and looked round the room. There was a refinement and luxury about its arrangements that caused him to feel as if in a foreign country. Pieces of unfinished embroidery and crochet-work were scattered about; books, that he did not understand the names of, in rich bindings; little mysterious articles of papier-maché, and ivory, and filagree, whose use he could by no means conjecture; and Lady Lee herself, as she rustled to her chair in a dress revealing masses of rich lace at the bosom and sleeves, while amid the latter glittering bracelets peeped out, tended to strengthen the idea, which now began to transmit itself through the Squire's somewhat obtuse perceptions, that she lived in quite a different atmosphere, and at immeasurable distance from him.

"Pray, take this chair, Mr Dubbley," said Lady Lee; "you will be more comfortable than in that"—for Mr Dubbley, having put his hat in a low chair usually appropriated to Rosa as a lounging-chair, had, in his confusion, sat down on the top of it, and, it being a pretty stiff and solid beaver, remained unconsciously perched thereon till it suddenly gave way, and the Squire's knees came rather violently in contact with his nose as he leant forward in a courteous posture.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr Dubbley, starting up and looking ruefully at the crushed hat; "there's quite a fate about my hats; this is the second I've sat upon this year. However, that's of no consequence," said the Squire, recollecting himself; "lots more hats to be bought. 'Twould have been worse if it had been my

head." This was indisputable, though it was not easy to see how Mr Dubbley could crush his own head by sitting down on it.

"Do you find Monkstone solitary?" asked Lady Lee presently, to divert his thoughts from the calamity.

"Monstrous solitary, 'pon my life," said Mr Dubbley; "it gets worse every day." ("Now why should she ask that," he thought, "if she didn't mean something by it?") "If there was somebody else there," he added, "it wouldn't be half so solitary."

"And will nobody come to see you, then, Mr Dubbley?"

"Yes, yes," said the Squire; "a good many might like to come if I asked 'em; but it isn't every one I would ask. If some people that I know would come for better for worse," and the Squire looked wonderfully arch as he repeated, "for better for worse, you know—I'd rather than a thousand pounds."

"Dear me," thought Lady Lee, "Mr Dubbley has certainly fallen in love with somebody; who can it be? Then why don't you ask them," said she, smiling, "and ascertain their wishes on the subject?"

"Why, so I will," said the delighted Squire, who, feeling certain that he had made his meaning perfectly obvious, and that he was meeting with the most charming encouragement, began to fumble in his pocket for the letter. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he muttered to himself. "Take time by the fetlock, you know."

"I wish you all success in your wooing, Mr Dubbley," said Lady Lee, "and hope shortly to congratulate you on the result."

"Now, what can she mean by that?" thought the Squire, letting the letter slip back into his pocket. "I mustn't be rash—hang it, no; I must feel my way." And the Squire's warm feelings, suddenly condensed by the chill, broke out over his forehead in little beads like morning dew.

"Delightful thing the married state," said the Squire presently, remembering Mr Randy's instructions. "Charming state of things, when two hearts that have long beat for one another are joined together in holy matrimony, and nothing to cut their love in two." Mr Dubbley paused,

rather breathless after this eloquent flight, in which he had mingled the form of publishing the bauns of marriage with his recollections of a valentine he had once written to a bricklayer's daughter.

"Why, you speak like one inspired by his subject," said her ladyship. "But take care, Mr Dubbley! if you indulge such bright visions before marrying, you may be disappointed afterwards."

"Not the least afraid of that," said the Squire; "we understand one another too well for that. What should prevent me and—and her that I'm talking of, from being as happy as the day's long?"

"Nothing that I know of," returned her ladyship, "provided there is no striking disparity of any kind."

"Ah, she's thinking about my income, now," thought the Squire; "I'm all right there. I ought to have mentioned something about it in my letter." And again the Squire dived up to his elbow in his breast-pocket. "No objection on that score," said he; "no mistake about my property; all safe and sure, and rents regularly paid."

"Tiresome, absurd man!" thought Lady Lee; "what does he suppose I care about his property, or his rents, or his love-affairs? But there are other disparities," she said, "more fatal to nuptial felicity than that of income—disposition, for instance—age—tastes—pursuits—intellect."

At the mention of this last item, the Squire once more let the letter fall back into his pocket.

"She's got cleverness enough for both," said the Squire. "Perhaps she's a very accomplished person, and perhaps I may be the same too in time—who knows? I daresay you don't know that I've been getting up a good deal of general information lately?"

Lady Lee "had not heard of his process of mental culture," she said.

"Wait a bit!" said the Squire, with a knowing look; "perhaps I may disappoint those who think me a fool yet. I'm rubbing up my learning—all for your—I mean her sake, too. She's the only person in the world I'd take the trouble for."

"What a devoted attachment yours

appears to be!" said her ladyship. "It certainly merits success." And she smiled so pleasantly and encouragingly that the Squire dived once more into his pocket, and this time brought the letter fairly out, and put it in the crown of his hat, ready for delivery at the next favourable moment.

He was several times on the point of going down on his knees and presenting it, and as often baffled by some chilling remark from the unconscious object of his admiration, and by his increasing sense of her unapproachableness. The quick alternations of hot and cold fits that he experienced were so trying, that he made up his mind to yield next time to the impulse, and declare himself like a man. But the impulse came, and was nipt like its predecessors; and the poor despairing Squire felt a load taken off his mind when the door opened, and Rosa and Orelia entered, full of conversation for Lady Lee. So he rose; and, muttering to himself that his chance was over for that day, took his leave, with the impression that he had left his intentions as profound a secret as ever.

The Squire was riding off in some small agitation of spirits, when Miss Fillett suddenly popt out from behind a laurel bush in the shrubbery, and beckoned him to ride aside from the path; and, an interview with Kitty being more to his taste than one with her mistress, and one in which he played his part with far more ease, he obeyed with alacrity.

"Well, sir, and how have you got on with my lady?" asked Kitty, pertly enough.

"Eh, what?" said Mr Dubbley. "What have I to do with your lady?"

"Hó! you think a person has no eyes, I suppose; as if I couldn't read in a minute when a gentleman's in love—or a lady either, for that matter," added Miss Fillett, meaningly.

"Or a lady either?" repeated the Squire. "What! has your mistress been showing any—any testimonials of affection? any partiality for anybody, my girl?"

"Perhaps she has, perhaps she hasn't," said Kitty. "But I'll defy her to like anybody without me knowing. Bless you, sir, she couldn't keep

her parshalities from me if she wished ever so."

"And what d'ye think about my chance, eh? Come, don't be tormenting! Amazing pretty girl, upon my life," muttered the Squire in a stage whisper, intended to melt Kitty's heart.

Miss Fillett pursed up her mouth into a round aperture, and, glancing sideways at the Squire, shook her head till the lappets of her smart cap vibrated—intending thereby to express, that she could unfold a tale if she chose.

"Oh, hang it! if you're so fond of your secrets, you may keep 'em," said the Squire. "I'll find out for myself. I was very near finding out this morning."

"Take care!" said Kitty, holding up her finger with a warning look; "take care what you do, sir! Don't be precipitous."

"What! you think I've no chance, then?" said Mr Dubbley, hastily.

"I didn't say so," said Miss Fillett.

"Then, what the deuce do you mean?" asked the Squire, with great impatience.

"Just this—don't you be rash, sir. Leave me to tell you how my lady's disposed to you; and when I say wait, wait—and when I say propose, propose."

"What a dear girl you are!" said the Squire, gallantly stooping from the saddle to bestow a salute upon Miss Fillett; but she eluded him, and desired him to behave himself. "Take care, sir, or I shall let my lady know." The Squire making a second attempt, his hat fell off, and the letter which he had placed therein dropt on the ground. Miss Fillett immediately picked it up, and, looking at the

superscription, at once divined its nature.

"Ho, ho! a love-letter," she said, looking at the Squire. Mr Dubbley nodded. "'Twas a providence," she continued, solemnly, "that you didn't give it yourself to-day. I wouldn't—no, sir—I wouldn't have answered for the consequences. I'll take care of it now, and when I see the right time's come, I'll deliver it."

Mr Dubbley perceived that this would save him an infinity of embarrassment and trouble. "'Pon my life," said he, "you're a great deal cleverer than me at these matters. I'll leave it to you, then. Good-by; shake hands you know;" and Kitty bestowing hers, the cunning Squire drew her towards him. But Kitty struggled, and pinched him on the arm, and then saying, "There's my lady's bell; come to the white gate to-morrow evening," broke away, and vanished, holding up her finger once before disappearing, to impress on the Squire the necessity of attending to her advice.

"By George, what a jolly girl she is!" said the Squire before he rode off. "I'm not sure I don't like her best after all."

Kitty saw the Squire's admiring glance as she turned to look back for the last time, and her wily head was forthwith furnished with an ambitious idea, which she put by for future consideration. This idea she did not think it necessary to communicate to Bagot that evening, when she reported progress to that chief conspirator; nor did she tell him that she had been unable to resist the temptation of reading Mr Dubbley's love-letter before putting it in the fire; but so much as she did confide to the Colonel called forth his warm approbation.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was on a bright sunshiny morning in June that the dragoons, three abreast, their helmets and accoutrements glittering, their red coats in brilliant relief against the verdure and foliage around, passed through the lodge-gate of the Heronry, and formed on the ground which was to be the scene of their manœuvres.

A row of carriages, containing most of the ladies of the neighbourhood, was drawn up in a favourable position, and there were also plenty of spectators on foot. There was Lady Lee driving a small double pony-carriage, with Orelia seated by her side, and Rosa and Julius behind. There was Sir Christopher Clumber in a

great lumbering coach as big as a diligence, with his two daughters and a maiden aunt. There was the little old Earl of Castle-comical, with his brown wig curled in the Prince-regent fashion, up to a peak on the top of his head, with Brummellian cravat and coat, and with opera-glass ready for observation. There was Mr Hobbes, a neighbouring mill-owner, with his fat wife, who had fed herself to such a size that Orelia christened her Hobbes's Leviathan. There was Squire Dubbley, mounted on his best hunter, talking to Bagot, who paid very little attention to him. There was the Curate ambling easily along on Diana, not the most graceful seat in the world. There was Mr Seager, who, growing tired of his lonely supervision of Goshawk, had run down to refresh his mind by contact with Bagot's for a day or two. And in the background appeared a long row of tables at which the warriors might, like Homer's heroes, refresh themselves after their toils and dangers, and a tent containing similar arrangements for the behoof of the officers and ladies.

Leaving his officers and men drawn up in order, the Major galloped up to pay his respects to Lady Lee. And the little Earl got out of his carriage, and, requesting to be introduced to Major Tindal, courteously presented a view of the curious arrangement of the curls on the top of his wig to the Major, who bowed his plumed head over the saddle. And the populace looked on with great admiration at this meeting of Nobility and War.

Then, after a little preliminary chat, the Major requested Lady Lee's permission to begin, and straightway galloping to the front, called his men to attention, and prepared to march past. No Roman consul, marching in triumph with captive generals following him, ever felt prouder than the grim Major, in front of his well-drilled detachment. There was a little red flag planted at a small distance in front of the row of carriages, close to which the Major, after saluting, took up his position, while the troops went past at a walk, the officers likewise saluting as they passed the flagstaff. And as Captain Sloperton

gracefully lowered his sword, Letitia Clumber was heard to exclaim that he, the Captain, was "a divine man;" and many other young females, as also fat Mrs Hobbes, quite agreed with her on the divinity question. They came round, then, at a trot and at a gallop—bits, stirrups, and scabbardsjingling, swords flashing, plumes waving, and horses champing and tossing their heads—all very martial and imposing—at least all except Cornet Suckling, whose charger, becoming unruly, manifested a desire to dash through the ranks in front of him; his afflicted rider, with his helmet hanging down his back, the chains nearly strangling him, while his plumes, like Lord Cranstoun's after Deloraine had charged him, "went scattering on the gale," looking dreadfully unhappy and undragoon-like, to the great wrath of his choleric commander, who growled some improper expressions between his ground teeth at the sight of him. In spite of the popular sympathy which Sloperton's appearance elicited, Rosa, in a whisper to Orelia over the back of the carriage, asked, "If she didn't think Mr Bruce looked better than any of them?"

Then they charged in troops, and in divisions, and in line—and threw out skirmishers, who fired their carbines and galloped in upon the main body—and they changed their front, and wheeled, and deployed, and formed close column, and opened out again, all to the great delight of the uninitiated. And then, the review being over, they dismounted and picketed their horses, while the tables were being spread for the gallant riders.

"A beautiful sight you have afforded us," said the little Earl, as the Major rode up. "The ladies are enchanted."

"Why, I think the men were tolerably steady," said Tindal, taking off his helmet, and resting it on the pommel of his saddle, while he wiped his forehead. The Major, while he spoke thus indifferently, secretly thought they had been pre-eminently smart, and wished Lord Cardigan could have been there to see.

One group of chargers, picketed beneath an oak, looked so very pictu-

resque, that Orelia was desirous of sketching them, and sent into the house for drawing materials. Seated in a chair in front of them, she began her sketch; and during its progress, she called to the dragoon Onslow, who happened, quite unaccountably, to be standing near the horses, to come and look at it.

Now, it happened that Mr Seager had just stepped up, in his usual familiar, not-to-be-snubbed kind of fashion, to speak to Orelia, whom he always took particular pleasure in addressing, because he saw she couldn't endure him. Casting his eyes on Onslow as he drew near, Seager stared for a moment in his face, and called out, "Ha! the devil! why it's—"

The dragoon looked up at the sound of his voice, and instantly put his finger to his lips. "Are you not mistaken?" he said; and then, going up to Seager, drew him a short distance apart. Orelia, witnessing this strange encounter with great amazement and curiosity, noticed that Seager had suddenly grown very pale.

"What brought *you* back? I thought you were out of this long ago," Seager said.

"Don't trouble yourself to ask questions," replied Onslow. "You see what I've come to—many thanks to you for it. Now, listen. Nobody knows me here but you, nor do I wish to be known; therefore do you be silent. If you are not, why, you know me of old; and, be assured, I shall, if you disregard my warning, settle all scores with you at once without hesitation."

"If that's all, don't be afraid," said Seager, apparently relieved at hearing this, and drawing a long breath, "I'll keep it quiet; and more, if you ever want money to get away, you'll find me good for a twenty-pound note."

"Many thanks, my generous friend," returned the dragoon, smiling ironically. "In the mean time, I shall only trouble you to hold your tongue." So saying, he passed on; and Seager, muttering to himself, while his face resumed its natural bronze, "D—d unlucky!—I never thought he would have turned up again," turned away in the opposite direction, which led

him past Orelia, who was sitting on the pins of curiosity, as a Persian poet might express it.

"Do you know Mr Onslow?" she asked, with a look that inquired deeper than her words.

"Not at all," returned the brazen Seager, who was never more at home than when telling a lie; "never saw him before, though he's very like a friend of mine, for whom I mistook him. Quite a mistake." And Orelia, altogether disbelieving him, but afraid of betraying too much interest in the dragoon, was obliged, sorely against her will, to forbear further questions.

"Lee," said Tindal presently, walking up to the carriage containing her ladyship and Rosa, beside which Bagot was stationed, "there's a pretty bit of ground there for a small steeple-chase—don't you think something of the kind might amuse the ladies?"

"A deuced good idea!" returned Bagot; "and you might ride in your uniforms, which would be a novelty in the annals of steeple-chasing. 'Twill have a good effect—eh? You might start on that bit of turf, over the ditch and rail, down the slope to the hedge, cross the meadow, and charge the brook ('tisn't over twelve feet there), round through the quickset, then over those low fences and that rasper (the only nasty jump of the lot), down the meadow, and across the brook again, back over the rail and ditch, and finish with a straight run in to the oak tree yonder."

"Capital—couldn't be better," assented the Major, impatient to show his merits as a jockey, which, as before stated, were of a high order. "Now for the riders. Oates, you'll make one, and Bruce another?" Both assented willingly.

"Fane, you're wanted for a steeple-chase," shouted the Major. "Come here."

Fane was cantering past at a little distance, with Julius seated on the holsters, which position he had been clamorous to attain, while Lady Lee watched him with secret anxiety. As he turned and came towards them, Seager whispered to Bagot, "I say, Colonel, what would you give him now to let the boy drop? He'd be the best friend you ever had!" and

Mr Seager grinned. But Bagot did not seem to relish the joke, frowning, and muttering something, which sounded like a curse for Seager.

"I shall be happy to form another leaf in your chaplet, Tindal," Fane said, when the plan was communicated to him. "Major Tindal," said Fane, turning to the ladies, "is sure to win."

"One, two, three, four of you," said Bagot, counting. "Who else?" Sloperton excused himself, on the plea of his horse Bonquet being engaged for the match with Goshawk; and Suckling said his horse was a bad jumper, never could get him over the second fence—which was quite true, for Mr Suckling invariably tumbled off at the first.

"I'll tell you what," said the Colonel; "I've got an old horse up there in the stable, which I shouldn't mind backing for a trifle, if there was anybody to ride him. But he's a difficult horse, and Noble's got no head, though he sits well enough. By the by, there's that rough-rider of yours, Onslow; let him ride for me, and the thing shall come off after lunch." And without waiting for the Major's approbation of the arrangement, Bagot immediately set off to speak to Onslow on the subject.

"All right, Tindal," he said presently, coming back again; "he says he'll ride him. I'll have the ground marked out directly."

Bagot was not long about this congenial employment; and when he came back, they went into the tent to lunch, which went off very successfully. After it, the Earl of Castle-comical, seated beside Lady Lee, rose and proposed the British army, with some remarks about its valour, loyalty, and achievements, which, if not entirely novel and original, were quite as much applauded as if they had been. And the Major, returning thanks in a short, grim, determined sort of speech, begged to propose the ladies, which called up Captain Sloperton, by universal acclamation, to return thanks, who proved himself a doughty champion of the sex. And as when that sort of thing once begins, nobody knows where it will end, they might have gone on proposing toasts till nightfall, if Bagot, anxious for the steeple-chase, had not seized an oppor-

tunity of adjourning to the scene of action.

Thither, accordingly, the company repaired, and it was not long before the jockeys were ready. Then the Major, complaining of the want of a prize, begged Bagot to procure one of Orelia's gloves, which he did, and hung it on a branch of the oak which officiated as winning-post, to incite the competitors to deeds of high emprise. Bagot had privately backed the Doctor, his own horse, pretty heavily, being readily taken up by Oates and the Major. "Win if you can," said he to Onslow. The dragon nodded. "All ready?" inquired Bagot, standing in front of the line of horsemen, handkerchief in hand. "Yes!" answered all. "Off!" and away they went.

Mr Oates, determined to earn distinction, however shortlived, led off at score. Over the ditch and rail he went at a tremendous pace, blundering somewhat at the latter, but righting on the other side; and he succeeded in overcoming the obstacle which Suckling always found so insuperable, viz. the second fence. But his hopes of victory were swallowed up in the brook, in the midst of which he disappeared with a great splash, and from which a pair of heels, with long spurs, were presently seen to emerge, subsequently replaced by a helmet; and when he and his steed struggled through to the bank, the rest were hopelessly ahead.

Victory was still doubtful, as they went over the low fences in the meadows. All kept well together; but Fane and Bruce, both large men, had little chance with their lighter opponents. At the rasper, the latter got a rattling fall, and, though he went on again like a good one, yet his chance was gone; Fane's weight, too, began to tell as they came up the slope towards home, and he gradually dropt behind.

"Drive down to the fence, and see 'em come over," cried Bagot, in great excitement, to Lady Lee; and accordingly the pony carriage, with its fair occupants seated therein as before, took up a position near the last leap in the race.

Tindal and Onslow were very close together, both lifting their horses

along. The Major saw with despair that the Doctor was still going strong, while he felt his own horse losing ground—

"A ten-pound note if you let me win!" said the Major, forgetting he had a bet on the race, in his eagerness to avoid the shame of defeat.

The dragoon smiled and shook his head. The Doctor gained a few inches every stride.

Ah, Lady Lee! why *did* you drive down to the fence? For now the horses are nearing it, and the Major, his soul wrapt in the struggle, does not look at the fair trio, nor knows they are there. But Onslow glances aside at the carriage. Was it that momentary distraction from the business in hand that snatched victory from him? Perhaps so; at any rate the Doctor, taking the fence in advance, caught the rail with his hind legs, and came down on the opposite side of the ditch on his head, throwing the dragoon beyond him, and then rolling over him, horse and man mixed up for a

moment in frightful confusion, during which Onslow cast one glance at Orelia, and then lay still.

In a second, Orelia was out of the carriage, and while Rosa and Lady Lee shrieked for aid, cast herself on her knees, and picking up the head of the prostrate and senseless dragoon, placed it in her lap. It was a pleasant sight for Tindal, who, having snatched down the glove, emblem of victory, was now riding up, all flushed, to receive her congratulations. What is that she is saying to his defeated opponent?—"Why doesn't he speak to her?—only one word?" Tindal reined sharply up, crumpled the glove in his hand, and cast it under his horse's feet, then, pale as a grim statue, sat looking at the Colonel.

Help was speedily brought, and the dragoon carried away to the lodge, which was close at hand. And this accident, joined to a shower that was beginning to fall, dispersed the assembly.

CHAPTER XXII.

The carriages had driven off; the spectators on foot had followed, such provident and fortunate ones as had brought umbrellas rejoicing underneath the shelter of them. The dragoons, unstrapping their long red cloaks from their saddles, had filed off the grounds and down the road with their officers. Only the Major lingered behind to speak a word to Bagot.

Taking him aside, he clutched his arm with a grip like a vice's—"Did you see?" he muttered between his teeth, not looking at Bagot, but straight forward into vacancy—"Did you see?—did you hear her?"

Bagot was frightened at his manner and the whiteness of his face—"Pho!" said he, "a girl's fancy, if anything—nothing more; a bit of silly romance. The hero of it seems pretty well settled for the time, at any rate," (glancing at Onslow as he was borne away towards the lodge,) "and that ought to be some comfort. She'll forget him in a week, old fellow, and you shall *cut* in."

"And the disgrace of it, too,"

continued Tindal, more attentive to his own thoughts than to Bagot's words—"cut out! not by one's equal, but by — No, I never could forget that in any case—never—never!"

"Then forget *her*, my boy," said Bagot, "and that, perhaps, after all, will be the simplest plan."

"I wish to heaven I could," said Tindal. "I'll try—I will—I will!" (the words coming ground to fragments from between his teeth, while the grasp on Bagot's arm had tightened to such an extent that he was rather anxious to be rid of it.)

"Walk a little slower," said Bagot, out of breath from being hurried along at something over five miles an hour. "I'll talk to her, and find how the land lies. Pluck up your spirits, and don't be cut up till you hear from me. I'll talk to her myself, and so shall Hester."

When the Major had taken his horse from the orderly who held him, and ridden him off, Bagot, in fulfilment of his promise, went into the house to talk to Orelia. He found her in the drawing-room, alone—her

bonnet and walking-dress still on. Bagot put on a pleasant propitiatory look as he accosted her, for he felt, in some slight degree, in awe of the imperious young lady.

"My dear Miss Payne," said Bagot, assuming a manner combining the paternal with the gallant, "you'll excuse an old fellow like me, who takes an interest in you, for saying that your conduct was a little—what shall we call it?—imprudent."

No answer from Orelia, except a downward tendency of the corners of the mouth.

"The time is past, my dear girl," continued Bagot, waxing confidentially affectionate, "for putting wayward young ladies under lock and key, or really I should almost feel inclined to recommend a few days' solitary confinement in your case. What d'ye think, now, of your own room, bread and water, and a volume of sermons for a week?" and Bagot smiled in a way at once facetious and conciliatory, to show that he was not inclined to take a harsh view of the matter, but had plenty of indulgence for frailty, especially when its name was young woman. However, the only answer he got was an increased downward curve of the mouth and projection of the under lip.

"One thing is particularly fortunate," he went on, "and that is, that nobody observed anything of the affair, except what I may call our own family—for Rosa Young we may consider one of us—and one other person, who certainly won't talk of it. Really, all things considered, I hardly regret its having happened, for we shall now be able to reason you out of your folly."

"What folly?" asked Orelia, turning sharply round, with a steady glance of the black eyes.

"Why, what name would you have me give to the extraordinary display of interest you have made for this dragoon?" quoth Bagot, impatiently. "You are about the last young lady I should have suspected of such want of pride as to feel, far less to betray, a partiality for a low-born, low-bred fellow like that."

"Low bred!" cried the indignant Orelia. "Have you no eyes or ears? Can't you see in every look and word

his infinite superiority to those whom chance has set over him? And I believe you are equally mistaken in calling him low-born."

"Bless my soul, what extraordinary infatuation!" said the Colonel. "Why, deuce take it, I knew that girls were apt to take absurd fancies, but I never did suspect you of being one of that sort, or of being capable of persisting in such nonsense. I'll admit the fellow's good-looking, and that he rides well; now, will you have the goodness to tell me if you think these sufficient reasons for a young lady of beauty, education, and good expectations, to fall in love with him?"

"I ought to have known," said Orelia, with great scorn, "that you were incapable of perceiving his merits. To do that requires, possibly, some refinement of taste."

"Ah, that's right," said Bagot, reddening, "pitch into me! Well, take your own way—it's no business of mine—but you'll find out soon what other people think of it. I only hope your conduct hasn't quite lost you the good opinion of a man who did admire you, and whose admiration was worth having."

"You mean your friend Major Tindal?" said Orelia.

"And if I did," returned Bagot, "isn't it worth while to think twice before losing such a man? Good family, good fellow, and heir to three thousand a-year—gad, young lady, I don't know what more you expect."

"And do you suppose that, with all these advantages, and the friendship of Colonel Lee besides, he is worthy to be compared with this unfortunate Mr Onslow?"

"Oh, by Jove!" muttered Bagot, "she must be mad, you know—stark, staring—Hester," he continued, as Lady Lee entered, "come and talk to this headstrong young lady; I can make nothing of her."

Her ladyship did not come into the room in her ordinary composed way, but with a hurried step, while her usually pale face was slightly flushed.

"I am sure," she said quickly—"I am sure that Orelia needs no talking to bring her to a sense of her misconduct. My dear, what could you

mean?—you must have been infatuated.”

At this address Orelia turned impatiently away, with a slight stamp of her foot, and walked towards the window.

“I am hurt, surprised, confounded!” continued Lady Lee. “Of all my acquaintance, the last whom I should have suspected of forgetting her own self-respect was my friend Orelia Payne.”

“Exactly what I’ve just told her,” said the Colonel, nodding assent from the hearth-rug—“exactly.”

“I’m really at my wit’s end,” her ladyship went on; “between surprise and distress, I hardly know what to say. If you would condescend, Orelia, to give me some answer—to repose in me some confidence—to say what could have induced you to lower yourself so—or, best of all, to say you are grieved and ashamed—then my course would be clearer.”

Vouchsafing no answer, Orelia swept majestically round and marched out of the room, and up-stairs to her own chamber. From it she did not again emerge that day. Dinner-time came, but she did not appear. Fillett went to tell her they were waiting for her, and found the door locked; and the only reply she got from Orelia was, that she didn’t want dinner. Rosa Young was dreadfully disquieted, and couldn’t eat anything for sympathy. She selected a plate of what she thought Orelia would like best, (if the reader is anxious to know what, we will tell him;—it was three slices of the breast of a young duck, with green pease and butter, and new potatoes; which I mention just to show that my heroines don’t live on air like most heroines, but are nourished by their victuals), and, carrying it up-stairs herself, whispered through the keyhole—“Reley, ’tis me, Rosa—won’t you open the door? I’ve brought you some dinner.” No answer. “Dear Reley, how can you distress me so? Please open the door, like a dear good Reley”—still no answer. “Reley” (sob), “you make me so unhappy!” (sob, sob); “only speak one word.” “Go away, and don’t plague me,” was the reply from within; and Rosa, sorely distressed, slowly carried her plate down stairs again, stopping

now and then on her way to wipe her eyes with her frock.

Julius, too, paid her a visit of condolence. That any one should voluntarily go without their dinner, and decline green pease such as he had seen Rosa put on the plate, was incredible to him, except on the supposition that Orelia was very ill. So, by way of showing his interest in her health, he drummed and kicked at the door, and, afterwards going down on his hands and knees, tried to peep underneath, when it was suddenly opened, and Orelia, taking him up and kissing him, drew him inside. He staid with her some time, and after he came out, went and told Rosa that Miss Payne had been crying—which Rosa was, on the whole, glad to hear, considering it a symptom that she was becoming more tractable.

However, when she went up-stairs to bed, she did not find her friend much softened. Rosa crept to the chair, where she was seated in her dressing-gown, and put her arm round her neck. Very few people, I should hope, could have felt Rosa’s soft cheek rubbing against theirs, and heard her gentle whispers of condolence, without returning the caress; but the patient was obdurate. The only sign of emotion was when Rosa whispered that “he was not so much hurt as had at first been thought—the doctor thought he would soon get over it,”—when there was a tumultuous heaving of the upper folds of the dressing-gown. So Rosa, finding her consolations rejected, at length undressed sorrowfully and went to bed.

She did not go to sleep, however, though she pretended to do so, but all the time two soft blue lines might be seen between the eyelashes. Thus she continued to watch Orelia, till the latter suddenly and unexpectedly turned round and fixed her two piercing eyes on the pretended slumberer, who thereupon, colouring up to the edge of her nightcap, feigned to sleep harder than ever, and even got up a little snore. Presently Orelia extinguished the light, and Rosa thought she was going to bed, but instead of that she came suddenly to Rosa’s bedside, threw herself down there, and, clasping her round the

neck, began to rain warm tears down upon her cheek.

It would be something entirely new in female hydrostatics, if one woman could cry over another without meeting with a copious supply of fluid in return. Accordingly, there straightway ensued such a pluviose duet of sobbing, murmuring, sighing, and blowing of noses, that nobody hearing this meeting of the waters would have ventured into the room without a waterproof cloak and goloshes—except, perhaps, a Deal boatman or a Newfoundland dog.

"I don't mind talking to you about it, Rosa," whispered the stately penitent in a lull of the tempest, "because you don't lecture me like a great school girl, nor look horrified at me, as if I had committed a crime. And I'm sorry I was sullen to you, for you're a good little thing."

"Yes, indeed, I'm not a bad little thing," sobbed Rosa; "and I'd comfort you if I could."

So Orelia, after a fitful, gusty fashion, proceeded after this little preamble to unbosom herself—half-confessing that she "loved this bold dragoon;" that she was sure he was, as Rosa also must well know, a high-bred gentleman in reality; that he loved her, as she firmly believed, in return, but was deterred from saying so by an honourable scruple of entangling her with one ostensibly so

far below her station in society; that she expected, with his talents, he could not long remain in his obscure position, but would emerge again into the world in his proper character; when she should be proud to acknowledge him; but that, if this expectation proved false, she should still prefer him to all men, being convinced that it was by no fault of his he had fallen so far below himself.

"But you must wait till he does appear in his own character," said Rosa, "before you have anything more to say to him. And you'll not offend Hester and the rest, will you, by showing any interest in him in the meanwhile? and I'll take care to let you know how he's getting on."

On this point, however, Orelia was stubborn. "She should neither unnecessarily show an interest in him, nor conceal it—it was nothing to be ashamed of; if people thought so, it was nothing to her, for she paid very little regard to what people might think of her."

"And some day you'll be married to him, perhaps," said Rosa. "Orelia Onslow!—O, O! Heavens," said Rosa, "to think I should have a friend whose initials will be like a pair of spectacles!"

This made Orelia laugh—and, relieved by her confessions, she now kissed Rosa, wished her good-night, and withdrew to her own bed.

COUNT ARENSBERG; OR, THE DAYS OF LUTHER, BY MR SORTAIN.

WE have selected for notice the historical novel of Mr Sortain's *Count Arensberg; or, The Days of Martin Luther*, both because it will afford us an opportunity of saying a few words about our great Reformer, and because Mr Sortain himself deserves a friendly recognition from us. The novel has now become a recognised implement in controversial warfare. It may occasionally have been used more dexterously, but never in a more candid and humane spirit than in the present instance. Mr Sortain is well known and highly esteemed amongst a large section of the religious world; he has published somewhat extensively on his own especial subject of divinity, but even these published works give, we understand, but a faint impression of the power which he possesses as an orator and a preacher. Here he is beyond our jurisdiction. But in the present work he may be supposed to appeal to a lay tribunal: we welcome him, and trust he may find good reason to stray farther amongst the walks of general literature. Our sympathies are not always with his views and sentiments, but always with the spirit with which he puts them forth. Himself of the evangelical section of our religious world, and distinguished pre-eminently for the fervour and pathos of his pulpit eloquence, he is, nevertheless, capable of looking at Roman Catholicism, and those who lived under its sway, with as much gentleness and liberality as is compatible with the earnest and ardent convictions of a Protestant. He has a love, too, of the arts. He cannot look at the court of Leo X. with those morose feelings which *did*, but which we hope no longer, characterise the evangelical party in England. Above all, he manifests a constant anxiety to be historically correct.

It would be impossible, and it would be critically unjust, to regard Mr Sortain's book merely as a novel.

He has never given himself fair chance, or fair play, as a novelist. He has it all along upon his conscience to be faithful to history, and fair in his polemics. With this burden on his mind, how resign himself to the inventive and imaginative toils of the novelist? We must give him warning, since he comes amongst us, that art, even as well as history and theology, has its claims. But it lies in his power, we are persuaded, if he chooses to apply himself to what he probably considers as the subordinate labours of authorship, to produce a work which should be effective solely as a novel, and independently of any ulterior purposes for which it may be written. To conduct a story without fatiguing the attention, and without balking it by transitions too abrupt—to compose a dialogue which, under the appearance of conversational ease, shall convey the results of study and reflection—may seem but a light task; we believe very few have accomplished it without much effort and practice.

From this intimation the reader is not to gather that the present work is without its share of interest as a novel. While perusing it, we confess that our own attention was constantly passing from the fiction to the real substratum of history on which it lies; but, with a candour hitherto unknown to criticism, we will also confess our utter inability to decide whether this was owing to our own predisposition of mind, or to any peculiarity in the work; whether the novel was not so much a novel as it should have been, or the reader not so much disposed as he should have been to surrender himself to the interest of a novel. At all events, the period in which Mr Sortain introduces us is full of interest. We have the court of Leo X. and the Reformation in Germany—Rome and Wittenberg—Leo and Luther. The Count Arensberg, a German noble-

Count Arensberg; or, The Days of Martin Luther. By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin.

man, employed in a diplomatic mission to Italy, is the connecting link between those two distant scenes—these two *foci*, so to speak, of the narrative. The events commence in Italy at that period in the life of Leo when he discovered the odious conspiracy of Cardinal Petrucci, and other princes of the Church, to carry him off by poison. We shall by and by quote some passages from what we may call the Italian province of our story. In Germany we find Martin Luther already installed professor at Wittenberg: let this be our excuse for taking precedence of Mr Sortain in the few observations we have to make on our great Reformer, as they will chiefly bear upon the earlier stages of his history.

Martin Luther wrote in Latin and lectured from a professor's chair; our John Bunyan wrote only in his mother tongue, and preached from any tub that was accessible, and sound enough to stand upon. But, for the substantial matter of their reasonings—for their expositions of doctrine, for such philosophic thinking as they may have manifested in their systems of divinity, or the arguments by which they upheld them—we do not know but that our John Bunyan was quite on a level with Dr Martin Luther. They had one thing in common (and that has probably suggested to us the parallel)—they both took an absorbing interest in that cloven-footed gentleman whose chief pleasure it is, where he has not a Doctor Faustus to attend upon, to plague, and tempt, and perplex our good divines. Luther was fond of allegory, and we imagine that if he had lived to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he would have recognised in its author a congenial spirit. Could he have foreseen its composition in the coming century, he would not have regretted that his prophecy of the speedy termination of the world—a prophecy which, in the latter days of his life, he used to utter very confidently, and apparently with great satisfaction—was doomed, like so many others of the same tenor, to prove nothing but the perturbation of mind of him who made it.

Do we say this in disparagement of the author of the Reformation? Not

at all; but at once to mark out the qualities for which we do esteem him, from those in which he was not pre-eminent, or distinguishable from the crowd. It is not the thinker that we prize in Martin Luther, it is the man of conduct or of action; it is his life, his valour. This gave, and will keep for him, his place in the world's history. It is this which makes a hero of the monk of Erfurt. There was a moment when he stood forth the solitary champion of all who wished to breathe a freer and more spiritual life than the great hierarchy would permit. Hearts were beating at the diet of Worms, who rejoiced at his staunch resistance to a power which they themselves would have quailed to meet. "Monk," said the famous Captain George Freundesberg, putting his hand cheerily on Martin's shoulder, "take heed what thou doest; thou art adventuring on a more perilous path than any of us have ever trod. But if thou art in the right, God will not abandon thee." "Dear doctor," says the young Landgrave of Hesse, "if you be in the right, as I think you are, God will aid you;" and leaves him, like the captain, to God's aid.

Luther's logic might be no better than Tetzel's; it could occasionally be almost as frivolous. When amongst the famous propositions against indulgences, which were affixed to the gates of the Church of All Saints, by the promulgation of which open war commenced, we read this sentence, "Besides, who knows whether all the souls in purgatory desire to be redeemed? They say St Severinus did not"—we are compelled to confess that there is here, at least, a most superfluous ingenuity in the invention of a reason. It is plainly a sort of supererogation. On his own peculiar ground, in asserting his great doctrine of justification by faith, Luther has put forth views or reasonings, which, we presume, hardly any one amongst his own evangelical followers would now approve of, and which most men, in the ordinary exercise of their understanding, would pronounce to be almost as wide deviations from common sense as the ravings of Tetzel himself. But this matters not. Luther and Tetzel might even have

approximated, where they least suspected it, in some of their speculative principles or theological theories; they would still be at the opposite poles of the moral world. The one loved truth, and would have died for what he held to be the truth; the other, so far as we can see, loved nothing but his profitable lie. Luther, with all Tetzel's blunders added to his own, would still have been a hero; and Tetzel, though he were as witty and as wise as the most learned cardinal of Rome, would still have been nothing better than the more or less practised hypocrite.

It is well to bring out this point with distinctness, because we sometimes hear the antagonist of Protestantism raise a momentary triumph on the intellectual failings or shortcomings of its first great champion. How absurd were his superstitions about the devil! One would say that he could never move without coming into contact with this mysterious person; that he could never write or speak without imputing to his adversary that he was in league with the devil, or inspired by Satan. Everywhere he was contending with this not always invisible demon. Half his eloquence must have been lost and stifled, half his passion must have been swallowed in mute indignation, if this climax had not been always at hand to help forth the torrent of his wrath. Luther and his *familiar* were absolutely inseparable. But you respectable Catholics of the nineteenth century, who smile at his superstition, pray bethink you where he brought this devil from. He brought it from his monastery. It was the devil of the poor monk of Erfurt that haunted him throughout his life; the same you may still see daubed upon the walls—horns, tail, flames, and pitchfork—of your suburban churches.

Some writers have called upon us to admire the courage of Martin Luther in his frequent contests with his imaginary opponent. Imaginary though it was, he thought it real, and therefore the contest called forth in him a genuine display of valour. But we beg to say that he had degraded the spirit of evil into something no better than a wizard's imp, or a malicious fairy. He hears a dreadful

pothor in the room above—an empty room, to which no one has access: any old nurse could tell him that the noise was in his own head, and was nothing but the ear-ache. Martin Luther writes—“*As I knew it was the devil, I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep.*” Cool enough; but what sort of devil was it that could be piqued by his paying no attention to his gambols in the attic?

We will admire Luther, and we will defend him as the very best Luther we could possibly have had, but we will not feel implicated, as Protestants, in any of his individual peculiarities. Luther was violent, abusive, unmeasured in his controversial writings; and very wrong it is to be violent and abusive; but we know very well that the same strong passion which led him into this error, was necessary for the rude work he had to perform. Here is good Dr Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinians, who first taught Luther his evangelism. He is a moderate man, and full of spiritual piety, and would, perhaps, have compiled a more complete and consistent system of divinity than our Reformer. But from the good Dr Staupitz will come no reformation at all. Hardly from any vicar-general can you expect more than an amended administration of his own circle of official duties. It is not from the bland, conciliating man, looking cautiously to the right hand and to the left, that you will have the straightforward blow which must crush use and abuse together, and, in destroying a great evil, do often more than a little harm.

Again, our Luther turns out to be as great a dogmatist as he was a rebel. He denounces we know not what peril to those who stay in the old communion which he has just deserted, and equal peril to those who recede farther than he has done from the old standard of orthodoxy. A little time ago, when he thought himself at the point of death, he commended his soul to the Virgin. “If I had died then,” he said, “I should have died in the faith of the Virgin.” What soul-destroying idolatry he now considers this faith in the Virgin to be, we need make no quotation to prove. But, stranger still! if any one recedes

farther than he has done from the venerable landmarks, he fulminates against the new heretic as fiercely as against the immovable Papist. Most inequitable ! And yet, without this staunch dogmatism that could stop somewhere—that could make a dead halt, though at a quite imaginary boundary (one which no permanent features of the country, but the shadow of a cloud, had made upon the land)—his task would have been only half accomplished ; rather nothing whatever would have been finally accomplished. He would have assailed the Church, but never have built up a second church in Christendom. That which in the man of peaceful stationary times you might point to as a narrowness of mind, or an arrogance of temper, was the very element in his character which constituted him the leader of the Reformation, the founder of a Reformed Church, and not the author of a transitory ecclesiastical revolution. He could reorganise. He could say—Thus far !

We imagine to ourselves one of the classical infidels of the court of Leo X. contemplating the proceedings of Luther. From his point of view he would see how very easy it was for a man of honesty and penetration to dissent from what was then the established religion of Christendom ; but he would see no broad resting-place at which to stop in this course of dissent ; he would confidently predict that no two minds would choose and take up exactly the same position. Meanwhile society must have some settled traditional creed by which men order their own lives, and train the minds of their children. Thus the final result would be a return, after some period of confusion, to the old Church they had quitted. How far the confusion might extend he would not profess to determine, but he would very confidently predict that it must be a temporary outbreak, a sort of spiritual saturnalia. If you begin running down this hill, he would say, you will probably run to the bottom of it, and *there* you cannot rest. How could he predict of any bold reformer that he would halt between transubstantiation and consubstantiation, or that he could throw away extreme unction, and yet assert a mysterious efficacy

in baptism ? Martin Luther was just the man who could halt, could stand firm as a rock, where, according to all the laws of gravitation and projectile force, he ought to have continued falling. He was just the man to disappoint all the predictions of our philosopher. For indeed it is not the spirit of freethinking, nor the demands of abstract reasoning, but the very spirit of piety which moves this man to dissent at all. Every step he makes from the old landmarks is made with pain, and at each step he yields no more than the necessities of the contest require.

If we look a little closely into the controversy, as carried on by Luther, we shall see that his dissent from the old Church is measured out by the occasion, and by this necessity of the contest. In the mass there is a sacrament, and a sacrifice. There is, first, the doctrine of transubstantiation, according to which the wafer has become the body of the great Atoner ; and there is, second, the offering up by the hands of the priest (as the Jewish priest waved the offering at the altar) of this more than emblem—this veritable sacrifice for the sins of the people. Now, the second of these is but a natural consequence of the first. If the sacrifice is literally there, in the wafer, what more natural than that the priest should next proceed to offer it, and solemnly present it to God at the altar ? Any logical reasoner would fix upon the doctrine of transubstantiation as the source of the subsequent practice, and as doing greatest violence to human reason. Luther, however, though he is vehement against the sacrifice of the mass, clings to the last, under one name or the other, to the mysterious doctrine of the real presence. No one could be more shocked and scandalised at the simple belief—the mere sacramental bread and wine—of the Swiss Reformer. The reason is obvious. According to all our traditional modes of thinking, a sacrifice requires a priesthood—an order of men set apart for so peculiar and sacred a rite. It was the power and authority of the priesthood Luther had to resist. If there was such an act as this sacrifice of the mass, the priesthood was as essential to the Christian, as it was to the Jewish

church. Hardly could a man be a Christian without a priest. To take this solemn act out of his hands was a necessary step in the controversy. He does this, and he does no more:

But how speak of Luther, it is said, as a founder of freedom in religious opinion, if he were so dogmatical a teacher? Luther advanced the cause of freedom—by freeing himself; not by asserting any general right of freedom. And he did far more for posterity by this his own example, than he could have done by the most eloquent and philosophical advocacy of the right of private judgment. What is his dogmatism to us? His merit lies here, that he made it a point of conscience to adhere publicly to what he saw to be truth; whereas his ecclesiastical superiors would have told him that it was his duty to profess what the Church professed. All the virtue of his life—for us—lies in these few words, "*Hier stehe ich—ich kan nicht anders.*" This is my truth, and I must utter it. Pope and Emperor must do their pleasure. God help me! And pray note the difference between the old dogmatism which Luther assailed, and any new dogmatism which he could set up in its stead. I, Martin Luther, think thus; and here it is written in the Bible, and you are lost if you do not read it there. Very fearful words; but still there is something one can, if need be, encounter. Here is the man, Martin Luther, with his texts and his interpretations. Face to face, foot to foot, this man will argue with me. But holy Church thinks thus! A God-appointed priesthood calls upon all Christians to obey and to acquiesce; what equal adversary have I here? or what visible adversary at all? A cardinal of Gaeta comes commissioned to receive my penitential recantation; he will not argue with me; it is neither his duty nor mine to argue; he merely admonishes, with manner bland or severe, as occasion may demand—My son, obey! my son, believe! The simple antagonism between man and man is altogether disguised and hidden from us when a church speaks authoritatively. The priest of such a church has a great circumvallation drawn round him, which must first be attacked and carried before he can be

encountered. And what is worst, he himself feels no responsibility for the formation of his own opinions, nor for the cruel means that may be adopted to uphold them. The church does all, and thinks for all. The difference may be briefly stated thus:—A Protestant dogmatist tells you to think, but devotes you to perdition if you think differently from himself. A Roman Catholic dogmatist will not let you think at all. We hold that the first is a great improvement upon the second.

The old history of Luther's gradual abandonment of his Church, which we have all so often read, will remain to the last a most instructive study. The same drama may be re-enacted again and again, but hardly with the same spontaneity, or under such trying circumstances. He was alone; he had no precedents to guide him; the work within and without, the contest in his own mind, and with the powers above him, civil and ecclesiastical, had to be carried on at the same time; he is forming himself, whilst he is reforming Europe; he plunges in *medias res*, and it is a man full of the piety of the monk that raises the standard of rebellion against the Church. It is well to observe how, in spite of early discipline, which trained him to obedience—in faith as well as in practice—how impossible it is for him, when once some substantial truth has taken possession of his mind, to relinquish it. "*Ich kan nicht anders!*"—Here I cannot obey. No man, whose reason is once awakened, let him preach what self-denying doctrines he may, can resign the dictates of his own reason, except by resigning altogether the exercise of his reason. Such a man will profess obedience to bishops and fathers, so long as they support his own convictions. If not, bishops and fathers must be pronounced to be fallible men.

"I was so formed by nature," says Luther, speaking of himself, "and so trained up in the Papal Church, that I loved to fast, watch, and pray, and accomplish pilgrimages, and other good works, to the end that I might make recompense for my sins." We need no other explanation than what this passage affords for the fact, that a poor scholar, the son of pious pea-

santa, should have entered a monastery. A romantic story is told of his walking with a young friend, whose name is Latinised into Alexius, of a flash of lightning suddenly killing his companion, and this making so deep an impression on his mind that he resolved to quit the world, and lead a religious life. But more careful biographers have discredited this story : the youth Alexius, it seems, was assassinated—killed, probably, in some ordinary broil ; and the flash of lightning was seen by Luther alone, and had no peculiar connection with his pious resolution. We hear something of an epidemic raging at the time ; but, in truth, the determination to take the cowl can be traced only to the tendencies of his own mind, and the education he had received. The peasant's son, by dint of charity and hard living, through much suffering and many humbling expedients, singing and begging in the streets, had at length got to the university of Erfurt, had obtained some friends, some Latin, and was expected to succeed in the world. But, like many others of whom we read in the Lives of the Saints, he resolved to quit the world and enter the cloister. "On the evening preceding," says one of his latest biographers, "he invited his university friends to a social party. The hours passed away in lively conversation and song. Until near the close of the evening, the guests had no intimation of what was to follow. When Luther announced his purpose to them, they endeavoured to dissuade him from it. But it was all in vain. 'To-day,' said he, 'you see me ; after this you will see me no more.'" Early next morning he entered the cloister of the Augustinian Eremites. His friends came charged with dissuaves and remonstrances, but the doors were bolted against them. All his classical and scholastic books he had parted with, with the exception of two only. He brought his Virgil and his Plantus with him.

His Virgil and his Plantus gained for him no respect whatever amongst his new brethren. They looked on him, we are told, with jealousy and distrust for his classical acquirements. They felt a peculiar satisfaction in seeing their more learned brother per-

form the mere menial offices of door-keeper, sweep, and street beggar : "It shall be with you as with us—sack on the neck."

But the monastery is happily under the visitation of Dr Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinians. The vicar-general detects the superior talent and knowledge of the young monk—gives orders that he shall be relieved from a portion of the drudgery thrown upon him, and be allowed to prosecute his studies ;—moreover, throws new light on his mind on the nature of the Christian religion. Luther has not been without a Bible. This he has read unremittingly. "It was bound," he says, recalling it affectionately to memory, "in red morocco. I made myself so familiar with it that I knew on what page, and in what place, every passage stood." Next in influence on his mind to this Bible and Dr Staupitz, were the works of St Augustine, which occupied him the third and last year he spent in the monastery of Erfurt.

From Erfurt he proceeds to Wittenberg. He is full of biblical, scholastic, and patristic learning. He is lecturing on Aristotle. And now, what is the next chapter in his history ? Surely, you say, if not the reformer, the enlightened spiritual Christian is, at all events, before us. He has read the Scriptures again and again, he has conversed with the evangelical Staupitz, he has edited a treatise of St Augustine. What more can he want ? Have patience ! Our Luther is still the monk at heart, and, for his soul's sake, he must make—a pilgrimage to Rome ! And at Rome (although he afterwards recalled many things in a very different point of view than he beheld them at the time) he continues to be the pious pilgrim. Amidst all the frivolity, and vice, and infidelity that surround him, he sees nothing but the sacredness of the place. He pursues his devotions with so much zeal and success that he regrets his father and mother are still alive, so that he cannot have the pleasure of praying them out of purgatory. Every relic is gazed upon with due wonder or adoration, not without hope of profit from the sacred spectacle. Up the stairs of St Peter's, upon his knees, he climbs, to secure the promised

indulgence: a thousand years of penance are commuted for by the ascent; yet, as he climbs these stairs, a voice, he said, did thunder in his ears—"By faith alone must thou be saved!"

It is plain that Luther was in as much want of Tetzel, as Tetzel's deluded followers were in want of Luther. The sale of indulgences, so profligately conducted as it was by the Dominican monk, roused the moral indignation, wounded the pious feelings of the man. His first appeal is against this monk Tetzel, for his outrageous manner of dispensing these pardons. He writes to the Archbishop of Magdeburg and Mayence, begging him to interfere with his episcopal authority; "not knowing at the time that the Archbishop had bargained with the Pope to receive one half of the money raised from these indulgences, and to remit the other half to Rome." His letter to the Archbishop receives no answer, and then it is that he attacks the pardons themselves, openly disputing their validity. At the commencement he did but wish, as he somewhere says, "to make a hole in Tetzel's drum," when he found himself making a great hole in the discipline and tenets of the Church.

The first letter which he writes to the Pope, and in which he volunteers an explanation of his own conduct, is as submissive as it possibly could be. It ends thus: "Wherefore, most Holy Father, I prostrate myself at the feet of your clemency, with all which I have, and am. Bid me live, or slay me; call, recall, approve, disapprove, as it pleases you; I acknowledge in your voice *the voice of Christ, speaking and presiding in you*. If I am worthy of death, I shall not refuse to die." One notices, however, that he does not precisely say, Bid me be silent, and I will hold my peace. It is, Slay me; I will not refuse to die. Dying would certainly include his silence; but he seems to have had some vague anticipation that nothing but death could silence him.

By and by the Cardinal of Gaeta comes from Rome to Augsburg, commissioned by the Pope to hear this heretic; to hear, it is hoped, his recantation—to absolve, and receive

back the penitent. But Martin Luther does not recant—desires much, and sincerely, to argue the matter over with the Cardinal. This the good Cardinal has not the least idea of doing. All disputation he detests. Where the truth lies, the Cardinal, perhaps, has his own shrewd suspicion. But it is obedience, and not truth, he wants from Martin Luther. My son, obey!—obey!

Luther, not being able to convince the Cardinal, and declining to submit to his authority, appeals to the Pope; quitting Augsburg "with solemn appeal from Leo X. prejudiced and misinformed, to Leo X. when he shall be better informed." Leo receives all possible information on the matter, and from the calm and serene leisure of the Vatican, proceeds to declare to the misguided professor at Wittenberg what really is the truth on this vexed subject of indulgences. In his first Bull, which is described as a lenient and paternal instrument, the Pope does not excommunicate Luther, but with fatherly care distinctly apprises him of the error into which he is lapsing; informing him (as Mr Roscoe tells us, in his *Life of Leo X.*), "in express terms, that the Pope, as successor of St Peter, and vicar of Christ upon earth, hath an indisputable power of granting indulgences, which will avail as well the living as the dead in purgatory, and that this doctrine is necessary to be embraced by all who are in communion with the Church!"

And now our good son of the Church, who has heard the vicar of Christ speak so plainly and so paternally, will surely submit? No. A new light breaks in upon his mind. A pope may err. He feels sure that he is in error *here*. He appeals again—from the Pope to a General Council! And if the General Council had met, and decided against him, he would have discovered that a General Council may err.

It must be so. To each awakened mind, its own reason is the final judge. From the very nature of things, you must convince that reason; and till you have done that, though the whole world were constituted into one universal hierarchy, and pronounced against him, you have done

nothing towards giving him a new conviction. The man may be silent at your bidding, he may utter falsehood at your bidding, but he cannot believe at your bidding. Many men have begun their career, as Luther did, with professing obedience in matters of faith. If they allowed the Church to think for them, it was well ; if they and the Church thought alike, it was still better ; but if they thought in earnest, and differed from the Church, they found invariably that this sort of obedience was impossible.

Let us return to Mr Sortain's novel—if, indeed, that is the precise term applicable to a composition which seems to fluctuate between a historical sketch and a historical fiction. It will carry us from Wittenberg to the luxurious court of Leo X. It opens, as we have said, by introducing us to this court at the time when Leo has discovered the conspiracy against his life, formed by several of the cardinals, some of whom were his intimate friends. How such a fact at once discloses, or calls to mind, a long course of previous demoralisation ! The inducement to the design appears so inadequate even in the chief conspirator, and in the others so slight or imperceptible, that we can only explain the transaction at all by a reference to that thorough demoralisation into which the court of Rome had sunk during the reign of the Borgias. If we were to commence our historical reading with the Papacy of Leo X., we should think the conspiracy of Cardinal Petrucci, of the Cardinals de Sauli, S. Georgio, and others, was utterly fabulous. The first of them had some cause of offence. His brother had been deprived of his authority at Siena, and this act had been accompanied by a confiscation of hereditary estates, in which confiscation Cardinal Petrucci was also a sufferer. The others seem to have been induced to enter the conspiracy from the mere chances of what good fortune might arise to them under a new Papacy. The whole seems incredible. But when we approach the history from the reign of Alexander VI., it reads like a natural sequel. "He formed," says Ranke, speaking of Pope Alexander, and de-

scribing the manner of his death—"he formed the purpose, as is now but too certain, of putting one of the richest cardinals out of the way with poison ; but his intended victim succeeded by presents, promises, and entreaties, in softening the Pope's cook ; the confectionaries prepared for the Cardinal were placed before the Pope, and he himself died of the very poison with which he would have destroyed another." If a pope could plot to poison a cardinal, merely because he was rich, it is no longer incredible that cardinals, for very slight cause of offence, might conspire to poison a pope.

The manner in which Leo proceeded to get his enemies within his power was in strict accordance with the spirit of the times. The Cardinals Petrucci and de Sauli had fled from Rome ; to induce them to return, he gave them his safe-conduct, and for greater assurance pledged his word to the Spanish ambassador that he would not violate his own safe-conduct. They came to Rome, and were immediately arrested, and committed to the castle of St Angelo. Mr Sortain introduces us to the Pope sitting in the Vatican, and accompanied by the Cardinal S. Georgio, whom he suspects to be implicated in the conspiracy ; to them Rafaello enters, and the Pontiff inquires eagerly after the progress of certain of his celebrated frescoes on which he was then engaged.

"*'They are finished, may it please your Holiness, and all thanks to the holy Virgin !'*" returned Rafaello, for it was the great painter who was now modestly standing before the Pontiff.

"*'Laus Deo ! Laus Deo !'*" burst from the lips of Leo ; and rising eagerly, forgetful of his pains of body, "Come, your Eminence," he added quickly to the Cardinal, "and you shall be the first to witness with us what will be the glory of our Pontificate."

"The attendants were quickly summoned to assist their master, and he was moving towards the new apartments of the Vatican, when the usher again appeared, and announced the Cardinals Petrucci and Bandinello de Sauli. A flush instantly surmounted the cheeks of Leo, and as instantly vanished, making the paleness of his countenance the more obvious. But he retained his self-

possession—so much so, that he turned a deliberate look upon the face of S. Giorgio, and scanned its changes of colour, and the big drops that burst out upon his forehead. His own features betrayed, though but slightly, that he had arrived at some painful yet decisive conclusion.

"The two cardinals approached, and fulfilled their homage ; and for a few seconds there was an unusual restraint upon all parties.

"Grief, scorn, rage, all seemed in conflict within the bosom of the Pontiff ; and he could do no more than fix his eyes upon his visitors. At length, and with a desperate effort, Petrucci broke the silence.

"We have obeyed your summons, Holy Father ; and in reliance on your safe-conduct, pledged on our behalf to the Spanish crown, we are here to answer accusations fouler than were ever alleged against princes of the Church."

"Ah ! say ye so ?" murmured Leo. "Then why did you fly from Rome, Petrucci, if your conscience was your advocate ? And why now lay such stress upon our promise of safe-conduct ? Hath your long knowledge of ourselves made you doubt our justice or our leniency ?"

"Your Holiness," replied Petrucci, with ill-suppressed irony—"your Holiness has indeed shown justice and leniency ; first, by expelling my brother from Siena, and plundering myself of my patrimony ; and then by giving heed to the false scandals of my enemies."

"Then thou comest, infamous traitor !" fiercely exclaimed the Pontiff, "to accuse the Holy See, and not to purge thyself from accusation !"

"During this recrimination S. Giorgio was in torture ; and his tumultuous emotions of anxiety and alarm were concealed only at the expense of excruciating efforts of self-command. At last these failed him ; and, at the moment when prudence would have counselled him to remain neutral, he interposed !—

"Pardon, may it please your Holiness—pardon this unseemly daring in his Eminence. Family and personal sorrows must have usurped his better judgment."

"Ay, and perjured his fealty to our person and our Holy Chair," the Pontiff retorted. "And," he added, as, with a withering look, he turned upon the mediator, "take heed, S. Giorgio, how far your own Eminence becomes identified with your client. Art thou dumb, my Lord de Sauli !—and wherefore !"

"I am here at the command—alas ! no longer, as of yore, at the invitation—of your Holiness. He who, while he was honoured by the Holy Father's confidence,

could volunteer to speak, must now stand only to be questioned, whilst he is beneath suspicion."

"Would to God, de Sauli, that you had been faithful to our old and loved companionship !" sighed the Pope. "But have you not forgotten all—yes, all—our vows of friendship—our common joys !"

"The gentler emotions of Leo were gradually rising, as he was proceeding thus to recall old, familiar, and well-loved hours with his former friend ; but with a desperate self-struggle he retained his purpose ; and, on an almost imperceptible movement to his chamberlain, the folding-doors were thrown open, a company of his guards entered, and enclosed the two cardinals ; and the Pontiff, in a voice half stern, half choked with sorrow, said merely, while he turned his back upon the astonished group—

"To St Angelo !"

Leo did not escape censure, even in those days, for the violation of a safe-conduct so solemnly pledged ; and the Spanish ambassador, who had been made a sort of surety for his Holiness, was extremely indignant. He remonstrated loudly against a proceeding by which he himself, and through him his royal master, were made parties to an act of perfidy. The justification which Leo put forth is a curiosity in its way. The Pope, Mr Roscoe tells us, alleged that "no instrument of safe-conduct, however full and explicit, could be allowed to avail a person who had conspired against the life of the Supreme Pontiff, unless the crime was therein expressly mentioned." Such flimsy casuistry does not deserve a serious answer : it is, as we say, a curiosity. We doubt if Leo X. could even make the least use of it in pacifying such faint scruples as he himself had upon the subject.

The heroine of Mr Sortain's story is a Bianca della Scala, daughter of the Marchese della Scala. As will be expected, a mutual passion has sprung up between her and the hero of the piece, Count Arensberg, ambassador at Rome of the Elector of Saxony. Meanwhile, the Marchese has been unjustly implicated in the conspiracy against Leo X., and a certain cardinal, enamoured of the daughter, endeavours to advance his profligate suit by practising on her fears for her father's safety. The Marchese, in fact, dies in prison, a victim to the cruel in-

trigues of others; and Count Arensberg, who had been labouring for his release, is so indignant at the treachery and falsehood he sees practised at the papal court, that he renounces his allegiance both to the Court and the Church of Rome. We like this conversion, although the wounded honour of the soldier is more concerned in it than the reasoning of the theologian.

"Then uprose within the honest straightforward German—within one who, up to this time, and in spite of the influence of Martin Luther, had clung with tenacious love and reverence to his mother Church—then there arose within him one strong, stern, deep disallowance of a polity which he now, though late, found to consecrate perfidy to man with faith in itself.

"'Father Francis,' he said, 'go! for I will no more hold consort with any of your order; and you may bear to his Holiness, if you like, that Count Arensberg, who came to Rome to serve its ruler (all fealty kept to his own sovereign), may be found, if his Holiness!—pshaw!—hath a gentleman to accept the challenge, among the soldiers of Von Hutten and Von Lickenberg.'"

Of the lady Bianca we must give a glimpse. She is introduced to us sitting in her palace, at her embroidery or missal-painting, musing on many things, Count Arensberg evidently in the background. We must premise that Father Francis, who is confessor to the Marchese, is a sincere and pious ecclesiastic, misunderstood by his friends, but suffering in their cause.

"Having compared for some time the vellum painting with the copy on the easel before her, she replaced it, and, leaning her head upon her hand, remained in an attitude of thought. A side door of the apartment opened, and a man who, from his dress and air, was evidently an ecclesiastic, glided noiselessly into the room. Bianca della Scala started.

"'Father,' she exclaimed, in surprise, 'I knew not you had returned to Rome.'

"'Daughter,' then returned the priest, 'is my return displeasing to you?'

"'Displeasing! oh no!' she answered faintly; yet, seeing that he was about to address her with some solemnity, she added, hastily covering her face with her hands, 'but, father, urge me no more upon the subject on which you spoke to me when last I saw you, and which you have

so often urged. I cannot be a nun. In pity use not your extraordinary influence over my father to induce him to sacrifice his only child. Is it in order that he may bequeath his wealth towards the building of St Peter's!'

"She laid special emphasis on the words 'extraordinary influence.'

"'Why such unusual vehemence, my daughter! And why make such sudden protests against being a bride of Heaven? Why not have waited till I again made mention of it, if I ever should?' asked the priest, in well-feigned surprise.

"'Instinct, and instinct only, can account for it, Father Francis,' returned the lady. 'Of what other save this awful topic have you spoken to me for months? And, alas! I feel I have no vocation to be a bride of Heaven. I cannot'—and her tone became warmer—'I cannot live buried within convent walls. I cannot be shut out from all my heart holds dear. I cannot become a mere machine, moving at the bidding of my abbess. I have always hated the bare idea; I now hate it more than ever.'

"Father Francis stood silent for some moments, looking at the Lady Bianca as she again hid her face in her hands, and spoke not. A singular expression passed over his pale intellectual countenance as he gazed upon the fair girl before him. At length he broke the silence, and his soft silvery tones seemed to have a magic in them.

"'Daughter,' he asked, advancing in front of the chair in which Bianca was sitting, 'why do you now hate more than ever the peaceful holy life of a bride of Heaven?'

"'Father,' she replied, 'I am not now in the confessional—yet hear me. I meant not that for anything that has transpired since I last saw you I now hate a convent life more than ever. But the more I think of it, the more unsuitable it seems for me.' As she said this her neck and brow suffused with crimson, for she felt that keen eyes were scanning her, and that she was not speaking the exact truth. Something had occurred since she had seen the Father Francis, who had been some weeks absent from Rome on an embassy to a neighbouring state.

"'Father,' after a pause, she continued, 'you have been my instructor, my confessor, from my childhood. You have taught me the little all that I know of any value. I have often thought that you regarded me with something of the affection of a relative.'

"The priest started. A mysterious colour fled to his pale cheek, but he recovered himself, and answered nothing. Bianca

was surprised at the start, yet continued—

“Then why do you wish to condemn me to hopeless misery? I have sometimes thought that even you, Father—you, with your great gifts and talents—could never live a monastic life. Yours is a stirring, active existence.”

We must leave Bianca to plead for her liberty, and turn to him who is really the hero of the piece, Dr Martin Luther. We have no space for any lengthy scene. Mr Sortain has apparently been anxious only to describe the main events of Luther's life with historical fidelity; but there are some observations on his character and position which we extract with pleasure.

The struggle which must have passed in the mind of Luther between his attachment to the old Church, in which he had been taught and disciplined, and the new views which were breaking in upon him, seems to have made a deep impression on Mr Sortain. “His purposes at first,” says our author, very truly, “were not schismatic; in truth, he was more of a *moral*, than a theological reformer in the commencement of his career.” And, in a dialogue with Melancthon, he puts the following language into Luther's mouth—language fully justified, and we believe in part copied from the letters of the Reformer:—

“Oh, Philip! Philip! little will the world believe how I loathe rebellion against our holy mother! I feel more and more every day how difficult it is to lay aside the scruples which I have had so long within me. God alone wotteth what pain it costs me, though I have the Scripture on my side, to justify it to myself, that I should dare to make a stand alone against the Pope, and hold him forth as Antichrist. What are not the tribulations of my heart? How many times I ask myself with bitterness the same question which the Papists put to me, ‘*Art thou alone wise?*’ Can every one else be mistaken? Can so many ages have been mistaken? How will it be if, after all, thou thyself it is that art wrong, and art thus involving in thy error so many souls who will thus be eternally damned?”

And in allusion to the habit of his mind to call into the internal combat that was going on, sometimes the de-

mon, and sometimes an angel of God, or the Divine Spirit itself, Mr Sortain remarks, we think, very finely:—

“At this need we wonder? Did Almighty God ever give to any one, who was neither prophet nor apostle, a mission more august, yet more terrible!—a mission more daring, yet more exclusively sustained by warranties that were purely moral? Moses, the inspired legislator and prophet, had to protest against idolatries; but the objects of his protestation were singled out by a Divine voice that was audible, and the arm of protestation which he raised was nerved by the divine power of miracles. Whereas in the case of Martin Luther, a man without the overt aids of inspiration was called to defy, to oppose, the very Church of which he was a consecrated minister; the Church which the homage of ages had sanctified; which fathers the most reverend in his estimate had glorified for its polity, and honoured for its laws; the Church which held the time-honoured prerogative of giving eternal life, or blasting with a death inconsumable! And, as he wistfully listened for some audible words of command, and put forth his arm for wonder-working, yet found it to be still only human, who can be surprised that his imagination even forced itself to create conceptions that might give substantiality to his thoughts?”

There is no doubt that many a severe struggle must have had place in the mind of Luther. Only think of the transitions he must have passed through, dating from that first letter he wrote to the Pope, in which he hears “the voice of Christ speaking and presiding” in the sovereign pontiff, down to that day when he could as solemnly assert, “I am certain that the Pope is the agent of the devil on earth!”

We like the following strain of observation; it is marked with an air of liberal reflection. With this quotation our notice of Mr Sortain's book must close. We hope we shall encounter him again in those paths which lie between severe and amusing literature.

“Strange resultant of Christianity, that Rome—once so teeming with the activities of life, of self-devotion to high patriotism, of stirring motives to human struggles, all of which, though improperly directed by an overruling paganism, nevertheless kept man awake—has been

somnolent, and for many ages, beneath the wings of a professed Christian faith ! Let the historical student recall that vigour of humanity which was once displayed in the Forum, where Cicero declaimed—declaimed not merely to amuse his audience, but to arouse them to heroic deeds, or to a manly legislation ; let him but evoke from the past the old Roman senate, and listen to the words and vows of its great speakers ; let him but survey in thought its legions as they issued forth from its gates, warmed with high-souled enthusiasm, each soldier feeling that he had within him passions only to be controlled by laws that had been, by virtue of his citizenship, self-imposed ; and then let him glance at Christian Rome, where there obtained vices as many and as odious as any that had defiled the city of the Cæsars—where, underneath the shadow of a sanctified Pontificate, equal sin and greater impunity flourished, because religion winked at crime ; where almost every street was fronted and flanked by palaces that were dungeons, immuring sloth and spiritless formality, and often immorality—palaces that enclosed an army, whose only virtue was to be a standing army—let him, with his mind's eye, bring within its horizon these two contrasts, and he will remain sad and perplexed ; for the question will arise within him, ' Whence comes it that the chief seat of Christianity is as bad in morals, inferior in lofty and energetic purpose, and more down-trodden in its corrupt population, than ever was the chief seat of Roman paganism ? '

" A sad fact is this ! And the solution of the question cannot be found either in the natural deterioration of the people, or in the irruptions of barbarians from the north ; but in the melancholy truth that a corrupt form of Christianity made the progress of social putrefaction more rapid and more complete."

Yes, it is a sad fact ; and if the Christianity of Rome has been greatly improved, which is undoubtedly the case, since the time of Leo X., this is mainly owing to the influence of our great reformer. He was the reformer of the old church, as well as the organiser of the new. Those err greatly who would confine the effects of the reformation to one province only of Christendom. That reactionary process which Ranke has so ably described in his *History of the Popes*, and where the territory won by the Lutherans is seen again invaded and reconquered by a zeal greater than the

Lutherans then possessed—whence was this derived but from that consciousness of her own sloth and corruption, to which the Church had been aroused by the great defection from her ranks ? How vast a difference between the court of Leo X. and that of Pius V. ! And, though Pius V. might be very reluctant to acknowledge the fact, nevertheless it was to the advent of Luther that he might justly ascribe his own elevation, and the elevation of men like him, to the Papal chair.

But still the first, plain, palpable, and inestimable benefit of the Reformation was the establishment of the reformed churches themselves. The more attentively we read the history of modern Europe, the stronger our conviction grows, that the establishment of the Protestant churches is the event next in importance to the establishment of Christianity itself. We cannot, out of any over-strained courtesy to theological opponents, disguise or palter with this conviction. We desire always to speak with moderation both of men and things, and we have shown that we are not liable to a blind admiration of the great champion of the Reformation ; but of that reformation itself we cannot say less. It was for us the dawn of a new era of intellectual and spiritual liberty.

Some cynical opponent will ask of us—Is it true, then, that every Protestant, every man, woman, and child in your pure and enlightened churches, really thinks for himself ? You know that this is impossible. You know that your pastors must, in fact, govern the minds of their flocks, quite as much as our priests. Not so : there is a great distinction between the two. A Protestant clergyman, if he be really a Protestant, educates his pupil, so far as he can, to think out the truth for himself, that he may stand upon the same ground as he does, but stand by his own strength. He is always and pre-eminently the teacher. The Catholic priest may be a teacher also, but he is always something more, and that something more is, in nine cases out of ten, the predominant characteristic—he is the ruler. He teaches that he may rule. To him it is not at all displeasing that his most intelligent pupil should still stand with one hand leaning on the shoulder of the

priest. But this subject would lead us to endless considerations.

There has lived—we say it deliberately—there has lived no man to whom Europe has been more indebted than Martin Luther. Christendom gained much from him: he personally was not a gainer. It was a severe task that was imposed upon him; and the issue of it lay still in doubt and darkness. He met with little gratitude from men; and forebodings of the future sorely distressed him. From these last he escaped in the rash conjecture that the world itself would soon come to an end.

We naturally refer more frequently to, and dwell longest upon, the early career of Luther; yet there is something very touching in the latter days of his life. How changed a man we have before us! The married man and the monk of Erfurt—set them apart, and forget the intermediate history, and hardly can you credit they were the same person. He has done much for the world, he has gained little for himself; you would say he would have been a happier man if he had never left the cloister. And what is the gloomy foreboding that comes like a cloud upon the horizon? “I, in my turn,” he says in one of his conversations, “am hostile to the world; there is nothing in *la vita* which gives me any pleasure; I am utterly weary of life. I pray

the Lord will come forthwith and carry me hence. Let him come, above all, with his Last Judgment: I will stretch out my neck, the thunder will burst forth, and I shall be at rest.” One of his guests observed, that if the world were to subsist for another fifty years, a great many things would happen which they could not then foresee. “Pray God it may not exist so long,” cried Luther; “matters would be even worse than they have been. *There would rise up infinite sects and schisms which are at present hidden within men’s hearts not yet mature. No; may the Lord come at once! Let him cut the whole matter short with the Day of Judgment; for there is no amendment to be expected.*”*

What a fund of reflection in the last passage! but we must leave the reader to enjoy it by himself. Luther might justly complain of the ingratitude of the world. Rich men and the princes of the earth let him taste again in his old age of the bitterness of poverty. When he was a boy, he begged his bread: the Elector let him beg when he was an old man, and sometimes in vain. After his death, his wife was left to starve. Poor Luther! wearied and sick at heart, and fearful of the consequences of his own work, he finds but “one consolation, that the Day of Judgment is quite close at hand.”

* Quoted from MICHELET’s *Life of Luther*, so ably rendered to us by Mr Haalitt.

THE CIRCULATION OF MATTER.

THAT the same portion of Matter *may*, in the operations of nature, be put to various successive uses, living and dead, has been long familiar to the popular mind. Philosophers of almost every age have speculated on the changes of matter, and poets have found scope for their imaginations in what was at once so interesting and so indefinite. It is only from the results of modern scientific investigations, however, that clear and positive ideas have been obtained as to the nature, the necessity, and the connection of these changes. We now know, not only that Matter constantly changes, but that it constantly circulates. It has been shown that the metamorphoses it undergoes are necessary, that they take place in a fixed and pre-determined order, and that they are again and again renewed in an endlessly revolving succession.

There is a certain rough sublimity in the curious reasoning of Hamlet when he says—

"Alexander died, Alexander was buried. Alexander returneth into dust: the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

* Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw!"

Yet a poet might make much more of the fact related by Mr Squier, that the priests at Leon, in Nicaragua, sell the burial-ground around their churches for the use of their occupants for periods of from ten to twenty-five years, "at the end of which time the bones, with the earth around them, are removed, and sold to the manufacturers of nitre." * To such unexpected as well as base uses may the best and most peaceful of us be hereafter turned!

And yet, apart from the reflections they suggest, there is nothing positive either in the words of Shakspeare or

in the relation of Squier beyond the meagre fact, that what forms part of the living, cherished, almost worshiped frame to-day, may be employed for most vile purposes to-morrow. This meagre truth formed the substance of all the ancients knew, and of all the moderns, even, till very recently, could say regarding the fate and changes of the animal body, when the living spirit had left it. But this branch of natural knowledge has been so wonderfully illustrated by the researches of the present and passing generations, that we can now follow the same particle of matter through a long series of successive changes. To-day we see it living in the plant, to-morrow moving in the animal, floating next in the thin air or flowing in the liquid stream, then resting for a time in the lifeless soil, waiting to commence a new career. It may interest our readers to learn, by a familiar exposition, how the material part of living things can be thus traced, what is the nature of the successive changes it undergoes, by what agencies they are brought about, and for what important ends. We shall begin with the simple, and advance to the more complicated.

First. The simplest form of the circulation of matter is that which is presented by the watery vapour contained in the atmosphere. From this vapour are condensed the dews and rains which refresh the scorched plant and fertilise the earth. We cannot estimate the depth of dew which distils on summer evenings, and disappears again at early dawn, partly sucked in by leaf and soil, and partly dispelled by the youngest sunbeams. But the rain-fall in our islands averages about thirty inches in depth, and in western Europe, generally, it is seldom less than twenty inches; while in India, and even on our own Cumberland mountains, a fall of two hundred inches in a year is not uncommon. And yet if all the watery vapour contained in the air were to fall at

* Johnston's *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, p. 32.

once in the form of rain, it would not cover the whole earth to a depth of more than five inches, according to the estimate of Dr Prout. To replace what falls, therefore, there must be a constant re-ascent of watery vapour into the air.

The dew and rain which fall, sink, in part, into the soil of our cultivated fields, and are thence drunk in by the roots of growing plants. But these plants spread their green leaves into the air, and from their numberless pores are continually exhaling this water again in the state of invisible vapour. From the leafy surface of a single acre in crop, it is calculated that in our island from three to five millions of pounds of water are exhaled in the state of vapour in a year, while, on an average, not more than two and a half millions of pounds fall in rain. Whether the surplus thus evaporated comes from dews or springs, it is plain that this evaporation from the leaves of plants is one of the forms which the natural circulation of water assumes.

Again, animals take into their stomachs another portion of the same water, and, as a necessary function of life, are continually returning it to the air from their lungs and their reeking hides. Nearly two pounds a day are thus discharged into the air by a full-grown man. This is another form of watery circulation. The rains and dews descend to the earth, and there enter into the roots of plants or the stomachs of animals, and are forthwith, from the leaves of the one and from the lungs and skin of the other, returned to the air in the form of invisible vapour.

But, besides these physiological forms of circulation, which are dependent on the functions of life, water circulates still more abundantly between earth and air from the agency of purely physical causes. From the surface of the hot sea, in equatorial regions, streams of vapour are continually mounting upwards with the currents of ascending air, and with them travel north and south, till colder climates precipitate them in dew, rain, or snow. Returned to the arctic or temperate seas by many running

streams, they are carried back to the equator by those great sea-rivers which mysteriously traverse all oceans, and are ready to rise again in their turn to repeat the same revolution. How often, since time began, may the waters which cover the whole earth have thus traversed air and sea, taking part in the endless movements of inanimate nature!

Second. A second and more special form of the circulation of matter—one more exclusively connected with the necessities and functions of life—is presented in the history of the carbonic acid of the atmosphere.* This gas is familiar to every one as that sparkling air which, rising in countless bubbles, gives life to the creaming tankard, to the tempting champagne, and to the more innocent soda-water. Of this gas there exists in the atmosphere only a minute proportion, but its presence is essential to the constitution of our air, and is necessary to the very existence of vegetable life. At the level of the sea, and at moderate elevations, this proportion averages about one gallon in every two thousand five hundred of air. When we ascend to eight or ten thousand feet, the quantity becomes doubled. Upon this minute proportion, as we have said, all vegetable existence depends.

This dependence appears more remarkable, however, the more precise our ideas are of the absolute quantity of this substance which the entire air contains. The whole weight of the carbonic acid of the atmosphere which presses on a square inch of the earth's surface, weighs less than seventy grains, and the carbon it contains less than twenty grains; and it has been calculated that, were the whole surface of the earth dry land and under cultivation, crops such as we ordinarily raise would extract and fix the whole of this carbon in the form of vegetable matter in the short space of fourteen years.† But this is prevented by the constant restoration of carbonic acid to the air, and chiefly through the repeated circulation of the same quantity of matter.

The trees of the forest yearly shed

* *Johnston's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*, 2d Edition, p. 262.

† This gas consists of carbon, or charcoal, and oxygen—called also vital air.

their leaves, and these leaves, through the influence of the weather, decay and disappear, restoring to the atmosphere, in the form of carbonic acid, a portion of the same carbon which the living leaves had previously extracted from it, during the period of growth. The yearly ripening herbage, and every plant that naturally withers on plain and hill—the grass of the burning prairie, and the timber of inflamed forests, with all that man consumes for fuel and other uses;—every form of vegetable matter, in short, returns more or less quickly to the state of carbonic acid, and disappears in the invisible air. Thus, what is yearly removed by living plants, is so far restored again by those which naturally perish, or are destroyed by the intervention of man.

But man himself, and other animals, assist in the same conversion. They consume vegetable food with the same final result as when it perishes by actual decay, or is destroyed by the agency of fire. It is conveyed into

the stomach in the form in which the plant yields it; it is breathed out again, from the lungs and the skin, in the form of carbonic acid and water. We can follow out this operation, however, more closely, and it will be both interesting and instructive to do so.

The leaf of the living plant sucks in carbonic acid from the air, and gives off the oxygen contained in this gas. It retains only the carbon. The roots drink in water from the soil, and out of this carbon and water the plant forms starch, sugar, fat, and other substances. The animal introduces this starch, sugar, or fat into its stomach, and draws in oxygen from the atmosphere by its lungs; and with these materials it undoes the previous labours of the living plant, delivering back again, from the lungs and the skin, both the starch and the oxygen in the form of carbonic acid and water. The process is clearly represented in the following scheme:—

	Takes in	Produces
THE PLANT,	{ Carbonic acid by its leaves; { Water by its roots.	{ Oxygen from its leaves; { Starch, &c., in its solid substance.
THE ANIMAL,	{ Starch and fat into the stomach; { Oxygen into the lungs.	{ Carbonic acid and water from the skin and the lungs.

The circle begins with carbonic acid and water, and ends with the same substances. The same material—the same carbon, for example—circulates over and over again, now floating in the invisible air, now forming the substance of the growing plant, now of the moving animal, and now again dissolving into the air, ready to begin anew the same endless revolution. It forms part of a vegetable to-day—it may be built into the body of a man to-morrow; and, a week hence, it may have passed through another plant into another animal. What is mine this week is yours the next. There is, in truth, no private property in ever-moving matter.

Yet all the carbonic acid which is removed from the air by the agency of plants is not immediately restored by the circulation above described—a larger wheel revolves to make up the deficiency.

It has been shown that when plants die and decay, are burned in the air,

or are eaten by animals, the carbon they contain is delivered back again to the atmosphere in the form of carbonic acid; but all the plants produced yearly over the whole earth are not so resolved into gaseous substances in any given time. In all parts of the world some portions of vegetable matter escape for a time this total destruction, and are buried beneath the surface of the earth, to be preserved in the solid form for an indefinite period. With such comparatively indestructible forms of vegetable matter we are familiar in the peat-bogs of Scotland and Ireland, sometimes from 50 to 100 feet deep, and in the submarine forests which are seen on so many parts of our insular coasts. What is thus collected and gradually buried would necessarily cause a constant diminution in the small quantity of carbonic acid contained in the air, were there no natural means in operation for making up the deficiency.

Nor is this all. Within the bosom

of the great seas tiny insects are at work, upon which nature has imposed, in addition to the quest for food and the care for their offspring, the perpetual labour of building new houses. For defence as well as for shelter, the shell-fish toils continually, repairing, enlarging, and renewing his own dwelling-place; and, dying at last, he leaves it as a contribution to the growing thickness of shelly limestone. For thousands of miles, in more southern seas, still humbler insects erect their massive coral walls, which, now skirting long coast-lines, and now encircling solitary islands, bid defiance to the angriest waters; and, as they die, generation after generation, they leave, in rocky beds of coralline limestone, an imperishable memorial of their exhaustless labours. These rocks contain, chained down in a seemingly everlasting imprisonment, two-fifths of their weight of carbonic acid. This has been derived either directly or indirectly from the atmosphere, and thus the sea must ever be drinking in carbonic acid from the air. The labours of marine animals, therefore, like the burying of vegetable matter, should cause a yearly diminution of the absolute quantity of this gas contained in the atmosphere, were no other natural operation to compensate for the constant removal.

But the earth herself breathes for this purpose. From cracks and fissures in the crust, which occur in vast numbers over the surface of the earth, carbonic acid gas issues in large quantities, and daily mingles itself with the ambient air. It sparkles in the springs of Carlsbad, rushes as from subterranean bellows on the table-land of Paderborn; chinks in the pockets of the Prince of Nassau; astonishes innocent travellers in the Grotto del Cane; interests the chemical geologist in the caves of Pyrmont; and is terrible to man and beast in the fatal "Valley of Death," the most wonderful of the wonders of Java. And besides, it doubtless issues still more abundantly from the unknown bottom of the expanded waters which occupy so large a proportion of the surface of the globe. From these many sources, continually flowing into the air or rising into the sea, carbonic acid is daily supplied in

place of that which is daily withdrawn, to be buried in the solid crust. Did we know after what lapse of time the earth would again breathe out what is thus daily entombed, we should be able to express in words how long this slowly revolving secular wheel requires fully to perform one of its immense gyrations.

Thus, like the watery vapour of the atmosphere, its carbonic acid also is continually circulating. While that which floats in the air, during one generation, circles many times, it may be, from the atmosphere to the plant, from the plant to the animal, and from the animal to the air again—never really the property of any, and never lingering long in one stay—the whole created carbon is slowly moving in a greater circle between earth and air. It rises from the earth at one end of the curve in the state of an elastic gas, it amuses itself by the way in assuming for brief intervals many successive varieties of plant-form and animal-form, till it is finally buried in the earth again, at the other end of the curve, in the state of solid limestone and fossil plants.

Third. But we advance to a circulation a little more complicated in its character, but if possible more interesting, because still more closely connected with our own history, both physiological and domestic.

If a portion of wheaten flour be made into dough, and this dough be washed with water upon a sieve, as long as the water passes through milky, there will remain upon the sieve a tenacious adhesive substance like bird-lime, which is known by the name of gluten. If the milky water be allowed to settle, a white powder collects at the bottom, which is common wheaten starch. Thus the flour of wheat is separated by water into, and therefore contains, two very different substances—starch and gluten.

In this respect it is the type of all other vegetable productions. They all contain as their principal constituents two classes of substances, which are represented respectively by the starch and the gluten of wheat. What becomes of the starch of plants when consumed by animals we have already seen; we are now to follow the changes of which their gluten is the subject.

Gluten is distinguished from starch and fat by containing nitrogen. This nitrogen is the kind of air which, along with oxygen, forms the main bulk of the atmosphere.* It exists also in ammonia—the well-known substance which gives their pungent odour to the liquid hartshorn and smelling-salts of the shops—and in aquafortis, distinguished among chemists by the name of nitric acid. These two compound substances, ammonia and nitric acid, exist in the soil, and from the soil are taken up by the roots of plants. In the interior of the plant new chemical changes take place, and, with the aid of the nitrogen brought in by these substances, gluten is formed. Many intermediate changes take place in the vegetable sap which we do not as yet understand, but we know that what was ammonia and nitric acid in the soil becomes after these changes finally transformed into gluten within the plant.

And now we must understand another chemical analogy before we can follow these compounds of nitrogen in their further changes. If we take a piece of the flesh of any animal, and wash it with water till all the blood is removed, we obtain a white fibrous mass, which consists of a mixture of fat with a substance to which chemists give the name of *fibrin*. The white of egg is familiar to every one; it is known among chemists by the name of albumen. Now, in the blood and other fluids of the body there exists a large proportion of albumen, and though so unlike in appearance, the albumen and the fibrin of animals resemble each other very closely in composition. Both of them contain nitrogen in almost exactly the same proportion, and in the animal body the one is capable of being converted into the other. Leaving their bones out of view, therefore, we may say generally that animals contain, as their principal constituents, two classes of substances, represented respectively by their fibrin and their fat.

Now the gluten of plants is as

closely related to the fibrin and albumen of animals as the two latter substances are to each other. All contain nitrogen in nearly the same proportion, and they possess certain properties in common, which it is unnecessary here to specify: for our present purpose, indeed, we may consider them as identical. When the animal consumes vegetable food, therefore, it introduces into its stomach the very substance of its muscles and blood, the ready-formed materials out of which its several parts are to be built up. It does, in fact, so build up and renew its several parts by means of the vegetable substance—the gluten of the plant is transformed into the flesh of the living animal.

But, having attained to this most perfect form, the restless elements soon grow weary of their new dignity. Not only is the living body in constant movement as a whole, but all its parts, even the minutest, are in perpetual motion. Were our eyes keen enough, we might see every particle which forms the substance of the fingers which hold our pen shaken loose and really separated from each other. All are on the move, like Yankee officials when a new President enters the White House—some just arriving with all their traps, and fitting themselves into their new stations, some packing up bag and baggage, ready for a start, and some, already on the march, disappearing in the distance. Or they are like the population of a great city, moving to and fro, coming and going continually, weeded out and removed, hour by hour, yet as unceasingly kept up in numbers by new incomers; changing from day to day so insensibly as to escape observation, yet so evidently that, after the lapse of a few years, scarcely a known face will be discovered among congregated thousands. And so rapid is the tear and wear of the animal machine, to change our figure, that the repairs which are constantly called for are said to renovate the whole framework in a single month. Every wheel in that short space is renewed,

* Dry atmospheric air contains about 21 of oxygen and 79 of nitrogen in every 100 gallons. Mixed with these also is the minute quantity of carbonic acid already spoken of.

new materials are brought in for the purpose, and the old are thrown away and rejected. Scarcely has the gluten of the plant been fitted into its place in the muscle, the skin, or the hair of the animal, but it begins to be dissolved out again—to be decomposed and removed from the body. Restlessness is thus inherent in the very matter of which we are formed. Can it be that this internal change of matter goes on more rapidly among some nations than among others—among the French, for example, than among the Dutch—and that their comparative external and national restlessness may thus be accounted for? Or is it possible that this unceasing putting down and building up within, can be the origin of the mania for brick and mortar which seems constitutionally to beset some individuals of our own race and nation? Is it only the evidence of an innate idea—a kind of faint reflection of something felt within—an unceasing impulse, of which no intelligible account can be given? We may clear up many things by our scientific investigations, but we remain a bundle of mysteries after all.

We have already seen that the animal absorbs oxygen from the air by its lungs, and that one purpose for which that is done is to convert the carbon of a certain part of its food into carbonic acid. Another portion of the oxygen is built into the substance of the body itself, since analysis has shown that the gluten of the vegetable food combines with a certain proportion of oxygen before it is transformed into the solid tissues of the body. But a larger quantity of the inhaled oxygen is employed in dissolving out and removing the waste, and now worthless, matter of the muscles and other tissues. It is, in fact, the agent through which the change of matter is effected. The

muscle, for example, combines with oxygen, and, after several intermediate transformations, which we pass over, is transformed into a substance called urea, which passes away in liquid. This urea returns to the soil, from which the nitrogen it contains originally came, and is there gradually converted into ammonia and nitric acid—the substances which the plant-roots originally took up, and which are ready again to enter into new roots, and thus to re-commence the same round of change.

But the animal does not extract and work up all the gluten of its vegetable food; a part of it escapes digestion, and is rejected in the animal droppings. This mingles with the soil, and there, like the urea, is changed into ammonia and nitric acid. The same happens to the gluten of vegetables which die and undergo direct natural decay in the air or in the soil. Animal bodies themselves die also, and, like the vegetable gluten, pass through those successive changes, which we call putrefaction and decay. As the result of these changes, the nitrogen they contain is again made to assume the form in which plants are able to take up and to convert it into their own substance. Thus, after various turns of the wheel, all that entered the plant in the form of ammonia, nitric acid, and similar available compounds, returns again to the soil in one or other of the same states. Some of the matter revolves a time or two less—returning at once from the plant to the soil without passing through the animal at all, or at once from the muscle to the soil without undergoing the ordeal of the kidneys. But whether it runs one, two, or three heats, all arrives, sooner or later, at the same goal, ready to start again on the same race. A bird's-eye view of this circulation is presented in the following scheme:—

	Taken in by	Produced
THE PLANT,	{ Ammonia and nitric acid from the soil.	{ Gluten.
THE ANIMAL,	{ a. Gluten into the stomach, oxygen by the lungs.	{ Muscle and other tissues.
	{ b. The muscle, &c., with oxygen from the lungs.	
THE SOIL,	{ Urea, and other animal excretions; dead animals and plants.	{ Ammonia and nitric acid.

Thus we end where we began—the soil, the plant, and the animal being involved in one never-ceasing, mutually-dependant revolution. We need scarcely concern ourselves, therefore, for the destiny of the organic part—the tissues and blood of our bodies. Its fate is decided by fixed and unerring laws. When it has served our purpose, new and immediate uses await it. We attempt in vain to detain it from pre-determined labours, or, by the arts of the embalmer, to compel it to perpetuate a loved or honoured form. No need to wait, as in Hamlet's supposition, for the body to crumble into dust. The fluids and tissues decompose rapidly, and are dissipated, so that what is now part of the body of a Cæsar or a Venus, may literally within a week become part of a turnip or of a potato.

Even here, also, or in respect to this form of matter, we catch occasional glimpses of a still wider circle. While the same portion of matter, on the whole, goes round and round, as we have described, a certain portion of the ammonia rises in vapour and escapes into the air. This the rains of heaven bring back again, and thus restore it to the soil, and to the wants of vegetable life. But these very rains also wash down a portion of it directly into the sea, and, through the rivers, sweep it from the land. Yearly, also, a part of the ammonia and nitric acid is by natural operations resolved into elementary nitrogen, and is thus lost to living plants. To make up for this waste, nitric acid is continually formed in the air in minute quantity.* Ammonia also is given off into the atmosphere from all living volcanoes; and both of these substances the rain dissolves and carries earthward, so that the failing supplies of nitrogen, in an available form of combination, are continually kept up. Thus, from the great atmospheric reservoir a small stream of nitrogen flows down yearly to the earth in the form of nitric acid, while a small stream returns again yearly to the air in the form of elementary gas, after having probably many times gone through the cycle of changes in which gluten and fibrin

take a part. Within what conceivable time could the nitrogen of the whole atmosphere take part in this slow circulation?

Fourth. But we must trace the revolutions through which the dust also, or earthy part of the animal, passes.

When a portion of a plant is burned in the air, the organic or combustible part is dissipated and disappears, but a small quantity of ash or mineral matter remains behind. The wood-ash left when trees are burned is a familiar example of this. In like manner, when almost any part of an animal is burned in the air, a portion of ash remains unconsumed. I need scarcely add that a portion of soil, treated in a similar way, leaves an abundant residue of earthy matter undissipated by the fire.

Now, in regard to the combustible part of the plant, which is made up of nitrogen, carbon, and the elements of water, differences of opinion are possible as to whether the raw materials for building it up are derived from the soil or from the air; but in regard to the mineral or combustible part of the plant there can be but one opinion. Mineral matter does not exist in the atmosphere, and therefore the plant must derive all it contains of this kind of matter from the soil in which it grows. And again, as all which the animal body contains is derived either directly or indirectly from vegetable food, the mineral matter or ash it leaves when burned must have come to it from the soil through the plant. And as, further, when the animal dies, its body is sooner or later returned to the soil, we have again another complete cycle, in which the earthy matter of living things is the ever-moving body. It ascends from the soil into the substance of the plant, thence into the substance of the animal, and thence descends again into the mother earth, to begin, as in our other examples, a new and similar career. But a more intimate acquaintance with this mineral or earthy matter will make our acquaintance with this cycle still more interesting and instructive.

* By the union of its nitrogen and oxygen, through the agency chiefly of electric currents, which are continually passing through the air.

It is not any kind of earthy matter indifferently which the plant-root sucks up and builds into the substance of its growing stem and leaves. It selects, as it were, only the rarer and more precious materials of which the soil consists, and from among these only such as water can more or less readily dissolve. Phosphoric acid,* lime, magnesia, and certain kinds of saline matter, of which we may take common salt as the representative, are the most important of these substances. Generally speaking, these exist but sparingly in the soil, and the productiveness of a tract of land, in so far as it depends upon their presence, is kept up only, as in the case of ammonia and nitric acid, by the natural maintenance of a constant circulation of the same quantity of matter.

In natural forests, where the leaves are annually shed and the trees periodically die, the mineral matter quits the soil for the plant, and again, in the decaying plant, returns to the soil, thus making but a short stage up and down from earth to plant, and from plant back to the earth again. And it is so also in natural meadows, where yearly in autumn the grass ripens, withers, and returns its mineral matter to the soil, and yearly again in spring the young herbage springs up and feeds on the relics of the previous year. But it is different when the vegetable produce is consumed by animals. It then enters into their stomachs, is dissolved or digested, and its several parts taken up by vessels

provided for the purpose, to be conveyed to the parts of the body where their services are required. The saline matter we need not at present follow further than the blood and the tissues. The phosphoric acid and the lime—in the form of phosphate of lime—are chiefly deposited in the bones.

The importance of this phosphate of lime to the animal economy will be apparent, when we mention that ordinarily dry bones leave, on burning, half their weight of a white ash, which consists for the most part of phosphate of lime.

But, as we have already explained, all the parts of the body, even the most solid, are in a constant course of renewal. To this law of change the bones are subject equally with the soft parts, and the phosphoric acid carried in to-day is in a few days carried out again, mixed up with the other refuse and excretions of the body; and finally the body itself dies, and all its material parts are at once returned to the earth from which it came. There they undergo, through the agency of the air, a complete breaking-up or decomposition, by which their mineral matter is again brought into a condition in which it can enter usefully into the roots of new plants. There are other minutiae in reference to the revolution of this mineral matter which are full of interest, but we will not try the patience of our readers by insisting upon them in this place. The general changes we have indicated are represented briefly as follows:—

	Taken in by	Produced
THE PLANT,	{ Phosphoric acid, lime, common and other salts, from the soil.	{ Perfect substance of plants.
THE ANIMAL,	{ a. Parts of plants.	{ Perfect bone, blood, and tissues.
	{ b. The bone and tissues, with oxygen from the lungs.	{ Phosphates and other salts in the excretions.
THE SOIL,	{ Excretions of animals, dead animals and plants.	{ Phosphoric acid, lime, &c. &c.

It may be that a careful hunter after human earth might scrape together as much as would "stop a hole to keep the wind away." But our

science teaches us that the earth is not the kind of stuff that clay is made of, and that such vile uses are, after all, only imaginary slights to which our

* The white smoke or fumes which rise into the air when a lucifer match is kindled consist of phosphoric acid. The match is tipped with a morsel of phosphorus, which is set on fire by rubbing, and, as it burns, is converted into phosphoric acid. When this acid unites with lime, it forms phosphate of lime.

cherished ashes can never be subjected. They have another appointed use, from which, treat them as we may, they cannot long be kept. The plant is wonderfully framed, so as not to grow without the phosphoric acid, &c., which it is bound to gather up and supply to the growing animal. And the soil is so poorly provided with these and other necessary substances, that plant and animal are both ordained to return without fail their borrowed materials to mother earth when the term of life has come. Thus a constant circulation of the same comparatively small quantity of mineral matter is secured, and a duty is laid upon each particle zealously to prepare for a new service, as soon as each earlier commission is performed. As we have no property in, so we ought to have no foolish affection or reverence for dead ashes; and certainly we ought to have no fear that they can ever long be withheld from connecting themselves, in some form or other, with new phases of vegetable and animal life.

There remains but one observation to complete the history of these changes of mineral matter. Notwithstanding the constant return of plant and animal to the parent earth, rains and rivers daily remove from the soil a portion of the soluble mineral materials we have spoken of as so essential to the permanence of vegetable and animal forms, and transport them to the sea. But for this contingency also there is a provision. The solid rocks, which form the crust of the earth, contain them all in minute proportion. As these rocks crumble and mingle with the soil, they yield constant small supplies, which the springs that come from above or beneath dissolve and diffuse wherever they go. Thus, in many localities, a moderate supply is day by day brought to the surface, to replace that which, by natural causes, is constantly removed. And the great sea helps in this work of renovation. It heaves its lofty waves into the air, and breaks in foam, that the rough wind may take up and bear back again to the land a portion of the salty spoils with which the rivers are ever enriching it.

Thus all the varieties of matter which are essential to the existence of animal and vegetable forms are in

a constant state of circulation. Each has its appointed round of duty, at one point or other of which it is sure to be always found. And while the motions of all the wheels are prescribed, and a restless activity imposed on every particle of matter, all contingencies are guarded against which might interfere with the one simple design.

How profound, yet how interesting and intelligible, is all this! how instructive the lessons it reads us!

Consider, for instance, on how small a quantity of matter all life depends. Over and over again, as the modeller fashions his clay, are plant and animal formed out of the same material. Over and over again is it transformed in the earth and in the air, when liberated for a time from the domain and dominion of life. In the face of this clear knowledge, how untrue to nature, how irrational, how misleading are the views which many conscientious divines have promulgated with regard to the resurrection of man. As if the same matter which forms our body, when we are laid in the grave, and which, after a brief residence there, makes its way, through some nutritive plant, into the body of another man, and forms part of his body still when *he* is buried—as if this matter, which is neither his nor mine, has already “been slave to thousands,” and may be buried with ten thousand bodies more, before the resurrection comes—as if this matter were meant to form the clothing of the disembodied spirit, when, in visible form and sensible identity, it shall be raised on the day when “small and great” shall appear before the dread tribunal. We recollect well how strongly this ignorance of natural knowledge, which such a view displays, impressed our minds, when, many years ago, we read a very popular sermon on the resurrection—probably the most eloquent and highly wrought of an eloquent volume of sermons by a still distinguished and popular London preacher, in which this view was maintained. One would have thought that the words of the passage, “It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body:” and of this one, “The dead shall be raised incorruptible,” were sufficient to deter

the theological expositor from propounding ideas so gross in regard to the change we are to undergo at that mysterious time—since that which is formed of matter, *such as circulates in living beings now*, can neither be a spiritual body, nor free from the changes which are commonly implied by the word corruption. But such has not been the meaning generally attached to these and other like passages, and therefore it appears to us desirable—among other reasons, in order that the due authority of the teacher may not be impaired by his appearing to his auditors to be behind the knowledge of the time—that the theological expounder should possess himself of all the readily accessible information which, if it cannot throw light upon them, may at least prevent him from darkening doctrines so mysterious by words without knowledge.

Then what a lesson of ceaseless activity does this circulation teach us! Is all senseless matter to be labouring perpetually—and are we, intelligent beings, made to idle away a precious life? To work while we live, is one of the moral discourses we read in the movements which the chemist can discern even in apparently dead rocks, and earth, and air, and in the lifeless bodies of the animal and the plant.

But in contemplating the moving wheels we have, one after another, introduced to our readers, they must have frequently felt inclined to stop and ask respecting each, “Why does this wheel turn? Why its unceasing restlessness? What purpose is effected, or is to be effected, by its endless revolution?” As a whole, the general answer is, that the maintenance of life, animal and vegetable, depends upon the perpetual movement of all the wheels at once. In detail, the turning of each determines the comfortable discharge of one or more of the necessary functions of animal and vegetable life.

When, for example, the plant seems only to be amusing itself in forming starch and vegetable fat from carbonic acid and water, and the animal, in merely undoing what the plant has done, reconverts the starch and fat again into carbonic acid and water,

an unseen effect is produced at the same time, which is indispensably necessary to the continuance of animal life as it is now constituted. The change which the starch and fat undergo in the animal body—and, we may add also, the final change which the gluten consumed by the animal undergoes—is a kind of burning. And as the fat we burn in our lamps gives out heat as it changes and disappears, so it does in the body, and so do the starch and gluten. This heat is imparted to the body, and keeps it warm; and the necessity of such internal warmth to the maintenance of animal life is familiar to every one. This wise purpose, therefore, is served, by the way as it were, while the little wheel is turning by which carbonic acid and water alternately disappear in starch and fat, and alternately appear again in their gaseous and liquid forms. And so, were we curiously to inquire what physiological or other effects are produced during the turning of any other of our wheels, either great or small, we should see good coming out of each—a beneficent provision for the comfort of living animals, or for the healthy growth of vegetable forms, accompanying the sensible and chemical results of each revolution.

It is especially beautiful, as well as interesting, to see how clearly the consideration we have presented exhibits the plant as the servant of the animal. Man placed upon the earth, without the previous existence of the plant, were utterly helpless. He could not live either upon earth or upon air, and yet his body requires a constant supply of the elements contained in each. It is the plant which selects, collects, and binds together these indigestible materials, and manufactures them into food for man and other animals. And these appear only to throw back again to their toiling slaves the waste materials which they cannot further use, to be again worked up into palatable food. In this aspect, the plant appears only the appointed bond-servant of the animal; and yet, how willing, how beautiful, how interesting a slave it is. It works for ever, yet it is self-tasked. It toils itself to death, yet, punctually as spring comes round, it

rises young, beautiful, and willing as ever, rejoicing to renew its destined toil. There is in it none of the bitterness of human slavery to render the task unsweet.

And it is not one of the least striking reflections to which this subject leads us, that an alteration in the natural constitution of things of so small a kind as to be inappreciable to our senses, would at once insure the certain extinction of animal and vegetable life. Let the All-powerful order that the minute proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere should be removed, and in a single hour vegetation would droop—in a single week, probably, not a single plant would remain alive on the whole face of the dry land. And yet the human organs would perceive no change in the nature of the atmosphere, and the mass of mankind would first wonder at the fatal plague which had so suddenly struck all vegetable forms, and after a brief period of stupified and indefinite dread, they, too, would perish, as the plants had done, for lack of sustenance.

And this thought leads us to the contemplation of those purely mechanical notions in which the heavenly bodies continually exercise themselves, without, as a consequence, undergoing any sensible chemical change of matter. On first becoming acquainted with the chemical revolutions of matter which we have described, we might be inclined—indeed it is a very natural first-sight question—to ask, What have these earthly revolutions to do?—what have they in common with the majestic movements of satellites and planets in their or-

bits, and with that of systems in the ethereal space? What part do these lesser revolutions—annual, many of them, like that of the earth round the sun—what have they to do with the system of the universe? But the supposition embodied in the preceding paragraph shows that the existence of life, either vegetable or animal, is not a necessary condition of things even on our globe. With an atmosphere so changed as we have supposed, the earth might roll on in its place in the solar system—its attendant moon still encircling it—for countless ages, without the change deranging, or even altering in any degree, the most insignificant phenomenon which is nightly seen in the starry heavens. Earthly life, therefore, has no share in the general system of the universe. It is a little episode, so to speak, in the poem of creation. The Deity willed that this corner of his great work should be the theatre of new displays of wisdom, of consummate contrivance, of a wonderful fitting in of means to the accomplishment of beneficent ends—and at last the seat of an intellectual being, with capacity to study and comprehend, and admire His works—to praise and love and serve Him.

And in thinking over this insignificance of man, and all his cotemporary forms of life, how awful it does appear to us that, in the event of a necessity arising, all this life could be stopped at once, as it were, by the simple turning of a screw; and that the disappearance of all our race would, to the physical universe, be less than the crushing of the tiny insects, to which all the world they know is but a drop of water.

FROM BREST TO THE ISLAND OF BOURBON.

IN the month of December 1843, two fine French frigates, *La Sirène* and *La Victorieuse*, sailed from Brest for China. On board of the first-named vessel was Monsieur de Lagrené, minister plenipotentiary from King Louis Philippe to the Celestials. His mission had various objects, the principal of these being to establish commercial intercourse with China; to ascertain what articles of French produce would be most welcome in that market; and what Chinese productions might be advantageously imported into France. Besides these aims, Louis Philippe's envoy had instructions to seek, in the Malay archipelago, an island unclaimed by any European power, and which France might take for her own. Ever alert to find new playthings for his restless and amusement-loving subjects, the wily old Ulysses of the house of Orleans thought to please them for a time with a present of a spice island—of one of those perfumed oases washed by the tepid Indian Sea. "The old king willed," writes one who seems his partisan, "that France should possess a pearl of the magnificent ocean-casket whose choicest jewels are in the keeping of England, Spain, and Holland." This, however, was not that part of the mission which received the most complete fulfilment.

The French envoy was accompanied by his wife, by two of his daughters, and by a numerous diplomatic staff, consisting of two secretaries, five attachés, an interpreter, an historiographer, and a chancellor. The minister of commerce had further attached to the mission four delegates, chosen by the mercantile chambers of Rheims, Mulhausen, St Etienne, Lyons, and Paris. The minister of finance had sent two gentlemen from his department. We have kept for last mention, in this numerous assemblage, the person who most interests us, namely, Dr Yvan, physician to the embassy, a man of extensive information and scientific acquirements, and a very lively and agreeable writer.

Teneriffe was the first place touched at by the French legation, which remained there long enough for Dr Yvan to explore and sketch the island. Scarcely had he landed when he was surrounded by a crowd of beggars, draped in picturesque rags, who addressed him as *Dis-donc!* the name given to the French in the Canaries, and implored a *quartillo*. The doctor was delighted with the characteristic physiognomy of the town of Santa Cruz. Now that old Spain is daily becoming more Frenchified in aspect, her ancient garb and usages take refuge in her colonies. There the triumphs of Parisian milliners have not yet replaced the graceful mantilla, and balconies and serenades are still in vogue. There, too, Spanish bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance flourish in full vigour. Dr Yvan left Santa Cruz for the town of Laguna, which bears a strong resemblance to the old cities of the Peninsula; and, after establishing himself at an hotel kept by a countryman, an ex-sergeant in the Vendean army, went out at sunset for a ramble. Night came, and he lost his way. At the angle of a street he fell in with a little pale man, dressed in the costume of the eighteenth century, with a three-cornered hat, knee-breeches, and silver buckles to his shoes. The courteous removal of the hat disclosed the clerical tonsure, and was accompanied by an offer of service. Dr Yvan inquired the road to his hotel. The priest conducted him thither; and, by the way, the Frenchman ventured to ask how it was that a town boasting a bishop and chapter, a library, a university, and a population of nine thousand souls, had not a single lamp in the streets to prevent the nocturnal passenger from knocking his head against the walls? The reply was eminently characteristic of the man of the place. "Know, my son," said the old priest, "that the ancients respected the obscurity of night, because they knew that it acted on the heart of man, by inspiring him with a salutary hesitation. We should

do well to imitate their wisdom. By tearing this great veil, under pretence of progress and improvement, most cities have but illuminated their shame. We have got the Constitution; spare us the lamps! The constitution has made clearly manifest the envious ambition, the rapacity, the jealous cruelty of our statesmen. Street-lamps would exhibit the brutal vices of the populace, and all the turpitude over which night casts a shadow." Preserving his gravity with difficulty, and somewhat doubtful as to his interlocutor's sanity, Dr Yvan took leave of him at the door of the French hotel, and soon afterwards quitted Laguna to ramble in country places, and pursue his observations in natural history. We find him strolling through the forests, wreathed with the countless blossoms of the convolvulus, and seeking the canary bird, which has now almost disappeared from the Canaries. Only at long intervals did he discover a few of these green and yellow songsters, perched upon the tree-tops, and piping a note as different from that of the caged canaries of Europe as is the ditty of a Tyrolean mountaineer from the cultivated melodies of an opera singer. In company with the ambassador, and with the Marquis of Collogan, one of the most considerable persons in the island, he then visited the magnificent valley of Orotava, from whose volcanic soil spring the excellent grapes of whose juice no small quantity is drunk in England, disguised as sherry or Madeira. Here he made up his mind as to the origin of the *barrancas*—deep ravines, with perpendicular sides, which intersect all the Canary Islands, as they do certain districts of Mexico, and of other countries in or near to the tropics. He is convinced that these clefts in the earth were not formed, as has been often supposed, by the passage of torrents, but that they are rather fire-courses than water-courses, and are attributable to the shrinking and consequent splitting of matter in a state of fusion.

An enchanting picture of the Orotava valley is given by Dr Yvan. Every house of the villages scattered over it stands in an orchard of bananas and oranges, beneath whose shelter flourish patatas, ignamas, and

other tropical vegetables, whilst diminutive streamlets, trickling rather than flowing over the earth, preserve the freshness of the vegetation. The doctor grows sentimental when describing the beauties of this region. "At Realexo-Alto," he says, "I wished to buy oranges, and was taken to a little garden inclosed by walls, and guarded, not by the dragon of the Hesperides, but by a handsome black-eyed-girl, with a slender and graceful figure. She led me under the fragrant foliage, bent down the flexible boughs of the tree with the golden apples, and babbled like a bird whilst offering me the beautiful fruit. She was one of those artless and charming creatures which God sometimes places in the numerous paradises scattered over this earth. She ingenuously confided to me the state of her fortune and of her sentiments. Her mother had bequeathed her this orchard; it was her sole dowry, but the little domain sufficed for all her wants. She had no *amigo*, but she desired a good husband to share her humble fortune—enough for both, she said. Whilst listening to this beautiful young girl, and reflecting how limited are human wants in a country where a nook of land supplies all the necessaries of life, I was very near beholding, in a few acres and those black eyes, the realisation of every desire and the term of a happy and peaceable existence." Subsequently, when chasing, with all a schoolboy's zeal, upon the summit of the famous *Corcorado*, butterflies as large as birds, and humming-birds as brilliant as butterflies, Dr Yvan, whilst apologising for his enthusiasm, declares himself an old man. There is certainly nothing to support the declaration in the tenor of his book, which is written with delightful freshness and vivacity, combined alternately with dashes of warm feeling, and with slight touches of good-humoured *persiflage*. If he be really old in years, his heart and imagination are evidently young; and we will also mention, as we may not have room sufficiently to illustrate the fact by extract, that he has an evident partiality to the society of the young ladies of the various countries he passes through—a partiality to which his readers are indebted for some

very *piquant* and amusing passages. But our present object is to get him out of Teneriffe and on to the Brazils, a more striking and less explored land. On their return from Orotava to Santa Cruz, the Frenchmen and the Marquis de Collogan visited a charming country-house, standing on the sea-shore, and inhabited by an Englishman, whose sole apparent occupation was to ascend the Peak of Teneriffe. "It was his mania. During the six years that he had inhabited Orotava, he had been the companion of all the strangers who had scaled the rude acclivity. On hearing that several persons belonging to the legation had climbed the mountain without him, he briefly remarked, 'I will make the ascent before three days are over;' and he kept his word. At our very first halting-place we came upon Englishmen, and afterwards we met them wherever there was a beef-steak to eat, a fine country, and a pleasant climate. The English race is at present the only one which, thanks to its wealth, enjoys all the good things of the earth; it is truly in possession of the globe, and there is no known part of this vast world which does not contribute to the enjoyments of some child of foggy England. How is it," concludes Dr Yvan, regretful and perplexed, "that the most artistical people, the most apt to appreciate the marvels of creation, the most skilled in identifying itself with the genius of other nations, is content to remain at home, without disputing with its jealous neighbours the possession of advantages which Providence intended for the whole species, and not for the satisfaction of a single race?"

Before returning on board his frigate, Dr Yvan traces the history of the Canary Islands. Known to the ancients, they were originally discovered by King Juba. On landing, he found them uninhabited; scanty ruins told that, in former days, men had dwelt there, but their principal occupants were then large dogs, long-legged powerful animals, with a tawny hide, a sharp nose, and fiery eyes, two of which were with difficulty taken alive, and sent to Rome. The abundance of the canine race caused the name of Canaria to be given to the

principal island. The wise men of the middle ages disputed the existence of the Canaries, until they were again discovered, in the fourteenth century, by a vessel which a tempest drove upon their shores. They were then found to be inhabited, but it was impossible to ascertain the period of their population; nor was it proved, until a much more recent date, that the Guanches, as the natives were called, were descended from certain tribes inhabiting the northern chain of the Atlas. Dr Yvan traces a moral resemblance between the Guanches and the Kabyles—an opinion based, however, upon no personal observations of his own, since the former race has long since been exterminated by the Spaniards. He speculates on the probability of a similar fate awaiting the North-African tribe. "Spain," he says, "has acquired wealth only by murder and destruction; the colours of her banner tell the history of her conquests in the New World; it displays a stream of gold flowing between two rivers of blood! Will France, too, be reduced to the painful extremity of destroying the energetic tribes that reject her rule? Will the superfluity of her population replace a nation to whom our laws and usages are repugnant?" After exterminating the Guanches, the Spaniards placed them on a lofty pedestal, and were proud to claim descent from them. "Like all nations who have perished in defence of their independence, the Guanches have left a great name in the Canaries, especially amongst the people, which, in all countries, instinctively admires an heroic resistance. Thus, in Teneriffe, it is deemed a great honour to reckon Guanches amongst one's ancestors; not that there is much recollection in the island of the decree of one of the kings of Spain, which granted hereditary nobility to the descendants of all those indigenous families who submitted to the Castilian rule, but because everything gigantic or supernatural is there attributed to them. If the plough chance to turn up the colossal bone of some unknown animal, though it were that of a lamenteine or a whale, the peasant of the Canaries immediately supposes it to have belonged to one of the former inhabitants of the country.

Yet more remarkable is the fact, that their valour is still celebrated in popular songs; so that, after three centuries, they are the heroes of an epopee which should have recounted but their reverses. One day, perhaps, the French shepherds, leading their flocks to pasture in the meadows of Kabyllia, will chant, in like manner, the virtues and intrepidity of the race their fathers have destroyed."

By all those persons, not the least happy of human kind, whose whole desires extend not beyond good health and the *sur niente* enjoyed in a glorious climate, and amidst beautiful scenery, the Canaries would be deemed a paradise. When about to embark, Dr Yvan unexpectedly encountered an old friend and fellow student, who practised medicine in Teneriffe. Dr P. bitterly complained of the treacherous friends who had advised him to go to the Canaries, to Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, where there was but one doctor, and must be ample room for a second. One doctor, indeed! It was three times as much as was needed for the entire archipelago. There was no chance of Dr P.'s doing like M. de la Gironière at Manilla, forming a practice and driving his carriage and four before he had been six months in the place. With a moderate temperature, a dry soil, and good water, the doctor is seldom needed. Fevers and inflammatory diseases are almost unknown. As to the children, before they are six months old, when in Europe they would be swaddled and cradled, they roll in sand and sunshine, and, from birth to teething, not two in twenty die. In fact, Dr P. did not understand why anybody died in that country, and, not seeing its necessity, looked upon it as a stupid habit. His last request to his friend, who offered to execute his commissions in any one of the four quarters of the globe which he was about to visit, was that he would transmit to the Canaries an Indian cholera or a good Javan fever. And Dr Yvan stepped into his boat, musing on the contradictions of a country whose climate is admirable, its salubrity perfect, its soil fruitful, and its misery extreme;—this last arising from the great indolence, dissolute morals, and indifference to

advancement of the inhabitants, who prefer idleness without comfort and with many privations, to honourable and well-paid labour.

Although in some degree prepared for the spectacle that awaited him, Dr Yvan, who landed at Rio Janeiro after nightfall, was greatly surprised, on going out of his hotel the next morning, at the aspect of the city, and at every pace involuntarily stopped to gaze at the legions of naked and noisy negroes, frisking about, as he expresses it, under that burning sun, "like devils in a chafing dish." Rio contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are negro slaves, the remaining third consisting of about equal numbers of whites and of mulattoes. Dr Yvan went to call on a learned botanist, Ildefonso Gomez by name, to whom he had an introduction. Without knowing it, he reached his house at the Brazilian dinner hour, two in the afternoon, and stayed to share the repast, whose most striking features were a particularly aromatic soup, and a dish of vegetables so highly spiced that he thought he had swallowed a hot coal by mistake. Bread was hardly seen on the table; the Brazilians supply its place with manioc flour cooked in broth. The dessert consisted of bananas, guavas, mangoes, mahogany nuts, and a delicious preserve made from cocoa-nuts. It was after this dinner that Dr Yvan, accompanied by his host, ascended the Corcovado mountain, and was enraptured by the vegetable and animal beauties he beheld upon his way up. Three hours took him to the summit, which is split into two peaks or branches of unequal height, whence the mountain's name of *Corcovado*, signifying a hunchback. Formerly these two summits were connected by a bridge, built by the emperor Don Pedro I. The bridge no longer exists, and it is dangerous to cross from one to the other. Dr Yvan was surprised to find, on the most elevated point of the mountain, remains of a building, and iron bars set in the rock. These were the ruins of a sort of summer-house or permanent tent which the emperor had there pitched. "It is related

that when his mind was agitated by passion, by disappointment in love, by the jealousy or hatred ensuing from it, or by the anger often excited in him by an opposition which daily became more exacting, he loved to take refuge on this isolated rock, and there to calm himself by the contemplation of one of the most magnificent scenes in the whole world." The Corcovado is eight hundred yards high, and its sides are precipitous. It is ascended by a winding road. The horror of the immense depth into which one gazes from its summit is lessened by the masses of vegetation that fill the gulf. "Night overtook us as we descended the mountain. Suddenly, from the midst of the herbage, arose myriads of fire-flies, illuminating our path with their phosphorescent gleam. I had been told of this phenomenon, but its magnificence astonished me, and M. Gomez had difficulty in keeping me from the pursuit of the strange insects. We continued our walk: but, on reaching a point of the path which commands the valley of the Arangera, the fire-flies increased to such a degree that one might have believed a great city, brilliantly lighted up, lay at our feet."

The immense chain of mountains which lines the coast of Brazil, takes different names according to the provinces it traverses, and to the nature of its conformation. Near Rio Janeiro a portion of it is known as the Serra dos Orgãos, a name suggested by the aspect of its rocky summit—masses of granite so arranged as to resemble the pipes of an organ. Into this serra M. de Lagrené and his wife made an excursion, and were accompanied by Dr Yvan. They went, in the first instance, to visit an Englishman of the name of Marsh, formerly a wealthy merchant at Rio, where he had a sumptuous mansion, equipages, and numerous slaves. "Suddenly the young gentleman informed his friends of his intention of retiring into the interior and leading a hermit's life. In a French town such a determination would have excited a fever of conjecture; the people of Rio troubled not their heads in the least about its motives. The English have accustomed their friends to all kinds of

eccentricity; and the proceeding of this young gentleman appeared quite as reasonable as if he had withdrawn from the world by suicide or by a voyage to the antipodes. After purchasing the titles of an immense concession of land in the Serra dos Orgãos, our young adventurer went to take possession of his domain." Eccentricity of this kind is not, it appears, confined to the English, since we have a counterpart in the case of M. de la Gironière in the island of Luzon. Mr Marsh found his property too large to cultivate: it would have required upwards of three hundred negroes, and the expense would have been too heavy. Owing to its elevation, the temperature of the Serra is very moderate, and this suggested to him to establish upon his estate a sort of caravanserai for travellers desirous of passing some time amidst the beauties of Brazilian scenery: a *maison de santé* where valetudinarians from Rio might inhale the fresh breezes of the mountains; and, finally, peaceable and isolated retreats, where men weary of the world and of the bustle of business might for a while repose. He determined to satisfy every want and every taste. To this end, he built an immense house, divided into numerous apartments, for those of his future guests who might seek society in the Serra, and he scattered over his property a number of small habitations, about three quarters of a league apart, for those who preferred to live alone.

"This son of Albion was acquainted with our literature, and had learned from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* how to practise a profession without derogation. All that is required is, as every one knows, to exchange, without selling them, services or produce against ready money. Agreeably to this system, which he has the merit of having put in practice, his establishment was a mixture of the castle and the hotel. It was the lord of the mansion, duly polished, gloved and cravated, who received strangers, and afforded them loyal hospitality; he it was—or, in his absence, some intimate friend—who did the honours of the table with all the grace of an accomplished gentle-

man: on departure, it was with a vulgar steward or cook that the guests settled the cost of residence. On the arrival of our numerous party, the gentleman-innkeeper, not to separate us, placed at our disposal a pretty dwelling in the heart of the forest. The gigantic trees that impeded access to the house had been cut down, leaving a circular clearing, which had forthwith transformed itself into a parterre of flowers. The potent fecundity of the soil had replaced the dethroned monarchs of the forest by a multitude of shrubs bearing brilliant blossoms—by the blue melanostomum, the red fuchsia, the pink bombax, the yellow cassia and mimosa. Our habitation resembled a great nosegay. The roof and walls were tapestried with the flexible boughs of grenadillas, whose tinted diadems penetrated into the apartments by every opening. We dwelt in a palace of flowers; petals of brilliant hue on all sides met our eyes, and their soft fragrance filled the air we breathed."

The Serra dos Orgãos is too elevated for tropical fruits to flourish there. A few orange trees, bananas, and pine-apple plants may be seen, but their produce is worthless. In addition to his hotel-keeping occupation, Mr Marsh applied himself to the cultivation of European fruits and vegetables, but with no great success as regarded quality. The abundant produce was nearly flavourless. The peach lost its perfume, the grape its refreshing properties, the apple grew to a great size, but lost its taste; vegetables also degenerated, with the exception of beans and potatoes—the latter originally American. Mr Marsh succeeded better as a breeder of horses and mules than as a market-gardener. For the former pursuit his estate was particularly well adapted. Its immense extent was divided into magnificent circular basins—natural meadows surrounded by impenetrable forests. Each of these basins was closed, at its point of communication with another valley, by a species of hurdle, preventing the horses and mules from trespassing beyond their limits, which usually comprised two or three leagues. Notwithstanding the great range thus allowed them, those animals were far from wild or

indocile. Dr Yvan saw a little negro five or six years old, who, having caught a horse and grappled his mane, led him off without difficulty or resistance. The horses and mules thus reared are of small stature, but indefatigable, and, in the mountains, wonderfully sagacious and sure-footed.

An enthusiastic naturalist, Dr Yvan spent every day, of the eight passed in the flower-hidden villa of the Serra dos Orgãos, in long excursions into the forests, collecting plants, birds, and insects. A negro bore his baggage—nets, tin boxes, and the rest of a naturalist's requisites; he himself carried a hatchet to clear his way, and a gun to bring down the gorgeous birds that swarm in those woods. The formidable jaguar haunts that region, but he never fell in with one; occasionally he caught sight of the peaceable tapir, but always out of range; serpents are seemingly rare in the Serra, for he never saw but one, although continually passing through tangled thickets and rank herbage, such as those reptiles are said to prefer. His oddest meeting, during his week's ramble, was with a biped—if, indeed, the account of the adventure be not a humorous fiction. He had reached, with much labour, the highest peaks of the Orgãos, had laid his hand upon the granite pipes of the gigantic organ, and was again descending, when he came upon one of those geological basins common in the Serra. It was of great extent, covered with abundant grass, resembling that of the Alpine and Pyrenean pasturages. In the centre of this natural circus rose an enormous block of granite, detached apparently by an antediluvian convulsion, and suggesting the idea of a monument destined to perpetuate the memory of some great event. Upon the top of this rock, which was clothed with fern and black-moss, stood a small house, whose elegant aspect reminded Dr Yvan of those humble chapels which mountaineers are wont to perch upon isolated peaks. A stream of water enveloped with a silvery fringe the base of the dark pedestal, and was lost amongst the grass. Upon the bank of this rivulet Dr Yvan sat down to rest. As he did so, a voice above him addressed him

in English. Without turning his head, he declared his ignorance of the language, and asked what was wanted of him. The voice replied in French, with a strong British accent—

“‘How odd these Frenchmen are,’ it said; ‘they think everybody must know their language, and they speak nothing but French.’

“‘You are right,’ I replied, rising to get a view of my interlocutor; ‘the French are foolish enough to believe that theirs is the universal language: they are soon punished for their presumption when they put their nose out of their own country.’

“The stranger was planted upon the summit of the rock, firm and straight upon his legs, like a chamois hunter upon the brink of a precipice; he wore leather gaiters, a round jacket and a cap; an enormous hunting-knife hung at his side; his fresh and rosy countenance was surrounded by a fine red beard; he was tall and powerful, and in his whole appearance there was something frank and open which prepossessed in his favour. After a scrutinising glance at me, he again spoke.

“‘I am Mr Braone’ (I write the name as he pronounced it)—‘will you come and rest in my house; I like the French very much.’

“I told him my name, and, adopting the same formula he had employed, I added:—

“‘I will go with pleasure and rest in your house; I like the English very much.’

“Considering the odd manner in which our acquaintance was made, I thought I might venture upon this last exaggeration. I climbed upon Mr Braone’s domain by help of a circular cutting in the granite; this modern Prometheus received me with extended hand; his ruddy complexion was sufficient evidence that the chains were very light which retained him upon his solitary rock, and that no vulture whatever was gnawing at his heart. Only a madman or a philosopher was capable of living in such solitude, and I asked myself in which of the two categories I should class my new acquaintance.

“Mr Braone took me into a small, neatly-furnished parlour; it was a long narrow room, having three win-

dows, with blinds to them, and containing cane chairs and sofa. He made me sit down at a table upon which were bottles containing port, sherry, brandy, rum, and a great bound book. When I was seated, he begged me to excuse him for a moment, and disappeared. In a quarter of an hour he returned, giving his arm to a young negress. This girl, who might be about eighteen years of age, wore a white dress with a large tippet, such as is worn by no women in the world except English ladies; her head was covered with a blue bonnet in similar taste; upon her feet were thick leather shoes laced over the instep, and upon her hands she had thread gloves. She seemed very ill at ease in this attire. The poor creature had the dull bewildered look of the negroes of the coast; she had three deep scars above the root of the nose. Negroes recently introduced into the European colonies are almost all marked with some sign or other, resulting from a wound inflicted in their youth, as a means of subsequently identifying them; whereas the creole negroes do not practise this barbarous custom. Mr Braone placed himself in front of me, his companion still leaning upon his arm; they both bowed, and the Englishman pointed to the young negress.

“‘*C’était Madame Braone!*’ he said.

“I returned, as seriously as I could, the salutation of this odd couple, but I confess I could think of nothing to say to them. After a second bow, the gentleman turned upon his heel and departed, taking with him his singular spouse. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, Mr Braone reappeared, another negress upon his arm. This one, younger than the other, assuredly wore the dress her companion had just taken off, and, as she was much shorter, her gown dragged after her like a train. Mr Braone, faithful to his country’s customs, and to the prescribed mode of introduction, again bowed to me, and said:—

“‘*C’était une autre Madame Braone.*’

“At this unheard-of declaration, I could not restrain an immense peal of

laughter. My noisy hilarity did not offend my host; he merely raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—

“Oh! these Frenchmen, they are surprised at everything!”

After some conversation, in the course of which Dr Yvan in vain endeavoured to impress Mr Brown with the impropriety of polygamy, the Anglo-Brazilian took down a horse-whip which hung behind the door, and blew the whistle in its handle. The signal was acknowledged by the entrance of five or six brown brats, who silently formed a line, like soldiers under arms.

“The Englishman considered them for a moment with an air of satisfaction. Then he said to me—

“‘*C’étaient les petits Braone!* When I have three more little men like that, I will leave them all that I here possess—this house, these mountains, these lands; they will be richer than if they were the sons of slaves, and I will go to Sydney. Oh! if everybody followed my example, all the colonies would soon be as thronged as ant-hills!’

“I was in wonderment before Mr Braone; I had not thought it possible for a man to be so completely mad with so much appearance of sense. After a short silence,

“‘Do you know,’ I said, ‘that if I were to relate, in France, your manner of life, and the circumstances under which we have made acquaintance, nobody would believe me?’

“‘Oh! certainly not,’ quickly replied the gentleman; ‘you French find the truth too extraordinary to be believed. When you go back, tell them simply what you have seen, and they will accuse you of romancing. Oh! yes.’

“This idea of Mr Braone’s struck me by its justice, and I resolved to write down very exactly what I had just seen—not sorry to be taxed with exaggeration by reason of my exactness. When I rose to depart, Mr Braone would have kept me to pass the evening with him; but I could not comply with his wish, for my friends were to leave the Serra upon the morrow, and I must be up before day-break. On quitting the house, my host took me through the kitchen, where an old negress was putting

upon the spit a couple of monkeys fully two feet long.

“‘If you will stay,’ said Mr Braone, pointing to the gastronomical instrument, ‘there is our dinner.’

“I stared at Mr Braone with horror. At that moment I thought he looked like an ogre! The spitted quadrumanes bore the closest possible resemblance to the brown brats I had so lately seen. I thought of Saturn devouring his children. But the Englishman’s impassible countenance reassured me; and, reflecting that a man may eat a monkey without being charged with cannibalism, I cordially shook the hand he held out to me.

“It was late when I reached our house in the Serra. My friends inquired how I had passed my day? I related my visit to Mr Braone: they believed not a word of it. As we set out the next day, they had no opportunity of verifying my veracity, and they retained their first impression. Thus began the realisation of Mr Braone’s prophecy. I now believe in the wisdom of the patriarch of the Serra.”

Dr Yvan is probably prepared to find his readers share his fellow-travellers’ incredulity, or at least to be taxed with having embellished the incident he so amusingly narrates. Without discussing its probability, or denying its possibility, we quit the Serra, and accompany him on his journey to the Swiss colony of Novo Friburgo. On the second day’s march, upon horseback, the party, after encountering much fatigue and some mishaps, arrives, two hours after dark, at the *fazenda* or plantation of a white man, who calls himself Don Patricio Tejeiro y Campillo—receives the strangers courteously, and supplies them with food and shelter. Dr Yvan, who is doomed to encounter all manner of strange characters, is struck by various peculiarities in his entertainer and in his habitation,—by the white hands and elegant manners of the former, by the books he finds him reading—Voltaire and Volney, amongst others; and, above all, his curiosity and interest are excited by a glimpse he obtains, through a key-hole, of two beautiful blue-veined feet, surmounted by a white dress descend-

ing to the ankle, and by the encounter, at the very keyhole through which he is indiscreetly prying, of a brilliant black eye belonging to the proprietor of the feet—who further, the doctor is enabled to convince himself, possesses, to use his own figurative phrase, “hair waving like the sea-weed, a brow white and smooth as the magnolia’s petals, and lips compared to which the fuchsia’s flowers looked pale,” to say nothing of teeth “like the jessamine’s buds when about to burst into bloom; and, to complete the botanical parallel, a figure supple as the liana, and straight as the fern tree.” Who could this beauty be? A slave, assuredly—her bare feet indicated that; but, notwithstanding her bondage, Dr Yvan was greatly captivated, and revolved schemes for her rescue. Unfortunately, in slave-holding lands, the abduction of a slave—though love and not lucre be its motive—is viewed as an ordinary theft, and punished accordingly—a circumstance destructive of romance. Dr Yvan began to detest Don Patricio, whom at first he had been disposed to like, on account of his clean linen, well-shaven chin, and gentlemanly demeanour. His admiration of the polished *fazendeiro* was further diminished by the discovery that he carried on the abominable traffic of a negro-breeder—that is to say, that he made a trade and profit of their production, as others do of cattle and horses. His extensive coffee-plantation was cultivated by hired labour. The cynical language in which he assimilated negroes to the beasts of the field—denouncing them as even less productive, since they yielded, unlike cows and sheep, neither milk nor wool—filled up the measure of Dr Yvan’s disgust. He returned to the house, still extremely curious to learn the nature of the ties existing between the *fazendeiro* and the beautiful woman he had seen. On passing before the door through which he had peeped at her, he found the keyhole stopped with a piece of wood; and, at dinner, he thought Don Patricio was constrained in his manner, and looked askance at him, as if informed of and displeased with his indiscretion. The meal over, the horses were brought round, and the travellers mounted. The doctor,

after bidding his host a rather cool farewell, was about to ride off, when Don Patricio again approached him, took his hand, and, drawing him towards him, said, in excellent French, and in a tone of ironical commiseration—

“My dear doctor, you pursue impossibilities. You will find it as difficult to persuade the Brazilians to emancipate their negroes, as to go love-making by passing through a keyhole.”

Aaron Bang and Thomas Cringle were not more completely taken aback when they heard the high-dried Spaniard, Don Ricardo Campana, rap out an objurgation in broad Scotch, than was Dr Yvan at hearing unexceptionable French in the mouth of the Brazilian negro-breeder, who, without giving him time to reply, dealt his horse a crack with his riding-whip, which set him off at a gallop. On his way to the magnificent cascade of Paquequer, which falls from a height of five hundred yards upon stupendous blocks of granite, and whose beauty is so great that he wonders it is not more celebrated in Europe, the doctor obtained from Emanuel Pinto, a Brazilian planter, some particulars concerning his late entertainer. Pinto was at first much surprised to hear that the travellers had passed the night at the mysterious dwelling, where none ever stopped, and begged to know *how* they had passed it.

“In company with all kinds of vegetables,” was the reply (the house was encumbered with stores and provisions), “and with a fine white bird, kept in a cage.”

“Did you see the bird?”

“Yes, through the keyhole.”

“Ah! he did not show it! And did Senhor Patricio tell you his name, his country, and his gods?”

“His name you have yourself spoken, Dom Patricio Tejeiro y Campillo; his country, Spain; his gods, a trinity—Frérêt, Voltaire, and Volney.”

“Three falsehoods in as many affirmations!” cried the Brazilian. “His name is Durand; he is a Frenchman; and he believes in nothing but the devil.”

“And the white bird?” I eagerly asked,

" 'The bird!—the bird!' repeated the *fazendeiro*, shaking his head; '*ma foi*, the bird is Brazilian.'

" 'The deuce it is! And pray in what part of your country are birds of that feather to be caught?'

" The Brazilian made no reply; he seemed reflecting. At last he again broke silence—

" 'That Durand is a devil of a man; but, pshaw! happen what may, I will tell you what I know about him. He does not know that I know you, and you will not tell him, I hope.'

" I made an affirmative sign, and Dom Emanuel proceeded—

" 'It is now about ten years since Durand arrived in the Brazils, accompanied by a Lisbon man, named Almeida. The pair, who seemed great friends, went into partnership, and took some sugar-works in the province of San Paulo. Their affairs were in a most prosperous state, when they suddenly and abruptly separated, with signs of violent irritation against each other. Neither of them ever revealed the cause of their mutual hatred. After their separation, Durand came into these parts, under pretext of superintending his little plantation, but in reality to turn negro-breeder. At this trade he has grown very rich. As to his former partner, he betook himself to the province of Minas-Geraës. On arriving there he purchased negroes, and established himself on the banks of a river, to collect the particles of gold washed down by the waters. A poor trade is that, *senhor*: gold is the most uncertain of crops! Amongst Almeida's slaves was one of those beautiful mulatto women from Ouro Preto, who cast a spell over the men who have once known them. The Portuguese had not bought this lovely girl to make her wash the river-sand; she was his wife rather than his slave, and he had a number of beautiful children by her. Meanwhile, his affairs went from bad to worse; but still he was never driven to extremities, for whenever he found himself in difficulties, an officious money-lender invariably came to his aid, and advanced the sum he needed. Soon it became known whose was the generous hand that had so perseveringly aided the unfortunate Almeida.

One day Durand presented himself before his former partner, accompanied by a legal functionary, and holding in his hand all the bills the Portuguese had signed. And as the unhappy debtor could not satisfy his inexorable creditor, the latter had all his property seized and sold. Of this property the slaves formed the chief part, and the beautiful mulatto and Almeida's children were seized as well as the negroes."

" 'Infamous!' I exclaimed.

" 'Why infamous?' was the Brazilian's phlegmatic reply; 'the laws so ordain it. The children follow the condition of the mother; the mother had not been emancipated, consequently the children were slaves. It is as clear as daylight. Almeida swore, stormed, threatened, but all was useless; mulatto, negroes, children, were all brought to the hammer, excepting Almeida's eldest daughter, whom Durand kept for himself, because she was beautiful, and because her father idolised her. He intended to break his former friend's heart by making her dig in the fields. But the charm possessed by all the Ouro Preto mulattoes came to the young girl's assistance. They say that Durand is in love with her, and that she drives him to despair by her disdain.'

" 'Ah! all the better,' I exclaimed; 'the poor slave will revenge her family.'

" 'Oh! you must not make too sure of that!' replied Senhor Emanuel; 'Durand is not the man long to play the part of a sighing lover. If the young girl exhausts his patience, he is capable of putting an iron collar round her neck, of sending her into the fields, and making her work at the canes. He will be as well pleased with her sufferings as he would have been had she returned his passion! Ah! he is a devil of a fellow, is that Durand; he alone could invent so fine a revenge.'

" 'But is all you have told me strictly true, Senhor Emanuel?' I asked, with an air of doubt.

" 'True,' replied the *fazendeiro*, 'as that you have before you the road to Novo Friburgo, and that I must here bid you farewell.'

Neither a fanatical emancipationist, nor a contemner of the rights of man,

whatever his colour, Dr Yvan's best wish for the negro is that he may become fit for freedom, which he evidently does not deem him at present to be. Further on, we shall come to striking pictures of the horrors of Brazilian slavery;—of the degradation of the slave we can hardly have a stronger example than is given in the description of Durand's breeding-stud, whose atrocious details we have abridged or omitted. We are now at Novo Friburgo. After six hours' unceasing ascent, the traveller reaches a precipitous summit, whence he descends into an extensive valley, inhabited by Swiss emigrants. Some twenty years since, a plan was formed for thus peopling a corner of the vast Brazilian empire. Agents visited Switzerland to recruit, and painted in glowing colours the happy lot awaiting the settlers. On arrival, the government allotted to every colonist a tract of fertile land, and paid him, for the first two years, a certain sum per annum. This latter measure was well meant, but injudicious. The emigrants, who probably were not generally of the steadiest and most industrious class of Swiss, finding their daily existence secured for a time, adopted the hunter's roving life, instead of clearing their land and building them habitations. The bounty of the Brazilian government exhausted, their gun was their sole support, and they scattered themselves over the interior of the country, leading a semi-savage life. Those who had been more provident and laborious at first, met with little success, owing to their having adopted a system of cultivation ill-adapted to the nature of the soil and produce. So that this first attempt at colonisation completely failed. Subsequently other emigrants arrived—Swiss, French, English, and German. They profited by their predecessors' experience, and were more successful. At the time of Dr Yvan's visit, the colony was flourishing. The first thing that had given it a little life and activity was the trade in objects of natural history. A colonist, whose position was then highly satisfactory, told the doctor, that during the first two years of his residence at Moro-Queimado (the name of the mountains in which Novo

Friburgo is situated), he annually sold six thousand francs' worth of parrot skins. Besides the European demand for these brilliant plumages, great quantities are used at Rio for the manufacture of artificial flowers. The chief products of the colony are mules, butter, and cheese; the soil, owing to its elevation (and like Mr Marsh's property), is not very productive. The aim of the colonists (characteristic of Swiss) is to entice summer visitors from Rio Janeiro, in order to enrich themselves by the money that these leave amongst them. Accordingly, a ball given during Dr Yvan's stay, and where French was chiefly spoken, was graced by the presence of a number of beautiful women from the Brazilian capital. An invitation was brought to the members of the embassy by an elegant young man, of most courteous manners, who did the honours of the ball with infinite grace, and himself opened it. Dr Yvan inquired who this gentleman was, and learned, to his surprise, that he was no other than the parish priest. The New Fribourgeois, it appeared, were grievously slack in religious matters; in vain for them did the mass-bell peal, until at last their pastor, finding they would not go to church, joined his parishioners in the ball-room, and installed himself as master of the ceremonies. Religious matters are in a deplorable state in the valley of the Moro-Queimado, and morals suffer accordingly. Dr Yvan acquired a strong proof of this, on his way back from the Swiss colony to Rio. Darien was the landlord of the venta of the *Boa Fama*, situated in the midst of a virgin forest, much frequented by *fazendeiros* and muleteers, and at which the Frenchmen made their first halt after quitting New Friburg. On the mats of the principal room two white children were playing. Dr Yvan asked Darien if he had been long married.

"About a month," was the reply.

"And these children?"

"*Ma foi!* they preceded the ceremony a few years. But one day, seeing my wife very ill (the doctor assured me she had but two days to live), I sent for the priest, and he married us."

Dr Yvan praised the innkeeper for having done so. Darien continued—

"People would marry more frequently in this country," he said, "were it not so dear. But here the sacraments are not given for nothing. My marriage, for instance, cost me forty milreas (about seven pounds sterling), and with forty milreas many things may be done. It is true that I had my two children baptised at the same time, and a third buried, who died whilst the priest was here! It was very lucky: I never liked funerals without a priest, and would rather have paid the money over again, although our *curé* is a deal more at home in the dancing room than in the pulpit."

It is hardly necessary to say that the *curé* alluded to was the dancing dervish of Novo Friburgo.

"As I left the *fazenda*," says Dr Yvan, "I saw our host's young wife. She was a fragile creature, her features soft and delicate; she was dressed in a poor pink gown, which frequent washing had robbed of its colour; this dress, perfectly clean, harmonised admirably with the wearer; the tints of her face seemed to blend with those of the almost colourless stuff. She sat beneath the broad leaf of a banana, which shaded her from the sun, and, with angelic gentleness, heard a little negro (a recent acquisition of Darien's), who crouched at her feet, repeat a few words of Portuguese."

After quitting the *venta*, reaching the plain, and passing through the thriving town of Santa Anna, the travellers reached the plantation of *Col-lege*, so called because it once belonged to the Jesuits. It is one of the finest properties in the Brazils, and gives employment to a thousand negroes, spread over an immense surface. Of the condition of these the following extract will give an idea:—

"The next day, very early, I visited the environs of the *fazenda*—it was a Sunday: the negresses were washing their clothes, to be worn the same day; others were preparing food upon a fire in the centre of their cabins; others, again, were cleaning the front of these miserable dwellings. The poorest huts of our peasantry, whatever the partisans of slavery may say, give no idea of such misery; they are dirty, smoky, horrible, I admit; and I would

gladly see them cleaner, more cheerful, more comfortable; but, at any rate, even in those frightful dwellings, there is a something denoting habits of possession. Here, inconceivable destitution reigns: a mat and a few earthen vessels are all the furniture; the damp earth is the floor, a few leaves the only roof.

"I went to the mill where the manioc is prepared; it was actively at work. That the slaves may not be spoiled by too much rest, they are made to labour until noon upon Sundays. I saw an unfortunate negress with an iron chain round her loins, its end secured to a regular dog-collar of the same metal. This horrible cravat had been riveted round her neck because she had attempted to run away. On going out of the mill, I found the *Senhor Administrador* himself condescending to beat a woman with the *chicote*. The sufferer was old and feeble; she received the blows on her bent body, and the man kept on striking, whilst a dog licked the poor creature's faded cheeks. I was at that time unacquainted with a Brazilian custom, which authorises any witness of a chastisement inflicted upon a slave to interpose and require his pardon. To make use of this right is called *apadrinhar*, to patronise (more literally, to stand godfather to) a slave. Ignorant of my power, I hurried from the afflicting sight."

Dr Yvan attended mass in the church pertaining to the plantation—an elegant building, overloaded with ornament, and which must have contrasted strangely with the motley aspect of the congregation. There was a large attendance of negroes and mulattoes from the surrounding country, and all were classed according to colour. The Europeans were placed in reserved seats; the *administrador* and his white subalterns had a private box; mulatto ladies, of a mahogany tint, were on chairs in front of the altar, behind them were others of a chocolate hue; the negresses knelt upon the ground, far in the rear. The white *senhoras* were decked out like shrines, with antiquated dresses, and enormous brilliants on their thick fingers. The celebration of the mass was tolerably decorous, but Dr Yvan was terribly shocked by the blas-

phemous levity of the scene that ensued. Forty slaves, who, notwithstanding the right of search, had been recently landed on Brazilian soil, were brought into the church; they were young lads and girls from ten to twenty years old, savage and stupid-looking. They were brought to the church for baptism. An adult negro and negress accompanied each one of the children; they were the godfathers and godmothers.

"The priest, a list in his hand, went in turn to every neophyte, and asked the customary questions; the godfather replied, and the sacrament of baptism was administered. We could not suppose that this solemn act could be made, even by a Brazilian clergyman—a subject of trivial pleasantry! Instead of placing, according to custom, a piece of salt upon the lips of these poor wretches, he made them open their mouths wide, and introduced a pinch of it into their throat. No sooner did the young negroes taste it than they spit it out, making a thousand grotesque grimaces, which greatly diverted the officiating divine. The children seemed to experience, for the unknown condiment, the same repugnance as did Robinson Crusoe's Friday; and the good father held his sides for laughter at every repulsive effort it occasioned them. When he poured the holy water upon their heads, it was still worse; he administered a complete *douche* to every one of them, accompanying the buffoonery with peals of laughter. The ceremony had been preceded by no instruction; the godfathers, poor negroes, who had never been better taught than the children, had sole charge of their religious education. And this is what is called, on certain plantations, making Christians!

"If I have dwelt upon the acts and behaviour of the priests of Novo Friburgo and of the College *fazenda*, it has been in no spirit of defamation, but to show into what a dissolute state the subordinate clergy sink, in countries remote from the great centres of population, and from the superintendence of bishops."

All these newly-landed negroes had, below the left clavicle, a wound more or less healed. It was a mark, the

administrador informed Dr Yvan, made with a red-hot iron at the place where they had been purchased. It consisted of the initials of the slave-ship, and of those of the master for whose account they had been bought.

There was nothing to tempt a long stay amongst these painful and degrading scenes, and the travellers left the *fazenda* the same afternoon.

After fording the river Macacon, they reached a village of the same name, whence the deadly fevers which rage at that season had driven the inhabitants. The houses were handsome, and, in the middle of a well-built square, stood a gallows capable of accommodating four patients at a time—just one more than the whole remaining population of the village. Apropos of this gallows, Dr Yvan mentions the curious plan adopted in Brazil to provide public executioners. When a culprit is condemned to death, he is also condemned to live until he has hung two, three, four, or five persons, according to his crime; so that he naturally takes the strongest interest in the public morality, and prays for light assizes and lenient judges.

On re-entering Rio Janeiro, the French embassy found the whole city one field of battle. On all sides were scenes of furious attack and obstinate defence; here were shouts of triumph, there cries of distress, and projectiles flew in every direction. The strife was not bloody; the projectiles were coloured balls of wax, egg-shaped, and filled with scented water. A reference to the almanack will show the cause of this perfumed warfare. The 19th of February 1844 was Shrove Tuesday, and the Brazilians celebrated, in their customary manner, the close of the carnival—on whose two last days it is there the fashion to testify one's exuberant spirits by drenching one's friends with sweet essences. The next day, wax candles and holy water succeeded to waxen eggs and perfumes; the churches were full, and in the afternoon there was a long and solemn procession.

Whilst reflecting on the heterogeneous composition of the population of Brazil, and on the want of a feeling of nationality and attachment to the soil, Dr Yvan's thoughts carried him

back to the time when Portuguese ships first discovered that fertile region. Portugal then commanded in India, her fleets shared in all the great maritime events of the period, and she had the power to found a vast empire. "One of those statesmen," he says, "whose precision transcends vulgar comprehension, did not wait till the events that succeeded the French Revolution had forced the house of Braganza to seek an asylum in its immense possessions, to prepare the translation of Portuguese royalty to the banks of the Amazon. On those celebrated shores he had had monuments constructed, more imposing than those of Rio, and destined to adorn and protect the future abode of kings. But the vast conception was never realised; and instead of the mighty empire which would have swayed America, guarded India, and of which the mother country would have been but an insignificant possession, there only remained, in Europe, a kingdom reduced to the feeble proportions of a second-class power—in America, a puny child, which, detached from the maternal breast, has all the qualities and all the faults of those precocious children to whom the liberties and privileges of manhood are too early accorded. Even a passing view of Brazil suffices to convince one that her liberal institutions are quite out of keeping with the intellectual development of her inhabitants, who have ideas and prejudices in direct contradiction to the constitutional system. And if Brazil preserves her unity, instead of following the example given her by the rest of South America, it must be attributed to her affection for her young emperor, to the wisdom of a few statesmen, of minds superior to the intellectual average in their country, and to the inspirations of the Rio press, which is directed by two of our countrymen with a talent and impartiality worthy of the highest eulogiums. Like England, Piedmont, Belgium, and Holland, Brazil has kept her liberties by keeping aloof from revolutions. The counsels of the monarchy of July have not been without influence on her destinies; may our last catastrophe not drag her down into an abyss!"

—A Brazilian government is anx-

ious to encourage immigration, and has made sacrifices to that end, but, as yet, without much success. In the case of the Swiss, we have seen the causes of failure. In other instances it arose from the natural unfitness of the immigrants for the life they went out to lead. Men whom fortune has frowned upon, and disaster discouraged, and who consider the game up in their own country, often seem to imagine that a change of hemisphere will supply those qualities whose absence has, in many instances, been the cause of their ill success at home. Others are unsuited, by the nature of their previous occupations, for the rough life of a settler in a new country. Thus, Dr Yvan tells us of one body of colonists which went out to Rio, headed by Dr Mure, an eccentric Frenchman, who proposed realising certain socialist theories on the virgin soil of South America. He was received with open arms, land was allotted and money voted him. The money, as well as his whole private fortune, was expended without result. And little wonder, when we examine the composition of his party, which included, says Dr Yvan, "I know not how many piano-tuners, eight or ten poets, six draughtsmen, and at least twelve dancing-masters."

One of the most striking deficiencies in Brazil is that of manufactures. The refined sugar consumed there is sent from Europe; every sort of fabric for clothing proceeds from France or England; the very ragouts served up at the *restaurateurs* of Rio, are for the most part concocted at Nantes or Marseilles. It has been suggested to the Brazilians to try to become rather less dependent on the foreigner; but they have a notion that if they did not go to him for manufactures, he might not take so much of their produce, so they continue to grow coffee in enormous quantities, and at a low price.

Reclining against a venerable block of granite, on one of whose faces are carved the arms of Portugal, and which was placed there by the discoverers of Brazil when they took possession of the country in their king's name, Dr Yvan, on the eve of his departure, looked out for the last time over the city of Rio and its

beautiful bay. The moon threw its clear white light upon every object; at anchor, off the town, the two French frigates seemed reposing after their long race. Rio was very still: to the tumult of the day, perfect calm had succeeded. The black population, forbidden to go out after certain hours, sat before its masters' doors, inhaling the fresh breeze of evening. Dr Yvan fell a-thinking. By what fatality, he asked himself, had the sable children of Ethiopia been condemned, during a frightful series of centuries, to abject servitude? Before visiting the Brazils, he had thought it explained by natural inferiority; but there he had convinced himself that negro intelligence is not inferior to that of an untaught, uncultivated white man. Whilst reflecting on the possible future destiny of the negro race, he was joined by an old monk, whom he had often met at Dr Mure's, and who was a fervent partisan of slavery and the slave-trade. It is unnecessary here to quote the dialogue that ensued. The monk, who had learned little tolerance during his seventy years' pilgrimage upon earth, scorned the Frenchman's newfangled views in favour of the accursed seed of Canaan, doomed, by biblical anathema, to eternal bondage. Independently of their ancestor's original sin, the blacks, the monk affirmed, were leagued with powers of darkness. In proof of this, and appealing to his white hair and sacred character as guarantee of his veracity, he then told the following extraordinary story:—

"I was younger than you," he said to Dr Yvan (who occasionally forgets to wear the venerable mask he assumed early in the volume), "when I made a journey, guided by a negro, through the Brazilian solitudes. In the depth of a forest, a slight dissension arose between myself and my guide. I spoke imperiously to him; I would have imposed my will upon him; when he, who had previously been humble and submissive, drew himself up to his utmost height, cast at me a glance of defiance, and said, insolently—

"We will soon see who shall ask pardon, the white man or the slave!"

"Having thus spoken, he whistled

in a strange manner, and forthwith there appeared, on the branches of the trees, out of the bushes, and above the green points of the herbage, the heads of thousands of hideous reptiles, hissing and angry, which writhed themselves to kiss the feet of the master who had summoned them, and who returned their horrible caresses. More than thirty years have elapsed since that day, but the sight is still present to my mind; it pursues me by day and disturbs my nights. I remained motionless; I uttered no sound—neither prayer nor supplication—when, upon another cry from my guide, the frightful vision vanished as it had come. Oh! believe me, there exists a mysterious bond between those horrible creatures, which all mythologies have taken as the symbol of evil, and the accursed race you pity!"

In vehement and passionate strain the old monk continued his denunciation of the negro. Dr Yvan listened to him in wonderment, and, on his return to his quarters, hastened to write down the singular conversation, which closes the section of his book devoted to Brazil.

"I forgot to mention," he adds, "that Father — had blue eyes, and that Esquirol has often told us that persons with blue eyes are more predisposed than others to mental derangement."

We pass over the chapter giving an account of what Dr Yvan saw during his short stay at Cane of Good Hope; not that it is interesting (nothing he writes is), but because it contains a little who have been a late years with w colony. and be conclu this to short v in the pen the quiking, Capto, nth's n v ank the me and i vo. ra. a' by little So in flowers and To find themsel was almost a country. The

was the 1st of May, St Philip's day, and the fête of the king of the French was celebrated with the customary pomp and rejoicing. After mass came the visits to the charming French creoles, who must certainly be classed amongst the most fascinating of womankind. Here is a description of the dwelling of one of them.

"Madam B——'s house differed in no respect from the other houses of St Denis. It was reached through a garden, full of the odorous trees of India; orange and shaddock trees, and mangoes with black and lustrous foliage. Above these masses of dark verdure, slender palm trees waved their graceful fans. A broad verandah, a sort of open gallery, extended along the front of the house. It is there that, according to George Sand, the happy colonists swing in hammocks, quaffing the *aromatic fahan*, and smoking scented cigarrettos. In reality, it is there that they drink strong coffee and talk scandal, reserving the aromatic fahan to cure their colds and coughs. As to the scented cigarrettos, they are replaced by enormous Manilla cheroots, compared to which our gendarmes' cigars are mere straws.

"The hospitable threshold crossed, we enter a vast saloon, whose windows are closed by blinds that allow free passage to the breeze. The walls, merely whitened, are adorned with bad engravings in splendid frames. The furniture displays all the best Parisian inventions; comfortable chairs, rich clocks, mirrors of astonishing dimensions; in short, everything that would be found in a sumptuous drawing-room in the Chaussée d'Antin, excepting carpets and curtains. . . . The lady of the house read, reclining on a sofa. In a distant corner were three or four women, of various colours, sewing and chattering in an under tone. Our presence did not interrupt their conversation. At Bourbon, Madame B—— passed for a woman of superior talents; at Paris she would have been considered perfectly elegant, but nothing more. Whilst we were sustaining, with much difficulty, a conversation that languished, she clapped her hands; it is the manner of calling servants in Bourbon. One of the

bronzed handmaidens immediately rose from her work at the other end of the room, and I then perceived that this handsome mulatto, otherwise well, almost elegantly dressed, in her gingham frock and China crape handkerchief, had neither stockings nor shoes. Her mistress sent her out. Before crossing the garden she took a silk parasol, the colour of a red poppy; opened it, to keep off the sun, and so trotted away, barefooted, through the streets, perhaps to execute a commission at the other end of the town. I then learned that in Bourbon shoes and stockings are reserved exclusively for free persons; law and custom will have it so. Hence the expression so common in the mouth of negroes praised for their intelligence—"I lack nothing but shoes!"

At dinner that day at the governor's, Dr Yvan sat next to the curé of St Denis, and the delicate subject of emancipation was broached. The priest was by no means an abolitionist. "The negroes," he said, "have not yet a sufficiently profound sense of religion; scarcely are they emancipated, when they refuse to attend to their duties as catholics, *pretending that they are free, and that they do like their former masters.*" Struck by this unintended satire, Dr Yvan artlessly suggests the propriety of making Christians of the white men, as a preliminary to Christianising the blacks. But as the former are not subject to the alternative of the whip or the confessional, they eschew sermons, and care little for the negro's soul so long as they derive good profit from the labour of his body.

After a week's stay at St Denis, the French envoy, his lady, and several members of the embassy, started on an excursion into the interior of the island. As usual, Dr Yvan was of the party. Their first pause was at the habitation of Mr P., a rich colonist, who had invited their visit. After an animated description of this plantation, the doctor drives over to the large sugar refinery of La Nouvelle Esperance, originally founded by an intelligent, enterprising Frenchman, with the view of making it a central establishment, to which small planters might take their crops for conversion into sugar.

"My friend and former partner, Mr Vincent," said Mr N., the proprietor of the establishment, "came to Bourbon very young, and would certainly have made a large fortune; he had ideas capable of effecting a revolution in the sugar manufactures of this colony, had not a premature and terrible death ruined our hopes and projects."

Something in the manner and mournful tone in which Mr N. uttered the name of his deceased friend, excited Dr Yvan's curiosity, and he took an opportunity to ask an old negro slave the circumstances of Mr Vincent's death. "Not know that, massa," was the reply, similar to that of a second negro whom the inquisitive doctor questioned. As it afterwards appeared, they both knew perfectly well, for they had been on the plantation at the time of the tragical event, of which Dr Yvan subsequently learned the details by inquiry of Mr N. himself. It was a singular episode of colonial life. Vincent was not a creole, but had gone out to Bourbon to seek his fortune. There was little doubt of his making it. His establishment at La Nouvelle Esperance prospered; he was married to a lady of high creole family, who had brought him a handsome dowery. His marriage proved very happy; he was rich, esteemed—everything favoured him. He did not live at the sugar factory, but sometimes with his mother-in-law, sometimes at his house in St Denis. One morning he took leave of his wife and children, saying he was going to La Nouvelle Esperance, and would return the next day. He did pass the day at the sugar works, and set out at night for St Denis, where he was to remain till the morrow. Mr N. was with him, and to him, during the ride, he talked a great deal about their business, explaining his ideas with respect to various projected improvements; he also went into some details concerning his private affairs, as if he wished to make his friend perfectly acquainted with his position. Mr N. rather wondered at this, for Vincent was a reserved man, and had never communicated to anybody the magnificent result of certain commercial operations which he had undertaken alone. On entering the town the two men parted. Vincent

went to his house, and to bed rather late. Towards four in the morning he got up and went out without disturbing anybody. A negro saw him going down the street in the direction of the sea, and crossing from one side to the other to avoid the building materials which encumbered the way. At the corner of the street he disappeared. Since that moment none had ever seen him.

"The most active and minute researches proved fruitless," said Mr N. "My unfortunate friend's disappearance was not certified till two days afterwards. At first his family felt no great uneasiness;—he was not known to have any enemy amongst the colonists, and he was beloved by his slaves, who were far better off than most other negroes. His absence was attributed to a sudden journey—a slave might have neglected to deliver a letter. Several days passed thus, hope hourly diminishing, until it was replaced by the gloomiest apprehensions. The whole island was explored; search was made in all the creeks and nooks of the shore; the negroes on every plantation near St Denis were questioned. These investigations led to nothing; Vincent had really disappeared; he was not to be found, either dead or alive. We retained but one last hope—a very feeble one. Upon the day that Vincent had left his house for the last time, a ship had sailed for Bordeaux; it was supposed that, for some inexplicable reason, he had secretly quitted the colony. I wrote to France. The answer was eight months coming; as I had foreseen, it destroyed our last hope. Our poor friend existed no more, and God alone knew where his mortal remains were hidden. His mysterious end gave rise to many conjectures. Some supposed that Vincent had committed suicide because he believed his ruin imminent; others affirmed that he had involuntarily perished during his morning walk upon the beach; a newspaper said that his negroes had murdered him, and that his body, torn to pieces, had been consumed in the furnace beneath the sugar-bollers."

"And you believe none of those suppositions to be the correct one?" said I to Mr N.

" 'None,' he quickly replied.

" Then, after a moment's silence, he added :

" ' Vincent was very dignified, very absolute, very proud. In his intercourse with the colonists there was a certain stiffness which shocked them. If one of these men, as energetic and absolute as himself, had insulted him in a discussion at which none were present, a mortal duel would have been the consequence. This duel would have taken place, like the quarrel, without witnesses. Vincent might have fallen.' . . .

" ' His body would have been found,' said I, struck by this conjecture ; ' some trace of blood would have remained upon the sand.' . . .

" ' The rising tide daily washes the shore,' replied Mr N., simply ; ' and a corpse with a stone tied to each foot remains at the bottom of the sea.' "

Quitting the spice-orchards and sugar-fields of Mr P.'s plantation, the travellers moved on to the more elevated regions of the island, and stopped at the house of Mr Per * * *, a silk-grower. This gentleman, before taking them over his establishment (the first which had been founded in Bourbon for the growth of silk), sat them down to a table covered with creole dishes. The coffee and fruit were the only things they could touch, owing to the tremendous seasoning, which rendered the diet impracticable to European palates. Dr Yvan grows indignant and profane at the recollection of this fervid feed—declares such highly-spiced viands to be fit for none but dwellers in Tartarus—and looks upon his host as a sort of fire-king, whose depraved taste would soon crave for gun-cotton and glowing embers. Then he passes on to the silk-worms, which are but of poor yield in Bourbon, owing to various causes which he ingeniously traces. The quality is fine, but the quantity very small. This the doctor attributes to the watery nature of the mulberry leaf in tropical countries, where heavy rains and great heat hurry its growth overmuch, and to the emanations from the hide of the negroes who tend the worm. The nerves of the most delicate lady who ever sank into syncope because somebody was smoking in the next house,

are, if Yvan be credible, hardy and well-strung compared to those of the silk-worm. The peasant of Provence, when educating the precious creature, abjures the garlic and onions to which he is naturally prone, lest he should spoil his pupil's appetite. And what, after all, the doctor suggestively inquires, is an onion-fed Provençal, compared to a negro on a hot day? The question is not one to which it is agreeable to ponder a reply.

The study of the negro slave interests Dr Yvan, who, in Bourbon, as in the Brazils, goes into extensive details of the African's habits, character, and condition—details which the emancipation that has since occurred tempted him, he says, to omit in his published work. He has done right to retain them ;—their importance may be diminished, but their interest is by no means impaired. What seems most to have shocked him was the sight of perfectly white slaves, the offspring of white men and half-breed women—slaves whose skin was as pure and transparent, and their beauty as great, as that of the most fashionable and fastidious creole dame. At a plantation-chapel, one Sunday, he saw a number of these, recognisable as slaves only by their bare feet. Saddened by the sight, he asked an overseer of the establishment how it was that those white men had not long since been manumitted. " Those, sir ! " was the reply, " they are *negroes* ! " Having one day to go to the frigate, the doctor took a boat rowed by two black men. A slave, who was to accompany him, made him wait, and he used an expression of blame. " Oh ! " said a rower, " them niggers are idle drunken liars ; they are not of the same race as we ! " The doctor stared, for the speaker was jet-colour. Taking the remark for an ironical reproach, his kind feeling suggested an apology. " I know," he said, " that the whites, too, are sometimes drunken, idle—" " No, no," interrupted Sambo, " we whites work ; we are careful—orderly." Dr Yvan gazed in amazement at the speaker's ebony visage, seeking in vain a redeeming tinge of white. Then, affecting disdain—" Do you think yourself whiter than your comrades ? " he said. The man bounded

upon his bench. "I! I am a white man, sir!" and, in proof of the assertion, he stuck out a hideous foot, encased in an enormous shoe. At Bourbon there was evidently nothing like leather. The creoles had got the habit of considering slaves as mere beasts of burthen, and, consequently, often treated them with barbarous severity. "At the *Hôtel Joinville* I saw a poor negro, named *Napoleon*, pitilessly beaten by a sort of dandy, because he had not been quick enough in bringing him change for a five-franc piece. The stupid perpetrator of this brutal act then walked proudly away, unconcerned by his victim's cries of pain. Cruel and contemptuous treatment has had the effect of rendering the negroes liars, treacherous, and vindictive." They have often been accused of being skilful poisoners, and have been hung on the strength of their reputation—very undeserved, according to Dr Yvan. It is not long since the belief was current at Bourbon, that they employed, as poison, the down of bamboo stalks. When anybody upon a plantation died suddenly, the negro huts were searched, and if any unlucky African had the fatal substance

in his possession, he was tried, and duly condemned to death. Mr Bernier, a physician at St Denis, protested against this, and convinced the bench of the fallacy of the opinion by swallowing, in its presence, a pinch of the vegetable dust.

Dr Yvan concludes his volume—"At Sea." Impelled by the powerful monsoon, the lively *Sirène* made her thirteen knots an hour, till she reached the Straits of Malacca, where she was assailed by one of the brief but violent squalls termed a *sumatra* in those latitudes. Next morning the sky was serene, the sun brilliant, the water calm, and clear as azure crystal. The voyagers caught some hydrophis, venomous sea-serpents, which resemble eels but for the absence of fins, and whose bite proved fatal to fowls presented to them; and "Dr Duval had the signal good fortune to fish up a *spirale de Perron* in a perfect state, perhaps the only one ever found in that condition;" after which announcement, doubtless of surpassing interest to the conchologist, the agreeable and intelligent Yvan lays down his pen. We shall meet him again when next he comes to an anchor.

LORD WELLINGTON IN SPAIN.

A FRENCHMAN has earned for himself the credit of having written the best eulogium of our departed Duke. Undoubtedly the most accurate portrait of the illustrious warrior, taken after death, is that magnanimously given to the world by M. Maurel, a native of that land which of all lands may best stand excused for not taking part in the funeral honours of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. The last record of praise is the most striking and truthful of all. The great organ of public opinion, whilst the hero's body was still warm, filled its capacious columns with the story of his victorious life. The poet-laureate accompanied the revered corpse to its last dwelling-place with the tenderest strains of unbought homage. Newspapers, agreeing in nothing else, struggled with each other to hold highest up in the air the emblazoned page of their darling's history; and the journalist, addressing himself to the unwashed readers of the tap-room, or to the less genial spouters of democratic clubs, found ready to his lips accents of praise as eloquent as any to be read in the annals of our literature. Generations must pass away before the people of this vast empire shall meet again in such harmonious and spontaneous gathering. Of all the great man's triumphs, the most extraordinary surely was his last. Alive, he overcame intolerable tyranny; but dead, he subjugated human passion as never it had been subdued before. Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, are names that may contest for military glory with that of Wellington; but where shall we look for so sublime a peacemaker? For a few brief hours on the 18th of November 1852, all men agreed to bury their animosities, their wrongs, their political prepossessions, and their personal concerns in one honoured grave. As on that day, by a singular coincidence, the rain, which had been con-

tinuous for weeks, suddenly held up, permitting millions to sally forth with safety on their errand of duty and love, and then poured down again as unceasingly and pitilessly as before, so did Britain suspend for a too short interval its normal state of party strife and agitation. Men thought of Wellington, and spoke of nothing else. The Tory honoured, the Whig praised, the Radical excused him. The Queen mourned in her palace, and the peasant was conscious of the solemn occasion in his hut. Sorrow was universal, and the worship was unique.

Still, M. Maurel's *éloge* at the tomb speaks more distinctly and faithfully of the services rendered by Wellington to Europe and humanity than even the national voice, which has bewailed the general loss with so unparalleled a grief. It is very natural that this should be so. The Frenchman stands afar off, and can discern with the spirit of a critic and a judge, if he chooses to be impartial, phases of character which our very proximity may hide altogether from view, or only partially reveal. We are too deeply interested in the *post mortem* examination to use with needful calmness and self-possession the knife of the dissector. Moreover, we are not distinguished performers in matters of this kind. We are not accustomed to funeral orations made over the grave, and in the presence of an admiring assembly. When we bury the immortal, we suffer the pastor to commit dust to dust without intruding upon his office, and the memory of the departed we hand over to the professional and competent historian. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is never more at home than when dilating at the tomb upon the distinctive qualities of its new inhabitant. His rhetoric is never more fervid, his epigram never more pointed, his critical acumen never more in request, than

The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge-Advocate General of the British Forces in the Peninsula. Edited by Sir GEORGE LARPENT, Bart. London. 1853.
The Duke of Wellington; his Character, his Actions, and his Writings. By JULES MAUREL. London. 1853.

on the solemn occasion. Let him travel where he will, he is still Marc Antony whenever he happens to lose his Cæsar; for the air is made to resound with his oratory, whether he be called upon to lament a general heroically killed in Algiers, or a tailor ignominiously slaughtered in a duel at Chalk Farm. The essay of M. Maurel has, therefore, a twofold recommendation: it is a speech at Wellington's grave, delivered by one whose mind has been trained for such displays; and it is, besides, the deliberate panegyric of a clever well-informed foreigner, whom the most envious can hardly suspect of a bias favourable to the hero.

The appearance of M. Maurel's *brochure*, small as the little volume is, must be regarded as a remarkable event, and one quite as satisfactory as it is extraordinary. It was just possible that, with pardonable vanity and enthusiasm, we had somewhat overrated the character of the man who gave us Waterloo and peace. When Englishmen are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful, and nothing is more easy than to repeat a fallacy so persistently that it shall finally assume the shape of sacred truth. To be thoroughly and satisfactorily assured of the value of the estimate our islanders had formed of their great Captain, it was absolutely necessary to have their verdict corroborated on good authority from abroad. Until the publication of M. Maurel's book, all such testimony was wanting. Emperors and kings had showered gifts on the successful soldier during his lifetime, but no competent pen, as far as we are able to learn, has cared, since the soldier died, to justify the countless honours he had won, or to endorse the unprecedented admiration of his own devoted countrymen. If any Englishman has for a single moment doubted the reasonableness of his adoration, he must now be satisfied. If he lack motive for his faith, he will find it gravely submitted to him by one who owes Wellington no fealty, and who cannot place one stone on the Englishman's monument without running the risk of doing violence to his own vanity or self-esteem. If we have overrated the genius of our Captain,

we have at least committed the error in company with his foes; for our excusable panegyrics are repeated and justified by those who have neither excuse nor motive for unwarrantable praise.

M. Maurel, as we are informed by Lord Ellesmere, is a gentleman of "high private character, as well as established literary reputation." Formerly, it would appear, he resided in Paris, and was a distinguished contributor to the *Journal des Débats*; now he is well known in the highest "literary circles in Brussels;" from which significant fact we may reasonably conclude that his literary genius is no longer acceptable to the highest political circles of the French capital. Whatever may have been the offence which has thrown M. Maurel upon the hospitality of the good people of Belgium, it may not be uncharitable to suspect that, but for his expatriation, we should hardly be favoured now with the candid and creditable essay, the very singularity of which has taken the world by surprise. Up to the present moment, as M. Maurel states with a blush of indignation, no French historian has had the courage to write a history of the war in Spain and Portugal. "Hundreds and thousands of volumes," he tells us, "have been published, within the last forty years, on the sunny season of the empire; for forty years literary men in France have been fencing about Austerlitz and Jena, about the campaigns of Egypt and the Pyramids, and about the romantic catastrophe of Moscow, where the frost played so great a part. Yet not a syllable is uttered respecting the three invasions of Portugal, and the memorable events which transpired in Spain—occurrences that exerted a decisive influence on the fall of the empire. Not a single historical monument exists in France in connection with the Peninsular war." The remarkable omission is the more vexatious, because, there can be little doubt, from the specimen submitted by M. Maurel, who has the merit of having first broken silence on this interesting topic, that a Frenchman has only to write what he believes about Wellington and the war in Spain, in order to confirm and establish all that the most ardent admirers of the great

Duke's genius, upon this side of the Channel, have, from first to last, asserted of his merits. For our own part, we are free to confess that M. Maurel's contribution to history would not have been less welcome had it appeared during his own popularity in France, and not waited for the period of his banishment. As it is, the testimony in favour of our great Captain may, in the minds of the uncharitable, especially in France, look more like malice against the uncle of the present Emperor, than spontaneous evidence in favour of Wellington. "The gap in French military history," writes M. Maurel, "is the more to be regretted, because, in many cases, the most important occurrences are not even mentioned by the *Moniteur*." Yet how long, it may be argued, has M. Maurel the essayist himself deliberated before making good the breach, and repairing the fault of the newspaper! Who shall say how potently the writer might have influenced the mind of France, hitherto more ignorant of the Duke of Wellington and his campaigns than of the war of the Peloponnesus, had he laboured to establish the pre-eminent claims of Wellington previously to the last *coup d'état*? Postponing his excellent vindication, M. Maurel has indeed satisfied justice; but he has missed the very object he professes himself most anxious to accomplish. As far as enlightening the minds of his own countrymen is concerned, his labour, for the present, has been in vain. Not a copy of his *brochure* is to be procured in Paris, where its circulation is strictly interdicted. If Frenchmen may hitherto stand excused for maintaining that the Peninsular war is nothing more than a fiction, invented by the Emperor's enemies, since it is nowhere to be found in French literature, their apology shall still hold good, in spite of M. Maurel's laudable efforts to make it of no avail. His translated essay may be purchased in Albemarle Street, London, but not a line of the original can be read in France. Napoleon the Third is the nephew of a demigod, or he is nothing at all; and certainly no small proportion of the divinity is lost when it comes in contact with that rigid piece of humanity that once bore the

name and title of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. How, then, shall M. Maurel's panegyric of the Englishman find currency, or even a resting-place, in the present empire of France? M. Maurel further regrets that silence in France has been so long and so jealously maintained with respect to the Duke's battles in Spain, inasmuch as, by withholding all mention of them, French historians give rise to the suspicion that the unhappy war was carried on "with the most exaggerated sentiments of hatred, and with a frightful appetite for vengeance." Now, so far from this being the case, in respect at least of the French and English soldiery, the beholder, as M. Maurel very justly observes, "is astonished at the chivalric courtesy that always prevailed between the generals, the officers, and even the private soldiers of both armies." Alison and Napier have both testified to the truth of this assertion, and Mr Larpent's diary, recently published, furnishes evidence upon the point which, coming from an eyewitness, has especial interest at this moment. Writing on the 5th of December 1813, and from headquarters, Mr Larpent says:—

"A few years back, in Spain, the British were uneasy when a French army patrolled within thirty miles of them. Now we have all got quietly into quarters—are nearly all housed; and three-fourths of us go to sleep tranquilly every night, and our front is within sixty yards of the French. Colonel S—— tells me he went to breakfast with Colonel H——, the assistant adjutant-general of the sixth division at Ustaritz, and there they were in a house, with their breakfast-table within about fifty yards of the French sentry, and within about two hundred of the whole French picket, who by one volley might have broken all their cups and saucers, if not their heads. The other day, a Portuguese brigade had a field-day close to the river in the meadows, and all the French came down to look at them, and, I have no doubt, from the general report, to admire and approve; whilst, on the other hand, in the meadows on the French side, the French conscripts are brought down to be drilled; sometimes five or six squads are seen at once, and any one of the sergeants might be knocked on the head all the time by our sentries; but this is now all well understood, and

we thus quietly bully or bravado each other."

Again, on the 4th of the following January:—

"We carry on war in a very civilised manner, especially if a little anecdote I heard yesterday be correct. I was told that one of our officers (I believe Major G——) was riding a troublesome horse close to the French pickets; and partly from the violence of his horse, and partly from his own inadvertence, he got close to a French sentinel. The latter called out several times that he was French, and ordered him off, and at last presented his bayonet. The horse still plunging on, and the officer apparently not understanding the man, the French sentry turned the horse the other way by the bridle, and sent him back without offering any harm to either beast or rider, though he might have killed or taken both. This morning we had another instance on our side. A French officer's wife came in from Bayonne to follow her husband, a prisoner in England. We had a boat in from Sacca to take her upon the beach, to carry her round by sea to Passages, and an order from Lord Wellington waiting for her there, for a passage to England as expeditiously as circumstances would permit."

M. Maurel's examples are equally interesting and consolatory. Horrible and afflicting as the war was, and as all wars must be, one cannot read such details without sharing in all the gratification expressed by the Frenchman as he records the mutual good feeling of contending armies, whose chivalry Napoleon had the meanness and moral cowardice, by the silence of his organs, to ignore. "Some days before the battle of Salamanca," writes M. Maurel, repeating the story told by Napier, "the army of Lord Wellington and the army of Marshal Marmont were encamped on the banks of the Douro. The English and the French soldiers passed the river in numerous groups, and paid each other visits like old friends; they chatted together in the most peaceful manner about their past battles, and those in which they might be engaged in future. There were moments when the two camps, placed on the opposite banks of the Douro, seemed to belong to one and the same army, so hard it is to make brave men hate each other."

Since the appearance of M. Maurel's

little volume, a remarkable confirmation of his, as well as of Mr Larpent's statements, with reference to the mutual good feeling and forbearance of the contending armies in Spain, has reached us from the most undoubted source. In the current number of *The Quarterly Review*, some extracts are given from a few MS. notes, made at various times, by an early and intimate friend of the Duke's, of conversations held with the great Captain; and certainly not the least welcome of such memoranda, are those which bear witness to the gentleness and chivalric bearing of the men whose bloody trade induces the world so readily to regard them as wholly bereft of all the finer emotions. In one of his conversations with his friend thus authoritatively spoke the Duke:—

"The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be very civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees; and the advanced posts and pickets were on the most friendly terms. One instance I particularly remember. There was a small public-house beyond the Adour, where the English used to cross over and sup with the French officers. And on the lines before Bayonne, a French officer came out one day to our advance-posts, and, saluting the English officer, inquired whether some of our parties had not possessed themselves of three muskets and three sets of accoutrements of a French party. Inquiry was made, and the arms, &c. were found. It appeared that the English soldiers had given the French some dollars to buy them some bottles of brandy, but, not trusting entirely to the honour of the enemy, had insisted on keeping these muskets, &c. as a pledge that the brandy should be forthcoming. The dollars were paid, and the Frenchmen got their accoutrements again. The advance-posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army was advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts cried out to ours, '*Courez vite, courez vite! On va vous attaquer.*' I always encouraged this: the killing a poor fellow of a vidette, or carrying off a post, could not influence the battle; and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way."

Listen, for another moment, to the iron Duke—a strange misnomer here!

He is asked by his friend whether he was close enough to see Buonaparte at Waterloo? "Why," replied the hero, "we were close enough to see, but not to distinguish. In the morning, before the battle began, I could see a body of officers moving along their lines, and we had no doubt that this was Buonaparte and his staff. I think we heard the cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' but I can't say that I distinguished his person. A battery near me had a mind to fire upon this assemblage, but I stopped them."

It was then asked whether he might not have spared thousands of brave lives, by shedding the blood of this one; and thus he answered: "It may be so, but that was my way of carrying on the war throughout. I discouraged surprises of outposts, and the firing on videttes and sentries: the death of a few poor fellows thus picked off does no service. To be sure, when the fate of these two great armies, and indeed of all Europe, was concentrated in a single man, as in this case, the general rule might not apply, but I felt at that moment about Buonaparte as I should have done about any general of his staff."

It is instructive to compare this gallant bearing of the Duke's towards the European oppressor, with the feeling displayed on all occasions against the Duke by Napoleon, and with the language, especially, in which the latter at all times welcomed his rival's name and achievements. In pursuance of his "way of carrying on the war throughout," Wellington refused to take by questionable means the life of a man whose very existence was a scourge to the human race, and whose removal from earth at the time would have spared whole rivers of blood, and domestic misery beyond all calculation. When the war was at an end, and when time sufficient had elapsed to heal at least personal hatreds, Buonaparte made his will, and, amongst other bequests, left a legacy of ten thousand francs to a miscreant who, not long before, had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington.

M. Maurel, who thinks it unsafe to make too free with rhetorical comparisons, agrees entirely neither with those who regard Wellington as a modern Fabius, nor with those who,

following Napier, discover in him all the qualities of Scipio. Assuredly had Arthur Wellesley exhibited throughout his unsullied military career no tactics more aggressive than those of Fabius, we should not be able to say of him as Ennius said of Maximus, that *cunctando restituit rem*, for it required something more in Wellington than modest caution to overcome one renowned warrior after another, and finally to fight his way to the very presence of the greatest warrior of them all. Nor can we suppose that Wellington derived any portion of his strength from the belief that animated Scipio from the first moment of his triumphant course, and sustained him to the last—to wit, the sublime conviction that he held office directly from the gods, and that he performed all things in humble obedience to divine revelation. Had Wellington been Fabius, and nothing more, he would, as M. Maurel justly remarks, have rendered immense service to his country, but he would have done only half his work. Had he assumed the preposterous claims of Scipio, we cannot but think that the very men who trusted implicitly to his genius and common sense, and fought to the death in virtue of their faith, would have blushed to submit to such hypocritical audacity.

But if Arthur Wellesley did not receive his instructions directly from the gods, as little is he to be regarded as the mere darling of fortune. "English writers, in their history of Wellington," says M. Maurel, "appear to grudge Providence a share in even the smallest detail." French writers are still more culpable when they attribute every one of his successes to the merest chance and good-luck. Henceforward no Frenchman, who shall be permitted to read M. Maurel's essay, can stand excused for persisting in their wilful error. M. Maurel has indicated the Duke's intellectual character in a sentence. It was his especial merit to have discovered at the outset how Napoleon must be wrestled with, and to have followed up deliberately the steps essential to complete that gigantic labour. When Wellington first took part in the European struggle, the great Continental powers "had thrice en-

tered the ring, and had thrice received a fall : nor did they seem to have profited by the lesson ; their finest armies had been beaten, and their most renowned commanders had shown their inability to match the common foe. These Continental powers were endowed with resolution and patriotism ; they were governed by statesmen of consummate ability, but they wanted a general. They had hit on no expedient for getting out of the quagmire in which they had so often stuck fast. They wished to recover what they had lost in a day, with equal facility, and by playing the same losing game. They strove to clear the abyss by one bound." Such was the position of affairs when Wellington appeared. Austria, Prussia, and Russia, laid low on one field of battle, rose again, closed madly with their victor, and were compelled to eat the dust as quickly upon another. They met blow with blow, and answered defeat by abortive attack. "Amidst the whirlwind," writes M. Maurel, "one man alone scanned the situation with a steady eye, and measured the whole depth of the chasm. Wellington was aware that fortune could not change sides at a leap, and that it was only after repeated trials that you could win her favours : he saw at once that Napoleon was not to be beaten *à la Napoléon*—with his own weapons ; that it was folly to stake all on one cast of the die, and to beard his colossal antagonist in his own stronghold ; and that, before acquiring the art of gaining great victories, it was necessary to begin by learning to avoid defeats, and for a time to decline all engagements." The idea was simple enough—the most practical and useful ideas are—but as the Frenchman shrewdly observes, men of the greatest ability, in theory and practice, in the cabinet and in the field, had groped about for fifteen years in search of the idea, and yet had failed to grasp it after all !

To Wellington's countrymen there will appear nothing new in this statement. But M. Maurel, tracing the whole of Wellington's difficult but triumphant course by the light of this theory, which the Englishman, he says, "had clasped with all the stubborn tenacity of his race," detects

the highest wisdom in every step—intimate connection in every act—and legitimate success, waiting upon instructed genius, crowning all. Fortune steadily favoured the illustrious chief, because he wooed her with self-denial, self-subjugation, self-forgetfulness. She rewarded him with her smiles, because she ever rewards the intelligent, the brave, the persevering, the simple-minded, and the patient. Before he could enjoy, he was convinced he must endure—before he could advance, he must draw back—before he could strike, he must condescend to be suspected of stubbornness or fear. The men of the Continent believed it to be the perfection of strategy to give back blow for blow, and to avenge one defeat by laying bare the breast for another. Wellington, by an effort of, it may be humble genius, but of genius nevertheless, discovered that, in the warfare in which he found himself engaged, "they also serve who only stand and wait ;" that, in fact, the highest service might consist in the exercise of the most rigid abstinence.

In 1809 his plans were made. He set foot in Portugal, and requested that his English army should be raised to 30,000 men. "If I cannot succeed with 30,000 soldiers," he wrote at the time, "I shall not succeed with 100,000. This number will suffice." "His intention was to weary out the French armies, to ruin their discipline and their *matériel*, to use up the generals one after the other, to form national armies in the Peninsula ; and, on the first diversion in another part of Europe, he inferred that the question of the emancipation of Spain and Portugal would be speedily settled." By the end of 1811 some of the great results of his policy were made manifest to the world. In doing nothing he had achieved everything. He had not indeed vanquished Napoleon, but he had sagaciously foiled his hitherto invincible marshals, and given to the armies of Europe the only thing of which they stood in need, viz., a name in which they could confide—a man in whom the unshaken faith of millions could centre, just as the hope and reliance of France had become bound up with the dreaded name of Napoleon. For

years Europe had languished for such a man, and by the close of 1811 it had found him. But had the hero been less heroic than he proved himself, the name had still been wanting, and Europe at this hour might still be groaning in her chains. Other men owe success to circumstances—to external aid—to help derived from their fellow-men: Wellington could look to nothing but himself. Responsible to the whole world, that world gave him, in his critical hour, neither confidence nor support. Firm as a rock in his determination to avoid attack until the proper hour for offensive warfare should arrive, he received the scoffs of Englishmen, the accusations of Spaniards, the taunts of Portuguese, the impatience of his own soldiery, with an unshaken serenity that has known no parallel, and with a conviction of the righteousness of his work, which, if it had been less than a religion, would never have sustained him through the crisis of his fate. M. Maurel recapitulates in a line or two the service rendered, in the course of four years, by Wellington, during which period he exhibited, indeed, something more than the caution which, being the highest, is also the sole excellence of that Fabius with whom the Duke has been so frequently compared. "In 1808, the army of Junot had capitulated at Lisbon. In 1809, Marshal Soult had been surprised in Oporto, and obliged to evacuate the northern provinces in the greatest precipitation. In 1811, after an obstinate struggle, the grand army, commanded by Marshals Ney and Massena, had been finally driven out of Portugal. It was the same general who had beaten Junot, Soult, Ney, and Massena; it was he who had repelled the invasions of 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811." By steadily and immovably following out the principle, in virtue of which the sagacious eye of Wellington foresaw, at so great a distance, rescue for Europe, he had effectually stopped the tide of invasion, had thrown back the horrid flood, and had restored the confidence of the myriads who, for eighteen years, had known nothing but humiliation, suffering, defeat. Less patience, less self-denial, less self-confidence, would have failed of these stupendous objects; and in

what page of history shall we look for the warrior having all these qualities in the strength and fulness in which our Wellington possessed them?

From the commencement of 1812, until the close of the Peninsular war, Lord Wellington was another man. He had proved to mankind that he knew well how to stand aloof with advantage; he was now to teach them that he could advance with credit and accumulating renown. "He had deceived his enemies before by the excessive prudence and the apparent timidity of his resolutions, and now he is about to deceive them by the boldness and speed of his movements, which, being unexpected, will be additionally dangerous." He is Fabius no longer. Hitherto he has husbanded his resources, now he flings them away with a reckless hand, solicitous for nothing but conquest. The first great act of his drama is played out, and he buckles on his armour and sharpens his weapons resolutely for the second. What looks like inconsistency is no contradiction. The time has come for vigorous action, and the lion, conscious of the emergency, stalks from his jungle and pursues his prey. The Captain has no fear for his followers; they have been taught to trust to his genius, and they question it no longer. If Napoleon's name is a tower of strength, that of Wellington has become an impregnable citadel. The rivals are fairly matched, though one of them will not yet condescend to believe it.

Follow Wellington in his victories of 1812, and who will detect in the passionate eagerness of the warrior of that year one trace of the careful, scrupulous, and impassable tactician of the year before? The year has scarcely opened before he has crossed the frontiers of Portugal, invested Ciudad Rodrigo, and carried it contrary to all the rules of war. In March, before the enemy is aware of it, he lays siege to Badajoz, and is master of the place whilst Soult is on his road to relieve it. Five thousand men are left dead at Badajoz, two thousand had fallen at Ciudad Rodrigo. Twelve months ago Fabius was chary of a single regiment; now he disdains to calculate his losses. The time has come when he must have the

keys of Spain—he holds out his iron hand to grasp them, and he is not the man to take refusal. In June he crosses the Agueda, and marches on Salamanca. In July, Salamanca gives him another victory. In August he reaches Madrid, and expels Napoleon's brother from that city. In September he delivers the southern provinces of Spain, and, flushed with success, proceeds at once northward to lay siege to the castle of Burgos. Burgos did not yield victory to Wellington, but it gave him glory nevertheless. Upon the point of being enveloped by all the French troops in Spain, the British general was compelled to raise the siege, and to take refuge in Portugal. It was Wellington's solitary check in the Peninsula, and M. Maurel entreats his readers to note the misfortune, if only to behold shining within it, in undiminished lustre, the brightest jewel that ever adorned the military character. It was easy, after his brilliant successes, for Wellington to lay the blame of Burgos upon other shoulders than his own. In his despatches Wellington unostentatiously takes all blame upon himself, and points out what he ought to have done in order to avoid discomfiture. "Here," M. Maurel well remarks, "we have the man. This is his mode of settling accounts with his government, and with fortune. This is the reason why all the documents he has left possess so great a value. In his admissions, every word that occurs is an instructive protest against falsehood, against the lack of integrity, against a slippery conscience, and against every kind of quackery. For this reason, this man will gradually force the admiration and the respect of the very persons who think themselves the most firmly rooted in their hatred of him."

The brilliant achievements of 1813, notwithstanding the temporary check at Burgos, threw the victories of 1812 into the shade; and yet the beginning of the year promised no such results. Wellington, once more in Portugal, received intelligence that the French generals were again masters of Madrid. Suffering humiliation in Russia, Buonaparte himself, in the most trying hour of his fiery career, had evinced

matchless energy, and, in personal command of a numerous and compact army, was menacing Germany with destruction. Never had the grandeur of Napoleon's character looked so striking as at this moment. The flower of his army had been left to starve and perish amidst Russian snows. Flying from Moscow, he reached the streets of Paris alone and unattended. Weaker men would have succumbed to Fate; Napoleon rose superior to it. The whole civilised world was against him, yet he challenged it again single-handed to the fight. With the swiftness of lightning a new army was collected; all the *matériel* of war was forthcoming, and the undaunted man was at the head of his troops defying the roused spirit of Germany, now madly throbbing for revenge. Marvellous intrepidity, superhuman energy, how shall we look on and not admire! The activity was not without its effect. Napoleon gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and forced the Allies to sign the armistice of Pleswitz on the 1st of June 1813. But by the 23d of the same month Wellington had performed still greater deeds. At the beginning of May he was still in Portugal; before June closed he was on the French frontier. "In forty days Wellington turned, one after the other, all the positions occupied by the French armies of the centre, of the south, and of the north, and crossed the Tormes, the Douro, the Esla, the Carrion, and the Ebro. He had reached Vittoria; he had gained a decisive battle; he had expelled King Joseph not only from Madrid, but from the Peninsula; he had established his army in the Pyrenees, and it was in his power to invade France whenever he chose." Whatever advantage had been won by Buonaparte at Lutzen and Bautzen, was more than neutralised by the gain of Wellington at Vittoria. The time had not yet come for the two warriors to meet face to face; but the coming on of the victor must have been apprehended and dreaded afar off, for every blow struck in Spain carried visible calamity to the very couch of the Corsican usurper;—as well it might, since it robbed him of every spoil that he had clutched elsewhere.

What remains to tell of the glories won in the Peninsula may be summed up in a very few words. On the 28th and 30th of July, Wellington fought two sanguinary battles before Pampeluna, forcing Marshal Soult to retire. On the 31st of August he had taken San Sebastian, and had won the battle of San Marcial. On the 8th of October he forced the passage of the Bidassoa and invaded France. The 10th of November saw him victor at the battle of Nivelle; the 12th of December conqueror at Bayonne. In January, 1814, Wellington passed the Garves; on the 27th of February he won Orthes; on the 10th of April fighting ended with the disputed but undoubted victory of Toulouse. Seven campaigns had been prosecuted in the Peninsula, and during their progress, as M. Maurel bids us remark, Wellington had passed through all the trials that could be presented by fortune, and had proved himself equal to every emergency. Against the opinion of his own countrymen, and in spite of the clamours of those he came to serve, he carried on defensive war, and succeeded. He carried on a war of ambuscades and reprisals, and succeeded also. He assumed the offensive, and no man could withstand him. He marched forward and swept away opposition with the force of a torrent; he conducted long and difficult retreats, and no pursuing hand was strong enough to break him. Try the man, then, by what estimate you please, and you find no flaw or shortcoming in his difficult course. We are not of those whom M. Maurel accuses of denying to overruling Providence all share in Wellington's victories: we contend simply that Providence helped Wellington, as Invisible Superintendence is apt to aid all earthly strivers, by means of the right arm of the actor himself. Had Wellington failed in genius, in industry, in perseverance, in sublime self-command, he would have appealed in vain to Fortune, who, as if indeed she were but a spirit of this world, smiles most graciously on those who are best able to take care of themselves. To assert that Wellington owed everything to chance, is to speak with the voice of downright ignorance, or of still more pitiable

malice. Every military act in the Peninsula was a link in the great argument he had propounded to himself on first undertaking command, and the last triumphant feat was the logical and long-expected result of his far-seeing and sagacious combinations.

It was towards the close of 1812, and after the unsuccessful attempt upon Burgos, that Mr Larpent joined the army in Spain. From the short memoir prefixed to Mr Larpent's Journal, and written by his brother, we learn that the journalist was the eldest son of John Sparrent, Esq., of East Sheen; that he was educated at Cambridge, where he took his degree as fifth wrangler; that he subsequently studied the law under an eminent special pleader, Mr Bayley; that in due course he was called to the bar; and that in 1812, being in his thirty-sixth year, "he was tempted by the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, then Judge-advocate-general, to leave his profession, and to accept the situation of Judge-advocate-general to the armies in Spain under the command of the late Duke of Wellington, to remain at headquarters with his grace, and to manage the courts-martial throughout the army." The Diary kept by Mr Larpent during his brief residence in Spain—for, at the close of the war in 1814, Mr Larpent returned home with the last detachment of the British army from Bordeaux—is made up of letters written to his step-mother; and all the epistles, we are informed, are published, with some slight exceptions, exactly as they were written. We are bound to say that the letters might have been penned with greater care, and in a happier style. They do not carry an academic grace with them. Making every allowance for the circumstances under which they were composed, we cannot understand why they should have no better claim upon our approval than the letters of an indifferently educated school-boy. The construction of Mr Larpent's sentences is loose, and frequently perplexing—his grammar not always exact—and his taste by no means commendable. At times we are compelled to doubt that the correspondence was originally addressed

to Mr Larpent's mother, so very questionable are some of the subjects introduced into it; and, upon the whole, we cannot but think that the reader would have been much better satisfied, and certainly not less edified, had Mr Larpent's father, or some other male relation, received the documents. Had they not been addressed to a lady, it is charitable to hope that the amount of grain would have borne a handsomer proportion to the large quantity of chaff which the three volumes contain. All that relates to Wellington in Mr Larpent's Diary—and we are sorry to say this is not much—is of the highest interest. When the hero is off the stage, no other interest whatever arises to supply his place.

When we get close to the Duke, however, as Mr Larpent's volumes occasionally bring us, it is consolatory to find that proximity by no means impairs the judgment we had formed at a distance. The picture loses nothing from a near inspection. Mr Larpent, who meets Lord Wellington in familiar intercourse every day, transacts business with him, and then hastily writes home an account of his proceedings, sketches off, in a line or two, a portrait, the sharp and well-defined lineaments of which are not to be mistaken. M. Maurel had written and sent forth his little *brochure* before the Judge-advocate-general's Diary had appeared to testify to the truth of the high estimate he had conceived of Wellington's military character. The French essayist will not be sorry to find the most valuable of all testimony following immediately upon his clever thesis. He will be gratified to learn that all the qualities of which he asserts the English general to have been possessed, are broadly marked in the personal descriptions now placed before him, although written off-hand forty years ago. But he will be something more than gratified: he will be vastly amused and perfectly astonished. We cannot think that M. Maurel is prepared to hear—we were certainly not prepared to read—that whilst Lord Wellington was patiently and deliberately carrying out in Spain the great scheme of European liberation which he may be said to have organised in

his own mind before he set foot in the country, he was also a mighty hunter, a *bon-vivant*, and a lover of his bed o' mornings. It would really appear, from Mr Larpent's narrative, that nothing equalled the activity and devotion of Wellington's mind when he had earnest business to do, except the perfect elasticity and ease of mind and body in the same man when all business was over. "The Duke," said one of his aides-de-camp on one occasion in our hearing, "thought of nothing but his work whilst he was at it. When work was done, he never thought of it again. Between deciding upon an important movement and acting on the decision, he conducted himself as equably as though he had never had anything of importance to engage him." Mr Larpent's account verifies this statement to the letter.

The Judge-advocate-general joined Lord Wellington at Rueda (headquarters), on the 5th of November 1812. He announces the circumstance in the following words: "I was introduced to Lord Wellington this morning, and delivered my letters. He was very courteous. We conversed for half an hour, and I am to dine there at six to-day, in full uniform. He is to send me fifty cases against officers, to examine, in order to see if any can be made out on evidence, which is the great difficulty." A month's experience affords the legal gentleman some idea of the character he has to deal with. "Lord Wellington," he writes in December, "whom I saw every day for the last three or four days before he went" (he was off to Cadiz or "somewhere"), "I like much in business affairs. He is very ready and decisive, and civil—though some complain a little of him at times, and are much afraid of him. Going up with my charges and papers for instructions, I feel something like a boy going to school. I expect to have a long report to make on his return." Lord Wellington is not long absent. From Cadiz he had gone to Oporto, where he was much feted, and entertained with dancing every night—"with which he was much pleased;" for his lordship, be it known, is as fond of the world's good opinion as the rest of us—though he takes his own straightforward and independent

way of winning and enjoying it. He is, in truth, addicted to taking his own way in everything. Back at headquarters, he mounts his horse and becomes a sportsman. "Lord Wellington has a good stud of about eight hunters; he rides hard, and only wants a good gallop, but, I understand, knows nothing of the sport, though very fond of it *in his own way*." We learn afterwards that "he hunts every other day almost;" but "he makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. *He reads and looks into everything*. He works until about four o'clock, and then, for an hour or two, parades, with any one he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese), in his grey greatcoat." By degrees Mr Larpeut begins to feel less like a school-boy in his interviews with the "Peer," as he is called at headquarters. "Lord Wellington," he writes on the 7th February 1813, "is now much more easy with me, and seems to trust to me more; and, yesterday, I was pleased when he said, 'If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you suppose I was plagued when I had to do it all myself?'" But his lordship "*trusts*" implicitly to no one. "He thinks and acts quite for himself—*with* me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have, however, not found what Captain — told me I should—that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him; on the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials, when an acquittal must be the consequence."

If his lordship is "a little hasty in ordering trials," he is sedate and cool enough, in all conscience, when undergoing trial himself. Here are a couple of notable instances: "Once, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing; but on some prisoners being brought in, and

being asked what French division and how many men were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army was there. All he said was, quite coolly, 'Oh! they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind a little what we are about, then.'" The following is still better: "Soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeida, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him 'the French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone'—the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeida, and preserved Portugal—he only took the razor off for one moment, and said, 'Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well:' and then another shave just as before, and then not another word till he was dressed."

The firm hand that held the razor belonged to a body framed for the hardest endurance. The very pleasures of Wellington in the Peninsula were arrived at through toil. Witness his severe hunting in weather "much too hot to be out," and his dinner parties twenty miles distant from headquarters. "He stayed at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c.; was in high glee, danced himself, stayed supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before daybreak at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business." This is pleasure: when work is to be done, and matters are serious, the activity is fearful. "Besides all the hunting, &c., the day before yesterday, after doing business until twelve o'clock, off he went by himself, without saying a word to any one, over to Ciudad Rodrigo, seventeen miles off, inspected all the works, and was back again here in five hours and a half to dinner." A few pages further on, and we hear of greater feats, accompanied by the expression of a well-grounded fear that "he is overdoing it." "Lord Wellington was out hunting on Thursday, and being kept in by rain all

yesterday, is making up for it to-day, by persisting in his expedition to the fourth division. He was to set out at seven this morning for the review of General Cole's division, on a plain beyond Castel Rodrigues, about twenty-eight miles from hence; was to be on the ground about ten, and was to be back at dinner to-day by four or five o'clock. This is something like vigour, and yet I think he overdoes it a little."

Whether he "overdoes it" or not, it is clear his lordship does not improve in his habits as he gets older. A letter dated Iourita, headquarters, July 9, 1813, runs as follows:—"Not to lose a day, Lord Wellington, the first day he was here, rode all about San Sebastian to see it in all directions, examine, &c., and was provoked at the Spaniards parading before him, when his object was to be incog. The second day he went to Irun, on the frontiers, on the Bidassoa, to see how things were going on there. The day before yesterday, having waited till eight o'clock (morning) just to receive the *Gazette*, away he went, nine leagues over the mountains, for San Estevan. He is going to see more of the mountain passes that way, and says he shall be back the fourth day, if possible, though many think it impossible." His lordship, by the way, was constantly doing, in his own quiet fashion, the most "impossible" things. In fact, as Mr Larpent informs us, he "banished the terms *difficulty* and *impossibility* from his vocabulary:" he made his plans, and expected them to be carried out. It was no excuse that the plans were thwarted by the elements. His officers were responsible to him for the execution of his orders, and should have dealt with the elements accordingly. When he gets hold of an officer capable of such feats, he never leaves him. A worker himself, he knew how to appreciate the ready-handed. "At Badajoz he found so little to be had in the regular way for a siege, from want of transport, and so many difficulties in consequence from the regular bred artillery, generals, &c., that he became principal engineer himself, making use of Col. Dickson, the acting man, as his instrument. These sieges procured

Dickson his majority and lieutenant-colonelcy in consequence; and though only a captain in the royal regiment of artillery, he now conducts the whole department here, *because he makes no difficulties.*"

It is easy enough to understand the successes of Wellington, when we are once admitted behind the scenes. It was quite impossible that he should fail. His were the qualities by which all men mount to greatness, whether in the battle-field or in the workshop, in the academy or in the forum. He comprehended with an enlightened vision the labour he had to perform, and possessed himself of all its details with a tenacious grasp. He formed his own plans—himself saw to their execution—never turned aside from his immediate object; and he knew how to inspire his chosen lieutenants with the resolution, the industry, and the eager zeal by which all his own great undertakings were advanced. The transparent simplicity of his character, in the midst of all, is the finest of his many qualities. His great rival was a born actor; the smallest matter was performed by Napoleon with a view to effect. The greatest of Wellington's achievements were got through, as a matter of course, with the least possible display, and without triumphant flourish of any kind. It was not affectation in Wellington to accomplish the mightiest deeds with the same tranquillity and absence of ostentation as the humblest of his soldiers obeyed orders in the ranks. A sense of duty actuated both—the performance of duty satisfied both. The best qualities of the servant and the master, of the private and the commander, were singularly combined in the character of this great man; and hence his sublime moderation in the height of glory, his steady obedience to law, his loyalty and even tenour at all times. The very weaknesses of Wellington reveal the transparent single-mindedness of the man. His vanity, such as it is, is as amusing as it is pardonable. When at the very summit of his fame, and when his occupations were most pressing, he finds time for consultations with his valet on the important subjects of coats and boots. Just before the entry into Toulouse, we read the

following memorandum: "In one instance, Lord Wellington is not like Frederick the Great. He is remarkably neat, and most particular in his dress, considering his situation. He is well made, knows it, and is willing to set off to the best what nature has bestowed. In short, like every great man, present or past, almost without exception, he is vain. He cuts the skirts of his own coats shorter to make them look smarter; and only a short time since I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant, when I went in upon business." A more naïf and characteristic incident is that of my Lord Wellington encoring songs written and sung in his own praise. "We have three Spanish songs in honour of Wellington, one rather gone by now: 'The Retreat of Marmont,' a very pretty air; the other was composed at Cadiz lately, when Lord Wellington was there. I suppose you have them in England. Moretti of Cadiz is the composer. One of them is good, and the other very well. Lord Wellington sits and hears his own praises in Spanish with considerable coolness, and calls for it himself several times." Songs not in his lordship's praise, or inopportunately introduced, are not so acceptable. "The people of Zamora entertained Lord Wellington and the staff with a concert, lemonade and ices, &c. *The former did not admire this time lost in singing psalms to him, as he said.*" His lordship, however, finds an excuse in the lines that follow. This was evidently no time for singing songs, whether religious or profane. "I met him," Mr Larpent goes on to say, "in the evening, riding down to the bridge to direct, in his Spanish uniform. In the morning he was on one side of the pontoon bridge, and Marshal Beresford on the other."

Of the simple and heroic demeanour of the man, more than one instance is presented in Mr Larpent's *Diary*; and it is well worth remarking, that the good example is not lost upon the standers-by. "From Lord Wellington downwards," writes the Judge-advocate from headquarters, "there is mighty little humbug. Every one works hard, and does his business. The substance, and not the form, is

attended to. The maxim of our chief is, 'Let every one do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties about anything;' and that is all he cares about." There is little "humbug" in the following accounts:—"At dinner" (Mr Larpent is writing in July, 1813, from Ernani) "I met Custanós, Jeron, Alava, Mendizabel, and a number of inferior officers, amongst them the major, who had been left as a captain to defend Villa Alba de Tormes when we retreated last year, and who held out the time he was ordered to remain, and brought off two hundred out of three hundred of his men to Frenada. For this he was made a major, I believe at Lord Wellington's request. General Alava also introduced an officer who came to present to Lord Wellington King Joseph's sword—his dress sword, in steel and diamonds, and very handsome. Where taken from, or whence obtained, I did not learn. Lord Wellington just looked at it as he took his seat at dinner, and, telling his man to put it by safe somewhere, fell at the soup, and said no more."

After the more than triumphant entry into Toulouse—for the city was as eager to welcome the conqueror as he to occupy it—and when the mind of the victor, all his battles over, might be supposed to be absorbed in schemes of present advantage or future self-aggrandisement—the warrior still displays an unruffled and a placid disposition, making no alteration whatever in his habits or pursuits. Not long after the battle of Toulouse, a queer-looking person presented himself one morning, about eight o'clock, in Lord Wellington's garden. He was dressed in a pair of dirty overalls, in a common short pelisse, and a foraging cap; but his whole breast was covered with stars and little crosses, and swords and orders of all sorts. It was Sir Charles Stewart, who had arrived from Paris, "to signify a wish, on the part of the Allies, that Lord Wellington would be the English commissioner at the General Congress." Sir Charles had arrived at headquarters at two in the morning—had gone to bed, and risen at eight o'clock, in order to make sure of catching his lordship before he

could leave his house. Sir Charles should have risen four hours earlier, or not have gone to bed at all; for, "to his mortification, he found Lord Wellington had been, since five in the morning, out hunting; and when Sir Charles asked where he could go to meet him, the best information he could get was, that it was in a forest *somewhere about eighteen miles distant*; but no one knew exactly where, as the only persons who knew, about four in number, were out with him." Another incident at Toulouse testifies still more emphatically to the unostentatious conduct of Lord Wellington, even in the heyday of his popularity and great fame. Touches such as these strike out the character of the individual more strongly than the most elaborate and finished drawings. "I was at Lord Wellington's new hotel, the great inn, the Hotel de France, endeavouring to find his room, to leave a court-martial, when I stumbled on my friend, the Dutch aide-de-camp of General Clausel, who told me he was looking for one of our marshal's aides-de-camp in waiting, to introduce his general, who was behind him, and who, on my turning round, recognised me. To their great surprise, I told them that there was no chance of finding an aide-de-camp, but perhaps we might find a sergeant, and I was on the search. It so happened, there was no one but an ignorant sentinel. *In trying a door or two, we blundered upon Lord Wellington, who came himself to the door; so I introduced the astonished Clausel, and walked off.*" The picture speaks for itself; but Mr Larpent's commentary on the text gives to it still greater effect. "My Dutch friend told me," he adds, "that Soult and Suchet would have had about six aides-de-camp, &c., in the first room, and a general officer in waiting in the second. I own I think our great man is in the opposite extreme; *but he does not like being watched and plagued.* Just after the state *levée* yesterday, I saw him cross the crowded square in his blue coat and round hat, almost unnoticed and unknown even to the very people who, half an hour before, had been cheering him." *The blue coat and round hat* are spoken of on a later occasion, when they appear on a dif-

ferent and far more splendid scene, but with equal credit to the wearer. Mr Larpent, still writing from Toulouse, after Wellington has departed, and made his entry into Paris, amid the acclamations of its fickle people, says: "The Marquess of Buckingham has been here, and is now going to Tarbes and Barège, and then returns to see our great man. We hear the latter was at the review at Paris in his blue coat and round hat. This is quite like him, and upon a good principle; the marshals, the public functionaries, the kings and the emperors, would have outdone anything he could have put on except this."

For many a glimpse which is afforded us of the renowned commander in these volumes we were quite prepared; but, as already hinted in our earlier page, more than one takes us by surprise. They who have been taught, for instance, to admire the early habits of the duke, even up to the latest day of his life—and have read, week after week, as regularly as Monday morning came, of his punctual attendance on the previous day at the chapel in St James's, whilst the majority of his countrymen were scarcely waking from their slumbers, will hardly expect to learn that on the eve of mighty battles, fraught with still mightier consequences to the civilised world, it is recorded of Lord Wellington that he "is not as easily roused from his bed as he used to be." This, it is urged, "is the only change that has taken place in him since the war began;" although, adds the chronicler, "I understand he was always fond of his pillow. He had rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues, than be early and take time to his work." More natural does it seem to hear that, when the Prince-Regent expressed a wish that Lord Wellington should correspond with him from Spain, the said lord quietly declined to do anything of the sort, answering that "he had nothing to say to him—that he wrote to his ministers—and that was enough." Neither is there anything in the following story to shock the expectation of the reader at all acquainted with the style and manner of the departed duke. "Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone is still here. When he became senior

officer of the corps, he wrote up for instructions from Lisbon, and to ask what Lord Wellington wished him to do, and where he was to go as chief engineer in the Peninsula? The answer was, that, as chief engineer in the Peninsula, he would best know where his proper place was. Up he came by sea, in a week, in consequence." The following is to match: "The artillery officers here are rather heavy and slow, or, as Lord Wellington said himself one day of a late commander, 'I took care to let him feel that I thought him very stupid.' 'That must have been,' General Murray said privately, 'by telling him so in plain terms, I have no doubt.' Colonel F——, who commanded the artillery at the battle of Salamanca, and who is very well spoken of by every one, but at times, I believe, is slow, was once with Lord Wellington at an audience when things went wrong, and Lord Wellington got irate, and told him pretty nearly that his friend, concerning whom he was inquiring, 'might go to hell.' Colonel F—— came muttering out, 'I'll go, sir, to the Quarter-master-general for a route,' which Lord Wellington heard, and laughed well." Other tales told of this ready, active, and practical mind, so richly endowed with common sense, bear the same undoubted stamp of truth upon them. When his people about him talk of the weather, and of the effect of the moon upon it, he says, "It's all nonsense," and makes his arrangements wholly independent of the lunar authority. When he requires the services of the above-mentioned Colonel Elphinstone in order that he may cross the Adour, and the colonel suggests that the quantity of plank necessary will take time and cause delay, the duke's instant answer is, "No; there are all your platforms of batteries which have been sent out in case of a siege; cut them all up." And when Elphinstone rejoins, "Then, when we proceed with the siege what is to be done?"—the reply, "Oh, work your guns in the sand until you can make new ones out of the pine wood near Bayonne," settles the question at once, and the English battering platforms are cut up for planks forthwith—the official scruples

of "the chief engineer in the Peninsula" notwithstanding.

The question whether Wellington ever received a wound during his campaigns, was warmly discussed in the public journals shortly after his decease, when every topic in connection with his name had more than common interest. Sir William Verner, who served under Wellington in the Peninsula, and was present at the battle of Orthes, wrote, amongst others, to the leading journal, giving an accurate account of the day's proceedings, stating the manner in which the Duke was hurt in that engagement, and calling upon the surgeon who dressed the wound—if he were still alive—to remember a conversation that took place between Sir William and himself on the eventful day. Before Sir William Verner's letter could reach the printer's hands, the surgeon himself—living, we believe, in Ireland—had rendered its publication unnecessary by forwarding spontaneously to the journal a detailed account of the Duke's accident, agreeing in all respects with the narrative of the honourable and gallant member for Armagh. Mr Larpent's memorandum corroborates the evidence of both these witnesses. It would appear that Lord Wellington and General Alava were close together when they were both struck—not at the same instant of time, however—on the hip, but on different sides. (Sir William Verner's account describes the wound as received on a lower and ignobler spot.) General Alava, says Mr Larpent, was struck first, and Wellington was laughing at him, and telling him it was all nonsense, and that he was not hurt, when he received a blow, and a worse one, in the same place himself. Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him. That the Duke escaped so long, and came off at last with so little injury, is matter of astonishment, considering the indifferent care he took at all times for his personal safety. Mr Larpent's volumes describe the commander-in-chief as always in the thick of danger, and as affording infinite amusement to those about him, by finding fault with officers for exposing themselves to liabilities which he was the foremost to take upon himself. His coolness is

equal to his daring. Witness the following instances: "We were all yesterday surprised by the news that the French pickets were all withdrawn near Bayonne in our front on this side, and that we might proceed close into the works round Bayonne. What this means exactly none of us know; Lord Wellington, however, was over immediately to have a peep into the town on that side. Careless about himself, he got so close that I understand there were some French in a house within about forty yards of him, and he did not move until he thought a French frigate, lying in the harbour, seemed to be making some preparations, as if going to fire at the party. As I mentioned to you, it was on the 10th of December, in front here, *he got quite in the midst of the broken Portuguese, where there were cross fires on all sides, and was fearful of moving off quickly back, even though he wanted to go and order up fresh troops, lest the bad example might increase the disorder, and make the men in greater confusion; so he went leisurely back, until out of sight, and then cantered off to the unbroken part of the column.*" For boldness in reconnoitring, we have seldom read anything to surpass his lordship's proceeding upon the eve of Toulouse. "Lord Wellington, with two other officers, went to the spot (the banks of the river) to reconnoitre. Concealing his general's hat with an oil-skin, *he got into conversation with the French vidette, dismounted, got down to the water-side, looked all about him, saw all he wished, and came away.* I think," adds Mr Larpent, "this was risking too much; but no French soldier would have any idea of the commander of the allied forces going about thus with two attendants. Lord Wellington was yesterday over alone on foot, and went on upon a horse of General Cole's, as horses could not pass. Even General P— was a little uneasy, and sent, about eight o'clock, to know if he had come back safe. He returned about seven o'clock, when it was dusk."

The writer of the article in the *Quarterly Review*, of which we have already made brief mention, protests against the notion entertained by M. Maurel, that the surname of *Iron*

Duke was applied to Wellington during his military career; and refers, in proof of his opinion that no such designation is applicable to the commander, "to numerous instances, the most minute as well as the most elevated, scattered through the despatches, of the natural benevolence and humanity of his heart, and of its unaffected tenderness towards his private friends." Two such instances are quoted. One is the letter of the Duke, announcing to Lord Aberdeen, in affecting terms, the death at Waterloo of his brother, Sir Alexander Gordon; the other is the letter written the day after the battle to the Duke of Beaufort, informing him of the severe wound received by his brother Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and of the losses, which, in the words of his grace, had "so broken him down that he had no feeling for the advantages he had acquired." It is worth while to compare, with these expressions of feeling and regard, the impression derived by Mr Larpent of Lord Wellington's "friendships" from a close observation of his deportment at a period when every day brought with it some new trial and loss. The words of the Judge-advocate are curious. "You ask me if Lord Wellington has recollected — with regard. He seems to have a great opinion of him, but scarcely has ever mentioned him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone he seldom thinks more of him. He would be always, I have no doubt, ready to serve any one who had been about him who was gone, or the friend of a deceased friend, but he seems not to think much about you when once out of the way. He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent." It is well if men like Lord Wellington do as much as this. That he was not forgetful of the claims of those who were chiefly in his way, and were most dependent upon his good feeling and consideration, is manifest from what we know of his conduct towards the brave soldiery, with whose right arm he won his many battles. "I have read in French military works of repate," writes

Lord Ellesmere, "the strongest testimony to the care which the Duke took of his troops in respect of lodging, subsistence, &c.;" and French writers do but confirm all the accounts rendered by our own authorities. It is true enough, as M. Maurel remarks, that the severity of the Duke in maintaining discipline was inflexible; but it is equally certain, as the same writer admits, that there never existed, since the bloody trade of war has been carried on, "a general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers, or one who endeavoured to lighten their labours, their privations, and their fatigues, with a more paternal affection." One example of his anxiety to secure the individual comfort of the soldier is mentioned in Mr Larpent's book—an instance of consideration, not trivial either in its object or results; and much as we have quoted from the *Diary*, we must not fail to find place for it here. Some sharp fighting had taken place, and there had been hard work for the troops; and thus Mr Larpent writes on the subject:—"Our men, I am glad to learn, are in general considered as very healthy: General Cole told me his division particularly so, after all their fatigues. I believe the army have Lord Wellington to thank even for this principally. Last year, the mules per company allowed by government were employed carrying the heavy iron camp-kettles, and our men had no tents, as, though allowed, they could not be carried: this year Lord Wellington had light tin-kettles made, one for every six men, for the mess, to be carried by one of the men, each having a small cooking machine of tin besides. This plan sets the mules free and disposable, and thus three tents have been carried for every company; and, allowing for absentees, guards, officers' servants, sentries, &c., this now nearly houses or covers all our men, and contributes much to the health of the army. It was entirely an arrangement of his own." The reader, after reading this, may possibly not agree with Mr Larpent in thinking it "remarkable enough that Lord Wellington is very popular with the common Spanish soldiers and with the country people, though with the generality of officers, regimental in

particular, and with the highest classes in Spain, it is rather the reverse." A general who looks after the material and best interests of his army, and respects on his victorious march the rights and properties of the humblest man he meets, may well be popular with the lowly and the poor. Referring to Lord Wellington's prevailing respect for the property of his enemies, M. Maurel quotes one exhibition of self-denial, which he summons the whole civilised world to admire. It was after the battle of Toulouse, and whilst the conqueror was sending the Spaniards home across the Pyrenees. On that occasion thus wrote Wellington home to the British government:—"Your lordship is also acquainted with the state of our financial resources. We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of the public creditors waiting to demand payment of what is due to them." "Nothing," adds M. Maurel, "can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors. This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled the mind of conquerors and invaders; and I doubt if the annals of war could present anything comparable to this sublime simplicity."

From the passages we have quoted, as they have occurred to us, from Mr Larpent's *Diary*, our readers will have gathered some idea of the great Duke, as he appeared to those immediately engaged with him in a laborious and trying service. They will have been, for the most part, prepared for the impression they have received, by all that they have previously heard, read, and seen of the man whose bodily presence had become more familiar and welcome to his contemporaries than that of any other personage. From first to last, no inconsistency appears. Whether in India or in the Peninsula, in the field, or in the cabinet, abroad or at home, Wellington is still the same. Simple in his habits, stern in his performance of obligations, punctual and methodical in all his arrangements, jealous and impa-

tient of unauthorised intrusion, yet grudging no time for the humblest service required in the discharge of his duties—pains-taking, industrious, persevering, just, and self-denying—such are the qualities by which our great Captain is distinguished: great in what he did, great in what he left undone. It has been no part of our present duty to describe at length the grand military achievements of Wellington in the Peninsula. These particulars will be found, and have been greedily devoured by thousands, in the classic pages of Alison and Napier. Nor have we attempted to dilate upon a topic which the choicest pens of England have emulously striven to illustrate, from the moment when the sudden, but not wholly unexpected, death of England's greatest citizen summoned the teachers, the poets, and the philosophers of our common country to hymn his becoming requiem. Our office has been more humble, though not less grateful. It has been our pride briefly to communicate to these pages the tardy acknowledgment of the foreigner who, after years of disparagement,

comes to us with the confession that, if truth is to be told, all must admit that our Wellington was a brave soldier, a modest hero, a sincere friend to the laws and liberties of his country, a respectful and faithful subject; one who had conquered, without seeking it, the title of first citizen, and who, during forty years, only aspired to do honour to that superb title; and, whilst we have taken the opinion of the stranger, we have submitted to the reader the unerring evidence of our own countryman, whose jottings, never intended for publication, serve, in the most emphatic manner, to justify every syllable of praise that has been uttered, whether at home or abroad, upon this interesting subject. It is not always that posterity sanctions the verdict of the preceding age. History will more than satisfy our estimate of Wellington; for every published record shall bring more and more prominently forward virtues which the hero's unobtrusive life laboured to conceal. We may safely leave, then, our buried chief to the impartial judgment of our sons. For ourselves, though it is true that

“ — we shall see no more on yonder esplanade
That well-known form emerging from the vaulted portal's shade;
That we shall miss from where we stand, at many an evening's close,
That sight which told of duty done, and toil's well-earned repose:
Pursued by murmur'd blessings, as he pass'd upon his way,
While lovers broke their converse off, and children left their play;
And child or man who cross'd his path was proud at eve to tell,
' We met him on his homeward ride: the Duke was looking well.
We pass'd him close, we saw him near, and we were seen by him;
Our hats were off, he touch'd his own, one finger to the brim. ' ” *

—though we shall have, whilst we live, no more than the memory of this accustomed and affecting sight, we shall possess, until the last, for our

advantage and guide, the recollection of the loftiest example of public virtue that our history affords.

* *The Eighteenth of November 1832.* By Lord Ellesmere. Printed for private circulation.

DR CHALMERS AS POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

THERE are few writers on political economy whose works we remember to have perused with more pleasure, attention, and profit than those of Dr Chalmers. We say this with a full conviction of the delusive nature of some of the principal doctrines he taught. It is by no means necessary that we should agree entirely with an author, in order to derive great assistance from him in the prosecution of any study, especially of an abstract or speculative description. More will depend on the direction and the stimulant given to our thoughts, than to the exactness of what is presented to us as a summary of the truth. We still think that, amongst the multifarious labours of Dr Chalmers, his efforts, administrative and literary, in this department of political economy, take a very distinguished rank, and are worthy of great praise, though by no means of unrestricted approval. We shall here limit ourselves to a few observations on his *Political Economy*. We regard his works on this subject as worthy of a careful perusal;—above all, his tone and spirit of dealing with the science we do most heartily commend; and we think it cannot be a superfluous labour to point out some of the speculative errors in writings which we should wish to see universally diffused.

The union in Dr Chalmers of the Christian philanthropist with the political economist is that to which we at once point as a pre-eminent distinction. He is not the first or only instance of such a combination, but in our own days he has been the most conspicuous example of it. He is not the first—for, even before the science had assumed any shape or consistency, did not the piety of Fénelon lead to the anticipations of the philosophy of Adam Smith? But since the science (if by that name we may be permitted to call it) has taken a definite and independent form,

he was the first to carry the banner of Christianity into the very heart of the citadel—to claim the intellectual territory also, as a fief of the Holy Church. He has done what lay in one man to Christianise the science. He has had worthy followers and co-labourers. If we mistake not, we have seen manifest results from his example in the awakened endeavours of our Christian teachers to carry the doctrines of their religion into the social questions that surround us; or, in more precise language, to apply the precepts of religion in complete harmony with the most enlightened views of their period on the social organisation of mankind.

Unless the machinery of society be understood, how can Christian philanthropy have its full scope, or exact application? The benevolent man will never be entirely wrong; for benevolence herself has that charm, that she cannot move without some healing virtue escaping from her; but still he may occasion, here and there, very palpable mischief by not comprehending the ulterior effects of his own charitable operations. To keep the two characters—the scientific observer and the practical philanthropist—apart, is something as if one should confine all the knowledge of anatomy and physiology to students in their dissecting-rooms, and send out to the living patients of the crowded city nothing better than the good nurse, or the sympathising visitor. Dr Chalmers has done much to combine the two characters, and to unite the wide views of science with the ardour of benevolence. He himself has not always done full justice in this respect to the nature of his own labours. Anxious to show that it is not the *doctrines themselves* of political economy whose teaching to the poor will regenerate them, or preserve the commonwealth, he falls occasionally into the opposite error, of ceasing

Political Economy in connection with the Moral State and Prospects of Society.
By Dr CHALMERS.

Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation. By the same.

to require even of the Christian teacher any knowledge of those doctrines. Now, we apprehend that very pious men have sometimes taught, both in and out of the pulpit, lessons of morality, which a wider knowledge of the condition and wants of society would have considerably modified. We merely point to this transient inconsistency—the effect of his own ardent temperament—for the sake of bringing Dr Chalmers in unison with himself. The two following passages are not strictly in harmony, but the reader will have no difficulty in correcting the excess of statement in the one by the assistance of the other; and the passages themselves convey at once an insight into the general nature of his labours in this field of political economy.

Speaking of the great subject, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, of the pressure of an excessive population, he writes thus:—

“It is not, however, by a direct promulgation of the doctrines of Mr Malthus that the people will be converted to the side of their own interest. We can imagine nothing more preposterous than the diffusion, for this purpose, of tracts on population among the families of the land. The change will be accomplished surely, though indirectly, and by insensible progress, through the means of general instruction, or by the spread of common, and more especially of sound Christian education over the country. There is an indissoluble connection between the moral character and the economic comfort of a peasantry; and the doctrine of Malthus is the *vinculum* by which to explain it. But it is not necessary to point out the *vinculum* to them. To make good the effect, it is not at all necessary that they should understand the cause. It is enough if, in the state of their own principles and feelings, they present or provide the cause. Let them only be a well-taught and moralised people, and in that proportion will they mix prudence and calculation and foresight with every step in the history of their lives. The desirable effect will follow without any theory or any anticipation of theirs. Let it, on the average, be held disreputable to marry without a fair and adequate prospect of provision, and the results would be a certain average of later marriages, or a country less burdened with an excess of population. . . . The multitude may be wholly innocent

of economical science themselves, yet may they exemplify, and by their agency sustain, its most wholesome processes. They may realise the full benefits of an operation they do not comprehend, though in very deed they were themselves the operators. We object not to the highest possible education of the peasantry—yet it is not to the lessons of the political, but to those of the moral and religious school, that we look for the best and speediest instruments of their economic wellbeing. *Neither teachers nor taught may understand this connection, nor is it necessary they should.*” — *Pol. Econ.* vol. i. p. 40.

Now, in this last sentence (and it is not the only sentence of the same description we could quote) our energetic writer sways somewhat from his due balance. Nothing can be more true than that the direct teaching, on this question, of the doctrines of political economy will avail little. It will chiefly avail to excite discontent in the poorer classes, who may think that on them is laid, more than on any other, the responsibility of looking after the undue multiplication of the species, and the necessity of refraining from early marriage, or any marriage at all. But surely Dr Chalmers did not mean to assert that the *teachers* of prudence should not be well informed as to the necessities (whatever they may be) of the prudence they inculcated. Had he listened to the exhortations of some country clergyman, or some Irish priest, who, in the innocence of his heart, and thinking only of restraining his flock from vicious pleasures, urged constantly, and urged exclusively, the propriety of marriage, he would most readily admit that the pastor of a congregation might be a very good Christian, and yet but an indifferent moralist; that the teacher might well need instruction when to bring forth one precept, and when the other precept that he found in his holy canon. Accordingly, it is, in general, the very object which Dr Chalmers has chiefly at heart, to cultivate this union of Christian principle with economic knowledge.

“Our ecclesiastics,” he says in another place, “are too little versant, and have, therefore, too little respect, for the importance of political economy; and our

economists stand at fully as wide a distance from things ecclesiastical. Both seem alike unconscious of the strong intermediate link that is between them, seeing that the chief objects of the one can only be accomplished through the successful exertions of the other. It was for the economists to have discovered the connection between a virtuous peasantry, and, through the consequent effect on population and wages, the greater sufficiency of their means, and their higher status in the commonwealth. But while it was for them to perceive and point out the connection, it is for the practical educationist alone, and pre-eminently for the Christian educationist, to make it good. The one may demonstrate what the essential condition is on which the economic wellbeing of the common people turns; but it is for the others, and for them only, to realise the condition."—*Pol. Econ.* vol. ii. p. 21.

To unite together these two departments of knowledge—to bring from the stores of economic science fresh arguments wherewith to urge forward the moral and religious culture of the people—was the great task which Dr Chalmers proposed to himself. And for this task, we must observe that there were some circumstances in his early education, and some qualities of his mind, which had peculiarly prepared and fitted him. We must not conceive of Dr Chalmers, as of some popular preacher or veteran divine, suddenly diverting his attention to a subject which came before him in the course of his pastoral and charitable labours. Long before he had been known as the popular preacher, he had been known as the popular lecturer. It was not divinity or classical scholarship, it was science that had first kindled the dormant energies of his mind, and from physical science the next step had been to ethical and social inquiries. When, therefore, the eloquent pastor of St John's, Glasgow, was seen devoting himself to the exposition of the doctrines of political economy, and to the carrying them out into administrative detail, he was not breaking up a new soil, or entering unprepared upon his subject; he was resuming the chosen studies of his youth; he was taking up the thread where it had been broken off when he resigned all ambition connected with a merely secular

literature; he was reviving the student of St Andrews, but with far higher objects, and with nobler efforts and aspirations.

Those who have perused Dr Hanna's work, or any biographical account of Chalmers, will call to mind the somewhat peculiar manner and direction in which his mind early developed itself. The study of the dead languages, the usual labour of our schools, had not attracted, had entirely failed to stimulate him. We are told that his schoolmaster was negligent, and that, when he proceeded from the school to the college, he found himself in the rearward of his class, incapable of following the professor's teaching, and altogether left behind in the race. It was not till he entered on the study of mathematics that he retrieved his character from the charge either of stupidity or indolence. But this explanation does not quite satisfy us. A youth like Chalmers would not have allowed himself, from mere disadvantages of this kind, to be left behind. His example, we think, illustrates an observation which has often been made, but which is still very imperfectly acted on in our educational systems. A lad makes no progress, and exhibits no interest, in the lessons you assign to him, and you attribute all to stupidity or obstinacy. You should have tried him with other lessons, on some other subject, and you might have developed his mental energies, and perhaps brought them back, if this were necessary, in full force to the first studies you had assayed him with. There were more avenues than one by which you might have led forth an active and inquiring spirit. Young Chalmers made nothing of his Latin and Greek. Much desultory reading, we may be sure, had been all along going on, but he did nothing of a scholastic and academical description till he was tried with mathematics. From that moment there was no fear of being left behind. A study had been presented to him, to which his intellectual tastes and aptitudes responded. In this study of mathematics, and afterwards of the several branches of physical science, he ardently engaged. From these he stepped as eagerly into the social and moral

sciences. One work we hear of as especially engaging his attention, the perusal of which very likely laid the foundation of many a speculation in political economy, adopted and relinquished in those earlier times. We should perhaps be thought fantastical if we traced any influence of this work in his maturer speculations; but although all direct influence on the cast of his sentiments must be supposed to have disappeared at that era of his life when his energies became pledged and devoted to the service of evangelical Christianity, yet we may venture to attribute to his study of such works as the *Political Justice* a bolder spirit in his survey of the whole superstructure of human society than he would have elsewhere acquired. It is his habit to penetrate at once to the very groundwork of society—to the rudimentary feelings and wants of man—to the elementary physical facts amongst which he is placed. No one, indeed, will pursue the study of political economy to any advantageous result who has not this habit. Dr Chalmers possessed it in a conspicuous degree. He always strove to dissipate that mist which the last complicated results of an artificial state often conjure up before our eyes, and to look down at once to the palpable earth, and the living men upon it. Here is the soil, the fruitful clay beneath us, and here is mortal man—suspected, alas! of having much clay in his own composition—moving on it, and fed by it: let us see what he is doing, what he can do, what he ought to do.

And his speculations, whether correct or not, have ever something grand in them. There was a great free heart beating in unison with his energetic intellect. He was a man of large views; he had the audacity of spirit capable of projecting bold theories, and of carrying them out into hopeful enterprises. When Christianity touched his heart, it did not subdue the spirit of the man. He brought the old forces to range under the new banner. He was ever something of a rebel towards earthly powers—the sort of rebel that the great reformer invariably is. When he discussed the poor-laws, it was with no less an intention than “to deliver a whole em-

pire from its legal and compulsory pauperism.” When he curiously investigated the problem of taxation, his theory, and the scheme that followed on it, led to no petty results: one great territorial impost was to be the sole and direct source of the whole revenue, and this revenue was to be greater than any yet raised, and applied to nobler purposes than Government had been in the habit of contemplating. However faulty many of his speculations may have been, they are never puerile. They are always the speculations of an ardent and powerful intellect, having great objects in view, and a large faith in God and Humanity. Nor do we think there is any subject he has touched, on which he has left more indubitable traces of acute and original thought, than this of Political Economy;—howbeit, our ungracious office will be chiefly to point out the errors into which it seems to us that he has fallen.

“Powerful and ardent” were two words which just now dropt casually from our pen, in characterising the intellect of Dr Chalmers, and their propriety, we think, no one will dispute. But he was not exact; he was not cautious. He was better capable of advancing and sustaining bold and original views, than of carefully weighing conflicting evidence, and giving their proportionate value to a variety of truths. These were qualities of his mind which, it must be confessed, did not render him peculiarly fitted for an exposition of Political Economy, a subject which often requires us to hold many threads in the hand together, and to hold them patiently. This force and ardour of his intellect were likely to carry him into extremes; he is capable of being occupied with one truth to the exclusion of all others, which should have been there to modify or to moderate. We see him, in his controversies, charging, as it were, and putting to flight, one wing of his adversary's troops, but pursuing his advantage too far, no warning voice telling him that there is a large body of the enemy left unconquered on the field. In the writings of no man of equal eminence that we could name, will you observe less of the spirit of doubt and hesita-

tion. He may have doubted, and weighed or balanced the *for* and *against*, at some previous time, but when he comes before the public, he is the unflinching, uncompromising advocate of the position that he has taken up. Not a misgiving appears. No man loved truth better; but to the views which he had once embraced (and embraced, as we should think, with a suddenness of attachment) he adhered, for the time, with an ardour and enthusiasm which would not admit of intrusive objections. There might be every other quality of the intellectual champion; one was always absent—the calm survey of the field of battle.

These characteristics of his mind we find illustrated in his *Political Economy*, but not here only. In his eloquent discourses from the pulpit, a cool and collected listener, if any one could remain cool and collected before his impassioned oratory, would occasionally have been tempted to interpose some simple objection, which would have deranged, or turned aside, the whole flood of eloquence. It has always appeared to us that those celebrated Sermons, known as the *Astronomical Discourses*, would afford a striking instance of the tendency of Dr Chalmers's mind to be carried away by some captivating thought or fancy. A considerable space in them is taken up by presenting, as an antidote, what would operate on many minds as an aggravation of the original distemper. The objection against Christianity which he here encounters is one to which we attach very little weight, and we feel no hesitation in remarking, that his answer to it has as little of sound reasoning as the objection itself. Neither astronomy, nor any other science, can assure us even that the planets are inhabited; and it is a mere conjecture to say that every star in space is, like our sun, surrounded by a group of habitable globes, or that sun and stars are themselves the abode of spiritual beings. But presuming that this is the case, what is true of humanity must be equally true whether there are millions of peopled worlds, or this one globe only, of all we see, inhabited by reasonable creatures. We do not think, therefore, that the telescope has disproved

Christianity; but if the telescope had shaken our faith, we certainly should not have found it restored to stability by looking through the microscope. If we had allowed our imagination to receive a shock from surveying the infinitude above us, our confusion, we fear, would only have been increased by surveying the infinitude below us. Call him great or little, man has an indescribably small space in the universe. For our part, he seems less when we look through the microscope, and see there something like ourselves doing ceaseless battle within the compass of a drop of water.

The student of astronomy is supposed to have withdrawn his eye from the telescope of a Herschel, which has resolved our "milky way" into a congeries of innumerable stars or suns — which has first discovered distant nebulae, and then resolved these also into other "milky ways," and which finally, pointed fairly into the darkness, detects—(so thinks the astronomer, and our heart beats at the suggestion)—detects there also, in this and that quarter, faint, undefined scintillations, mere tremors of light, as if proceeding from other groups of innumerable stars, too remote to give any other than this mysterious intimation of their existence. As he retreats from the telescope, man and his earth seem so little that he trembles to believe in the wonderful narrative of his church. Surely it was not for man that the One—the Infinite—the Source of all these, infinite in number. . . . Well, but our divine takes his patient at this moment of delirium, when imagination is in the ascendant, and conducts him to another scientific instrument. If his world had become so diminutive when he looked out into a space populous with worlds and suns, how great it must again become when he finds that every leaf hanging upon a tree, and every drop of water hanging from the leaf, might be described as in itself a little world! We say that the vertigo of his imagination is not likely to be cured by this process. Unless he could quite forget all he had seen in the telescope, when he opened the microscope, this last revelation would rather add to his embarrassment. But we repeat that the patient ought not

to have suffered at all, or to have soon recovered from his delirium, by the consideration that whatsoever is true of human nature, remains true though there may be millions of other natures resembling humanity.

The ardent constitution of his mind, which impelled Dr Chalmers to push forward, as it were, one idea at a time to its utmost limits, is exemplified in his life as well as in his writings—especially that portion of his life which will continue to be surveyed with so very different feelings by the different ecclesiastical parties of our country. He who had been the zealous advocate of a religious Establishment supported by the State—the most impressive monitor to the State of its duty to uphold such an Establishment—became subsequently the leader of a party who broke the Church of Scotland in twain, and seriously disabled it as a national church. We are very far from designing to enter into this controversy, or even, at the present moment, from passing an opinion upon the question in dispute between one large section of the General Assembly and the Parliament of the United Kingdom. But one thing is evident, that the nature of the Church of Scotland, and of its connection with the State, could not have materially altered within a few years, and within that space we find Dr Chalmers its great advocate and its great assailant;—or say, if the expression is thought more accurate, the assailant of those terms of union between the Church and the State which had formerly been patiently endured. Unfortunately this was a case of action and of conduct, not of writing and of theorising. In the latter case, an excess of statement on the one side may often be corrected by an excess of statement on the other. No such neutralising process can obtain in the field of action. Scotland will either have suffered much or have gained much by the last impulse she received from her active and enthusiastic son.

But it is our present task to notice the development of his mind in the especial department of political economy. In the crusade he undertook against the poor-laws, how vigorous are all his perceptions on one side of the question! how headstrong is his

career! An objection shall be riding with him all along upon his flanks, he will not turn his head to look at it. We cannot do better than at once commence such criticisms as our space will allow us to offer upon his political economy, with some remarks on his treatment of this absorbing topic of pauperism, and a legal provision for the poor.

The question is now, we believe, felt to be decided, at least for the present; there is a dire necessity for poor-laws. Nevertheless a reference to Dr Chalmers's writings on this subject will not be uninteresting, both for the truths they contain, which should at all times be borne in mind, and also for the sake of correcting their partial and defective statements. In the last preface to his *Christian and Economic Polity* he thus expresses himself—"We have long thought that, by a legal provision for indigence, two principles of our moral nature have been confounded, which are radically distinct from each other—distinct both objectively, in the ethical system of virtue; and subjectively, in the laws and workings of the human constitution. These two principles are humanity and justice, whereof the latter is the only proper object of legislation, which, by attempting the enforcement of the former, has overstepped altogether its own rightful boundaries. It is right that justice should be enforced by law, but compassion ought to have been left free."

Now, such an abstract statement as this is altogether very defective. In what respect is it that we legislate on the principle of humanity, when we appoint a public provision for disabled and helpless poverty? We do not "enforce" the humanity of this or that individual, and, under pains and penalties, compel him to be charitable, which would be a violence to the very nature of charity. A certain portion of the public revenue, raised by taxation, like all other revenue, is applied to the relief of the destitute. The humanity of the purpose cannot possibly be an objection to it; the only objection we have to encounter is, that, in reality, it does not answer its humane intention. When an hospital, or an asylum for lunatics, is built and endowed by the State, no one

objects that this is legislation "on the principle of humanity." A State provision for the poor is liable to abuses which these institutions are not; and this liability to abuse constitutes the difficulty we have to deal with, not, surely, the principle of humanity that is involved in the measure.

But it is not humanity only; there is a principle of justice also at the root of the matter. "Pauperism," writes Dr Chalmers, a little farther on, "in so far as sustained on the principle that each man, simply because he exists, holds a right on other men, or on society, for existence, is a thing not to be regulated, but destroyed." It is not "simply because he exists" that a man can be said to hold a right to subsistence from others. So far as we should import the idea of right into the question, we should distinctly say that it is not because he simply exists that he can claim the assistance of others, but because he exists in a state of society where laws have secured the land, and every description of inheritable wealth, to their present proprietors, and left a large class to earn what is often a precarious subsistence by daily wages for daily labour.

We believe, for our own part, that an enlightened advocate of our poor-law would cautiously avoid any question of abstract right. He would support this law, as he supports others, on the broad grounds of expediency. It works more good than evil. It tends to the security of property, by preventing the growth of a class of destitute and desperate men. It is found to check that excess of population which, at first sight, it seems to foster. Indeed, the great argument which has converted many who were, at one time, as zealous antagonists of a poor-law as Dr Chalmers himself, is precisely this—that although a public provision for the poor will certainly encourage, to some degree, a spirit of carelessness and improvidence, yet where a pauper population already exists, a far greater evil is to be apprehended by leaving it unnoticed, and allowing it to multiply itself in utter recklessness and despair. To cultivate habits of industry and the spirit of self-reliance, should undoubtedly be the aim of the Legislature; and

it is very plain that, if you feed a man without effort on his part, he is likely to abate in his exertions to provide permanently for himself. On the other hand, if you allow a number of men to sink into careless want and habitual beggary, they are evidently still farther removed from any chance of restoration to the wholesome spirit of industry and self-reliance. Of two evils we have to choose the least; and it is much better that a pauper population should be fed by the State, and kept under the eye of the State, than that it should prey at large, unwatched, uncontrolled, on the charity of the people.

It is on such broad grounds of expediency that we should advocate a poor-law. Nevertheless, if you compel us to look at these abstract principles of humanity and of justice, we say that there is as much reason for asserting that the one as the other is the basis here of our legislation. They are both involved; there is a plea both of humanity and of justice. One class of applicants for public relief may, at least, urge their claims on the ground of justice—those who have given their labour to society, and have not received a sufficient remuneration to support them during the periods of old age, of sickness, and of a temporary withdrawal of employment. These men may say, We have given you our strength and our skill; through us it is that your fields are cultivated, and your warehouses filled; we have lived frugally, and, now that strength fails us, or work is no longer given us to do, we ask support—ask food and clothing out of those granaries and warehouses which are there standing, and which we have helped to fill. Support for life is the lowest payment you can make for the whole strength and skill of a man. An Indian slave-master must give as much. He must buy old age with youth, and sickness with health. A civilised society cannot give less. You have not made this payment. There is a sort of debt still due.

To those who contend that this claim, however equitable, should be responded to by private benevolence, or by the sense of equity of those who have personally reaped advantage from the now destitute labourer, we

at once reply, that this is the far better arrangement, where it is safe and practicable. But in our crowded cities, and with our complicate and shifting relationships of life, it is neither safe nor practicable: it would lead merely to a flood of mendicity. He who has a genuine claim of this description, knows not where to carry it; he who is solicited for alms can rarely investigate the nature of the claim made on him; a general licence to beg can be the only result. Society is given over to a tyranny of the mendicants.

Dr Chalmers speaks of pauperism as if it were the creature of the poor-laws—as if the people had begun to tax themselves for the poor before there was any stringent occasion for it; and asserts that we have only gradually to cease from giving, and the race of paupers would gradually decline. But the evil of pauperism had plainly preceded the law, and from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the present moment, the alternative has always been a legal provision, or an unchecked mendicancy. To relieve the pauper was not even the first idea which occurred to our perplexed Legislature: the first expedient was to put down pauperism by punishment. An act in the reign of Henry VIII. treats the vagabond poor as if they were convicted criminals. Doubtless they were ripe enough for crime; but even hanging them would not answer the purpose of removing poverty. It is not our system of parochial relief (we wish we could believe it were) that has created, in the language of Dr Chalmers, “a tremendous chasm between the higher and lower classes of the land, across which the two parties look to each other with all the fierceness and suspicion of natural enemies—the former feeling as if preyed upon by a rapacity that is altogether interminable.” Remove the system, and this rapacity would be still more terrible. Dr Chalmers, however, thinks otherwise.

“So soon,” he says, “as this violence is removed, nature will return to her own processes; and a parish in England will then exhibit what many of the parishes in Scotland do at this moment—a population where there is neither dissatisfaction nor unrelieved want, and yet with little

of public charity. All that is required is simply to do away that artificial stress which the hand of legislation has laid upon the body politic, and a healthful state of things will come of itself, on those disturbing forces being withdrawn, wherewith the law of pauperism has deranged the condition of English society. It is just as if some diseased excrescence had gathered upon the human frame, that stood connected with the use of some palatable but pernicious liquor, to which the patient was addicted. All that the physician has to do in this case is to interdict the liquor, when, without further care or guardianship on his part, the excrescence will subside; and from the *vis medicatrix* alone, that is inherent in the patient's constitution, will health be restored to him. It is even so with that disease which pauperism has brought on the community of England. *It is a disease originally formed, and still alimented by the law, which gives access to a compulsory provision; and precisely so soon as that access is barred, there is a vis medicatrix that will then be free to operate, and which, without any anxious guardianship on the part of politicians and statesmen, will, of itself, bring round a better and happier state of the commonwealth.* There might an unnecessary shock be given by too sudden a change of regimen. There might be an inconvenient rapidity of transition, which had as well be avoided, by wise and wary management. This consideration affects the question of policy, as to the most advisable mode of carrying the cure into effect. But it does not affect the question of principle, either as to the cause of the disease, or as to the certainty of a good and wholesome result when that cause is done away.”—*Chris. and Econ. Polity*, vol. ii. p. 137.

Unfortunately we hold, in common with most men, a different view of the primary cause or causes of our pauperism, and, therefore, cannot predict so desirable a result from the abolition, sudden or gradual, of our poor-laws. The immediate result of this abolition, under our present circumstances, would be an uncontrollable mendicancy, more afflictive to the wealthier classes, and more corrupting far to the lower classes, than the very worst poor-law that ever existed. The common beggar almost invariably degenerates into the common thief. There is a most intimate connection between the two professions of mendicancy and theft, so that

either would languish if the other could be entirely reduced. On the one hand, the idle sauntering life a man leads who has once brought himself to depend on alms solicited in the public streets, unfits him for labour; and, therefore, when the charity of the public fails, he has recourse to theft. On the other hand, there are few, we believe, who can support themselves wholly by pilfering; they must have recourse to some other expedient; and begging is the expedient which is sure to be tried. The one profession is, as it were, the complement to the other. Now, there is but one way of extinguishing the practice of begging in the streets and highways, or from house to house: it is, that no one should give. As long as charitable men and women are found to bestow an alms on the whining and hypocritical mendicant, not the most stringent laws, nor all the police in Europe, will prevent the soliciting of charity. And again, the only way to prevent charitable men and women from giving indiscriminately, is to assure them that those who really deserve aid and support, or whom it is wise to relieve, are taken care of by some competent authority.

It is thus that a poor-law keeps in check one of the greatest evils of civilised life—it gives to the humane man an answer with which he can conscientiously pass the outstretched hand of the mendicant. Without our poor-law, there would not be a green lane nor a retired street in all England where any one but the mendicant himself could pass unmolested. A man would be safe only in the moving crowd of our city thoroughfares, where the beggar cannot fasten on you—the tide beats him off. And the effect of this increasing swarm of beggars would be prejudicial on the class solicited; for while there would be a great many humane and pious people—men and women, who, to the end of their days, would be the prey of vagabonds and impostors—there would also grow up in many, from this constant solicitation, an utter callousness of heart, which is assuredly not desirable.

Nevertheless we are quite aware of the extreme caution and prudence which ought to be unremittingly ex-

ercised in the administration of a public fund for the relief of the destitute. The area, so to speak, covered by legal beneficence, should be as strictly defined as possible; and, above all, the limits should be impartially preserved. If a season of peculiar distress compel us to enlarge those limits, advantage should be taken of the return of general prosperity again to restrict them, and, if possible, finally to abrogate the whole system of legislative relief.

The evil being here amongst us—a destitution in the poorer classes, that looks up to the richer for aid and support—this evil being here, we think it better encountered by a watchful government than even by those voluntary associations which administer relief upon a systematic plan. These associations are liable to the same objections as a poor-law—that of perpetuating the poverty and improvidence they were instituted to relieve; and the alms they bestow fall somewhat capriciously. As these societies act, for the most part, independently of each other, it is not easy for the administrator of the funds of any one of them to know how far the applicant has been relieved by other societies of a kindred description. It becomes a sort of business, amongst a certain class of the poor, to understand the working of all these charities, and to avail themselves of their help; and it is very probably the same person that gets the coals and blankets from one society, and the baby-linen from another, and the weekly stipend from a third. We do not remember that Dr Chalmers raises any objections to these societies—neither, indeed, do we; but we prefer that they should act a subordinate part, and should not select them as advantageous substitutes for a system of legislative relief.

“The operation of public charity,” says Dr Chalmers, in a note to the passage we last quoted, “of lessening the deposits (in the savings banks) must be quite obvious. The following anecdote illustrates this. A poor woman at Clapham, near London, whose daughter had begun to put into the savings bank, said to her, ‘Why, how foolish you are! It is all a contrivance of the rich to save their own pockets. You had much better enjoy your own money, and when you want

they will take care of you.' The daughter *did* withdraw from the savings bank. My friend Mr Dealtry, who is rector of the parish, and from whom I obtained this information, adds, that the woman's remark *did not apply so directly to the poor-rates as to a charitable fund, which was first raised by contribution, and then distributed in charity. But the principle is the same.*"

Yes, the principle is the same; and if the poor-rates were abolished, the very best substitute we could hope for, at present, would be the increase of some such "charitable fund." It would be liable to the same abuse, and would not check in so effective a manner the practice of mendicancy.

The subject of poor-laws is intimately connected with that of over-population. Dr Chalmers thinks that a system of legal relief has tended to produce an excess in the population; we are disposed to believe that its operation here has been rather favourable than otherwise; for a pauper population, left to prey upon the wealthy as it could, would multiply in their recklessness. But, leaving this topic of the poor-laws, let us observe how he treats this subject of over-population.

On this subject we have never been alarmists. We would urge—who would not?—on every man, in every rank of life, the duty of exercising prudence and foresight in entering on the responsibilities of marriage. This is a moral duty which has always existed. But we do not hold that in the law of increase there is any formidable obstacle to the progress of human society, or that the moral restraint to which we have alluded will fail the future generations of mankind. The law of increase lies at the basis of our progress as *impulse*, and the moral restraint it calls into action is scarcely less necessary as *discipline*. With almost all that Dr Chalmers says upon this subject we acquiesce; and we cordially rejoice that it is said with so much clearness and so much power. We differ from him only where he speaks as if we were entering on some *new era*, where the duty of prudential marriage is to take a quite novel place in the moral code. We see our duty here more clearly than we did before, just as with in-

creasing intelligence we see all our duties more clearly; but there is nothing in the circumstances in which we stand in relation to agriculture and the supply of food, to call for fresh powers on the side of restraint. "Do not steal" has been always a good law; we hope we say nothing against it if we add, that it will be the same good law—neither more so, nor less—in any future generation to which it is possible for us with any distinctness to look forward.

Very clearly has Dr Chalmers shown that it is not the existence of distant and uncultivated lands that can be pleaded as an excuse for an improvident marriage. Certainly not. But the possibility of emigrating to such lands puts us upon a level with preceding ages in the capability of expanding our population. It is not, however, this general capability of expansion that is to influence, or can rationally influence, any two individuals in the question whether they shall marry or not. This last point is worth insisting on, and Dr Chalmers brings it out with remarkable clearness.

"He (Mr Malthus) writes in reference to the species and the world; and the mind of his reader, by being constantly directed to the population of the whole globe, and to the relative capacities for their subsistence that are diffused over the surface of it, can make escape from his conclusion by roaming in imagination over the vast regions that are yet unpeopled, and the wilds that, however rich in nature's luxuriance, have been yet untrodden by human footsteps. The speculation is admitted by many to be true, who, nevertheless, would lie upon their ears till the last acre in the face of the earth was brought to its highest possible cultivation. The reply to an alleged excess of population in Britain is, that New Holland offers a space equal to twenty Britains, which has been yet unentered upon, and that, till this space be fully occupied, there is only one expedient which we have to do with, even that of emigration—that, meanwhile, the other expedient, or a preventive check upon the increase of population, is wholly un-called for—that it may be in reserve for that futurity which is still at an indefinite distance from us—and that when agriculture shall have done its uttermost upon all lands, it will be fully seen enough to think of keeping the human species within

that maximum of human subsistence which shall then have been arrived at.

"But, after all, it does not necessarily follow that the pressure of the world's population upon the world's food will remain unfelt till the latter has attained its maximum. It is quite enough for this effect that the tendency to an increase of population is greater than the tendency to an increase of food. When a moving body comes into contact with one that is stationary, it exerts upon it the force of a certain pressure—which may represent that of an increasing population upon means of subsistence now stationary, because now augmented to the utmost. But when the moving body, instead of coming into contact with one that is stationary, overtakes one that is moving in the same direction with itself, but with less velocity—still there is a pressure, no doubt less than the former one, yet proportional to the difference between the velocities, and which may represent the actual pressure wherewith every population will bear upon their means of subsistence, should they but tend to increase faster than their means. It all depends on the proportion which there is between the tendencies to an increase of population and an increase of food; and hence it is a possible thing even now for the population of the world to press too hard upon its means of subsistence—and, therefore, a desirable thing at this moment, as well as centuries afterwards, that every moral and salutary check were laid on the multiplication of our species. *It is quite an imaginary comfort to the suffering families of England, that there are tracts in New Holland capable of maintaining a tenfold population to that of the British Empire.* They cannot transport themselves there in an instant. They cannot raise at once the means either for their own emigration, or for the cultivation of this unbroken territory. Could we, by the lifting up of a magical wand, cause a ripened harvest to arise and cover the whole of earth's improvable surface, then every preventive check on the number of mankind may, for the present at least, be suspended. But if, in point of fact, our species have to toil their way to this accomplishment, for many and successive generations, then, by reason of the intervening obstacles, a pressure may be felt, and, without the operation of a preventive check, the great human family may all along be in the misery of a straitened condition."—*Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation*, vol. ii. p. 259.

We are fully convinced that there is no virtue more salutary to society than

the domestic prudence here insisted on. None should marry who have not a fair prospect of rearing a healthy offspring. No scheme for emigration can interfere with this duty. If the marrying couple choose to start forthwith into unsettled countries, they must calculate their probability of obtaining supplies in such countries. If they marry with the prospect of finding a provision for their future children in foreign settlements, they must, at all events, rear and educate those children up to that period when they can labour for themselves, and rear them in good health, and teach them some skill and handicraft, or they will be unfit for emigrants. This precept of practical morality nothing can postpone; it accompanies every age and generation of mankind. But the idea which haunts Dr Chalmers and some other political economists is this, that the evil of an excess of population tends to increase as we approach the limits of agricultural improvement, and that we are approaching that period when all the territories of the earth will be well cultivated. Now, this consideration, *this* motive of the quite speculative man, we do say, may be indefinitely postponed. It is not wanted: our prudential precept is strong enough without it. And how can it be otherwise than a mere speculation that we shall ever reach this ideal limit, or that we even have a steady tendency to approach it? Human societies are seen dispersing in one part of the globe, while they thicken and crowd in another. Who can say it is the destiny of the human race entirely to occupy and cultivate the earth? And whether this be its destiny or not, is there any such perceptible approximation to it, as to afford us, for many centuries to come, a precautionary motive to keep down the register of our births and marriages?

The pressure of population on the means of subsistence may be described as a constant element in human society;—felt in different degrees in different places and periods, but by no means increasing in severity in proportion as the history of mankind advances. Unskilful men, living scattered over thinly-inhabited countries, feel it more than any others. But it is a necessary element; it is as need-

ful to sustain any one era in the advanced state of industry it has reached, as it was to propel forward the earlier and ruder ages to their first efforts at improvement. Any cause, be it moral or physical, that would relieve society entirely from this pressure on the supplies, would be the commencement of a retrograde movement. It matters not whether a bread-fruit tree should be introduced into this island, which yielded, with little care, an unlimited supply of food, or whether there should be imported into the manners of the islanders such an abnegation of matrimony as relieved them from all solicitude about the amount of supply,—the effect would be the same. The industry of the nation would from that moment relax. It is, therefore, as little to be desired, as to be expected, that men should learn so exactly to reduce their numbers to the supply of food that no want should ever be felt or dreaded. Meanwhile, just as a nation advances is there less and less of famine, and more and more of prudence, and foresight, and moral restraint. Neither is this moral restraint to be called an evil—unless the whole of our moral constitution is to bear the same censure. For there is no elevation of character, no development of reason, no reflection, no mental culture whatever, without the element of self-control. Nature has said to man that his wellbeing shall not be the result of a mere spontaneity of thought and passion, but has demanded of him the exercise of his judgment and reason. As want stimulates him to industry, so the necessity of self-restraint compels him to reflection. This has been, and continues to be, the programme of our world.

We would deduct nothing from the force of the great moral lesson which Dr Chalmers so eloquently teaches. But as a matter of scientific exposition we would protest against the idea which seems to haunt him, that we are approaching a period in which some new lesson is to be taught, or the old moral precept taught with a quite novel prominence.

"It is now high time," he says, "that the statesmen and philanthropists of the Old World should take this direction. It is to a moral restraint on the numbers of

mankind, and not to a physical enlargement of the means for their subsistence, that we shall be henceforth beholden for sufficiency or peace in our commonwealth. It is from the power of Christian education, and not from the devices of the economists, that our deliverance is to come. And yet we abide almost as reckless of this truth, as if in the morning of our history we had still the world to begin, or had still in reserve a land of boundless extent and fertility, on which, as in America, we might expatiate unchecked by any barrier of physical necessity for many generations. To employ the language of the schoolmen, we are still looking objectively to the enlargement of resources in the outer world of matter, instead of looking subjectively to the establishment of habit and principle in the inner world of mind. Yet thence, and thence only, will proceed our help and our emancipation from the miseries which beset and straiten us; nothing will more effectually demonstrate the supremacy of the moral over the physical, in the system of human affairs, than will the ameliorated condition coming in the train of ameliorated character, after the tried impotency of all other expedients."—*Political Economy*, vol. i. p. 83.

In the strain of this teaching we entirely acquiesce; we must, however, add that it would be applicable to all times—to "the morning of our history" as well as to the present age. At what period was not moral restraint necessary? and at what period were there better hopes than we have now of the enlargement of our resources in the outer world? By all means let us "look subjectively to the establishment of habit and principle in the inner world of mind;" it is the first of all objects; but we shall be taking up an entirely false position if we urge this on the present generation, on the ground that it is less capable than its predecessors of "looking objectively to the enlargement of its resources in the outer world of matter."

The two subjects in the science of political economy which Dr Chalmers will be generally admitted to have treated in the most original manner are *capital* and *taxation*: on both of these he has thrown new light, and in the treatment of both of them he has committed oversights—in the latter especially. Here he has broached, or revived, the startling paradox that the

whole burden of taxation ultimately falls upon the landlord, on the net rent, or surplus produce. The early French economists taught the same doctrine; but our author has arrived at it by a process of his own, and we are justified here in calling it Dr Chalmers's paradox. On each of these subjects (capital and taxation) we shall make a few remarks, and they will probably exhaust what remaining space we have at command.

We sometimes wish that Dr Chalmers had, in his expositions, kept more distinctly in view than he has done the two different meanings of the word capital—1st, money, or the circulating medium; and, 2d, those materials and machinery, and that support of the labourer, which are dealt with so commodiously through the means of money. When, for instance, we speak of the rapid restoration of a nation's capital, after a long and afflictive war, the replacement of the gold and silver which performed the office of money is one thing; the rebuilding the bridges, the repairing the roads, the reconstruction of machinery, and the recovery of the land to profitable tillage, is another. The first follows as a result from the second. As manufactures and agriculture and trade and commerce revive, gold and silver will be repurchased, and brought back again into the country. A currency will always exist where there is wealth to circulate. Still the two topics should be kept distinct, and in some discussions an inextricable confusion will prevail unless this is done.

No previous writer that we are acquainted with had brought out, with so much distinctness, the fact that, up to a certain point, the trading capital, or the whole wealth of a country, speedily restores itself from any loss or extravagance. The body politic, like the animal frame, lives by a perpetual process of destruction and reproduction. No man can retain and assimilate more than a certain quantity of nourishment; a day's abstinence is soon overtaken, and the overfeeding goes for nothing; and it would be foolish to say of him that, because he had fasted three years ago, that he was therefore, at this present moment, so much the leaner

by the amount he then failed to consume. We should commit the same error if we said of a nation that it was so much the poorer by the amount it spent or lost many years ago in some enterprise. The analogy which Dr Chalmers himself draws between capital and population is still better.

"At first sight," he says, "we perceive not the error which is involved in the regret of those who would calculate on a much greater population, in this our day, had there been no wars in the last or in former generations, or who think that the census of our numbers would have yielded a much larger return, had the vaccine inoculation been discovered earlier. This is quite a process of reflection that many an economist of the last century would have gone along with. And still the economist of our present century will both feel and utter a kindred regret on the subject of capital, as if there would have been more of trading capital in the land at this moment, had it not been for the expenditure of so many wars, or the extravagance of so many spendthrifts."

There is a speedy operation for filling up the gaps or deficiencies that either public or private expense effects upon capital; and we have as little reason for believing that it would have been greater now had it not been for the dissipation of so much treasure in our wars, as that the population would have been greater now had it not been for the loss of so many lives in battle, or for the ravages of the smallpox."

In short, there is the skill and industry of the country: if in one year of disaster less is produced, less is consumed; another year more is produced, and more consumed, till that average is again reached, beyond which the national progress is slow. This part of his subject, we think, Dr Chalmers has most happily illustrated. But when he has brought up the nation to that average we have just spoken of, and looks ahead to the possible progress of society in its skill and industry, and, consequently, in its capital, we have to complain of some confusion. Because he sees a termination to agricultural improvements, he appears to forget how much there is for human skill and industry to effect for a society besides feeding it; and is disposed very prematurely to indulge in contemplation of what he calls the stationary state.

We must plunge at once into a topic which our writer has treated at some length, and which wears a very forbidding aspect—the possibility of a general glut. At his first approach to this subject, a student of political economy is tempted to express surprise that, in a science sufficiently encumbered with momentous difficulties, men should have conjured up for themselves mere hypothetical embarrassments. There is no fear of a general glut. The desire to spend, or to enjoy, is still vigorous amongst us. The two passions—the love of gain or accumulation, and the love of immediate gratification in pleasure or ostentation—are likely to preserve their accustomed balance. It seems a very needless inquiry to institute, what would be the result if our rich merchants and tradesmen should be all bent exclusively on gain—should retire to their back-parlours, and there live on “radish and an egg,” and employ all their accumulations in productive industry? Nevertheless, the answer to this quite hypothetical question will be found to involve some considerations of an important and practical character.

In order to lay out our ground with the more precision, we will suppose ourselves speaking of a country whose population is supported by its own territory. The fact of importation of food from other countries only postpones, and does not materially alter the conclusions we are led to; but it will simplify the statement of the proposition if we contemplate, as the subject of our experiment, a single country maintaining itself on its own soil. We imagine that in such a country the capitalists, and the labourers they employ, have been so industrious that they have supplied all the tastes of the landlords to the full measure of their means of purchase; that, through an operation we need not here describe, they have stimulated and advanced the agriculture of the country to its utmost, and that these capitalists, instead of vying in expense with landlords, are still bent on gain—are still pouring their products into the market. What must be the result? A general glut, says Dr Chalmers—a stoppage of the machine: these capitalists should them-

selves spend as well as gain; and, accordingly, he does not fail to intimate that there may be, and even is now, too great a preponderance on the side of the love of accumulation.

That they will spend as well as gain is certain, and that, as human nature is constituted, we cannot expect them to gain except for the sake of spending; but we hold that there is no fear of any overbalance on that side. And, first, we have to remark, that mercantile men are not retained in their career so much by any positive amount of gain, as by the long habits formed by themselves and their whole class. A slowly diminishing rate of profit may not lead a single family of the whole class to relinquish the pursuits of commerce, or to spend more largely on personal pleasures. Now, when the luxurious tastes of the rich are fully provided for, then capitalists must employ their wealth in the production of what are called necessities and comforts; for whom? For their own workpeople, whom they will have been enriching by that increase of wages which the competition for labour amongst themselves will have occasioned. They will be at once supplying the market with the article, and also with the purchaser of the article, by the increased wages they must necessarily give.

Here we are met with the objection, that wages are determined by the amount of capital, and of the numbers to be employed; and that population has a constant tendency to approach the limits of subsistence. Let it—let it approach and reach the limits of subsistence—it cannot go beyond. There is here an impassable barrier to your population, and this reached, the competition of your capitalists must tell upon the wages of the people. Carrying out our imaginary history, we see the continued outlay of capital creating a new class of customers for the very articles it produces, and the workman has his house, his furniture, his dress, and the like, in a quite ideal style. The real limit to the outlay of our self-denying capitalists would be the power or willingness of men to labour.

It is not necessary to remind the reader, that no such race of self-denying capitalists is likely to exist; but

the practical inference is this, that we need not fear the overbalance on the side of that employment of wealth which pays labour, and brings goods to market. We cannot agree with Dr Chalmers when he intimates that we have a "plethora of capital." We most cordially agree with him, however, in the noble employment he would find for much of our wealth that is at present spent in a very frivolous direction. We also subscribe entirely to what he says on the needless anxiety of statesmen and politicians for the accumulation of capital. It will accumulate itself. "The expenditure of capitalists themselves," he truly says, "may lessen capital; but the operation of a high profit almost instantly recovers it; just as when disease or war lessens population, the operation of a high wage is to act as a stimulus to marriage, and so bring in a little time the number of people up to the means of their subsistence. There is no artificial fostering requisite for the upholding of either." And then, again, on the free use of the nation's capital for high national interests, he says:—

"We confess that on this subject we have no sympathy with what has been called the spirit of the age. The very worst effects are to be dreaded from it. Everything now is made a question of finance; and science, with all that can grace or dignify a nation, is vulgarised and brought down to a common standard—the standard of the market and the counting-house. It makes one tremble for the resurrection of the old Gothic spirit amongst us. And this is the spirit of the age!—an age of unsparing retrenchment; a *regime* of hard and hunger-bitten economy, before whose remorseless pruning-hook lie withering and dissevered from their stem the noblest interests of the commonwealth—a vehement, outrageous parsimony, which, under the guise of patriotism, so reigns and ravens over the whole length and breadth of the land, and cares not though both religion and philosophy should expire, if but some wretched item of shred and of candle-end should be gained by the sacrifice. This, though now the ascendant policy of our nation, elevated into power by the decisions of the Legislature, and blown into popularity by the hosannas of the multitude, will be looked back upon by posterity as an inglorious feature of the worst and most inglorious period in the

annals of Great Britain—the befitting policy for an age of little measures and little men."

Something off the balance that last sentence! but we must lay it down to a noble indignation. Though not a seeker of popularity by echoing the cry of retrenchment, it is soon perceived to what class of the community our great ecclesiastic looks for the revenue he means so worthily to use. A territorial impost, or tax on the net rent, is the fund on which he calculates; the only fund, according to his theory, on which he could draw, and one which he has no thought of sparing. There is something of the stern spirit of the Hebrew prophet in the manner in which he looks at our luxurious wealth; and it combines somewhat strangely with the speculations of the political economist. The following passage should be perused with attention. It is written in the same vein as the last, but it will introduce us into what we have called his *paradox* on taxation. It is a paradox altogether insupportable; but it was not intended to lie idle, as a mere barren theory. It was not, like the speculation on the possibility of a *general glut*, a mere hypothetical and imaginary case; it led to practical consequences of the most extraordinary description. It suggests many reflections; it carries us back to the time when the student at St Andrews was framing new constitutions for society under the impulses of the *Political Justice*. It is the Hebrew prophet and the *Political Justice* somehow intermingled. This paradox, that the whole revenue of the country is derived from the net rent, is the most interesting point in the speculations of Dr Chalmers. Pushed to its legitimate conclusion, and coupled with the declared intentions of deriving still a larger revenue from this net rent than has yet been drawn from it, the startling inference is irresistible that, in fact, the State becomes the only landlord!

At one moment, the class of landlords is paraded before us as the source of all wealth and power; they supply all our revenue, and apparently are placed perpetually in the seat of political power. In vain would you tax the capitalist—he shifts these bur-

dens on his purchaser, the landlord; in vain would you tax the labourer—he lives habitually on a sort of *minimum*; and the only effect of the tax is to restrain, for a time, the multiplication of the class of labourers. The landlord, or the surplus produce, ultimately pays all. The landed aristocracy ride high in the ascendant. But as we read on, we find the State is to extract from the landlord, or expects that the landlord is to surrender almost the whole of this surplus produce; and the entire class is reduced to the condition of impoverished middlemen, between the State and the farmer.

“We admit that, by a tax upon net rent, the power of the landlord to improve his estate is abridged; and yet we hold that the progress of this improvement does not, now-a-days, materially depend either on his capital or his enterprise. It is not at this time of day that we have to complain of the want of capital for any operation capable of yielding a return, or of replacing the outlay with a profit. We must recollect the opulence of our tenantry, and their ability to enter on improving leases, in all parts of the country where improvement is hopeful. Or, if the proprietor behaves to be the improver, we must recollect the perfect facility wherewith he can now borrow to any extent on the security of his lands.

Anterior, then, to all considerations of what might be yielded—if, indeed, anything is yielded by profit and wages to the service of the State—there is, at least, one source of public revenue that might well stand exempted from the obloquy of indignant patriotism. A tax on the net rent of land needs not to trench on the income of capitalists; for the united expenditure of Government and the landlords can afford them as large an income after the tax, as did the unbroken expenditure of the landlords before it. It trenches not on the comfort of labourers, for all the power of maintenance that has been withdrawn from individual proprietors may still be discharged as liberally as ever from the coffers of the Treasury.”

The way seems prepared as dexterously as possible for the dismissal of the landlords altogether. The capital of the farmer will improve his land, and the Government will spend his rent.

“Having this in view, we cannot sympathise with the despondency of those

who represent our nation as in a state of extremity and exhaustion. And neither do we comprehend how it is that taxation cannot be further extended, without bearing oppressively on the maintenance and industry of the people. We hold that there is a world of delusion in the invectives upon this subject, whether of demagogues out of Parliament, or of the champions of reform and retrenchment within its walls. There is at least one direction in which taxation may be carried farther, without even the semblance, and certainly without the reality, of any encroachment on the means of the general population. A territorial impost, anywhere short of the net land-rent of the kingdom, would but trench on the luxury of landlords, without at all trenching on the livelihood of the other classes. And to speak of our touching on the limits of our resources, yet even being within sight of it—when the equipage and the splendour, and the thousand effeminacies of luxurious expenditure, are so paraded before our eyes! We are aware that the national debt falls with the weight of a mortgage on every estate in the island; a weight, too, that has of late become more oppressive by the change which has taken place in the value of money. But looking comprehensively at the matter, these mortgages should be regarded in the light of landed proprietors. By the national debt there has virtually been a division between them and the land-owners of the territory of the empire. Regarding, then, both the land and the stockholders as in fact proprietors of the soil, and as sharing between them the net rent which accrues from it, who will deny that between these two classes there is at this moment a greater fund for taxation, and for the exigencies of the State, than there ever was in any former period of the British history! We have only to survey the distance at which, in habit and expenditure, they stand from the necessities of life; and looking on this as the intermediate ground on which Government might proceed indefinitely to appropriate for its own uses the price of their luxurious indulgences, we venture to affirm, that never was there a greater capability than now for enlarging the number and allowances of the public functionaries, or for imparting efficiency and strength to all the departments of the public service.”—*Pol. Econ.*, vol. i. p. 254-256.

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derived from the rent of the landlord. Were there no taxes, that rent would amount to what it now is, *plus* the whole of the public revenue. As the Government cannot, from the nature of things, extract its revenue from any other fund—as it is still in need of further revenue for purposes of vital importance, for all that is embraced in the widest view of the education of the people—it follows that it must proceed to absorb more and more of this fund. And again, as there can be no doubt of the great advantage of a direct over a circuitous mode of collecting the revenue, it must be the wisest policy to commute all our taxes for one great territorial impost. The State is confessedly *co-landlord*, and the expectation is that he will leave his partner a very slender share of the surplus produce—in the end will probably be the sole landlord.

But the whole of this theory is based on a mere delusion. Every branch of the industry of the country pays its quota to the revenue. You have a large army to support; you first take a hundred thousand men from the various employments of life, and then call upon the society not only to feed them, but to clothe them from head to foot—to arm them, lodge them, and find them means of transport. How say you that the land only feels the burden? Again, what is the position of the fundholder? Does he only eat? He has a purchasing power, which extends over everything that is brought to market. He is a mortgagee, not upon the land only, but on all the industry of the country. Every penny that the Government has raised by taxation rides over the whole exchangeable wealth of the nation.

But let us endeavour to point out the oversight, by the committal of which Dr Chalmers was led into his bold paradox. "*If it can be proved,*" he says, "*that all taxes affecting the status of the capitalists are made up for to them by higher prices,* and that all taxes affecting the status of the labourers are made up for to them by higher wages,—this would seem to conduct us to the old doctrine of the

French economists, though by a different process from theirs, that all taxes fall ultimately on the net rent of land." It will be sufficient for our purpose if we confine ourselves to the first branch of this proposition—to the status of the capitalist; let us see if the whole body of capitalists are able to repay themselves by charging a higher price for their goods to the landlord.

The following statement of his case is the briefest we can select. There is much in it that is very sound, and something that is very defective:—

"When a tax is laid upon net rent, the landed proprietor can claim no indemnification for it from the other classes of society. There is not a sounder principle in political economy, than that it is not the rent of land which causes the high price of agricultural produce, but that the high price of agricultural produce brought on by other influences is the cause of rent. The landed proprietor cannot indemnify himself for the tax, by putting, at his own pleasure, a higher pecuniary value on the products of the soil. It is not the will of the landlord which determines their price. The price of corn fluctuates, like that of every other commodity, with the proportion which the quantity of it brought to market bears to the demand. If, on the one hand, the population choose to multiply, though with the surrender of part of their wonted comforts, this, by adding to the number a competition of the buyers, will raise the price of corn, without any will or exertion on the part of the landlords. Or if, on the other hand, it be the collective will of the population to forego the pleasure of early marriages for other and higher pleasures, this may so slacken the demand for corn that its price, relative to labour, may become lower than before. It is not the landlord who either raises the price of grain in the one case, or lets it down in the other. He is the mere recipient of a surplus, the amount of which is determined by causes extrinsic to himself, and independent of himself. He cannot augment this surplus at his pleasure, so as to indemnify himself for the share which Government chooses to assume of it. They take from him the maintenance of a certain part of the disposable population,* and along with this they take from him the services of that population. But this change does not

* "Disposable population" is an expression Dr Chalmers makes use of to denote that part of the industrious classes who are occupied in administering to our luxuries,

affect either the number of the disposable population, or their power of purchasing." (It being presumed that Government has taken them into employment.) "These remain unaltered; and so the price of agricultural produce remains the same as before. Landlords, therefore, have no way of making their escape from the impositions of Government, or of shifting the burden from themselves to any other class of society. And if it can be proved that in this respect they stand distinguished both from capitalists and labourers—if these find relief from the taxes which are laid upon them, in the higher prices of what they sell, or in the higher wages of what they work—then all taxes, however ostensibly laid, in the first instance, will be found ultimately to land on the proprietors of the soil." — *Pol. Econ.*, vol. i. p. 270.

We see here that, in estimating the price of corn, Dr Chalmers regards only the amount brought to market, and the number of consumers; but the price of corn, like that of every other exchangeable article, must be in part regulated also by the supply of those commodities against which it exchanges. This little oversight appears to us the origin of the whole paradox. Dr Chalmers has overlooked the indirect effect which taxation upon other commodities has in raising the price of corn. The landlord, he contends, cannot augment the amount of his surplus produce, and cannot fix its price; and, therefore, if the merchant brings him one-tenth less than formerly of a given commodity—say of cloth, and, because of the tax laid on cloth, demands for nine yards the same quantity of his surplus produce that he formerly received for ten yards—he must submit. But it is forgotten that this surplus produce—this corn—is itself a mercantile commodity; and if Dr Chalmers had followed it in imagination one step farther beyond its passage from the proprietor of the soil, he would have detected the fallacy into which he was entering. Suppose a general tax laid upon all manufactured goods; one manufacturer cannot recover himself from the tax by laying it, in the shape of augmented prices, upon another manufacturer, for all are in the same predicament. If our clothier carry his nine yards of cloth to the man

of hardware, he will not be able to get as many pots and pans of him as he did formerly for ten. But it seems he can get as many bushels of wheat for them as he formerly did for ten. What, then, will he do? He will carry his bushels of wheat to the hardware man, and by this simple process obtain for his nine yards of cloth his old number of pots and pans. What the clothier would do, other manufacturers would do. It is seen at once that there would be a great competition for these bushels of wheat; and thus, without any effort on the part of the landlord, the price of grain has risen. By no means have the body of manufacturers shifted on him the burden of this tax; the commodity he deals in partakes the general rise of prices, and he only bears, like every other purchaser, his share in the burden.

This, we think, will be sufficient clue to extricate us from the labyrinth of the Doctor's reasoning on this subject. It would require far too much space to follow him through all the ingenious obscurities of his theory. Though the fallacy might often be expressed in a few words, it would be necessary to make long quotations from the author, in order to arrive at the point where those few words were applicable. Thus, in the account he gives of the manner in which the capitalist recovers himself, he is so carried away by the one idea—that profits increase as the amount of capital employed in a certain business diminishes—that you are brought apparently to the conclusion that the surest way of making a fortune is to diminish your capital. He confounds, in short, the *ratio* of a man's profit with the whole amount of his gains. If you take £500 from a capital of £1000, the ratio of profit on the remaining £500 may, under certain circumstances, greatly increase, and yet the whole fortune of the man be considerably diminished. But this, and some other observations we had contemplated making, require that we should have the words of the author *in extenso* before us, and for this we have not space.

It is not likely that any Chancellor of the Exchequer will repeal all our taxes,—our income-tax, our excise,

our stamp-duties, and the rest—in order to substitute for them one simple tax on the net rent. It would be a terrible deficit that such a budget would lead to. Such a budget, however, Dr Chalmers would very confidently prepare. And it is curious to notice how, after intimating that this tax on net rent might, without any hurt to the community, very nearly embrace the whole of it—and after speaking in the manner we have heard of the mere luxuries of the rich—he still conjures up before the mind of the reader a great and powerful body of the landed aristocracy. The landed aristocracy would not thank him for the way he proposes to deal with their wealth and power.

“And it were no small advantage, if landlords were made to bear the whole burdens of the State ostensibly, as they do really; that the importance, the paramount importance, of landed wealth and landed interest, would stand forth nakedly and without disguise to the recognition of all men. So that it were well for them if compelled, even though against their will, to pay all taxes. The men who hold in their hand the necessities of life, have the obvious superiority over the men who but minister the superfluities or the comforts. They have the natural ascendancy; and we think it wholesome and befitting that they should have the political ascendancy also. . . . They may be overborne for a season; but their indestructible wealth will at length appear manifest to all men, as being that which constitutes the main strength and support of the nation. It will even make head against the inequalities of our representative system, and secure for them, in opposition to every desire and every provision in the framework of our constitution, the ascendancy in Parliament—an ascendancy which will be the more readily

deferred to, when it becomes clear as day that they indeed bear all the burdens of the commonwealth. The lords of the soil, we repeat, are naturally and properly the lords of the ascendant.”

Quite nominal lords, these lords of the ascendant would be, after the Doctor had framed his budget. But we cannot continue our subject any farther. There are many observations of Dr Chalmers on the general subject of taxation, and especially on the national debt, which are well worth considering. Some of these we should have liked to have examined and investigated at length. They are topics, however, to which we shall have frequent opportunities of recurring. Meanwhile, let us repeat our impression, that, although in some of his leading ideas there is an extraordinary amount of delusion, there are, nevertheless, few subjects which Dr Chalmers touches, on which he has not thrown some new light, or where he has not expressed an admitted truth with that freshness and power which gives to it the charm of novelty. His writings are peculiarly fitted to stimulate inquiry, nor do we think that the most advanced student of political economy could read them without advantage.

We have quoted indiscriminately from both the works referred to at the commencement of our paper. The *Political Economy* is the more systematic exposition of his ideas; but its predecessor, *The Christian and Economic Policy*, will often be found more full and vigorous in its style of treating the subject. Though one repeats the other, and there is in each too much amplification, yet both, we think, must be perused.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE period immediately subsequent to the restoration of the Bourbons in France was one of much heartburning, envy, and anxiety. The returned emigrants, former proprietors of the soil, looked askance at their plebeian successors, who, for their part, were far from tranquil. The tide of revolutionary reaction at one time set in so strong that there seemed a doubt where it would stop—what persecution might be attempted or restitution enforced. It was a moment of hope and triumph for the royalists, of apprehension and dismay for those who had acquired, usually at a paltry price, the hereditary domains of their former masters. The purchasers of the so-called national property were ill at ease in presence of the original lords of the confiscated acres; and instances were talked of, in which timid and conscience-stricken proprietors were glad, by considerable payments, to avert the enmity and compromise the claims of vindictive and powerful royalists.

When, after four-and-twenty years passed in Germany, the Marquis de la Seiglière returned, with his legitimate sovereign, to his native land of France, he had no need to resort to intimidation to obtain payment or restitution of his fine estate in Poitou. It had been purchased by Thomas Stamply, who had farmed the land up to the time of the Marquis's flight from France, and who, on his former landlord's return, met him at the door of his mansion, and reinstated him in all his possessions. The farmer had bought them fairly, with his savings, when they were put up to sale by a decree of the revolutionary government—had improved the property—had even increased it, by the acquisition of adjacent nooks of land; the timber had been well managed, the waters were full of fish, the woods of game. Long habit of possession, a yet longer period of residence, had endeared the estate to Stamply, who nevertheless gave up, with a good grace, that which he might honestly have retained. His knees trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he

kissed the hand of the Marquis, and said to him, in an agitated voice, "Monsieur le Marquis, you are in your own house." Various motives concurred to induce this chivalrous abandonment. Some short time before the restoration, the Baroness de Vaubert, an old friend and neighbour of the Marquis de la Seiglière, acknowledged Buonaparte, returned from emigration, and succeeded, by the aid of Mr Destournelles, a leading member of the Poitiers bar, in recovering her house and lands. Thus reinstated, she turned her attention to Stamply, who was far from happy in the midst of his opulence. The Revolution was then remote; many who had suffered from it had, like the baroness, recognised the empire and returned to France; malicious tongues had circulated the report that it was Stamply who, in '93, had denounced his employers as aristocrats, compelling their flight in order to appropriate their lands. Gradually he found himself a solitary man, by reason of the prejudice excited against him; and when news came that Bernard his only son had fallen, at the head of his squadron, in the bloody fight of Borodino, Job upon his dung-heap was hardly more wretched than the old farmer. Madam de Vaubert was the only one of his neighbours who cared to associate with him, or showed him kindness. She became his sole friend, and worked upon him so skilfully, as at last to persuade him that he could recover peace of mind and the esteem of the world at no less price than the restoration to the marquis of all his domains. Attachment to the old companion of her exile was not the baroness's sole motive for thus exerting herself in his behalf; one more powerful and personal existed. She has an only son, the marquis an only daughter. The Vaubert property was of small extent; that of La Seiglière would have been cheaply purchased at a million of francs. The most obvious inference is the correct one.

It might be supposed that the Marquis de la Seiglière was overpowered by grateful emotion at his farmer's

disinterestedness, and that, if he did not insist upon dividing the property Stamply so generously resigned, he at least treated him as a brother, spared no pains to make his old age happy, and took pleasure in everywhere extolling his noble probity, which would have been more correctly designated as lavish generosity. Such, however, was not exactly the case. The Marquis was one of those men, imbued with the ideas of the old *régime*, who learned little or nothing from a bloody Revolution, and from four-and-twenty years' penury and exile. He returned to France in 1815, exactly what he was when he left it in 1791—as convinced of his hereditary right to his estate as of Louis XVIII.'s divine right to the crown. He looked upon his country as having been for a while in the power of a rebellious faction, which the loyalty of the nation had at last expelled; he talked of Napoleon as Mr Buonaparte, and was thoroughly and unaffectedly convinced that the most anxious desire of the self-styled emperor had long been to obtain the adherence of Louis Tancred Hector, Marquis de la Seiglière. Sooner than gratify the Corsican, he would have ended his days among those swallowers of saurkraut, whom he laughed at whilst living with them. As to seeing anything extraordinary in the conduct of Thomas Stamply, it never came into his head at all. He was equally unintelligent when his daughter Helen vaunted the old man's generosity and simplicity of heart, and talked of the gratitude due to him. He had never recognised the Republic's right to deprive him of his lands, and when the Republic, and the misrule that succeeded it, were replaced by the rightful monarch, he regarded it as a thing of course that he should be reinstated in his patrimony. He admitted, however, that old Stamply deserved praise, that he had taken good care of the property, and he showed himself grateful accordingly—admitting him to his table and society, fitting up for him a cottage in the park (the gamekeeper's cottage it had been), and treating him with affability and patronising familiarity. And although, after a short time, he took less notice of Father Stamply, as he

called him, he by no means prevented his daughter—the sweet, artless Helen—from sitting with him, and walking with him, and paying him innumerable kind attentions, which often beguiled the old man's deep grief for his son's death—his son, who, although so young, had so distinguished himself, and had won, with his good sabre, a major's epaulets and the red ribbon, then so coveted, only that the sabre might be broken, and the ribbon dyed yet redder in the fierce conflict by the Moskwa. And when old Stamply not long afterwards expired, the Marquis readily complied with Helen's wish that he might be buried in the park, and that a tomb might be erected over his grave. And so the moan for the old man was soon made, and few ever thought of him, save, perhaps, the gentle, grateful girl who had soothed his last days, and closed his weary eyes.

Two years had elapsed since the return of the La Seiglière family, which consisted but of the Marquis and his daughter. They lived in daily intercourse with Madame de Vaubert and her son, and the young people were affianced. Their attachment, however, was of a very placid and fraternal description; and indeed their engagement could hardly be accounted for except by the presence of the Baroness, who persuaded the Marquis that Helen was deeply in love with her son, and gave Helen to understand that her father desired the match. The Marquis had no objection: Helen, who had been Raoul's playmate in her childhood, and had grown up with him, testified no repugnance; and the young Baron, engrossed in the study of natural history—in the quest of plant, insects, and geological specimens—was perfectly willing, but not extremely impatient, to accept a charming bride, with broad acres for her dowry; so that, in the year 1817, these were the pursuits and occupations of the members of the family party: The Marquis—still young and active, a daring sportsman and jovial *bon-vivant*, blessed with immense animal spirits, a good appetite, and a digestion to match; rather selfish, and somewhat giddy-headed—passed his time in

hunting the stag and eating good dinners—to say nothing of the breakfasts. He was the happiest of happy men; he really loved his daughter as much as he was capable of loving anything in the world besides himself; the luxury that surrounded him derived a double zest from its contrast with the privations of exile: when he desired society, Madame de Vaubert was always at hand, ready to revive reminiscences of the little emigrant colony at Nuremberg. Helen was happy with her father, whom she tenderly loved; Raoul was engrossed by the naturalist's peaceful pursuits. Madame de Vaubert would have had nothing to do but to contemplate the picture of domestic bliss, and rejoice in the success of her schemes, had she not been occasionally importuned by Destournelles the barrister, who, plebeian though he was, had the presumption to aspire to the hand of the widowed Baroness. When she had had need of him to plead her cause—which he had done with great skill and complete success—she had looked kindly upon him, and had not appeared much shocked at the idea of becoming plain Mrs Destournelles. But when she saw the Marquis reinstated in his property, and an advantageous marriage decided upon for her son, she changed her mind, and threw cold water on the lawyer's flame, which, truth to tell, was fed much less by love than by ambition. Rich, but lowborn, he desired to ally himself with a noble family, and through its influence to reach the judicial bench. It was diamond cut diamond between him and the Baroness; each saw through the other's motives, and one morning—when the lawyer had pursued the lady into the chateau of La Seiglière, had urged his suit, and been finally rejected—they told each other as much, and parted in dudgeon. The acute and high-bred dame, ready-witted and imperious, had the best of the skirmish, and left the professional dealer in words disconcerted, angry at her penetration of his real views, and vowing vengeance against the perfidious Baroness, and against the Marquis, who, aware of his matrimonial projects, had irritated him by his polite sneers and aristocratic impertinence.

The Marquis de la Seiglière had gone out, mounted on Roland, his fiery hunter, which two grooms were required to hold, and, accompanied by his daughter, and by Raoul—the latter no very willing Nimrod—to chase a stag of ten times, which the keeper had marked down in the forest. The Baroness had swept out of the apartment with a profound courtesy and the air of a princess of Louis XVI.'s court. Destournelles remained alone in the breakfast-room, in unamiable and vindictive mood, when his solitude was broken by the entrance of a stranger, who stepped in from the park unannounced, and addressed him as the Marquis de la Seiglière. The lawyer told him of his mistake, and they fell into conversation. The stranger was desirous of information respecting Thomas Stamply, the last owner of the chateau. This Destournelles had no objection to give him, and he told him the story of the old man's generous donation—only, in his then humour, the lawyer gave a more unfavourable colouring than it deserved to the conduct of the Marquis and Baroness.

"I knew Stamply well," he said; "he came sometimes to Poitiers to consult me, but he was a sort of client we lawyers do not much value. He was too straightforward and honest and conciliatory, and that kept him out of courts of justice. He hated lawsuits, in short; and when he died he had not been near us for years. He was a good man, but yet there were plenty to speak ill of him. But when he had made restitution of this fine estate—"

"Restitution?" cried the stranger: "had Mr Stamply stolen the estate, that he was obliged to restore it?"

"No, no," replied Destournelles, "I use the wrong word, but it is the one generally employed here. It was not a restitution, but a donation, both in fact and in form; and a most complete one it was. Madame de Vaubert did not even leave him the fields he had added to the domain. At first they were grateful enough to him, as well they might be. They saw little company, and lived like one family. Old Stamply was caressed and made much of. They applauded all he said: he was a patriarch, a noble heart, and

heaven knows what besides. This was very well for a while, but in a few months the patriarch was a peasant, and the noble heart a bumpkin: after coaxing him like a faithful dog, they dismissed him like a dirty one. In a year's time, no more was heard of old Stamply than if he had never existed. He died forgotten in the gamekeeper's house, without a word of complaint of those who had thus neglected him, happy to quit this world, and to rejoin, in a better one, his wife and son, whose name he murmured with his latest breath."

Embittered as Destournelles at that moment was against the persons he thus to a certain extent calumniated, he could not bring himself to distort the truth in the case of Helen—sweet, innocent Helen—who had subjugated the hard lawyer, as she did all who approached her. The stranger asked if none were there to comfort the old man in his last moments.

"One who was almost a daughter to him," replied Destournelles, "was with him in his dying hour. The Marquis's only child closed the old man's eyes. Oh, *she* is very different from the others; *she* is an angel. Ignorant of the affairs of everyday life, she believes to this very minute that Stamply did but restore property that still belonged to her father. Nevertheless she felt herself attracted towards him by a grateful instinct, and she it was who, unknown to herself, paid her father's debt. It was poor Stamply's delight to see that charming creature daily enter his room, cheering him with her sunny smiles, and holding out to him her two hands to kiss."

The stranger and Destournelles left the house together. By and by the hunters returned, the Marquis exulting in his victory over a splendid stag, and pitilessly rallying Raoul, who declared himself utterly exhausted, although he had done little but loiter by the hedge side, and had brought home some small birds to stuff for his collection. In the gentle young man's estimation, science stood far above sport. He begged to be excused from dining at La Seiglière, and went home to bed. Whilst Helen was taking off her habit, and the Marquis comforting himself with sherry and biscuits, Madame de

Vaubert hurried in, dismay written upon her countenance. She brought startling intelligence. Bernard Stamply, the major of cavalry, whose bones were believed to have been for five years bleaching on a Russian steppe, had suddenly made his appearance. He had been seen and recognised at Poitiers. The Marquis received the news with considerable indifference; he should be very glad to see the young man, he said—rather wondered he had not already called—would take care of him, and provide for him properly. The simple-minded gentleman's ideas were so completely what they had been in the reign of the sixteenth Louis, his knowledge of the changes that had since occurred in France was so extremely limited, that the Baroness had prodigious difficulty in making him understand that, by an article of a certain set of laws, known as the Napoleon Code, and by which, notwithstanding the Bourbons' return, France was still ruled, Thomas Stamply, during his son's lifetime, had no power to dispose of more than half of his worldly possessions; but, the donation having been made in the belief of that son's death, Major Stamply, by a very brief legal process, could recover the whole of the estate. Such was the law's award. The Marquis had all the pains in the world to comprehend this. Two things, especially, puzzled him: one was, that any man living should have a right to eject him from his ancestral domains; the other, that he was to be thus dispossessed by a man whom everybody knew to have been dead for the last five years. The more the Baroness insisted on Bernard's having been seen by various persons at Poitiers—amongst others by a notary, at whose office Destournelles (the ungrateful Destournelles) had presented himself, armed with unlimited powers to act for Major Stamply—the more the Marquis reminded her of his death hard by the Moskwa. The slayer of stags, when at last persuaded of the officer's existence, was alternately for caning him off the premises, and for spending his last acre in law to resist his claim. When at last convinced that neither plan was feasible, he helplessly implored Madame de Vaubert's advice. This was not refused him.

"Did you ever," said that ready-witted lady, "hear the story of the snail who wandered into a beehive? The bees enveloped him with honey and wax, and when they had thus imprisoned the unpleasant intruder in his shell, they pushed him out of their habitation."

The marquis did not see the appositeness of the apologue.

"It is thus," continued the baroness, "that we must act: you do not suppose that this Bernard Stamply has any particular love for us; to exasperate him yet further, Destournelles, whom I this morning finally discarded, will certainly have repeated every ill-natured report that has ever been circulated against us. At this moment Bernard is doubtless on his way hither, in a towering passion, and his heart full of gall. Well, his anger must prove impotent, for want of opposition. The hurricane that expects to break down oaks, must find but reeds to bend."

The Baroness's diplomacy was not very congenial to M. de la Seiglière's impetuous and imperious temper, but he confessed her superiority, and was accustomed to follow her suggestions. It was agreed to treat Major Stamply, who doubtless anticipated a haughty resistance, with gentleness and patience, to avoid discussing his rights, to flatter his opinions, and to get him to take up his abode at the chateau. Thus would time be gained, and, with time, the Baroness answered for bringing the matter to a happy termination. As she predicted, they had not long to wait for Bernard's visit. He was announced just as the Marquis was expecting the far more agreeable announcement of dinner. Destournelles accompanied him. Baroness and Marquis had been so accustomed to think of Farmer Stamply's son, whose mother had for years brought the milk of her cows to their door, as necessarily a clownish rustic, that they could not help feeling surprised at the lofty air and gentlemanly bearing of the young major of dragoons. The interview was at first far from satisfactory. Even when the lawyer's inconvenient presence was got rid of, upon the grounds that this was to be a private interview between the parties immediately concerned, and when

Bernard was thus exposed, unsupported, to all the artillery of the astute and silver-tongued Baroness, things went not as that lady wished. She found it more difficult than she had expected to coat the snail with honey. Upon the whole, M. de la Seiglière's bluntness and petulance, perhaps, produced a greater effect upon the soldier than her insidious advances. But neither would have sufficed to advance Madame de Vaubert's plan a single step, had not Helen entered the room, as Bernard was about to leave it. She had just heard of his unexpected return. Her unaffected joy, her cordial greeting, made a strong impression upon him; she spoke of his father with tenderness and emotion, and his heart was deeply moved.

"And your poor father," she exclaimed, "who left this world trusting to meet you in the next! Can it be, then, that even in heaven there are disappointments? But what joy for us who remain to see an old friend whom we all thought dead! Mr Stamply loved me, and I loved him dearly. He was my old playmate . . . with him I talked of you—with you I will talk of him. But, by the by, papa, has Mr Bernard's room been got ready? You are at home here, sir."

"His room, indeed!" replied the Marquis; "he will accept nothing from us."

"He hates us," interposed the Baroness.

"You hate us?" cried Helen. "I loved your father, and you hate mine?—you hate me?—what have I done to you?—how have we deserved your hatred?"

"The very floor he stands on burns his feet," grumbled the Marquis.

"He could not possibly close an eye under this roof," added Madame de Vaubert.

Helen glanced with bewildered looks from one speaker to the other. At last the truth seemed to strike her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I see how it is. A victim of his father's probity, Mr Bernard is too proud to receive its price. We have nothing to give you, sir; we can but return with one hand what we received with the other. You must accept, unless you wish to humiliate us."

"He accept!" cried the Marquis; "you do not know him. He would sooner cut off his hand than put it in ours."

There was a moment's pause. Then Helen held out her hand to Bernard.

"Is that true, sir?" she said.

What could Bernard do but take and press the hand thus frankly offered? But still his countenance told his determination to depart—never again, as he had already told the Marquis, to enter those walls, save as their recognised owner.

"You shall not go," persisted the charming girl, who thus powerfully but unconsciously aided the Baroness's schemes; "you shall not go: you were the Russians' prisoner for five years, you can afford to be ours for a little while. Is it then so disagreeable to find friends? In your father's name, who loved to call me his child, I insist upon your remaining. What! will not that do? Then I entreat you to stay."

Who could be obdurate to such solicitation, from such lips? Not Major Stamply, assuredly, who fairly gave in, and remained to dinner, to the consternation of Destournelles, whom Helen also invited to dine. "I could not refuse," said Bernard, in an undertone, to the astonished lawyer; "we will return to Poitiers this evening."

Notwithstanding the Major's resolution, few will be surprised to learn that, six weeks later, he was still an inmate of the chateau de la Seiglière, where he had become as domesticated as a tame cat. He hunted with the Marquis, who proclaimed him a jovial companion and excellent shot; he was like a brother to Helen, with whom he dearly loved to talk of his dead father, and he was on excellent terms with the Baroness and Raoul. This state of things might certainly not so long have existed—perhaps might never have come to pass—had the clever and vindictive Destournelles been at Poitiers. But he had set out for Paris the very morning after the memorable dinner that had inaugurated Bernard's stay at the castle, and in Paris he still was. His absence was due to a master-stroke of policy on the part of Madame de Vaubert. That lady, although she

had positively refused to recompense the lawyer's services with the gift of her hand, had too much pride to remain under obligation to him. She had used her interest with the keeper of the seals, Monsieur de Malebois, an old friend and companion in emigration, to obtain for her rejected admirer an appointment as counsellor at the principal tribunal at Poitiers. Only an hour or two before her final repulse of the presumptuous barrister, she had received a letter from the minister, informing her that her *protégé* had but to go to Paris to receive his appointment, and enclosing a letter for Destournelles summoning him to the capital. This letter Madame de Vaubert caused to be delivered to the lawyer during the dinner at La Seiglière, as having just been brought by an express from Poitiers. The same mail that whirled him up to Paris, took a letter from the Baroness to her ministerial friend, hinting that he would add to the obligation conferred, if he would detain M. Destournelles in Paris, instead of at once expediting his appointment. So small a favour could not be refused to an old friend, and the impatient lawyer was kept with lips watering for the prize that still delayed to drop into his mouth.

One morning the Marquis, Bernard, Helen, and the Baroness were all assembled in the drawing-room at La Seiglière—Helen painting, Bernard looking over her; the Baroness busy with her tapestry, the Marquis reading the *Quotidienne*.

"Listen to this, Baroness," suddenly exclaimed M. de la Seiglière; and he proceeded to read aloud. 'Since the return of our princes,' said the loyal *Quotidienne*, 'the mania of place-hunting has become a contagion in France. Amongst the crowd of aspirants to ministerial favours, a notable member of Poitiers bar, Mr D—, has, during the last six weeks, attracted attention by his eagerness and activity. Let us hope that the keeper of the seals will take pity on this unfortunate aspirant, who has been so long on the eve of obtaining the counsellor's place, to which he must unquestionably have a well-founded claim, since he has been so long expecting it.' The last hit is a

sharp one," added the Marquis, by way of commentary—"one of those pointed touches in which the writers on our side excel. What do you say to the paragraph, Baroness?"

"I say," replied Madame de Vaubert, "that Malebois is a man of sense, who likes to oblige his friends, and that what he does is well done."

"But how odd it is," remarked Helen, "that we have not once heard from Mr Destournelles during the whole six weeks he has been away."

"The Major has perhaps been more fortunate?" said the Baroness.

"I, madam?" replied Bernard; "why do you suppose that?"

"Merely," replied the Baroness carelessly, "because I observe that you receive many letters from Paris."

Bernard made no answer, and a remark from Helen turned the conversation into another channel. Germany, which Helen loved as the home of her childhood, and Bernard as the scene of his campaigns, was a favourite theme with both of them, although the Madame de Vaubert and the Marquis looked back with little pleasure to the land and time of their exile. But Bernard and the Marquis had always a fruitful subject of discussion in military topics, the latter vaunting Marshal Saxe, Monsieur de Castries, and other heroes of a previous generation, whilst the Buonapartist officer naturally upheld, as their superiors, a Kleber, a Ney, and a Davoust. The argument sometimes got warm on both sides, but then Helen was there to step in as mediator; a side word and an appealing glance from her who had loved and been beloved by the father, whose memory he so fondly cherished, rarely failed of their effect upon Bernard, and the Marquis resumed his newspaper with the comfortable conviction of having silenced his opponent. These little encounters were not without their good effect. Bernard learned to appreciate the frankness and the good qualities of the Marquis, who, on his part, daily grew more attached to the gallant young man, who was already an old soldier, and who, although a peasant's son, and a follower of Mr Buonaparte, might, M. de la Seiglière could not but admit, have easily been mistaken for a high-born and high-bred gentleman.

The Baroness was a keen observer of all that passed. She saw that Bernard's gratitude to Helen was rapidly transforming itself into love. "With a word she appeases him," said Madame de Vaubert to herself; "the charm lasts; 'tis well! I much mistake him, or he will never despoil the woman he loves. But what am I to think of Helen? Is it possible that she should so far forget her birth and rank as to share the passion she inspires? I must watch her."

Such a discussion and such reflections were interrupted on the day in question by the entrance of Raoul. He had just seen something wonderful, he said, and they might guess what it was. The Marquis, who loved to quiz the naturalist, guessed a salamander, and a badger without a tail. Raoul cut short his conjectures by announcing Mr Destournelles, who followed hard upon his heels. He was welcomed by Marquis and Baroness with a volley of ironical congratulations on his appointment, succeeded by equally insincere condolence when he declared that he had not received it, nay—that he had every reason to believe it had been given to another. The lawyer smilingly breasted the storm, consoling himself, in his secret soul, with the prospect of revenge. Against the Baroness he was particularly incensed, for he doubted not that to her he owed his disappointment. He looked hopefully to Bernard as the instrument of his revenge. But the Major treated him coldly and carelessly, and showed little inclination for the interview of which Destournelles intimated his desire, and to which Helen opposed a prior promise of Bernard's, to accompany her on a charitable visit to a sick peasant's cottage. The lawyer's stupefaction reached its height when he saw the Marquis clap Bernard on the shoulder, address him with friendly familiarity, and say he would go with him, and Raoul cordially shake the officer's hand on taking leave of him for the day. Whilst Helen was preparing for her walk, however, the Baroness, who no longer feared the perfidious counsels of Destournelles, voluntarily afforded him the opportunity he desired of a private conversation with Bernard. The lawyer

expressed his surprise at having received no reply to the numerous letters he had written from Paris to his client. He had now come solely to know his intentions. These Major Stamply did not at first seem very willing to declare—even if he himself knew them. He was disposed to reflect, to temporise, to wait a while; there was no haste to decide. The lawyer thought otherwise, and pressed him hard; reminded him of the holy indignation that inspired him but six short weeks previously, of his determination to revenge his father, and not to remain a day in the house except as its acknowledged owner. And yet he found him living in amity with his enemies, beneath the roof whence they had driven his deceased parent. Bernard had hard work to defend his consistency. Six weeks previously, he said, he was ignorant of many circumstances since revealed; envy had calumniated persons whom he found far more estimable than he had been led to expect. This did not satisfy Destournelles. Unheeding the imputation on his own motives, he continued to act on the offensive, and at once taxed the young man with his love for Helen de la Seiglière. Bernard's denial did not in the least shake his conviction of the fact.

"Mr Destournelles," said Major Stamply, at last losing patience, "my mind is made up. Think as you please of my determination, I will never despoil her who cheered my father's last days and sat beside his deathbed."

"What do you mean to do then?" inquired Destournelles.

"Leave the country. I was born beneath a thatched roof; I have lived in camps, slept on the snow; I have still my sword, it is all I need."

"What a madman!" cried Destournelles, looking at the Major as if he were some natural phenomenon newly imported from the antipodes. "Do you not perceive, oh most candid and simple-hearted of warriors, that by acting thus you run head-foremost into the snare spread for you? We will admit the uprightness of the Marquis, the sincerity of his affection for you. You amuse him; it is all he wants. I would lay any wager he has already forgotten the first object of your coming. The Baron de Van-

bert, absorbed in contemplation of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom, knows nothing of what passes around him; it is the privilege of science. But the Baroness, my young friend? Do you remember the fable of the lion in love?"

"Never mind the Baroness, sir," replied Bernard; "I do not see what she has to do with the matter. Let Mademoiselle de la Seiglière remain for ever ignorant of the intrigues she has unwittingly assisted. Let her live happily amidst the comforts and luxury of her ancestors—I desire no more. As to Madame de Vaubert, she may triumph if she likes; for that I care not a straw."

Whilst the generous young man thus spoke, Destournelles' active brain was busily at work. A new idea struck him. What, he thought, if the Baroness were caught in her own trap—if, by making Helen a decoy for Bernard, she had lost her for her son? With wonderful rapidity the ingenious member of the Poitiers bar drew up in his head a new plan of campaign. Bernard must marry Helen. Bernard scouted the idea as preposterous, and positively refused to take any step to ascertain the lady's sentiments—when Helen herself came in, equipped for her walk. Destournelles, in spite of the Major's prohibition and interruptions, informed her of the young officer's approaching departure and left the room, referring her to Bernard himself for explanation. This she was not slow to demand: what could be the cause of so sudden a resolution? Had anything occurred to displease him? Had her father by chance offended him? Her poor father, she knew, was sometimes petulant—even provoking; he was like a child in that respect, but then he was so good, so amiable, so void of all intention to offend! It was not that? then what could it be? Bernard's pretext of following up his profession was not admitted. There was no war, nor prospect of one. In short, it is hardly necessary to explain how the searching inquiry at last changed into a tender colloquy, or to relate in detail how Bernard finally confessed the true motive of his departure, and how Helen told him that it was an additional reason to remain. The

lovers were interrupted by the Baroness, whose actions were as prompt as her perceptions. The bare possibility of Helen's loving Bernard had no sooner entered her head, than she took measures to secure from discomfiture that part of her game. The dream of happiness of Helen and Bernard was quickly dispelled. The Baroness brought back Raoul, eager, she said, to accompany his affianced bride in her mission of charity. Helen started at the words; she had forgotten her long-standing engagement with one whom she loved but as a brother. It was time, Madame de Vaubert said, to hurry on the nuptials. Raoul added his entreaties; the Marquis, although not in haste to see his daughter married, offered no opposition. Bernard stood aghast; Helen, pressed by her future mother-in-law, and by Raoul, who, forgetting for a moment his beloved scientific pursuits, declared that the happiness of his life depended upon her, knew not what to say. Between her affianced husband and the man her heart had chosen, the poor girl's position was agonising. She sank half-fainting into a chair, but quickly recovered on hearing the Marquis angrily apostrophise the Baroness as the cause of her agitation.

"Could I suppose," replied Madame de Vaubert, ever armed at all points, "that by reminding Mademoiselle de la Seiglière of her promise"—

"Were I so unfortunate as to forget it for an instant, madam," interrupted Helen with much dignity, "I should thank you for reminding me of it."

With a single glance at Bernard, and leaning on her father's arm, Helen left the room, followed by Raoul, and by his mother, who inwardly vowed to keep strict watch over her until the knot was tied which should unite the houses of Vaubert and La Seiglière. Not that the Baroness felt any apprehension; her game she considered to be won. She reckoned without her host, or, at any rate, without Leonard Destournelles, barrister-at-law, who came in as she went out, and remained alone with Major Stamply. After a short but animated conversation, Bernard walked into Poitiers, whither the lawyer soon followed him.

Prodigious was the indignation of the Marquis de la Seiglière upon receiving an assignation in due form, summoning him to appear, within four-and-twenty hours, before the civil tribunal, to hear himself condemned to give up to their rightful owner, Bernard Stamply, the house and lands of La Seiglière. The old nobleman's first impulse was to call for the sword of his ancestors, wherewith mortally to perforate Mr Destournelles, who stood by, enjoying the fury of which he was in great part the primary cause. But as the servant seemed extremely puzzled where to seek the desired weapon, the Marquis at last cooled down sufficiently to listen to Destournelles, who adroitly hinted that the object of his visit was to render him a service. In the first place, however, M. de la Seiglière inveighed against Bernard's ungentlemanly conduct. After living in his house for six weeks, drinking his wine, riding his horses, shooting his game, it was the act of a boor thus to give him notice to quit. Destournelles ventured to remark that it was M. de la Seiglière who for the last six weeks (and much longer) had lived in Bernard's house, and shot Bernard's game. Even admitting this, which the Marquis was not altogether prepared to do, the man who had the honour to afford hospitality to a La Seiglière was but a clown to eject him by means of a summons. And so he would tell him. Here Destournelles thought fit to undeceive the Marquis. Major Stamply had nothing to do with the summons just received. It was he, Destournelles, who had had it sent, availing of the powers vested in him six weeks previously, and which Bernard had not withdrawn. He had taken this step as an extreme remedy in a desperate case. Having thus reinstated the young officer in M. de la Seiglière's good graces, the lawyer ventured, cautiously and gradually, to disclose his scheme. He began by pointing out the humiliating and precarious position, unworthy of his name and high descent, in which the Marquis found himself. Holding his house and property by tolerance, not by right, his delicacy and honour were compromised by their retention. Thus seriously addressed, the Marquis

felt how equivocal was his situation, and resolved to take the leap, and return to that poverty which exile had taught him to endure. And yet, as the lawyer said, it was a sad change from the spacious halls of La Seiglière to the Baroness's humble chimney-corner. What if there were means of averting the sacrifice, of reconciling duty and inclination, of saving at once the father's honour and the daughter's fortune? The Marquis, already depressed at thoughts of quitting the enjoyments he so dearly prized, caught eagerly at the hope thus hinted. Destournelles, whose ears the old royalist had lately talked of cutting off, was now his good friend, his preserver. Nevertheless he winced and turned restive when the lawyer proposed a marriage between Helen and Bernard. The Marquis knew very well that Helen cared little enough for Raoul, of whom he expressed his own opinion by the remark that he missed a hare at twenty yards; whilst Bernard, on the other hand, hunted like a gentleman of high descent. But then an alliance with a peasant's son, and a Buonapartist to boot, staggered him greatly. But he was a mere infant in the hands of the Machiavelian Destournelles, and finally he resolved to sacrifice his aristocratic prejudices for his daughter's sake, and, he might have added, for the sake of ease and opulence. But the Baroness, what was to be done with her? What would she say? It was Destournelles' opinion, that when the summons to quit La Seiglière was shown her, she would say very little, and submit with an extremely good grace to forego her son's pretensions to Helen's hand. The trial was made, but Destournelles' presence put the lady on her guard; she suspected a snare, and moreover was confident in Bernard's generosity. Honour and dignity, she said, were far before house and land; the Marquis's ruin made her more than ever tenacious of the engagement existing between their children; at Vaubert he and Helen would find a home, where their presence would bring joy. This magnanimity, seen through by Destournelles, embarrassed the Marquis, who, nevertheless, would not abandon the new plan which was to save his honour

and secure his ease; and, after a conversation, in which not a little bitterness mingled, the Baroness departed in anger. But there was another difficulty yet to overcome, a difficulty that had occurred neither to the Marquis nor to his legal adviser. Opposition came from the quarter least expected—from Helen herself.

Apprised, very soon after its issue, of the unceremonious summons addressed to the Marquis, Major Stamply hurried out to La Seiglière to repudiate all complicity in an act which he denounced as an infamous abuse of confidence on the part of Destournelles. He found the Marquis already undeceived on that score, and could hardly credit his senses on learning that his marriage with Helen would not be opposed by her father, who, indeed, now that he had vanquished ancestral pride, was overjoyed at the prospect of having for a son-in-law a staunch sportsman, who only the day before had slain three wolves with his own hand, instead of a young gentleman who passed his time in collecting butterflies, and stuffing birds and lizards. But the sky that looked so sunny was soon obscured by a visit from Raoul, come to explain to Helen what her father had hitherto concealed from her. In spite of the opposition of Bernard and the Marquis, he informed her of circumstances of which she had been kept in ignorance, and he had only just become aware; namely, that old Stamply's donation to her father was null and void by the mere fact of Bernard's existence; that the house she lived in had been, for the last six weeks, not her father's, but Bernard's; and that it was under the coercion of a summons, and the menace of a lawsuit—lost before it was pleaded—that the Marquis had promised her hand as the price of her inheritance. The Baron de Vaubert was but imperfectly informed, but he spoke according to his belief; for none better loved truth, or were less capable of deception. He concluded by releasing Helen from her engagement to him; but, he said, whilst releasing her, he did not seek to liberate himself, and, should it not suit her to lend herself to her father's schemes, he should bless the day when she entered his house as its mistress. Like one

bewildered by a rapid succession of agitating incidents, Mademoiselle de la Seiglière was for a few moments silent. She gazed alternately at Raoul and at Bernard, and then approached the Marquis.

"Father," she said, very simply, "is all true that the Baron de Vaubert has just told me?"

"The Baron de Vaubert knows not what he talks about," was the reply of the discomfited Marquis. But Helen insisted.

"A frank and straightforward answer, I implore you, my dear father," said she, "and fear not to find your daughter unequal to her duty. Tell me, in one word, whose home this house now is. Ours or Major Stamply's?"

Bernard would have spoken, but Helen checked him by a gesture, and awaited her father's reply.

"How can I tell?" said the Marquis at last. "They have taken advantage of my absence to make a code of laws which nobody can understand. Am I in Bernard's house? Is Bernard in mine? Nobody knows."

The answer, vague as it was, sufficed to enlighten Helen.

"It is all true, then," she exclaimed. "Instead of loyally restoring Major Stamply's inheritance, and proudly withdrawing from the house that was no longer ours, we got him to retain us under his roof. What must he have thought of your daughter, whom you kept in ignorance? What can he have thought of me when I held out my hand to him, believing him poor and disinherited—and afterwards—and again just now—Oh! father, what shame is this!"

Overwhelmed by this fancied disgrace she had so innocently incurred, Helen hung her head and covered her face with her hands. In vain did the Marquis and Bernard strive to explain. She heard them not.

"If Monsieur de Vaubert had not come in time," she continued—"Thanks, Raoul; here is my hand. Come, father; poverty cannot afford to mis-ally itself. Marquis de la Sieglière, resume the pride of your race. Let us begone hence. Baron de Vaubert, your arm to your wife."

The last words of the high-spirited

girl were overheard by the Baroneas and by Destournelles, as they met at the folding windows that looked out upon the park. The joy and triumph of the lady were as great as the lawyer's discomfiture. Both promptly took part in the animated scene. Madame de Vaubert addressed the Marquis.

"You see, my old friend," she said, "it was not so easy to part these faithful hearts."

Before the Marquis could reply, otherwise than by a look of impatience, to this hypocritical remark, Destournelles detained Helen, who was turning to leave the room.

"One moment, Mademoiselle," he said. "The man whom you have rejected on account of his fortune, has now nothing but his sword left."

"Mr Destournelles," cried Bernard, "I command you to be silent."

On a field of battle the lawyer might have thought the Major's command worth obeying, but in a peaceable drawing-room he totally disregarded it.

"This morning," he continued, in reply to the inquiring looks and exclamations of all present, "whilst I went to one notary to try to bring you all to your senses, this insane soldier went to another to legalise his ruin and sign the abandonment of all his rights."

There was a general exclamation of surprise and admiration.

"Father," cried Helen, "you must refuse."

"He has no power to refuse," replied Destournelles. "He accepted the father's donation, and nobody in the world can prevent its ratification by the son. At the same time, if the possession of this estate is painful to the Marquis's delicacy, the state will, no doubt, be glad to rid him of it. For my part, I now quit this house, never again to put foot in it, but I will not go without relieving my heart—without telling you, Madame de Vaubert, that you have only carried the day by making every one unhappy:—the Marquis, whom you separate from a companion whom he already loved as a son; your children, whom you condemn to lasting regret; yourself too—for it is not with impunity that loving hearts are thus sundered—to be

riveted to others to which they are indifferent."

Her end attained, the worldly-wise Madame de Vaubert was not the woman to heed the lawyer's forebodings of evil. But between Raoul and his ambitious mother there was little resemblance of character. The amiable and high-hearted young man, thoroughly roused from his scientific preoccupation, had been keenly observant of all that had passed during that busy and agitating day. If he was before uncertain, Helen's emotion, when Destournelles abruptly disclosed Bernard's generosity, and the look of mingled tenderness, admiration, and regret she involuntarily cast at the lover she had so recently discarded, left him not a shadow of doubt as to her sentiments. There was a brief struggle in his breast, but it was but a brief one—for Destournelles had not been far from the truth when he intimated Raoul's indifference to Helen—and then he took the hand of his affianced bride and placed it in that of Major Stamply.

It was now Destournelles' turn to

exult. The first effusion of feeling and burst of congratulations over, he approached the Baroness.

"Will Madame de Vaubert forgive me?" he said.

"Forgive you?" she replied. "What am I to forgive you?"

"My triumph," the lawyer answered, passing his handkerchief over his forehead with the gesture of a man whose victory has not been won without a severe struggle.

"It is not yet complete," replied the lady, in a tone of raillery.

"What is wanting?" inquired Destournelles.

Madame de Vaubert handed him a paper.

"Nothing, counsellor," she replied; "we are quits."

Destournelles unfolded the paper. It was his long-desired appointment. But gratitude, it is fair to presume, is not a characteristic of gentlemen of his profession, for the graceless counsellor was afterwards heard to say that he was a double gainer, since he had got the place without marrying the lady.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!—We regret that we are compelled to announce to you—at least to such of you as have fallen into the snare of authorship—that, for six months at least, it will be impossible for us to notice any of your lucubrations. Our rule is positive, and will admit of no exceptions. Even the dear little angel who, along with her duodecimo, has transmitted us such a touchingly confidential confession of her poetical impulses, must remain absent from felicity awhile. We are resolved, for a certain space of time, to devote ourselves entirely to spiritual reading. We have taken down from their shelves Delrio, Wierus, and Reginald Scot; and refreshed our memory with King James on Demonology. If any friend or well-wisher of ours possesses a rare treatise on witchcraft, he will confer a special favour by sending it to us immediately, and we pledge ourselves not to return it. Is there a Sexton Club anywhere in England? If so, we should like to be made an honorary member. We trust that, in the face of the awful statistics lately produced, we may not be misunderstood; nevertheless, we must own that, for the present, we are decidedly addicted to spirits.

Mr Spicer, whom we really hold to be a fellow of infinite fancy, commences his introductory chapter thus: "If one may judge from present indications, before the following notes can be published, an apology will have become due to many readers, for deeming it necessary to explain the general features of that singular subject to which they principally refer." Not at all, our dear Spicer. No apology whatever is due. Until we received your book, we knew no more about the manifestations you speak of, than the amusements of the high priest of Timbuctoo. We feel greatly indebted to you for the information we have received; but the old virtue seems to have departed from this portion of the globe. At one time we were really

eminent for witches; the Queen of Elphen has visited us bodily since Spenser was laid in the grave; and, before emigration became general, second-sight was as common in Skye and Benbecula as the measles. The days are not very remote when every farm-stead could show its brownie. But, somehow or other, we seem to have forfeited these inestimable privileges. We can't get up, in Scotland, a well-authenticated ghost more than once in twenty years; and as for the intermediate fry—fairies, ouphs, et-cetera, they seem to have entirely disappeared. We regret to chronicle the fact; but, on inquiry, it appears that the oldest inhabitant of the most aqueous parish in the Highlands, cannot charge his memory with having seen a water-kelpie!

Why this should be, we really cannot comprehend. For ourselves, individually, we can say honestly, that we have cultivated with all our might spiritual impressions. We have assisted at *séances* of *clairvoyants*—seers who professed to be able to read writing through the medium of a millstone, but we never were fortunate enough to hear their professions realised. Very lately we were told that an eminent Hawicker possessed the art of uttering divine poesy in his magnetic sleep—we heard him; and were thankful that the turf covered the mortal remains of Willison Glass. Credulous as an infant, we only want to see a manifestation, but we cannot find one. An inspired *femme-de-chambre* is paraded; but she is soon found guilty of imposture; and the place she occupied knows her no more. We entreat for enlightenment from Clackmannan, but do not get it; we write to Dornoch, and receive no answer. The truth must out in naked terms—WE WANT A WARLOCK! Observe—we give no guarantee against the ultimate application of the tar-barrel; but suffering for truth is praiseworthy. Our national pride revolts at the idea that America

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should, in modern times, unveil the unseen world, to which we have a prescriptive right. We shall insist upon having decided "rappings" in Edinburgh as well as in New York, else we must hold that we are scurvily treated by the shades of our departed friends.

But we must not trifle with the curiosity of our readers, who are doubtless anxious to know what all this is about. We shall tell them as concisely as we can, using Spicer as our spiritual guide-book.

The village of Hydesville, township of Arcadia, Wayne county, New York, was the first place in which spiritual manifestations appeared. In the month of March 1848, the family of a certain Mr John D. Fox was disturbed by mysterious noises, such as rappings, tappings, knocks, and shuffling of the furniture, which could not be accounted for on the hypothesis of natural agency. This was not pleasant; but use reconciles us to almost anything, and in a short time the daughters began to reciprocate. Here, at the outset, we are struck by the remarkable similarity of the Foxian narrative to the story of Wesley's kobold, with which probably our readers are acquainted. A few experiments enabled the parties to open a distinct communication, and the method is remarkably simple. Spicer tells us, "that, in this spirit-language, an affirmative is conveyed by a single rap (though perhaps emphasised by more), a negative by silence. Five raps demand the alphabet, and that may be called over *viva voce*, or else in a printed form laid upon a table, and the finger or a pencil slowly passed along it; when, on arriving at the required letter, a rap is heard; the querist then recommences, until words and sentences are spelled out—upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which, depends, in a great degree, the amount of faith popularly accorded to these manifestations." These, however, are but the rudiments of the spiritual education—which, orthodoxly enough, commences with the alphabet. We shall presently see that, since 1848, a higher state of intelligence has been achieved. Armed with this key, Mrs Fox, who appears to be a woman of a decidedly inquiring turn, succeeded

in eliciting from the spirit the following information. That the number of the years of his fleshly pilgrimage had been thirty-one; that his name was Charles Rayn; that he had been murdered in that house, and buried in the cellar; and that the murderer was alive. Then came the results—"There was some digging in the cellar on Saturday night. *They dug until they came to water, and then gave it up.*" Highly satisfactory this! Now, who was Charles Rayn? We are sorry to say that Mr Spicer gives us no information on that point. He appears to have been as much a phantom in the flesh as in the spirit—though the date of his apotheosis could not have been very remote, for his children were said to be still alive, as also his murderer.

We are told that "the high character and respectability of this family (the Foxes) did not, nevertheless, protect them from certain unpleasant results of these manifestations. Immense excitement was created in the neighbourhood, and considerable prejudice, extending even to threats of violence, existed against them." Now we cannot, for the life of us, comprehend what was the cause of the excitement. Had the previous existence of Charles Rayn been ascertained, and his body found in the cellar, there might have been excitement enough; but nothing of the kind appeared. The prejudice—though we should have given the feeling quite a different name—is intelligible without explanation.

The Fox family, it would appear, was peculiarly beloved by the spirits; for two of the ladies having removed to Rochester, New York, the rappings followed them thither; and a third, Catherine, who seems to have been the Cassandra of the party, was similarly accompanied to Auburn. In short they were *media*, or particularly favoured persons in whose presence only the spirits will deign to make themselves audible. *Media* are now very common. Mr Spicer says "it is calculated that there are, at the present moment, not less than *thirty thousand* recognised *media* practising in various parts of the United States. A friend, who writes under date of July 17 (we presume 1852), assures me that in

the city of Philadelphia alone may be found no fewer than three hundred magnetic circles, holding regular meetings, and receiving communications." If the facetious Spicer is not hoaxing us, we trust Mr Thackeray will keep his eyes and ears open, and regale us, on his return, with an account of the invisible world.

We now begin to understand what Coleridge meant by his powerful picture of "woman waiting for her demon lover." It is not at all a bad thing to be upon terms of familiarity with a spirit. If not quite so handy as the imps of the old magicians were—for they could serve up banquets in a trice, and produce the rarest fruits in the heart of winter—your acute American sprite can contrive to send the dollars in the way of his mistress. Here is an advertisement: "MRS FISH AND THE MISSES FOX. An error crept into our notice of these ladies, as published in our last issue, concerning their locality. Our readers will please observe that they are at No. 78 West Twenty-Sixth Street. Strangers can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock; also on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock." The charge seems to us moderate—only a dollar per head. What a blow it would be to these ladies, should their spiritual admirers desert them!

We are concerned to say, that some little doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of the Fish and Fox performances, by the revelations of a certain Mrs Norman Culver, described as "a connection by marriage of the Fox family." Perhaps it may be worth while to insert her declaration.

"Catherine wanted some one to help her (make the rappings), and said that if I would become a *medium*, she would explain it all to me. She said that, when my cousin consulted the spirits, I must sit next to her, and touch her arm when the right letter was called. I did so, and was able to answer nearly all the questions correctly. After I had helped her in this way a few times, she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my

feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap: she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier.

"Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet. She said the reason why they asked people to write down several names on paper, and then point to them till the spirit rapped at the right one, was to give them a chance to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in that way they could nearly always guess right. She also explained how they held down and moved tables. She told me that all I should have to do to make the raps heard on the table would be to put my foot against the bottom of the table when I rapped, and that, when I wished to make the raps sound distant on the wall, I must make them louder, and direct my own eyes earnestly to the spot where I wished them to be heard. She said if I could put my foot against the bottom of the door, the raps would be heard on the top of the door. Catherine told me that when the committee held their ankles in Rochester, the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor from the cellar. The girl was instructed to rap whenever she heard their voices calling the spirits. Catherine also showed me how they made the signs of sawing and planing boards. When I was at Rochester, last January, Margaretta told me that, when people insisted on seeing her feet and toes, she could produce a few raps with her knees and ankles."

If, after this express and circumstantial declaration on the part of a connection of the Foxes, and without refutation of its falsity, it is really the case, as Mr Spicer alleges, that their exhibitions are attended "by the *élite* of the city of New York, including several eminent judges and divines," we are forced to conclude that there is no bottom to the stomach of American credulity, and we begin to understand the secret of the success of Barnum. It is, to our apprehension, an uncommonly ugly story, and we really should like to know what steps were taken in consequence. Mrs Culver stated that she was taught by the fair Catherine to make the rapping—was that tested? The Fox family, in vindication of themselves, were bound to

have challenged her forthwith to exhibit her toes, and to have snapped them in the approved manner. Mr Spicer has a natural reluctance to involve himself in the feminine quarrel; but as he has undertaken to be the spiritual historian, he feels himself obliged to give some opinion. Here it is. "It is distressing to be compelled to arbitrate between two ladies of station and character, on a simple question of—who has fibbed? But some decision must be arrived at, and I give it at once as *mine*, that Mrs Culver's statement *was*, in the main, true; Catherine Fox's, on which it was founded, *in the main false*." By this, we presume, he means that Miss Fox intended to humbug Mrs Culver. A more damning hypothesis than this we cannot imagine. How does the case stand in that light? A girl, in the alleged possession of a miraculous faculty, not only states, to a female relative, that the whole thing is an imposture, *but explains the nature of the process, and teaches her to perform the tricks of the trade!* "After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce the raps perfectly!" Very odd that the ghosts' confidant should have the knack of producing sounds exactly similar to those which indicated their spiritual presence! And why did the little Sapphira criminate herself? The motive is perfectly obvious, and is assigned—"she wanted some one to help her." Mr Spicer does not seem to understand the immense importance of this point upon the whole ghostly question. With the Foxes the spirit theory originated—with them the rappings commenced. Now, if it turns out that these rappings are the result of a trick, and that one of the family has confessed to the imposture and divulged the secret, down goes the whole edifice. It does not matter what has taken place afterwards; if the originators of the idea are impostors, so must all be who have followed after them.

Ten years ago it would have appeared absurd to approach the subject; but, since then, the case has altered. The phenomena of animal magnetism have unsettled the minds, and, we fear, perverted the religious faith of thousands, both in the Old

World and the New. We have been deluged by itinerant Cagliostros of all colours, exhibiting their powers for payment, on the platform; and as, in matters of this sort, novelty is everything, and one conjuror can only maintain his reputation by keeping ahead of another, falsehood and fraud have been brought in to supplement what was wanting. That a magnetic operator can exercise an extraordinary influence on the nervous system of a suitable patient, and even control his volition, must be admitted. Such a power, marvellous as it is, is nevertheless not miraculous, for it is produced, say the magnetists, by the operation of a subtle agent upon the nerves, which again influence the brain. It is somnambulism produced by artificial means. Somnambulism is by no means an unusual phenomenon. A person in that state, while walking in sleep, answers readily to interrogatories; and his fancy follows the suggestion of the speaker, so that he may be made to believe that he is roaming through the ruins of Memphis, when, in reality, he is wandering in his own bed-room. That is just the audible expression of a dream; and in it there is nothing hostile to nature. But at the very next step the limit is passed. Preternatural powers are now claimed, and it is alleged that the spiritual eye can discern real objects at distances and through media which the natural eye could not reach. This is *clairvoyance*—which we, not without examination, believe to be a most rank and filthy imposture.

It is very significant that the most usual, and, we have no doubt, the most profitable branch of the *clairvoyant* trade, is that of describing diseases in the human frame. A patient is brought into the presence of the *clairvoyant*, who forthwith proceeds to give a diagnosis of the complaint, and a description of its seat, in terms which are certainly oracular. We have more than once heard a dialogue like the following—the interlocutors being the operator and the possessed one, of course confederates. "D'ye see that man?"—"Ay, I see him." "Is he weel?"—"Far frae it!" "What's the matter wi' him?"—"The matter wi' him! d'ye no see yon?" "No; but what is't ye see?"—"It's

that, ye ken—the thing there! Lord save us, how it's loupin! It's a red thing, and a' wrang thegither." "Ay, is't a red thing?"—"Just that." "Will it get better?"—"I dinna ken; there's something coming out o't that's no right. The man's no weel ava!" "Can ye tell onything to mak him better?"—"Ay, there's a thing he might tak, but I dinna mind the name o't." "What is't, Davie, man? Think again!"—"Oo, it's a pouther!" "A powder, is it? and what's the colour o't?"—"It's whiles æ colour and whiles anither; ye can pit it in your mouth gin ye like!" "What kind o' a taste has it?"—"It's no nice." "If he were to take it, wad it cure him?"—"If it did him nae gude, it wad do him nae harm!" Nor has it ever been our fortune to hear a more distinct opinion enunciated by a sleeping Esculapius.

As vivisection is out of the question, this branch of the craft may be pursued with perfect safety. But there is another more ticklish—that is, the description of distinct objects. In that, there is almost invariably such a sketch of ordinary furniture as prevails in every dwelling-house, and will apply to all. We never yet have heard of a properly authenticated instance of clairvoyance being exercised beyond the immediate locality—we mean such an instance as could put the possession, or rather the existence of such a power, beyond question—and that is, undoubtedly, the turning point of the whole controversy. During the last two years, when the mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin exercised such an influence over the public mind—as will indeed continue for years to come—the *clairvoyants* made many contradictory revelations. One saw him imbedded in ice far beyond Wellington Straits—another beheld him captive among the rude tribes east of Siberia. But the singular thing was this; *that no two unconnected clairvoyants agreed in their description*. Some of them must have been liars, either wilfully or unconsciously; because it was impossible that the contradictory visions could be reconciled. We have no objection to adopt the hypothesis which corresponds with our idea of magnetic power, that in

these cases the so-called said *clairvoyant* merely followed the ideas of the operator; but, in that view, *clairvoyance* receives its death-blow. If it exists at all, it must exist independent of the impressions of the operator.

As regards seraphic visions, we are constrained to say that we hold them as purely blasphemous. Some miserable creature, far below the average of the human race in organisation and intellect, presumes to carry messages from the supernal spheres, and to assume a greater power of vision than St Stephen, when, at the moment of his martyrdom—but not till then—he saw the heavens opened. What awe can now invest the divine apocalypse of John; when, by a simple process, you can throw a serving-wench asleep, and extract from her far more specific details than were vouchsafed to the translated pen of the beloved apostle? We ask those who are Christians, and who yet are inclined to yield to this frightful delusion—which, after all, their common sense should disdain—whether they do not consider themselves as guilty of most awful presumption in pursuing such inquiries? Granting that, by some inexplicable means, such revelations can be given, is not such knowledge expressly forbidden in the one Book which is the rule of all revelation? We can afford to smile at the folly of their belief, but we cannot excuse the impiety of their practice. They are made the dupes of knaves, while they believe that they are favoured with spiritual revelations through means which the divine word has denounced.

The supporters of *clairvoyance* have a peculiar logic of their own. They maintain that failures, however numerous, are to be reckoned as no proofs against them; but that a single case of success is to be considered a triumph. Mr Spicer puts the matter thus: "It is too much the fashion among cursory inquirers to overlook the importance of what is done, in the failure of what is *not*. This is not fair. If you place twenty sealed letters on the table, with a different line written in each, and the 'spirits,' after failing in the first nineteen, read the twentieth, surely the wonder in respect to that success is as great, the mode of compassing it as unac-

countable, as though nineteen failures had not preceded it."

Now, is this view, as applied to clairvoyance, correct? We apprehend it is entirely fallacious. Let us take Mr Spicer's test. An operator brings a patient into the so-called clairvoyant state. A sealed letter is laid on the table before him, and he is asked if he sees it: he replies in the affirmative. He is then asked if he can read its contents, and he answers, "Yes." He is then desired to read it, and he reads something which is not therein written. Is that not proof, and decisive proof, against clairvoyance? The letter is before the patient; and if he says that he *cannot* read its contents, then it may, with perfect propriety, be maintained that he has not attained that state of lucidity which would enable him to perform such a feat. But if he says that he *can* read it, and proceeds to enunciate something which is *not* in the letter, then he disproves *clairvoyance*. What he sees, or says that he sees, is not the thing that is there; therefore, he is either altogether an impostor, or is labouring under a mental hallucination which is equally fatal to his pretensions. It will not do to say that here or there a successful result has been achieved. Guessing may do much, and trickery more; but nothing can be received as a fact which relies on exceptions, not on rules. We have seen the experiment tried with closed boxes. The patient invariably professed to see what was within, but, very curiously, he never gave the object its proper name. It was something either long, or broad, or round, or square, or queer, or yellow; but *what* it was he never would tell, though he professed to see it distinctly; and he only made one response which a liberal imagination could in any way reconcile with the reality. Yet he said that he saw. Saw what? Not the articles that were in the boxes, if he saw anything, but very different objects. Is *that* nothing against the lucid faculty? Why, the most stolid and stupid clodhopper in ancient times would have despised the *spawwife*, only one of whose predictions out of twenty proved ultimately true.

What with ghost-illuminations,

magnetic crystals, magical glass globes, and such-like rubbish, which might aptly figure in a catalogue of the household furniture of the late lamented Cornelius Agrippa, many men, calling themselves philosophers, seem to have taken leave of their senses. We have gone back to the old trash of King James's witchcraft. Nothing is so absurd as to render it unworthy of credence—nay, the absurder it is, the more eagerly is it paraded as a truth. We have no wish to see the field of investigation limited—where an express limit has not been assigned by the highest authority—but it amazes us that men of science do not see the mischief which their credulity causes. Some scoundrelly miscreant professes to have a familiar spirit. He is not sent to the treadmill as a cheat and impostor, as he ought to be, but is visited by learned doctors and grave inquirers, whose attention makes his fortune. The public are told that So-and-so, an eminent philosopher, has inquired into the matter, and is greatly puzzled—cannot, in fact, make up his mind—rather inclines, than otherwise, to believe that Adoniram Pumpkins is in communication with a familiar spirit—and the acute Adoniram immediately advertises a *séance*, at five shillings a-head, and reaps a harvest from the gulls. Now, there has been a great deal said about *clairvoyance*, but the practical test remains unsolved. A gentleman of the very highest distinction in the scientific world—one whose medical reputation is more than European, and who adorns the university to which he belongs—has offered a large sum of money if any *clairvoyant* can read a line of Shakespeare which he has written out and deposited in a sealed box. The challenge has now been given for a long time, yet the attempt never has been made. *Clairvoyants* have described royal relics as built up in walls, *somewhere*, and have even favoured us with drawings of them, but they cannot produce them. However, we ought not to be in a hurry. It would by no means amaze us if the specified relics came to light; for there is such a thing as indicating a treasure, "by aid of the spirits," after the manner of Dousterswivel, and then discovering it.

Joe Smith, the Mahomet of the Mormonites, was a profound philosopher. He calculated, not on the common sense, but on the amazing credulity of mankind, and actually succeeded in founding a new religion. Let us do justice to Joe. He was not a whit more absurd nor profane than many educated men in this country who ought to know better. But he was much cleverer; for he duped others, whilst they are the egregious dupes.

Surely no simpler test than that we have alluded to can be proposed. Countless *clairvoyants* profess to do far more wonderful things every day—well, let them read the line. They say their vision penetrates over sea and land—space is nothing to them—they can bring you news from the antipodes in a trice; can tell you the address of a letter in the pocket of a labourer at the diggings. Why cannot they read the simpler and easier task of a single line in a box at home? Just because the whole thing is a tissue of unmitigated humbug; and the countenance of such pretensions will hereafter be regarded as a serious stigma upon the intellectual character of the age.

But we must return to Spicer and his spirits. The *modus operandi* is quite simple. The party assemble round a table, at the head of which sits the *medium*, priest or priestess as the case may be. There is no kind of invocation used. The spirits enter the room invisibly of their own accord, in a free-and-easy way, and each announces his arrival by a rap. Then the alphabet is produced; but as the process of calling out the letters is rather tedious, a child's alphabet-box is employed, and a pencil is moved along the literal line. When it touches the proper letter there is another rap, and the answer to any proposed query is thus spelled out.

This is a very dreary kind of exhibition, and was evidently felt to be such even by the enthusiastic Spicer; but it is a little enlivened by gymnastics. If spiritual knuckles can produce sound, why should not spiritual muscles induce motion? The one is as reasonable as the other; and accordingly it is common to request the spirits to move the table. The following is Mr Spicer's account

of the phenomena which he witnessed:—

"It was next proposed that proof should be afforded of the power possessed by the spirits to move substances; and they were requested to exercise it upon the table. Everyone drew a little apart, in such a manner that none of the sitters' legs should approach it, and, so far as could be observed, this condition was most honourably fulfilled. In a moment or two, the table, like Birnam Wood, 'began to move;' and if my astonishment and discomfiture did not equal that of the deluded thane, it was because petticoats are redundant, and it was impossible not to feel how completely it was at the discretion of any zealous little foot to assist the spirits in the performance of this *manœuvre*."

"Move the tables, indeed!" you say; "why, a spirit might as well be expected to draw a cork!" Our dear sir, these spirits can do more wonderful things than draw corks—they can imbibe with considerable gusto. Death makes no difference in the national taste; and we presume an American spirit would still indicate its preference for a mint-julep, or a brandy cock-tail, over weaker compounds. Your German ghost, with fine Teutonic inflexibility, sticks steadily to its beer. What think you of the following well-authenticated instance? "Kern had engaged Hahn's servant—a man of about forty years of age, and of entire singleness of character—to stay with him. One night, as Kern lay in his bed, and this man was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement, he beheld a jug of beer, which stood on a table in the room, at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied as by some one drinking, whilst John, the servant, exclaimed in terrified surprise, 'Lord—it swallows!' The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor!"

Who need marvel after this at the mysterious manner in which tea and sugar sometimes disappear, and the mirific diminishment of the contents

of the brandy bottle? How many excellent and blameless servants must have been discharged, with their characters slightly tainted, on account of the appetite of the spirits! Yet, after all, this German was not an exorbitantly thirsty soul—he seems to have been contented with a modest quencher. A Highland ghost, now, would have made wild work with the *aqua vite*; and the departed of Glasgow must surely be chargeable with some share of that frightful consumption of alcohol, which has made our western capital so notorious.

"But the tables were moved?" Yes, and the beer vanished; and, for a charge of a couple of shillings, M. Robin will show you fifty feats more marvellous and inexplicable. But this is nothing to what has occurred. The house of the Rev. Dr Eliakim Phelps was taken possession of by a whole regiment of spirits, who had a decided turn for the fine arts. "The furniture of the lower rooms lay scattered in the utmost confusion in every direction. After hastily restoring some kind of order, the family proceeded to the upper rooms, in hopes of discovering some clue to the authors of these strange doings. A most extraordinary scene presented itself! A number of figures—probably eight or ten—constructed with great skill by means of various articles of wearing apparel and bed-room furniture, were found in the middle of the room in a kneeling attitude, each having before it an open Bible! After exhausting their wonder and conjectures, excited by this extraordinary spectacle, the family closed up the phantom-chamber, as it was thenceforth called, leaving the dumb kneeling circle as they were found; and the doctor himself took possession of the key. In spite of this precaution, however, some strange addition was daily made to the phantom group, without a possibility of tracing the hand at work upon it." When Phelps, junior, a boy about eleven, was preparing to go to church, his boots and cap were suddenly missing! That is not altogether an unexampled phenomenon. However, some one was barbarous enough to drag forth another pair of Bluchers and a caubeen; and these also mira-

culously vanished. They were only discovered "after a long search"—not, we presume, until the doctor had reached the peroration of his sermon. It is odd that the spirits who thus practically protested against the doctor's oratory, should have selected his house as the theatre of their malicious, and we must say, unmeaning pranks. For seven long months, peace was a stranger to the dwelling of the Phelps. The furniture became locomotive, and walked about of its own accord, just as if the chairs and tables had been studying Washington Irving's tale of the Bold Dragoon. There was an awful smashing of glass. "I have seen," writes the vexed-at-heart Eliakim, "objects, such as brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, &c., which, but a few moments before, I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash it to pieces, when it was utterly impossible, from the direction in which they moved, that any visible power could have caused their motion." But for the production of the Bibles, we should say that this was a case for exorcism and holy water. But can anything be more preposterous than this? The laws of nature are suspended, the spirits of the dead return—all for what? To rattle Dr Phelps's furniture about, and to pitch the snuffers through his windows! There is usually some kind of poise between cause and effect. We can understand how, in the words of Horatio—

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"

—for natural portents are not unappropriate to the violent death of a hero. But were the gates of Tartarus opened, that the windows of Phelps might be broken? A more bairnly set of hobgoblins than clustered round the Reverend Eliakim it is impossible to conceive; and we are of opinion that they might, without much trouble, have been decoyed into the interior of an emptied sugar-barrel.

After all, Beelzebub is but a poor imitator. He was but trying, beneath the roof-tree of Dr Phelps, to reproduce phenomena which were played off at Woodstock, upon the occasion

of the visit of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649, with infinitely greater effect. Had the ghost of Funny Joe Collins, the contriver of the Woodstock phantasmagoria, been amongst the number of the Phelpsian visitants, he would have made every one in the neighbourhood roar, like Trinculo, with terror! Contrast the pointless idiocy of the American demonstrations, with the fine, bold, masterly performances of Collins.

"October 30.—Something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently upon the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones were thrown in. These were all found in the morning, and the floors, beds, and walls were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

"November 1.—Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds; and had not their honours called in Giles and his fellows, the house had assuredly been burnt. An hour after the candles went out, as usual, the clack of many cannons was heard, and many pailfuls of green stinking water were thrown on their honours in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken; the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear and left their ferrets behind them.

"One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed; and as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle, to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out,

when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at last prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow."

Now, we call that a respectable style of apparition—place, time, and motive being all in perfect keeping; and the design and execution alike creditable to the artist. Had Joe Collins kept his own council, the Woodstock case would have been the Iliad of the spiritual manifestations, for there is a pith and purpose about it which makes us scorn the drivelling of the Yankee ghosts. But he was too much tickled with the delight of the joke to conceal his agency; and consequently he is not quoted by the historians of the invisible world.

From Phelps we pass to Judge Edmonds. This dignitary, it seems, was formerly an unbeliever, but had gradually altered his views. The following is an account of what occurred at a spiritual meeting at the house of a Mr Partridge. In the list of those said to have been present, we find "Mrs Fox and her daughters."

"Rappings were heard, and a communication from the 'spirits' requested the company to play upon a piano in the room. This was done, the raps beating accurate time to the measure. Mr Gordon, who was a *medium*, was thrown into a magnetic sleep, during which he gave utterance to some remarks directed against the too ready yielding to sister superstitions with those which, in past ages, obstructed the advance of gospel light,"—(we omit the remainder of the sentence as blasphemous).

"While this was proceeding, sounds were occasionally heard on the door and sides of the apartment aloof from any person, as loud as could be produced by a violent 'pounding' with a man's fist. The table at which Mr Partridge was employed in taking notes, was several times moved from its place; and a chair, which stood outside of the circle, and several feet distant from any one present, was moved up to the circle, and back again, placed on its side, &c. These, however, were the usual phenomena, and of such frequent occurrence that they excited but little interest."

We pause to make a moral reflection. You see, dear reader, how common everything becomes by use. We warrant now, that if, on walking into

your drawing-room, you were to find the chairs chasing one another, the tables staggering as if under the influence of intoxication, and the sofas frantically curvetting, you would feel not a little amazed. These things, however, the philosophic American treats with intense disdain; and, we doubt not, gives the footstool an admonitory kick, as it playfully attempts to jump into the coal-scuttle. But to resume our quotation—

"In the present case they proved to be but the prologue to demonstrations of a most astounding character, and such as, I am fully aware, will tax to the utmost the faith of the uninitiated in the veracity of those upon whose concurrent testimony these facts were subsequently made public.

"At the stage of the proceedings last alluded to, it was proposed by *some one* to darken the room, in order to try whether the lights and sparkles, known frequently to accompany the manifestations in former instances, would be perceptible. It was accordingly done, and the lights were observed, at different times and in different parts of the room—sometimes resembling phosphorescent flames, sometimes forming luminous clouds moving about, sometimes like glistening stars, crystals, or diamonds. Physical demonstrations increased in variety and force, and continued for three hours, 'during which,' says Mr Partridge, '*the judge seemed to be in the possession of the spirits.*' Many things occurred to him which he mentioned that he alone could be conscious of; though we could perceive that something extraordinary was going on with and around him. Many things, however, also occurred, which all could witness.

"The card-table before mentioned began to move with violent force from one side of our circle (which was large) to the other, rocking, and rising up and coming down; and finally, the leaf was shut up, the cover turned round to its place, the table was gently turned upside down, and laid at our feet. In this situation, myself and others took hold of it, and ascertained its position; and, after a short interval, it was turned up, the leaf opened, and the table placed as before. A chair, which stood outside of our circle, and several feet from any one, was suddenly moved up to the circle and back, rocked, and finally, with great rapidity, conveyed from one end of the room to the other, winding its way among the people who sat there without touching them, and yet at times passing with fearful rapidity within an inch or two of our persons. . . .

A pocket-handkerchief was taken from the judge's pocket, and tied into many knots and put back again; a table-brush was taken from the shelf, and put into the hands of several persons successively, and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it"!!!

O Partridge, Partridge!—for we are led to understand that the foregoing is your account, not that of Henry Spicer, Esq.—what manner of man thou art, or what is thy calling, we know not, and we never may know, but this we will say for thee, that thou art a consummate master of bathos! Why wert thou not content with the crystals, and diamonds, and phosphorescence and coruscations? These might have won the hearts of young believers; but who can figure Ariel tying knots upon the handkerchief, or what stomach revolts not at the apparition of that beastly brush?

We shall, however, be told not to scoff, but to reason; and there are one or two points in the preceding narrative which we think it right to notice. We assume this to be, in substance, the narrative of Mr Partridge, who was present, and that he remains uncontradicted by any others who were there. So be it. That is a broad assumption, but we do not wish to stand upon trifles. In the first place, after a preliminary rapping, such as constantly occurred when Miss Catherine Fox was present, music was demanded by the spirits. That may be a peculiar and favourite taste of theirs, for anything we know to the contrary; it is enough for us that natural sounds were required, to allow the development of the non-natural. In this we observe a strong family likeness to legerdemain exhibitions, which seldom go on smoothly unless the attention of the audience is distracted. Next, Mr Gordon, a *medium*, drops into a magnetic sleep, and makes use of expressions from which, we sincerely hope, his waking sense would revolt. An inspired chair jumps about without any obvious reason, but no one pays attention to it; and the next notable occurrence is, that "some one" proposes to darken the room. We should like to know who made that proposition? If it was Mr Partridge, it is deeply to be regretted that his modesty has kept him in the back-

ground: it is always well, in matters like this, to be specific. The room was darkened accordingly, "to try whether the lights or sparkles" would appear. And it seems that they did appear. *But to whom?* The gifted narrator does not tell us *who* observed the lights. Is he recounting his own impression, or that of the whole company? On a late grand occasion, about which there could be no dispute—the eclipse of the sun—our scientific men were not at one about the colour and shape of certain rays or flames which were thought to issue from the verge of the solar disc, towards the moment of obscuration. The spiritual phenomena, being more recondite, and certainly less generally understood than those which are purely natural, require more exactitude in the telling. *Who* saw those crystals, diamonds, phosphorescence, &c.? Was it Partridge only—or did the Foxes likewise see them—or were they visible to the rest of the company? On these very essential points we are left utterly in the dark—as utterly as Judge Edmonds, who, with a halo of glory around him, "seemed to be in the possession of the spirits!" As Mr Partridge cannot tell us what occurred to the judge, we shall not be inquisitive to know. Many things may have occurred to him. Had we been in his place, it would have occurred to us that a slight supper, not unaccompanied by some mildly diluted spirits, might be salubrious after such a *séance*; though, with a modesty equal to his, we should have abstained from hinting our desire. No doubt "something extraordinary was going on with and around him." Gentlemen's handkerchiefs do not usually emerge from their pockets from an innate desire of being tied into knots; and surely it would be a great satisfaction for the judge to know what spirit took that liberty with his movables.

However, the room being darkened, the furniture began to race about at a speed or "fearful rapidity" which no article seems to have attained when the candles were lighted. It was all the difference between a mild sidling and the fanaticism of a Highland reel. In the day-time your chair might deceive you, jerking back as you confidently

surrendered your nether man to it; and you might be greeted with a spiritual guffaw, and a general rapping, indicative of the delight which the ghosts received from your hurt upon the *os coccygis*. But, drowse the glim, and there is the very devil to pay. Tables are turned upside down, *the room being so dark that their position can only be ascertained by touch*. An arm-chair conceives that it is a steam-engine, and whisks recklessly by. We remember, in days long past, having played at blind-man's-buff in a darkened room, and we at once recognise the truth of the American phenomena. How the furniture did use to go about! You thought you were catching a nymph, and a screen came slap in your face, eliciting diamonds and coruscations more brilliant than any which Rundell and Bridge could exhibit. An ancestral chair by the fireplace became, on these occasions, a perfect demon. It would have been easier to stand the shock of *Cœur-de-Lion*, than the tilt of that venerable mahogany. But then we were not magicians. Granting that we occasionally caught a spirit, a very slight shriek was elicited, and the "rappings" were decidedly few. In sober earnestness, we beg to observe that this "manifestation" is by far the most suspicious of any which has yet been cited; and that—though dignified by the presence of a judge, "in the possession of the spirits"—we cannot by any means accept it as conclusive of the ghostly power. We make no imputation against any one. Mr Partridge is as much a shade to us as the spirit who, he presumes, impelled his arm-chair. Fleshly or disembodied, they may be excellent fellows both; but our belief in them is just the same which we repose in the shade of Katterfelto.

It is, however, no joke to be "in the possession of the spirits," for they are apt to play strange pranks with those who surrender themselves to their power. It is not pleasant to be whisked up to the roof, and suspended from it like a gigantic spider, after the manner of Hervio Nano, the original Gnome-fly. Nevertheless, an eyewitness has stated that Mr Daniel D. Hume, a *medium*, was placed in this singular position.

"Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, the *medium*, Mr Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt of his feet; they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor, and it was nearly three feet. Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves."

We confess that we would have given a trifle to have seen the palpitating *medium* sprawling in the air! We presume this settles the question about the suspension of Mahomet's coffin; for no staunch Mussulman ghost would grudge the labour of upholding it. The experiment, however, has been attempted before. Manlius, the friend of Melancthon, tells us in his *Collectanea*—"I was acquainted with a certain person, called Faust of Kundling, a small town in Wirtemberg. He was a Cracovian Scholasticus, and read lectures on magic in the university there. He was a great rambler, and possessed many secrets. At Venice, wishing to amuse the populace, he boasted that he would fly up to heaven. *The devil accordingly wafted him up a certain height*, but dashed him down again in such a plight that he lay half dead on the ground." We insert this extract from the writings of a very learned man, by way of warning to the American experimentalists. Johanna Southcote, if we mistake not, expected to be "taken up;" and her Scottish imitator, Luckie Buchan, actually stood tiptoe on the top of a hill in Dumfriesshire, vainly soliciting a soar. Daniel has transcended Johanna—Hume has risen beyond Buchan.

But is it not possible that some of these phenomena may be attributable to natural agencies, such as magnetism, electricity, &c., though their operation is not yet understood? That is a very fair question; and we, who detest dogmatism almost as thoroughly as deception, have no objection to answer it. Our experience of the past warrants us in concluding that there are many natural agencies with

which we are imperfectly acquainted. Among the most important of these is electricity, whether it emanates from animated or inanimate objects; and no man, we think, is entitled to deny the genuineness of alleged phenomena, on account of their singularity or startling nature, so long as they can be attributed to a natural source. Thus, if it were alleged that, through the operation of magnetism, luminous points or sparkles were made to appear in a darkened room, we should not be justified in sneering at the statement, simply because it is contrary to our own experience. Nay, we shall go even further. It is not impossible, though certainly improbable, that an object, such as a table, may be so impregnated and surcharged with electricity, as to be moved, without visible power, from its place. But to tell us that handkerchiefs can spontaneously tie themselves into knots, and hair-brushes rush of their own accord to people's heads, is a direct insult to the understanding, and is indeed admitted to be so by the illuminati. They are obliged to have recourse to spirits; and not hypothetically to account for some wonderful phenomenon, but directly, from positive revelations vouchsafed to themselves. Now with this, science has nothing at all to do. They are asserting, not natural, but supernatural agencies; and these we utterly deny. Let it be observed that we do not express a disbelief in reported results, solely because the spiritualists choose to refer them to preternatural causes. It is possible that a table might move, or lights be exhibited, without spiritual intervention; but these men have cut the ground from beneath their own feet. They do not argue that these phenomena *may* have been produced by spiritual intervention, but they declare that they *were* so produced; and, with singular audacity, they have undertaken to prove that position. The reader, who has hitherto been introduced to "rappings," locomotive furniture, self-acting hair-brushes, and tortuous handkerchiefs, must now prepare himself for something stronger. We recommend him to take a caulker, by way of fortifying himself for the revelation.

THE SPIRITS CAN MAKE THEM-

SELVES VISIBLE! Yes—indeed they can; and, what is more, they can sign their names. Here is the statement as to the latter fact:—

“At one of a series of meetings (hereafter more particularly described), convened for the purpose of ‘spiritual intercourse,’ at the residence of Mr Charles Partridge, New York, the subject of Kossuth’s ‘mission’ was referred to, and (whether from a desire to know how far ‘material aid’ might be safely accorded, or from idle curiosity as to the missing crown of Hungary) pressed somewhat eagerly upon the notice of the spirits. The latter, however, cut all questions short, by addressing the *medium*, Mr Edward P. Fowler, thus—

“Edward, place a paper on your table, and we will write a sentiment upon this matter, and subscribe it with our names. You will then sign it also.”

“The result reported was as follows:—

“In accordance with the above directions, Edward placed a paper on his table, in his sleeping-room, which was duly written upon in the course of the night, and signed by *forty-three* spirits. It was subsequently signed by the members of the circle; but, owing to the omission of the history, and the irregular mode of affixing the signatures of the members, the spirits made the following communication at the succeeding regular meeting—‘Burn that, and we will write upon another.’

“Accordingly, the first paper was destroyed, and a parchment was procured, and placed on Edward’s table, on his retiring for the night. On the morning of the 23d of December, when the medium rose, he found the sentiment, ‘Peace, but not without freedom,’ and the signatures inscribed on the parchment.

“At the meeting of the circle held on the 25th of December, Dr Hall asked the spirits whether each spirit executed his or her own name, as they occurred on the parchment, when the spirits answered emphatically—‘Yes!’”

We hope that document will be preserved with as much care as the original Declaration of Independence. It ought to be; for who do you think signed it among others? Why—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN! Don’t be surprised, dear reader—we shall get to Washington by and by. Edward B. Fowler, it would appear, is a remarkably gifted seer—quite a Joe Smith in his way—and Franklin, or rather the spirit of that illustrious man, requested him to get a book, and

note down very particularly his experiences. Charles Partridge, who was present, inspired by a natural jealousy of the preference shown to the Fowler, inquired—rather impertinently, as we think—whether, if he had been in the room, he could have seen what Edward saw? The reader must understand that, by this time, the spirits had vouchsafed to appear as carnalities to Fowler. Franklin’s reply conveys a dignified and proper rebuke. “Your sphere would not have permitted us to present ourselves even to Edward.” The Partridge was caught in his own snare—a victim to the Fowler. It so happened, however, that the latter had mentioned the apparition of a queer little man in his room on a previous evening, and another of the party requested to know what name he bore in the flesh. Franklin courteously replied, “The small man was Hahnemann.” We wonder whether any deceased allopathist is permitted to walk.

No; we protest that it is no hoax of ours. Spicer may be hoaxing us, for, as we said before, he is a funny and facetious fellow, but we quote accurately from his volume. Now then, putting aside the appearances, which are simply harmless, especially as they are confined to Fowler, let us seriously consider the inconveniences of *post-mortem* signature. We never heard of such a thing before, except in the case of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and his receipt went hissing like a squib up the chimney. Another judge, of the name of Gray, is stated to have signed a document expressive of his belief in the genuineness of the spiritual subscriptions. In that case, we congratulate the forgers of New York. One thing is quite evident, that they may now counterfeit with impunity the handwriting of any deceased party. For some years to come, it is improbable that spirits will be admitted to the witness-box or required to take an oath; and, supposing it to be established that spirits can write, it is difficult to imagine how a defence, resting on the authenticity of the signature, could be repelled. Suppose a man dies in the act of executing a will, and five minutes afterwards, his spirit “raps” for two witnesses, and signs the deed in their presence, will it be

good in law? Why not? There is the signature, and nobody else made it; and it would be hard to maintain that the spirit could not remedy the infirmity of the dying hand. There is a splendid prospect open for collectors of autographs. Letters from the dead will soon become as plentiful as strawberries—nay, we greatly fear that they will tread upon the heels of the living. Washington is at it again. Would you like to hear him?

"O ye men of intelligence! Be ye warned that this doctrine of spiritual intercourse will spread and overleap all opposition. Be patient, examine, investigate—try all things by the unfailing laws of nature and reason. Be not easily turned from your course—let 'onward and upward' be your watchword. All will be well if you persevere. Have charity; love your opposers; forbear; seek to enlighten them. Oh! be forgiving; you are progressing."

It is very well for Washington to ask us to be patient; but what patience can stand such frightful drivel? Why, the man—we beg pardon—ghost, has forgot the significance of language; for it is rank nonsense in a spirit, holding spiritual intercourse, to call that communication a doctrine. Can it be that spirits, like men, are liable to intellectual decay? It is an awful idea; but, from the foregoing specimen, it is evident that Washington is entitled to the privileges of the Fogie Club. Would you like a touch of Jefferson by way of relief? Here goes.

"The anniversary of America's birth is now being observed by millions of happy people, who enjoy the greatest blessings of any earthly nation. These blessings were won by a thorough and impartial investigation of the various theories of government, one of which was carried out in practice by a class of men who were not afraid of truth. In all its affairs (the government) it is as near the intended of God as its founders could, at that time, adopt, and at the same time consolidate the States. But, with all its blessings, it was not perfect; nor is it yet, and probably never will be. The Union, as it is, is worth preserving, and I pray my countrymen will not destroy it, for as sure as they do, civil war and carnage will assuredly follow. *Better permit one evil than to destroy all that is good.*"

Perhaps the reader will be better able to appreciate the truly Roman

stoicism of the last sentence, when we remind him that the children of Jefferson were, after his death, publicly sold for slaves in the market of New Orleans. In the midst of ineffable glory the spirit of Jefferson yet approves of the human traffic!

We hope these specimens will suffice—for we really have not space to notice the posthumous writings of Calvin and Fenelon, who, along with others of less celebrity, have deigned to communicate their spiritual musings to the American ear. In truth, this is a very serious revelation for authors. What would become of the living novelists were a new series of the Waverley tales to be spiritually communicated? Are they safe against Cervantes and Boccaccio? Not at all. Spirits are proficient in all languages; and the new style both of Calvin and Fenelon is sonorous with the Yankee twang. It is really too bad that the bread is to be taken out of our mouths by deceased authors, who can have no claim to copyright. Protection, they tell us, is dead. Alas! the grave itself is now no protection. We appeal to the reading public. Do they really want more of N. P. Willis? If they do, it is no use repeating the Oriental wish that he may live for a thousand years; for, according to the new method, he may write till the world is in flames. We remember reading, some years ago, in one of the periodicals, a rather impertinent paper, in which the popular authors of the day were represented as embarking on a perilous aerial voyage; and when one of them, whom we are glad to know is still fresh and lively, was represented as having met with a fatal accident, the sole moan made by the survivors was expressed in the emphatic words—"Well! that's one serial done for at all events!" But, if these American revelations be true, living authors will shortly be worse off than Macbeth—there will not be a corner for them at the table. We shall be obliged to hire spiritual bravos to make away with the shades of our predecessors. Has any man a literary rival? If so, his course is clear—let him settle on him an annuity. His business is to retain him as long as possible in the flesh; not to allow him to go out as an active and under-

selling spirit. For ourselves, we defy competition; but we tremble to think what might be the fate of the poor lads who write for the *Edinburgh Review*, should the defunct contributors take a fancy to enliven the Blue and Yellow! Not that Mackintosh would make much sensation. Allowing for spiritual improvement, he would remain as heavy as a sack of turnips; but, in the present state of the hotch-potch, Sydney Smith, spiritualised, would be a most valuable adjunct. We shall allow no political feelings to sway us. We utterly and entirely protest against the posthumous productions of the defunct. Since we began this article, we have been approached upon the spiritual side, and the bait was certainly a tempting one. It was neither more nor less than an offer from the spirit of Ossian of a dictation of his real poems as they ought to appear in the Saxon garb. We are always averse to betray confidence, even though it comes through spirits; and therefore we turn to Spicer for posthumous poetry, believing that Ossian will "rap," when we allude to him, if we are guilty of any dishonour.

Indefatigable during his life, Sonthey is still hard at work; though we are rather surprised to find him selecting American confidants. We abstain from quoting his poem, solely on account of the subject, which is personal and painful, relating to the mental malady that darkened his latter years. Shelley, we are sorry to observe, has lost much of his power of rhythm since he became a shade. Indeed, his lines will not scan; and his words have no meaning. It is evident that the spirit who dictated the following lines is inadequate to the composition of such a poem as the Sensitive Plant:—

"Here am I blest! My mind can sweep
o'er all
Of beauty, and drink in a freedom
That on earth I was denied. Earth's sons,
With souls of clay, would have despoiled me;
They made me what I was—they made me
doubt;
But here, they have no power to mar my
soul,
For to my lumined spirit is revealed
What once was dim and shadowy on earth.
Ah! Immortality, thy bliss—and still
'Twas I who doubted thee!

Friend, listen why:

I saw the wrongs in Church and State, and
I, too,
Saw a power to right them, and to make
An Eden's garden smiling here;
But others scorned, and wished not to right
Those wrongs I saw, for they were false,
Yet feigning to be true!"

In justice to the poet, we ought to state our belief that the fault here lay with the *medium*, who has blundered the verse, and deserves to have his ears cropped. More pitiable doggerel cannot be conceived; and it is disgusting to think that Shelley's ghost was not allowed the opportunity of a revise. We lament to say that Edgar A. Poe, the author of "The Raven," is still spirituously addicted; and that his shade composes under the influence of intoxication. Mrs Lydia Tenney, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, a noted *medium*—by the way, it is worth remarking that a person of the name of Tenney signed a certificate of the truth of the Fox demonstrations—lately communicated to a magnetic circle a message and poem from the deceased bard. It is not easy to decide whether they flavour most of peach-brandy or of ether.

"Listen to me, and I will tell you of
beautiful things—of thoughts both wild
and tender—both soothing and tumultu-
ous, which dwell in a human heart. A
question which has moved the minds of
millions is, What is the end and aim of
imagination?—for what was it implanted
in the human organisation? What was
my own? but a vortex rushing within
itself, upon whose brink I could seem to
stand and see what was being swallowed
and reproduced—thorns, jagged rocks,
beautiful flowers—all in the whirl of this
ceaseless current merged.

"O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit spasm!
Wrought by unresisted passion
In my heart.
Fancies joyous, but alluring;
Love pure, but unenduring,
From time to time securing
Each a part.

Then embraced by seraph bands—
Drawn by tender loving hands—
From those treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair.
How my soul was waked to gladness,
And cast off the deadening sadness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there!"

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if we stand this any longer! These Transatlantic ghosts are superlative idiots; let us try whether we cannot elicit something better from a native apparition. For the last quarter of an hour there has been an incessant rapping on our table—there is an odour of usquebae in the apartment, and we hear the droning of a spiritual bagpipe. The shade of old Ossian awaits us! At the corner of the street there stands a first-rate *medium*, Dugald Macvurich by name, and he also is of the race of the bards. Him we entice, by the promise of a bottle of whisky, and a quarter of a pound of pigtail, into our study; and having explained to him our wishes, which he readily comprehends—for his father's sister's husband's cousin had the gift of the second-sight, and it may therefore be said to be in the

family—we give him a single dram, by way of composing draught, and patiently await the result. Dugald pechs. That, though a familiar magnetic symptom, may be accounted for naturally, the spirit being considerably above proof. But now a fine agitation convulses his furrowed features. His hair begins to bristle, and his legs are jerked as if he were executing a strathspey! There can be no doubt of it now—he is fully possessed by the ancient Caledonian muse. Starting to his feet, he catches up a pair of bellows, which, inserted beneath his left arm, makes no contemptible substitute for the bagpipe; and, marching round the apartment, he delivers the following magnificent fragment, which we hope will silence for ever the puny piping of the Yankee spirits:—

MACTAVISH AND THE QUEEN OF PHAERIE.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD.

Communicated by the Shade of Ossian.

I will sing you songs
To make your heart-strings tingle;
They were made by me,
Ossian, son of Fingal,
In honour of a chief,
Called Forquhard Mhor Mactavish;
To whom the females were
Of their attentions lavish.

Half-way up the glen,
Near the springs of Aven,
Where the black-cock builds,
As also does the raven—
There his henchman, Ian,
Found him on the heather,
With his flask of spirits
Emptied altogether!

Such a thing as this
Was indeed uncommon,
For the Chief could drink
With any son of woman;
And it did appear
To his henchman, Ian,
That some wondrous sight
The Chieftain had been seeing.

Water on his face
His foster-brother spluttered,
And a prayer or two
To good Saint Fillan uttered;

Till Mactavish gave
Signs of animation,
And could undertake
The task of his narration.

First his nose he fed
With a pinch of sneeshan,
Then he thus remarked,
"I have seen a vision!
I shall tell you all,
That you may judge the fitness
Of the things whereof
I have been the witness.

"I had not consumed
More than half a gallon,
With Rory Oig M'Craw,
And Angus, son of Allan;
And was walking home
In this same position,
When my eyes beheld
A beauteous apparition.

"From a tuft of rushes
Rose a splendid figure,
About a salmon's height,
Perhaps a little bigger.
She was dressed in green,
Her arms were rather hairy,
And I knew at once
It was the Queen of Phaerie!"

At this point, owing to an unlucky accident, the recitation terminated. A large chair, originally from Dunstaffnage, became greatly excited by the strain; and, after attempting to dance a jig, rushed furiously across the room, and came in violent contact with Macvurich's shins. The inspired *medium* went down like a nine-pin, nor could we again bring him to the scratch. That he was under spiritual influence, however, there can be no doubt; indeed, he muttered something, though incoherently, about "the spirits"—employing, to denote

them, the Gaelic synonyme of *Ferishtah*. It is to be hoped that, on some future occasion, the shade of Ossian will condescend to dictate the remainder of this delectable poem.

Will any one dare to doubt the authenticity of this "communication?" We are quite prepared to argue that point, and to prove its possibility from antecedents. Homer, a much older poet than Ossian, was called up by the magician Faust, and we have it, on the authority of Mariowe, that he was compelled to improvise.

"Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Enon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistopheles?"

We are ready, at all events, to make our affidavit that the Ossianic fragment is quite as genuine as the American spiritual minstrelsy.

Well, dear reader, what do you say to all this? Are you a convert to the spiritual manifestations, or do you still remain incredulous? We

have positively nothing more to say—we have simply expounded Spicer. He is a believer, though less from anything he has seen (the spirits not being active in his presence) than from what he has heard. It may, however, occur to you, as it occurs to us, that it is somewhat strange

that this spiritual intercourse should have been so long deferred. Possibly St Anthony was not tempted by demons, but simply haunted by ghosts; possibly Luther mistook the nature of his annoying interruptions, and was precipitate in shying the ink-bottle at what he imagined to be the head of Sathanas, when he ought to have produced the alphabet, and endeavoured to ascertain whether his visitor was not the shade of some early reformer. But Anthony and Luther, knowing the Bible, had, both of them, a horror of familiar spirits. And, upon the whole, we think you cannot do better than follow their example. When we find an introduction to the inhabitants of the invisible world charged, according to the tariff of the Fish and Fox tribe, at one dollar per head, we cannot avoid forming a most contemptible opinion of the spirits who thus officiate upon hire. And as to the alleged readiness of the spirits to appear, we greatly doubt that. It is wholly in opposition both to inspiration and vulgar tradition. The spirit of Samuel, when evoked by the Witch of Endor, complained that he was disquieted. Ghosts are said in later times to have appeared, and to have haunted dwellings; but, whenever addressed, they have supplicated as a boon that they might be laid at rest. The new theory is quite otherwise. Your disembodied spirit has not only the *entrée* to every circle, but it enjoys the amusements exceedingly—plays, in fact, the first fiddle—and the dead jackass has the advantage of figuring as a living lion.

But we shall not conclude in so light a strain. In dealing with the details laid before us, so utterly ludicrous of their kind, it was impossible to avoid banter: but the prevalence of such a delusion—if it really be so prevalent—is most deeply and sincerely to be deplored. It is the worst and

rankest form of infidelity which has ever been promulgated. It is utterly opposed to the Christian tenets, for it implies there is no judgment hereafter. A miserable debauchee like Poe, who had lived without the thought of a Redeemer, dies; and straightway, through a *medium*, announces himself to be in glory. Blasphemy must be common and congenial in the United States, before any one, capable of perpetrating a stanza, would venture upon such an experiment. But impostors stick at nothing. With the dollar per head in their view, they will produce any kind of phantasmagoria; and enact, on a small scale, the same kind of swindle which was practised at the Eleusinian mysteries.

Keep your mind easy, dear reader! You are not, one whit, more likely to be disturbed by ghosts than your father or grandfathers were—and you may set them thoroughly at defiance. Comport yourself well, and you may be assured that neither your shaving-brush nor razor will spontaneously smash the window—go to church regularly, and we shall give our guarantee against your being affixed to the ceiling. Be easy on the score of your furniture, until you observe it to be inconveniently locomotive; in which case, no doubt, you will be able to dispose of it to some railway company. And, above all things, despise humbug, and do not follow in the wake of men who are called, or call themselves, philosophers. Many scientific men, in matters of reasoning, are asses; and it is a mercy that it is so, since otherwise, through their crude conceits, they would destroy the equilibrium of the material world.

Humbug, and deliberate imposture, are the mildest terms we can apply to the American “spiritual manifestations,” and with that expression of opinion we dismiss the subject.

" Now let Old England's flag be spread—
That flag long-famed in story ;
And as it waves above our head,
We'll think upon its glory !
Then fire THE GUN—the Bounty's gun—
And set the bell a-ringing,
And then with hearts and voices one,
We'll all unite in singing—

" The Queen! the Queen! God bless the
Queen,
And all her royal kindred ;
Prolonged and happy be her reign—
By faction never hindered !
May high and low, the rich and poor,
The happy or distressed,
O'er her wide realm, from shore to shore,
Arise and call her blessed ! "

These are words that come echoing cheerily from the Pacific, and may fitly find their way to the regal solitudes of Osborne and Balmoral. Both Queen and Prince know who wrote these lines of simple loyalty and love ; nay, they have seen and spoken with him, and that within these last few months, and at Osborne aforesaid. But he has since travelled from the royal presence, exhilarated with its cheering brightness, ten thousand miles and more, and doubtless joined in singing these same verses at that speck in the Pacific, on the 24th of May, now immediately last past. The news has come rather quickly, to be sure ; but there is the fact—and it has also come without the aid of the submerged electric wire !

Well! *where is it?* 'Tis Queen Victoria's—but somewhat out of the reach of her gay little *Fairy*, and, therefore, the Queen may never take a trip to see it! Four years ago, a French military gentleman made his appearance there, with a party of friends, all in military uniform, and politely asked, through our poet, of whom more anon, in broken English, " Veder de people had heard of Prince Louis Napoleon and de French Republique? and would dey enlist demselves under it?" And then he took out a paper for their signatures ; but our poet aforesaid quietly pointed to the little English flag waving over their heads at that moment, assured the complaisant visitor that they knew all about Louis Napoleon and the French Republic, but that all the people there were faithful subjects of VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND ; on which the polite Frenchman bowed, begged pardon, returned the paper to

his pocket, and said, that " he did not know it was a colony!" Nor is it ; but its inhabitants are entirely English ; and, says their recent historian, " such a loyal and united community, as a whole, cannot be found in any of the colonies or dependencies of the British empire! The English union-jack is hoisted on all grand occasions, and to England the people would look for protection, should any attempt be made to disturb their position." Ay, and as fast as steam or sail could bring their protectors, they would go! And one of them—as brave and good an admiral as ever strode quarterdeck—has recently been to this mysterious place, and speaks of it as we do. " I stayed," says he, " four days upon that speck on the ocean, but rising like a paradise from its bosom!" . . . " Away! away!" says one who accompanied him, " we are off to the world again, truly sorry to leave this island ; their happiness in this life consists solely in virtue, and their virtue is their truest pleasure!" Ay, admiral! as you stood on the quarterdeck, while your noble ship fired twenty-one guns in honour of her Majesty's flag, they said, in thundering tones, " Queen Victoria *will* protect you," as far as she can ; but, dear islanders, you are safe under the protection of a higher Power, who listens well-pleased to the voice of prayer and praise ever ascending the heavens from your swelling wilderness of waters.

But where *is it?* If we had an eight-thousand-mile boring iron, after it had passed through heaven only knows how many miles, as Humboldt would tell us, of boiling granite, and vacant space, or water, or whatever else constitutes the globe which is favoured with the existence of London (at which point the boring iron would enter), it would come poking out at the antipodes, not so *very* far from our little paradise. We say, not so very far—but, in operations on so grand a scale, we must be allowed literally a little *latitude*—and *longitude*. But our island (for island it is) is to be found in the waters which contain the island-home of immortal Robinson Crusoe! No gold has been found there, but a much more remarkable article. Yet it will tempt none

of our venturous Californian and Australian emigrants to go in quest of it—it is, VIRTUE grown out of VICE!—INNOCENCE out of GUILT! Ah! what a thrilling page of man's history chronicles that same little spot! Let us read it off in our way, and take our own time in doing it. We ought all to take pains with our task; for—shall we say it?—MAGA is no stranger to that little paradise! And well we knew, from that same poet of whom we have been speaking, and whom we ourselves saw shortly before he was seen by Majesty, that they have read—and perhaps they are at this moment reading—what has been given to the world from these pages. And, patient,

confiding reader, rarely have they contained anything to compare, in interest and instructiveness, with the events which we shall try now to present to you as some of them have recently come under our own notice; and we shall, for a reason of our own, reserve, till somewhat advanced in our story, all indication of the source from which we have taken it. Those events are of a nature to arrest the attention, and occasionally to agitate and excite the hearts and imaginations of all classes of readers. Some of them are old, others new, and both thoroughly authentic; but the former acquire a vivid and charming air of novelty from their connection with the latter.

THE MUTINY.

Lieutenant Bligh had been for several years sailing-master in the *Resolution*, of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook; and in the year 1787 was intrusted with the command of his majesty King George the Third's armed ship the *Bounty*, on an interesting expedition to the South Sea islands—namely, acting on the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, who had visited Otaheite with Captain Cook in 1769—to try the experiment of introducing plants of the bread-fruit tree, which supplied their food to the Otaheiteans, into the West Indies. The *Bounty* set sail from Spithead on the 23d December 1787. Mr Bligh was then in the very prime of life—about thirty-three years of age. He returned to England and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th of March 1790; having experienced, during that brief interval, such a disastrous adventure as will, with its incidents, always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages in our naval history. How little he thought of it as he issued in buoyant spirits from Spithead! The *Bounty* was of 215 tons burden, and, including Bligh, a botanist, and a gardener, carried forty-six persons. On the 26th of the ensuing October, they reached Otaheite (now called Tahiti), and met with a very friendly reception from the natives, who supplied them in abundance with roasted pig and bread-fruit during a delightful stay of six months, during which Mr Bligh

succeeded in collecting upwards of a thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree. With these they quitted Tahiti in the spring of 1789, on their way to the West Indies. Mr Bligh, though an able commander, seems to have been of a somewhat hasty temper; and it is possible that he and the master's-mate, Mr Fletcher Christian, lived not on the best terms together. The latter was a young man, only twenty-four years old, of respectable family, of talent in his profession, and possessed of a daring and adventurous spirit.

On the evening of the 27th of April 1789, the commander invited him to supper, but he declined; having, doubtless, by that time conceived the audacious purpose which he afterwards so quickly carried into effect. This memorable night was one distinguished even in the tropical regions for its tranquil loveliness; and we may conceive the commander of the *Bounty*, as his vessel softly cleaved the sparkling waters, and his sails glistened in the silver moonlight, pacing the deck, and enjoying the beauty of the hour. But who can tell what an hour may bring forth? He was woke out of sleep at break of day by a startling vision—his cabin full of men armed with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Mr Christian! On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice sternly exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" With oaths and great violence they

tied his hands behind his back, without giving him time to dress; and then, hurrying him on deck, forced him, with eighteen persons, chiefly officers, superior and petty, into the ship's launch, flinging to them about 32 lb. of pork, 150 lb. of bread, 28 gallons of water, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvass, twine, and cordage. The heartless mutineers then sailed away, leaving their unfortunate commander, and almost all his officers—nineteen

persons—in a boat on the Pacific ocean only 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad, heavily laden, and without any awning! Could the mutineers have foreseen what was in store for them, they would not have dared a retributive Providence, and might have reflected a little on an old English maxim—"Begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end." Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, remains to be seen. We shall rapidly follow the course of each.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

Here is scope for the imagination, and for sympathy. What will be thought of a slight open boat, thus crammed with human beings, performing a voyage across the ocean of nearly four thousand miles? Well indeed, and often, might they have exclaimed, on their lonely and perilous voyage,

"Ye gentlemen of England, that dwell at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!"

The ship left the hapless boat's crew at about thirty miles distance from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, and the first thing the latter attempted was to land at the island, to procure bread-fruit and water. The savages, however, received them barbarously, attacking them with stones, and beat them off the island, where they left dead one of their number, who had gallantly remained last on shore to push the boat off. The savages surrounded and killed him on the spot, and others pushed off in canoes to attack the unfortunate boat's crew, who, it must be remembered, had not been vouchsafed a single piece of fire-arms for their protection. Some cloths thrown into the water to amuse their pursuers, however, diverted their attention; and Mr Bligh and his friends escaped massacre. But what was now to be done? Whither were they to direct their course?

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!"

After much consideration, Mr Bligh obtained his companions' concurrence

in a proposal to make for a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor (of which they knew nothing but the name), a distance of 3618 miles! The gunwales of the boat were only six inches above the water, and it is easy to imagine the misery to which eighteen people were to be so long consigned, even regarding only their cabined, cribbed, confined condition: they were to traverse the ocean by day, by night, in all weathers, over a space of comparatively unexplored ocean, equal to nearly a sixth of the entire circumference of the globe. They started upon their voyage on the 2d of May; all Mr Bligh's company having solemnly promised him to be content with one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water *per day a-piece*. One half of them were to be on the look-out, while the others lay down in the boat's bottom: and not having room to stretch their limbs, and being exposed to constant wet and colds, they suffered, poor souls! quickly and severely from cramps, which almost disabled them from moving a limb. What a look-out by day and by night! One can imagine them often gazing down into the depth beneath them—within a few inches from its surface, and watching the dark shadows of the sharks flitting around them, waiting for a banquet, which any sudden caprice or accident might bring them! After five days' sail, they were startled to find two large canoes, filled with cannibals, making toward them at top speed from the Feejee Islands. The canoes continued the chase till within two miles' distance, when they gave it up. Sharks beneath, cannibals behind,

storms above and below!—what sources of fear and misery! what long hours of loneliness and terror must have been theirs! They encountered tremendous thunder-storms—by one of them, shortly after starting on their voyage, they were very nearly swamped; yet these brave and good souls placed their hopes in God, to whom they often addressed a devout prayer, composed for them by their commander, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book. He wrote it in a small blank signal-book, now extant; and it contains a humble confession of sins on the part of those suffering under the divine chastisement, invokes the protection of the Almighty in their misery and danger, and returns thanks to Him who spared their lives from day to day. Poor Bligh tried as long as he could to note a few observations, chiefly of places he passed, in this book; and this blotted and weather-stained document, an affecting relic, is now in the possession of his daughters. "It is with the utmost difficulty," he says, "that I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." It was fortunate, indeed, that no quarrels or dissensions seem to have broken out among the little crew. Had it been so, what might not have been the consequence? As early as the 8th of May, the allowance of food to each was necessarily reduced to one and a half ounce of pork, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, an ounce of bread, and a tea-spoonful of rum, Bligh measuring out the allowance very accurately, by means of a pair of scales which he made out of two cocoa-nut shells, while a pistol-bullet (of twenty-five to the pound) served as a weight to fix the allowance of bread to each. The half pint of cocoa-nut milk, however, was soon further reduced to a quarter; and as for the bread, wetted and decayed as it was, and doled out thus by bullet-weight, it was eaten with the utmost relish. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning drenched them to the skin, yet proved a timely godsend, for it produced them twenty gallons of water. This was dealt out three times a-day, in a

small horn cup two inches deep and two in diameter, and round it was written by Bligh, "Allowance of water three times a-day." He took his own meals out of a small gourd, round which he also wrote, "The cup I eat my miserable allowance out of." The bullet was afterwards set in a metal plate, on which Bligh inscribed, "This bullet, 1-25th of a lb., was the allowance of bread which supported eighteen men for forty-eight days, served to each person three times a-day, under the command of Captain William Bligh, from the 28th April 1789 to the 14th June following." All these deeply-interesting relics are now in the hands of his daughters. From the 10th of May they encountered a succession of storms, with frequent thunder and lightning, the sea constantly breaking over the boat, and nearly filling it with water, which they had to bale out as quickly as possible to prevent being swamped; yet most of them were seriously weakened and ill, from cramps and spasms. They gained some slight relief by adopting a suggestion of their thoughtful commander,—viz., they all took off their clothes, steeped in rain-wet, and wrung them in the salt water, which produced some little warmth to their shivering limbs. What a sight these unfortunate beings, thus engaged on the lonely ocean, must have presented to a pitying beholder! To aggravate their disastrous condition, their little store of bread had become soaked in the salt water, which had broken over them incessantly; and even of their sorry fare, their pittance, by the 24th May, was reduced to 1-25th of a lb. for breakfast, and the like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! On the 25th, they succeeded in capturing one or two sea-fowl that came so near the boat (which must have been indeed a novel sight to them) as enabled the mariners to catch them with the hand! They were of the size of a pigeon, and each was cut into eighteen pieces, and eaten, of course, uncooked. About this time the heat of the sun became so intense that it caused a languor and faintness which made them weary of life. On the morning of the 29th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously,

but they contrived to haul off, and so escape instant destruction. They were able to steer through an opening in the reef, and found a small island within it, which Bligh named "Island of Direction." "We had," says he, "returned God thanks for His gracious protection; and with much content took our miserable allowance of a 25th of a lb. of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water (with which they had been furnished, it will be remembered, by the thunder-storm). At length they began to near New Holland, and landed on a fine sandy bay in an island near the main, where they luxuriated on oysters, water, and berries, and slept comfortably all night; but as they were preparing in the morning to leave, they found a large party of natives armed with spears, running and hallooing towards them—whether friendly or not, Mr Bligh and his companions did not pause to ascertain, but put off safely to sea. On the 31st they landed at another little island, where they again found oysters; and it may be said, in a sad way, that they indeed "astonished the natives," on whom they supped heartily. On the evening of the 3d June they succeeded in threading their way through a most difficult and dangerous passage (the Endeavour Straits), and were again in the open ocean; but here again they had to encounter long-continued wet and stormy weather, from which their exhausted frames suffered very severely. Incessant fatigue, and exposure to cold and wet, overpowered the strongest among them, and several seemed at the point of death. During all these terrible trials, the noble-spirited commander contrived to support their sinking spirits by every exertion to distract and amuse their attention, he himself all the while as exhausted

as themselves. At length, however, his fortitude and constancy were rewarded; for, behold! at 3 A.M. of the 12th June, their eyes were ravished with a sight of their long-sighed-for point of destination! Timor! Timor!—the island of Timor was in sight! Ah, who shall tell the thrill of ecstasy that shot through the hearts of the weather-beaten and all but prostrate boat's crew, as they first saw the island, and found themselves nearing it! What pious gratitude filled them towards their good God, in whose hands are all the waters of the earth, and who had conducted them through such unexampled perils!

On the 14th June they landed at the Dutch settlement of Conpang, after having been forty-eight long days and nights in this open boat on the ocean, and received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the governor and all the other residents. On the 30th of August Mr Bligh sailed with his surviving crew (for one died of fever at Timor), taking with him the launch in which they had crossed the ocean, for Batavia; and afterwards homeward with eleven out of the original eighteen, the others having died or preferred remaining in Batavia. He landed safe at Portsmouth on the 14th March 1790. His cruel case was instantly made known, and attracted universal sympathy. He was quickly promoted, served with great distinction at the battles of Camperdown and Copenhagen, at the latter of which he commanded a ship under Lord Nelson; and was afterwards appointed governor of New South Wales, and ultimately became a vice-admiral. Thenceforth he lived happily in the bosom of his family, and died in London, in the year 1817, aged sixty-three.

RETRIBUTION.

The atrocious act of mutiny and piracy excited, as may well be imagined, universal indignation in England; and a frigate (the *Pandora*), under the command of Captain Edwards, was forthwith despatched to the site of it, with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands, and seize and bring home all the mutineers

they might discover. The *Pandora* arrived at Matavai Bay, off Otaheite, on the 23d March 1791; and three of the offenders immediately came on board, surrendered themselves, and were instantly put in irons. Eleven more were seized at Otaheite, and also put in irons. Two of the original mutineers, who had landed at

Otaheite, were dead—after one of them had become a king, and been shortly afterwards murdered by the other, who was himself instantly stoned to death by the natives. No tidings could be gained of the remaining nine mutineers, nor of the *Bounty*; and after making all possible efforts to discover them, the frigate, with her fourteen mutineers lying in irons in a cage on the after part of the quarterdeck, only eleven feet in length, called “Pandora’s Box,” set off homeward. She was wrecked, however, on a coral reef off New Holland, on the 29th August 1791, and the crew had to navigate a thousand miles, in open boats. Four of the mutineers went down, in their irons, with the *Pandora*; others of their companions succeeded, with desperate efforts, in disengaging themselves from their irons. Thirty of the crew also perished. Captain Edwards, and his surviving men and prisoners, succeeded in reaching a sandy quay, only ninety yards long by sixty wide,—a miserable spot, where they all were nearly consumed, under a vertical sun, from the insupportable heat of which the wretched prisoners had no other defence but to bury themselves up to their necks in the burning sands! The captain and his men had tents made of boats’ sails; but he deemed it consistent with duty to refuse the slightest shelter or protection to his wretched prisoners! One of them was a young gentleman, named Peter Heywood, not sixteen years old at the time of the mutiny, in which he had taken no voluntary part. The only article he saved from the wreck was a Common-Prayer Book, which he held between his teeth as he swam to shore for his life. He, with his guilty surviving companions, reached England, heavily chained and almost in rags, on the 19th June 1792. On the 12th September, he and his nine fellow-mutineers were brought to a court-martial at Portsmouth, on board the *Duke*, the president being Lord Hood. On the sixth day the court acquitted four of the ten, and found the remaining six guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship, and deserting His Majesty’s service. Among these latter was poor Peter Heywood. They were sentenced to be hanged by the

neck on board one of His Majesty’s ships of war; but two of them, Peter Heywood and another, were recommended to His Majesty’s mercy. Two days afterwards, the unfortunate young gentleman wrote a letter to a clergyman, a friend of his family, containing the following remarkable and affecting passages:—

“On Tuesday morning the 18th inst., the dreadful sentence of DEATH was pronounced upon me, to which (being the just decree of that Divine Providence who first gave me breath) I bow my devoted head with that fortitude, cheerfulness, and resignation, which is the duty of every member of the church of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus. To Him alone I now look for succour, in full hope that perhaps a few days more will open to the view of my astonished and fearful soul His kingdom of eternal and incomprehensible bliss, prepared only for the righteous of heart. I have not been found guilty of the slightest act of the detestable crime of mutiny, but am doomed to die for not being active in my endeavour to suppress it. Could the evidences who appeared in the court-martial be tried, they would also suffer for the same and only crime of which I have been guilty. But I am to be the victim. Alas! my youthful inexperience, and no depravity of will, is the sole cause to which I can attribute my misfortunes. But, so far from repining at my fate, I receive it with a dreadful kind of joy, composure, and serenity of mind, well assured that it has pleased God to point me out as a subject, through whom some useful, though at present unsearchable intention of the Divine attributes may be carried into execution for the future benefit of my country. Then why should I repine at being made a sacrifice for the good of perhaps thousands of my fellow-creatures? Forbid it, Heaven!”

On the 24th October 1792, he and another received a free, unconditional pardon; another was respited, and ultimately pardoned; and three were hanged at the yard-arm, a miserable spectacle, in Portsmouth harbour, on board the *Brunswick*. When Captain Montague, two days before the execution, read young Peter Heywood His Majesty’s gracious par-

don, the youth addressed him in the following noble strain :—

"Sir, when the sentence of the law was passed upon me, I received it, I trust, as became a man; and if it had been carried into execution, I should have met my fate, I hope, in a manner becoming a Christian. Your admonition cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon my mind. I receive with gratitude my sovereign's mercy, for which my future life shall be faithfully devoted to his service."

And faithfully his future life redeemed his pledge. He immediately re-entered His Majesty's service, rose in it rapidly to high station, greatly distinguished himself, and died in honourable retirement, in the year 1831,

in his 58th year. His considerate and discriminating judges, after weighing all the facts of the case, regarded him as having been more unfortunate than criminal, from his youth, the coercion under which he had laboured, and the absence of any proof that he had taken part in the outrage inflicted on his commander, or his fellow-victims. His early misfortunes saddened and sobered him for life; he became the idol of those who were placed either over or under him; and it stands recorded of him by one of our naval annalists, "that his king and country never had a more faithful servant, nor the naval service a more worthy and respectable member."

THE MISSING MUTINEERS.

It seems difficult to assign adequate motives for the mutiny of the *Bounty*, or at least to imagine the ulterior objects of its perpetrators. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, was a gentleman by birth and education, brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and Chief-Justice of Ely; while Mr Young, one of the midshipmen who shared his desperate venture, was the nephew of a baronet. What could such men have imagined would be their destiny? What, for instance, could they do with their king's ship? What pleasure could they have in spending the rest of their lives among savages?

It was twenty years before the slightest trace of them could be detected, but then their deplorable fate became known. It seems that as soon as they had turned adrift their commander, Christian sailed for an island 500 miles south of Otaheite, intending to land there; but the inhabitants refusing to allow them, they returned to Otaheite. Once more they went to the island in question, were again repulsed by the natives, and once more repaired to Otaheite. It was now necessary for them to consider seriously how they were to dispose of themselves. All but nine resolved to settle at Otaheite, Christian and his eight companions resolving to try their fortunes elsewhere. It so happened that he had found in the *Bounty*, among its

commander's books, a copy of Commander Carteret's *Voyage round the World*; and among his other discoveries, the author mentions a very little island which he first saw on the 2d July 1767, in the South Pacific Ocean; "it appeared," he said, "like a great rock rising out of the sea," and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues' distance.

Its highest point rose 1008 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather could be seen at forty miles' distance. As it was first seen by a young gentlemen named Pitcairn, they gave it his name, "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it; but the surf was raging so violently around it as to render near approach impossible. It is at a distance of 1200 miles from Otaheite, and is in latitude $25^{\circ} 4'$ south, and in longitude $180^{\circ} 8'$ west. It is only four miles and a half in circumference, a mile and a half being its greatest length. It is of volcanic origin, having been elevated from the bed of the ocean by some tremendous convulsion caused by the action of fire, which has given a vertical character and a jagged outline to the stony mountains, and rendered the scenery wildly picturesque. It is covered with trees—the cocoa-nut, plantain, bread-fruit, and banyan—and its climate is favourable to the growth of vegetables. There are no venomous reptiles. There is only one point, called Bounty Bay, where ac-

advanced age in the year 1850. From all this it may appear that the mutineers must have found the bar-

ren rock to which they betook themselves, become a very hell upon earth.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

The last male survivor was the John Adams above mentioned, a seaman; and marvellous, indeed, was the change which reflection and merciful experience contributed to effect in his mind and character. He had lived not only among scenes of violence and blood, but in constant terror of being discovered by some ship approaching the island, and taken home to be hanged. As a sample of his sufferings on this score, in the year 1795 a ship was seen coming near the island, on which he and his brother mutineers hid themselves in the bushes, in great terror. When at length they dared to venture out, they stole cautiously to the landing-place, and found that the ship had disappeared; but as a knife and some cocoa-nuts were lying near the water's edge, it was clear that some one had landed, but doubtless, not having seen any traces of occupation, had left, and the ship had proceeded on its voyage.

In the year 1800, Adams, then only thirty-six years old, found himself the only man in the island—his companions being twenty of the children of his deceased comrades; but they had come to regard him as their common father, with reverence and affection. He was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of a Bible, and of a prayer-book, which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and of these he made unceasing use. Two remarkable dreams occurred to him in the year 1810, which he always regarded as having been designed to awake in him reflection and repentance; and he became a very devout man—training up in Christianity the young semi-pagans who surrounded him. He had constant morning and evening prayers, and was never tired of reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took such a delight, that on one occasion, two of the lads having earned a little present of gunpowder—a very precious commodity there—as a reward for their labour in preparing the ground for planting yams, proposed that, instead of the present, he should read

them some extra lessons from the Bible! He became, in truth, as he has since been called, an island patriarch.

In the year 1808, an American captain landed at the island, not a little to Adams' alarm, and, on quitting, took with him a chronometer and compass which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and forwarded them to the Admiralty—being, of course, acquainted with the story of the mutiny. No steps, however, were taken by the British Government; but six years afterwards, Adams beheld with dismay two men-of-war approaching the island, and he reasonably apprehended that at length his hour was come, for the two captains, with some officers and men, were seen descending the ships' sides, and immediately landed. Adams made no attempt to conceal himself—resigned to his destiny; but was quickly comforted by the tidings that he was not to be arrested; that a quarter of a century had passed away, and his presence was considered useful to the young islanders. Then, indeed, a mill-stone fell from his neck. How the weight of it had worn him may be guessed from the fact, that Sir Thomas Staines, one of the captains, styled him, in his despatch, "a venerable old man"—whereas he was then only fifty years old! Sir Thomas added, "His exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared—the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them—who look up to him as the father of the whole, and one family." When Sir Thomas and his companions saw the island they did not suppose it inhabited, and were greatly surprised to observe, as they approached, plantations laid out, and very neatly-constructed huts and houses! When within two miles from the landing-place, some natives were observed

bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, in which they dashed through a heavy surf, and pulled off to the ships. What was the astonishment of the sailors to hear one of the two savages exclaim, on approaching the ship, "Won't you heave us a rope, now?" And who should these prove to be, but a son of Christian, twenty-five years old, and of Young, eighteen years old! "They were fine handsome fellows, tall and well-proportioned, and their features were those of an honest English face." Their only dress was a piece of cloth round their loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. When they had got on board, Sir Thomas Staines took them down into his cabin to give them lunch, and was moved with sudden tenderness on seeing one of them rise up, place his hands in a posture of devotion, and distinctly and solemnly say, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" On accompanying them back to the island, and accomplishing the landing with no little difficulty, Sir Thomas was charmed with the scene and the reception which awaited him. Poor old Adams and his wife, who was blind and infirm, conducted their great guests to his snug and neat house, and spread out for them a little repast of yams, cocoa-nuts, and fine fresh eggs. They found the settlement to consist of forty-six grown-up young people, with a number of infants. The young men were all fine athletic fellows, their faces full of frankness; but the young women excited great admiration. They were tall and finely formed; their faces beaming with smiles, but wearing an air of modesty and bashfulness that would do honour to the most virtuous nation on earth. "Their teeth like ivory, even, regular, and beautiful, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features." Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all around were carefully cultivated. They were very systematic in conducting their little affairs. Old Adams, for instance, kept a careful register, containing the times and account of their work, and

what each had acquired by it; and they had a regular system of barter—as of salt for fresh provisions; vegetables and fruit for poultry, and fish, &c. All were engaged in the cultivation of the ground (growing chiefly yams) and fishing; and when one had cleared a sufficient quantity of ground, and had stock enough to maintain a family, he was allowed to marry—but always with the consent of Adams. The utmost harmony prevailed in their little society. They were simple, sincere, affectionate, and pious, and most exemplary in discharging their religious duties.

These matters continued till the year 1825, when Captain Beechey visited the island, in the *Blossom*, and has left on record an affecting picture of their primitive simplicity and happiness. They were still under the care of their old patriarch Adams. "These excellent people," said Captain Beechey, "appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious; cheerful and hospitable even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection; and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed." Their reverence for the Sabbath would shame many a highly-civilised Christian community. It was, indeed, "kept holy"—a day of rest, in truth, and of cheerful reverence towards the Most High. Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England, the prayers being read by old Adams, and the lessons by one appointed by him for that purpose.

Their only intercourse with the great world was on the occasion, few and far between, of ships of war, whalers, or others, touching at the island. "These seas," says a traveller on them during the last year (1852), "are but little frequented. To give an idea of their vast extent, notwithstanding the thousands of ships that are trading on them, we have seen only one ship at sea, and our track measures some 4500 miles! What a little spot this island appears in the vast Pacific! a mere rock,

apparently incapable of resisting the mighty waves of so vast an ocean. The mutineers might well deem themselves secure on so small an island!"

At length,

"Declining gently to the last, this good old man, he died."

THE PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

Not quite four months—viz. on the 15 November 1828—before the death of the island patriarch, there arrived at Pitcairn a remarkable man destined to be his successor in the confidence, affection, and government of that little community. He seemed really to have been marked out for the post by Providence. The person here spoken of bears the by no means aristocratic name of **GEORGE HUNN NOBBS**. He was born in this country in 1799; went to sea at the early age of eleven years, when he became a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards held a commission in the Chilian navy, under the present Earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane), and in consequence of his services became lieutenant. He was at length, after a gallant and desperate conflict with a Spanish gun-brig, taken prisoner by the troops of the piratical Spanish general Benevedeis, who was a very fiend incarnate of cruelty. He shot all his prisoners, except Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen, all four of whom lay under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of being shot, for three weeks; during which Lieutenant Nobbs daily saw his fellow-prisoners led out to death, and heard the reports of the muskets from which they suffered. This monster Benevedeis would invite the captive officers to an elegant entertainment; immediately after which he would have them marched into the courtyard, and shot—their host standing at the window to enjoy the spectacle! Such was the man at whose mercy poor Lieutenant Nobbs lay for three weeks; at the end of which he was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged for a prisoner; Benevedeis himself being soon after taken prisoner, sentenced to death, tied to the tail of a mule, so dragged to the Palace Square, and there hanged. After many adven-

Old John Adams expired on the 5th March 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age—a sad day for the little community which he had trained into one so exemplary: thereby offering the best atonement in his power for the guilt which had stained his early years.

tures and much dangerous service, Mr Nobbs quitted Chili, and returned to England in 1822, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn. The captain gave such a description of the happiness of the little community, that Mr Nobbs became irresistibly impelled to go and settle there, anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness among his fellow-creatures. Early in 1826, having then been four times round the world, he quitted England, with the intention of going to Pitcairn. He went by way of the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and at length reached Callao, in Peru, where he met the owner of a launch, who agreed to accompany him in it to Pitcairn, provided Mr Nobbs would fit her out. This was done; and these two persons—as if emulous of the feat of Bligh and his companions—went alone in this frail launch to Pitcairn, a voyage of three thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in forty-two days—arriving in November 1828. Soon after their arrival the owner died; the launch was hauled ashore, and her materials were used to build a house for Mr Nobbs. Old Adams, on hearing his errand and his motives, and doubtless beginning to be apprehensive for those from whom death must soon release himself, received him with kindness, and he became a sort of schoolmaster in the island. On the death of Adams in the March of the ensuing year, Mr Nobbs continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, then only sixty-eight in number, serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon, and schoolmaster. Three years after his arrival, however, there occurred a sufficiently ridiculous but vexatious affair. A person named Hill came to the island, professing himself autho-

rised by the British Government to reside there as its representative! He soon sowed dissensions among the simple-minded inhabitants, whom he also terrified into obedience by the fear of giving offence to the Government. Honest Mr Nobbs soon saw through the swaggering stranger, by whose intrigues, however, he was compelled to quit the island, leaving the new-comer boasting from time to time of his splendid rank and station at home. He said he was "a very near relative of the Duke of Bedford, and that the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him!" Whilst the people were listening with awe to these magnificent statements, who should arrive at the island—positively as if for the purpose of discomfiting imposture—but Captain Lord Edward Russell, a veritable son of the Duke of Bedford! Mr Hill was thunderstruck. Lord Edward would have made short work of it, and removed him *instantly* from the scene of his impudent and mischievous intrusion and imposture. Lord Edward, however, would not do so without orders. But in the ensuing year another ship of war arrived, her captain armed with the requisite authority, and removed Mr (or, as he seems to have called himself, *Lord*) Hill to Valparaiso. He never made his appearance again in the island; and Mr Nobbs having received a pressing and unanimous entreaty from the inhabitants to resume his old station and duties, complied with it, having been absent for the period of nine months, occupying himself as a teacher at the Gambier Islands, which were about three hundred miles' distance from Pitcairn.

It may be remembered that a child, ten months old, accompanied the mutineers from Otaheite to Pitcairn. She afterwards married a son of the unhappy Christian, by whom she had a daughter, and that daughter became the wife of Mr Nobbs, by whom she has now eleven children. Since his

return on the occasion last referred to, this excellent man has never been interfered with in pursuing "the even tenor of his way," but has evidently conciliated the ardent affection of all classes. He acted from the first as their chaplain (as far as, being a layman, he could), their schoolmaster, their physician, and, in fact, did everything that could be expected from a man of kindly feeling, of no little experience of varied life, of sound education, and devoted piety. His duties were constant and laborious, for all his arrangements were very systematic, and he adhered to them with punctilious exactness. Thus every hour of his time was devoted to the service of the islanders and of his own large family. But how was he himself supported all the while? it may be asked. Indeed, his remuneration was for years of the scantiest possible character, for the Pitcairn Islanders were, as he knew when he first went, very poor. In 1844, he thus explained, in a letter to a clergyman at Valparaiso, some of the straits to which he was driven: "My stock of clothing which I brought from England is, as you may suppose, very nearly exhausted, and I have no friends there to whom I can with propriety apply for more. Until the last three years, it was my custom to wear a black coat on the Sabbath; but since that period I have been obliged to substitute a nankeen jacket of my own making. My only remaining coat, which is quite threadbare, is reserved for marriages and burials; so that it is customary to say, when a wedding is going to take place, 'Teacher, you will have to put on your black coat next Sunday,' which is equivalent to informing me that a couple are going to be married!"

Some little time afterwards, however, this grateful people placed him on a level with themselves, by assigning him sufficient land for his support.

A PITCAIRN DAY.

It may be pleasing to have an idea of a Pitcairn day. Let it be borne in mind that there is a difference of nine hours between their time and ours;

—when, for instance, it is our four o'clock in the afternoon, it is their seven o'clock in the morning. They rise with the light; and the first duty

in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the business of the day begins. Children are forthwith despatched to the school, during play-hours amusing themselves with kites and ball; but limited space—less in extent than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together—necessarily curtails the diversions of young and old. The men's employment consists in cultivating their land, looking after their gardens, building and improving their little houses, fencing-in their plantations, and making hats out of palm-leaves, and fancy boxes for barter with the crews of such ships as may call there. At twelve o'clock they have a plain substantial meal of yams and potatoes, made into bread, saying grace before and after meals with scrupulous reverence. Both by day and by night they fish in the deep waters for a kind of cod, grey mullet, and red snapper, which, however, are scanty, and obtained with some little hazard. The second meal of the day (they have but two) occurs at seven o'clock in the evening, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, and such humble fare as may have been prepared by the females of the family. Once or twice only in the week can they afford the luxury of fish, meat, or poultry. The occupations of the women are their household duties, including especially making and mending clothes; and when they have leisure, they manufacture a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper mulberry. There are no servants in the island, therefore the wives and daughters do all that is necessary for the family. They do not cook in the house, which, being of wood, might be often endangered, but in ovens at a little distance, let into the ground, big enough to contain a good-sized pig, an animal of which they have but few. They have no candles, but use oil, and torches made with nuts of the dodo tree. They have no glass for the windows, but only shutters, which

are closed in bad weather. They occasionally have a modicum of tea as a luxury, but their ordinary drink is pure water, neither wines nor spirits being allowed in the island; except for strictly medicinal purposes. On high days and holidays they treat themselves with cocoa-nut milk, and water sweetened with syrup extracted from the bruised sugar-cane. They retire early to rest, after having performed their family devotions. They sleep secure without the protection of locks, bolts, or bars: there is not such a thing in the island! Think, then, of a moonlight night at peaceful Pitcairn, Londoner, jaded with the uproar and dissipation of a London day or night! See the moon walking in her brightness, and stars shining, vividly as you never saw them, and both reflected on the illimitable ocean, all calm and beautiful! Not a soul is slumbering there that has not closed his eyes—her eyes—after offering the heart's incense to their almighty Guardian!

The Pitcairn people are all well educated, and very fond of reading; but only books of sterling interest, and moral and religious character, chiefly supplied to them by one of the noblest societies which England can boast—that for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And now has arrived the time for explaining that our readers are indebted for all the interesting facts which may appear in this paper, as well those which have gone before as those which are yet to follow, to a little volume only just issued by that Society. Its pious and accomplished author* is the Secretary of that Society, and, as we learn from its pages, has personal cognisance of many highly interesting facts narrated in it, pledging himself to the authenticity of all, as far as careful inquiry has enabled him to do so. To us it has proved a delightful little volume, and we heartily express our obligations to the reverend author. It breathes throughout a pure spirit of

* *Pitcairn: The Island, the People, and the Pastor; with a Short Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty.* By the Rev. THOMAS BOYLES MURRAY, M.A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society. London: 1853. Pp. 280.

manly sympathy and piety. We should like to be at Pitcairn, when its simple and affectionate inhabitants get their first copy—let us hope as many copies as there are islanders—of the volume which has presented so endearing a picture of that distant but *really* happy little family! How they will hang over its pages, by day and by night! But we must proceed. The great events in the Pitcairner's day is the arrival of a ship, for which they are always—not, as were those before them, with terror, but with eager hope—on the look-out; and the volume before us contains numerous touching little episodes connected with these few-and-far-between ocean-island visitings. The crews are received with affectionate greetings, and the utmost hospitality which very limited means admit of; and not only has there never been an instance of Jack for an instant misbehaving himself in this sweet scene of peace and innocence, but he has himself often shed tears of sympathy and respect on receiving the civilities of this lonely but confiding little community, and returned their humble hospitalities with such liberality as his captain felt authorised to

admit. It is, however, on the arrival of a Queen's ship that the enthusiasm of the islanders is naturally most excited: and who can think unmoved of the twenty-one guns' salute from the stately structure on the bosom of the ocean, returned by the single solitary gun in the island? If anything could raise in our estimation the character of British naval officers, it is the accounts of their doings in these distant regions, to be found in this little volume. The tears have several times quivered in our own eyes, when reading the extracts here given from the journals and despatches of captains and admirals, all of whom have exhibited a noble spirit of tenderness and dignity in dealing with this little community. We would have every young officer in Her Majesty's navy read this record of manly sympathy and piety on the part of those intrusted with high and distant commands by the Queen of Great Britain—symbolising at once of the authority and power of the sceptre which she wields, and the gentle spirit of benignity and piety which animates her heart. But we shall let our admiral speak for himself.

THE ADMIRAL ON THE ISLAND.

Before, however, we come to this great event, we must return for a minute to the pastor of Pitcairn. On the 20th July 1847, a memorial was addressed to the chaplain of H.M.S. *Thalia*, signed by seven of the islanders, including the *chief magistrate*! and the *two councillors*! (for such they have,) explanatory of their position and their wants. Their prominent want they shall themselves explain.

"One thing more, before we conclude, we earnestly present to your consideration; and as it comes in an especial manner within the province of your holy office, we would indulge the hope that our application will be attended with success. The case in question is this: Our teacher, who has been with us for nineteen years in that capacity, and whose services to us are invaluable, has never received the license or sanction of the proper authority in that Church of which we are a component part. This circum-

stance is a source of much anxiety, both to him and us; and as our numbers amount to 138 (71 males and 67 females), and are rapidly increasing, we do most urgently, but most respectfully, solicit your application to the proper quarter for a pastoral letter, inducting or sanctioning our teacher into the holy office he has for so long a space of time unceasingly, untiringly, and worthily filled on this island. That he is deserving such a mark of ecclesiastical approbation and favour, is justly and cheerfully acknowledged by the whole community; and of the great benefit which will accrue to us therefrom, no one can be more competent to judge than yourself."

Rear-Admiral Fairfax Moresby, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, had long felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Pitcairn Islanders, and in the month of July 1851, received the following beautiful and affecting invitation to visit the island, signed

by thirteen female inhabitants, in the name of all their sex on the island:—

“PITCAIRN, *July 28th, 1851.*

“HONOURABLE SIR,—From the kind interest you have evinced for our little community in the letter which you have sent our excellent and worthy pastor, Mr Nobbs, we are emboldened to send you the following request, which is, that you will visit us before you leave this station; or if it is impossible for you to do so, certainly we, as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, ought to be visited annually, if not more, by one of her ships of war.

“We have never had the pleasure of welcoming an English admiral to our little island, and we therefore earnestly solicit a visit from you. How inexpressibly happy shall we be, if you should think fit to grant this our warmest wish! We trust that our very secluded and isolated position, and the very few visits we have of late had from British ships of war, will be sufficient apology for addressing the above request to you. With fervent prayers for your present and future happiness, and for that of our Queen and nation,—We remain, Honoured Sir, your sincere and affectionate well-wishers.”

Signed by thirteen females, “in the name and on behalf of all the rest of the female sex on the island.”

Who could resist this? Not an admiral in the service of the Queen of England—least of all good Admiral Moresby; and a year afterwards—viz., on the 7th August 1852—at noon a ship was descried in the far distance, which at sunset was suspected to be a ship of war. The brief night passed in feverish excitement. Before sunrise the people were on the look-out from the precipice in front of the town, waiting for the report of a gun to confirm their hopes. By and by, hark! the booming of a cannon electrified the little town! And as the stately ship drew near, behold—an admiral’s flag waving proudly in the wind! Would we had room for the description of this signal event given by Mr Nobbs, and the official despatch of the admiral containing an account of his lauding, and three days’ stay. It was Sunday

morning, and he took his chaplain and several officers with him, all attending divine service, the chaplain preaching in the afternoon. We will, however, give the good admiral’s own account of it, in a subsequent letter to a friend, describing the impressions produced by his visit.

“*The Portland,
At sea, August 1852.*

“Of all the eventful periods which have checkered my life, none have surpassed in interest, and, I trust, in hope of future good, the last—our visit to Pitcairn; and surely the hand of God has been in all this, for by chances the most unexpected, and by favourable winds out of the usual course of the Trades, we were carried in eleven days to Pitcairn’s from Borobora. It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them under the providence of God. The hour and the occasion served, and I have brought away their pastor and teacher for the purpose of sending him to England to be ordained, and one of his daughters, who will be placed at the English clergyman’s at Valparaiso until her father’s return. The islanders depend principally for their necessary supplies on the whaling ships;—they are generally American. Greatly to their credit, they behave in the most exemplary manner, very different from what I expected. One rough seaman, whom I spoke to in praise of such conduct, said, ‘Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive.’ They are guiltless and unsophisticated beyond conception. But the time had arrived when preparation for partial removal was necessary, and especially for the ordination of their pastor, or the appointment of a clergyman of the Established Church. They are thoroughly versed in Bible history, which has hitherto kept them from listening to the advances of some overheated imaginations. I stayed four days upon that speck in the ocean, but rising like a paradise from its bosom. I believe there was scarce a dry eye in the ship when the islanders took their leave. We ran within hail of the settlement, hoisted the royal standard, fired a salute, and cheered them.”

Here is Mr Nobbs' own vivid picture* of the noble old admiral's departure from the island:—

"And now comes the leave-taking. The venerable and benevolent commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's forces in the Pacific, standing on the rocky beach at Bounty Bay (the very spot where the mutineers had landed sixty years before)—himself the oldest person there, by fifteen years, surrounded by stalwart men and matronly women; youths, maidens, and little children—every one in tears, and most deeply affected, formed a truly impressive scene. The boat was some time in readiness before the admiral availed himself of an opportunity to embark. Some held him by the hand, the elder women hanging on his neck, and the younger ones endeavouring to obtain a promise that he would revisit them. As a number of our men went on board with the admiral, a similar scene occurred there; and as the last boat pushed off from the ship, some of the hardy tars, standing in the gangway, were detected hastily brushing away a tear. The frigate now stood in for the last time; and, hoisting the royal standard, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The tars manned the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers, and one cheer

more. The islanders responded; the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the stately *Portland* started on her track."

We said that this is a picture, as vivid as words can paint it, and worthy of the richest pencil at the command of the Royal Academy.

The islanders could only be induced, with extreme difficulty, to part with their pastor for a while, when it came to the point, ardently as they had desired that he should be invested with the character of a clergyman of the Church of England. On the admiral's promising, however, to leave his own chaplain at the island till their pastor's return, they allowed him to go. Listen to the testimony of the admiral's chaplain as to the people among whom he had been placed for a while.

"September 5th, 1852.

"The accounts of the virtue and piety of these people are by no means exaggerated. I have no doubt they are the most religious and virtuous community in the world; and during the months I have been here, I have seen nothing approaching a quarrel, but perfect peace and good-will among all." He also found Pitcairn, as did his admiral, a "Paradise!"

THE PITCAIRN PASTOR IN ENGLAND.

Poor Mr Nobbs had not fitting clothes in which to face the great world, when he quitted the island, except those with which the admiral furnished him. Having carried him to Valparaiso, the admiral then supplied him generously with the means of obtaining a passage thence to London, and presented him with £100 towards his expenses in England; and also gave him very strong letters to the Bishop of London (urging the propriety of his ordaining so exemplary a person), and to various other persons, among whom was Mr Murray, the author of the little volume before us, in which it appears; and a very interesting document it is. All honour to Admiral Fairfax Moresby! We have seldom seen more moving

traits of unaffected and unassuming goodness than this volume contains, on his part. He cannot yet know that the public is thus made acquainted with them.

On Saturday the 16th October 1852, after an absence of twenty-six years, spent at Pitcairn's Island, this excellent person arrived in London. What a Babylon it must have seemed to one so long accustomed to the profound silence and solitude of Pitcairn! We ourselves saw him, and sate beside him for some time in the month of November. He was indeed an interesting stranger—very modest, and with a sort of sad and stern simplicity (with a dash of rough quaintness) in his manner, which comported well with the life he had led, and to which it was evident

* Pp. 106-8.

he was pining to return. He looked the age he was, viz. fifty-three. His features were characterised by a quiet decision; and he spoke with gravity and deliberation. Nothing seemed to *surprise* him—the result of a long life of anxiety, suffering, and labour. None of the attractions, says a friend, or absorbing topics of interest—not

even the great Duke's funeral, which he witnessed—seemed to excite him. So sustained, and built up, and built round by previous experience of wonders and escapes amidst the battle of life was this wonderful man, that he had literally reached the point of *N^o admirari!*

IS ORDAINED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, yielding cheerfully to the strong concurrent testimony of Admiral Moresby, and many others who had enjoyed ample opportunities of learning the character and claims of Mr Nobbs, during a long career of twenty-six years at Pitcairn's Island, acceded to his request to be admitted to holy orders. On the 24th October 1852, he was ordained deacon in the parish church of Islington, by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, under a commission from the Bishop of London, who himself ordained him priest at Fulham church on the 30th November; his description, in the letter of orders, being "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island." He was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the greatest and best in the land; and a number of them subscribed towards raising a little fund for defraying the expense of his return to Pitcairn, and his outfit—a service of communion-plate, and also various useful articles for the inhabitants, a bell for the church, two or three clocks, medicines, clothing, labourers' and carpenters' tools, simple articles of furniture, cooking utensils, and stores of provisions.* These benefactors of the distant little community wisely determined to send them such articles only as shall contribute to their comfort, without communicating a taste for luxury; than which last, nothing could

be more absurd or cruel. Since he left this country, we may mention that an excellent little church-organ has been despatched to the pastor—we must now call him the chaplain—of Pitcairn, set to such of our plain and hallowed old English chants and psalm tunes, as he appeared, when in this country, best to like. By this time, it may be that our noble evening hymn, which is one of them, has ascended from that little rock to heaven's gate, a grateful offering!

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge granted £100 towards the fund for the purpose above mentioned, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel placed him on its list of missionaries, with a salary of £50 a-year. In short, all parties who became acquainted with him during his two months' stay, and with his story, seemed to vie with each other in paying attention to him, and exhibiting their interest by their liberality. At the Admiralty he experienced, through the Duke of Northumberland, and other eminent functionaries, the utmost kindness, and assurances of the watchful interest with which the small settlement should ever be regarded there; and the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company provided him with a free passage in the *La Platu* to Navy Bay.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

It was a matter of reasonable ambition to the Pitcairn chaplain, before quitting England for ever, to be admitted to the presence, though for but

a moment, of his Queen; and as Her Majesty's interest in her distant subjects, especially as connected with the spread of Christianity, is well known,

* "H.M.S. *Virago*," says Mr Murray (p. 85, note), "left, calling for Pitcairn, in January 1853, having on board singing-birds, rose-trees, myrtles, &c., for the islanders." A touching circumstance.

and the humble chaplain of Pitcairn had made many friends in high quarters, his wish was gratified. On the 15th December 1852, two days before he quitted England, the *Royal Fairy* conveyed him, by appointment, to Osborne. He was first introduced into the presence of the Prince, who took an evident interest in him, asking a great many questions concerning Pitcairn and its people, and appearing greatly pleased with his answers. In a letter dated the next day, to the Rev. Mr Murray (the most hospitable and zealous of his friends), through whose kindness it is now lying before us, he speaks of this as "the eventful day! . . . Prince Albert was very urbane, and asked me many questions about our island, and appeared much pleased with the answers I gave him. He then inquired what he could do for the community? I said 'Her Majesty's community had supplied us with all we had need of at present; but that, if he would present us with Her Majesty's picture, including himself and the royal children, we should consider it a great favour.'* He smiled, and said I should have it. After a little more conversation, I saw he was designing to withdraw, and

not a word had been said about seeing Her Majesty! No time was to be lost; so I screwed up my courage, and said, 'Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my duty to the Queen?' He replied, 'I am just going to inquire if Her Majesty will see you.' After a few minutes, I went into the room where her Majesty was; and worthy Mr Nobbs proceeds to say, that he was instantly set at ease by the affable condescension of Her Majesty. We regret that he has not left any written account of this interesting interview, for the worthy chaplain of Pitcairn had a little world of matters to attend to during the few remaining days of his stay in England. We have reason, however, to believe that the Queen exhibited a lively interest in his account of this distant family of her subjects, who, by this time, no doubt, have heard from their chaplain's own lips what Her Majesty asked and said of them. He received pleasing little mementoes from the ladies-in-waiting, and other distinguished persons in attendance, and so took his departure from the residence and presence of Her Majesty of England, to commence his ten thousand miles' journey.

RETURN TO PITCAIRN.

He sailed from Southampton in the *La Plata* on the 17th December, and reached Valparaiso in safety on the 12th February. A letter from him is lying before us, dated Valparaiso, 6th March, where he was waiting for the *Portland* to convey him to Pitcairn. "Oh, how I wish," says he, "to be at home!" He was then dividing clerical duty with the chaplain of Admiral Moresby at the church on shore, and also on board the man-of-war stationed there. He says that he had "a sufficiency of money to meet his expenses, and a trifle to spare, without trenching on my salary (£50 a-year), which I shall endeavour to preserve intact for the benefit of my dear wife and children, whom God preserve!" He complains

sadly, however, of the expenses of passing the formidable Isthmus of Panama. It cost him £50. There a dismal mischance befel him; he lost the box containing his communion-plate. "Oh, what anxiety of mind its absence cost me! and, I believe, this was the exciting cause of the fever by which I was attacked." Fortunately, however, after a week's suspense, the precious box was recovered, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr Perry, the British Consul at Panama. After many fervent expressions of piety and gratitude towards his friends and well-wishers in England, he concludes by hoping that his next letter will be dated Pitcairn's Island, when the thanks of the community will be appended to his own.

* "This highly-valued gift," says Mr Murray, "was taken out in February 1853, in H.M. sloop *Rattlesnake*, Captain Trollope, the commander, being instructed to leave it in the charge of the commander-in-chief in the Pacific, for conveyance to Pitcairn."—Pp. 219, 220.

"From Valparaiso," says Mr Murray, towards the close of his little history, "should all go on prosperously with Mr Nobbs, Admiral Moresby will convey him to Pitcairn in the *Portland*, and the islanders will probably welcome him home before the end of March. May it please God to guide him, in health and safety, to his distant flock! Who can adequately imagine the scene which will be presented on his landing among his friends in the island, to be parted from them no more on this side the grave!"*

We can picture to ourselves, on reading this passage, the scene to which we formerly alluded of their reluctant parting with their pastor to come to England—to encounter the dangers of twenty thousand miles' travelling—perhaps never to return—following him down to the water's edge, embracing and sobbing over him; and it may be that he said to them in faltering tones, and in the moving language of the Apostle Paul on a similar occasion—"What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?"†

THE PASTOR'S PEOPLE—WITH A GLIMPSE OF PITCAIRN STATISTICS.

The number of persons now living on this little island is one hundred and seventy—viz., eighty-eight males and eighty-two females. When the nine mutineers established themselves there, they divided the island into as many parts, which are now subdivided into twenty-two, that being the number of families. Misunderstandings now and then arise on the subject of boundaries, as was the case in patriarchal times; but those misunderstandings engender no animosity, and are soon settled by the chief magistrate and the two councillors; for, as we have seen, such august functionaries have for several years existed in this little community. The chief magistrate is elected on the first day of the new year by a general vote of all males and females eighteen years old; but if any of either sex be married under that age, they are entitled to the suffrage. On the same day the two councillors are chosen, one by the magistrate, the other by the people. The present chief magistrate is a son-in-law of Mr Nobbs. His office is rather shunned than coveted; and sometimes exemption is purchased by killing a hog for the public good. Should any dispute arise which neither the magistrate nor he and the two councillors can settle, a jury of seven is called to decide it; and if it be so surpassing knotty as to defy the efforts of the seven sages, it stands over till the arrival of a British man-of-war, against whose decision there is no appeal—a fact not very pleasing to the

gentlemen of the long robe practising in the privy council, to whom, doubtless, a crumb from Pitcairn would, in these times, be far from unacceptable. During the interval—that is, till the arrival of the Naval Court of Appeal—"the matter drops, and no ill feeling remains; for it is a principle with them not to let the sun go down upon their wrath."† Happy Pitcairners! would your border was enlarged, and one could come and cast in one's lot with you!

The powers of the magistrate are pretty fairly defined, but of a very simple nature. So are the public laws, the principal of which are as follow:—As to landmarks, the first duty of the new magistrate, and that on the day of his election, is, with a competent number of the heads of houses, "to visit all landmarks on the island, and replace those that are lost. As to spirits, or intoxicating liquors of any kind, their purchase from ships is peremptorily forbidden, except under a very strict condition—i. e., for medicinal purposes alone. No female is to go on board any foreign vessel of any description, without the magistrate's permission, who must either accompany her on board, or appoint four men to do so. In the matter of "The Public Anvil," &c., the law is as follows: "Any person taking the public anvil and public sledge-hammer from the blacksmith's shop, is to take it back after he has done with it; and in case either should get lost through neglect to do so, the loser is

* P. 221.

† Acts, xxi. 13.

‡ P. 133.

to get another, and pay a fine of four shillings." And as to *money*, its equivalents are these:—

	s.	d.
One barrel of yams,	8	0
" " sweet potatoes,	8	0
" " Irish ditto,	12	0
Three good bunches of plantains,	4	0
One day's labour,	2	0

A shilling, or its equivalent as above, is to be paid for each child per month, between the ages of six and sixteen years; if Mr Nobbs' assistant attend instead of Mr Nobbs, the former receives the salary; and be it observed, that as Mr Nobbs is godfather to many of the children, all of *them* he instructs gratuitously. In respect of CATS—if ours knew the store set by them in Pitcairn, few ships bound for the Pacific would quit our ports without more on board than had been bargained for, or the captain was aware of! Thus stands the law: "If a CAT be killed without being *positively detected* in killing fowls, however strong the *suspicion* may be, the person killing such cat is obliged, as a penalty, to destroy THREE HUNDRED RATS! whose tails must be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid."* The stringency of this law is referable to the great number of rats in the island, which do much damage to the sugar-canes.† FOWLS are toe-marked; and if one be discovered destroying yams or potatoes, the owner of the plantation may shoot the fowl, and retain it for his own use; and may also demand of the owner of such fowl the amount of powder and shot so expended, as well as the fowl. As for a PIG, if he get loose and commit depredation, his case may be submitted to the magistrate; taken from him to a jury of seven; and finally to the captain of the next man-of-war coming to the island!

In features, dress, manners, and appearance, the Pitcairners seem to resemble the inhabitants of one of the better order of our own villages; but some are rather darker than Europeans,

partaking of their half Otaheitan descent. As for dress, the men wear short trousers, coming down to within two or three inches of the knee, a shirt, and a cap or hat; shoes and stockings being reserved for Sundays. They are, however, badly off for clothes, depending on the precarious supply afforded by ships touching at the island. The women wear a petticoat, from the waist downwards; and over that a loose gown, with a handkerchief sometimes thrown over their shoulders. A wreath of small white fragrant flowers, with others of a bright red, is often worn round the head; the hair being worn in bands, and twisted in a very becoming manner into a knot behind. "Though," says Captain Piper, of H.M.S. *Tagus*, "they have had the instruction of only their Otaheitan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females." As we have seen that these young creatures are finely formed and handsome, their appearance must be both engaging and picturesque.

In the year 1850, the inhabitants of Pitcairn realised the truth of the old adage, that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Five gentlemen—one of them was Mr Brodie, who afterwards published a very interesting account of his stay in the island—landed on the island, whose ship was blown off during the night, leaving them prisoners for a period of three weeks! They had nothing but the clothes they wore—with the exception of one, the Baron de Thierry, who, being of a musical turn, had a tuning-fork with him. He proposed to teach his hospitable hosts music, noticing how imperfectly they got through the vocal parts of divine service. They made remarkably rapid progress, being passionately fond of music; soon learning, as a visitor in August last testified, "to sing in parts, beautifully." He adds, that he accompanied the chaplain of the ship to the island on Sunday the 8th August; "the hymns were sung in regular parts by the whole congrega-

* P. 227.

† P. 85.

tion. I doubt much whether any church in England, excepting cathedrals, can boast of such a good choir." Imagine them, good reader, on Sunday next, the 5th instant, perhaps singing to the accompaniment of their organ, and with their beloved chaplain in the reading-desk and pulpit!

Fearing a dearth of water (which would now appear to have been chimerical), the British Government, in the year 1831, removed the whole community, then only eighty-seven in number, to Otaheite, when Queen Pomare, since become a historical character, received them with great kindness, though herself harassed, at the time, by civil war. The licentious manners of the place disgusted almost all the virtuous visitants from Pitcairn; but some few were overcome by the temptations to intemperance. The unhealthiness of the climate then carried off twelve by sickness, and five more died almost immediately after their return. It is to be regretted that humanity should have been so hasty on this occasion, and to be hoped that such a step will not be taken again without grave consideration. They have ever since expressed their deep sorrow at having been removed, and their passionate love of home, from which they will never again be willingly severed. One of their *Records* states that, within three months after their removal to Tahiti, on one or two of their number returning to Pitcairn, "During our absence our hogs have gone wild, and destroyed our crops; and after our return we employed ourselves in destroying the hogs."*

Though the climate is generally charming, the island is subject to be visited by terrible storms. One is recorded as having burst over it on the 16th April 1845, occasioning extreme terror to the inhabitants, and devastation. What a scene! Thunder and lightning bellowing and flashing incessantly over the desolate little rock—a deluge of rain falling—the hurricane howling around, and tearing down the precious earth from the rocks into the sea—tearing up by the

roots, and casting into the roaring and foaming ocean, three hundred cocoa-trees. A yam ground, with a thousand yams, entirely disappeared. Several fishing-boats were destroyed—all the plantain patches were levelled, four thousand plantain-trees being destroyed, the one-half in full bearing, the other designed for the year 1846: "So that," continues the *Record*, "this very valuable article of food we shall be without for a long time. The fact is, that from this date until August,"—i. e., four long wearisome months,— "we shall be pinched for food!" How bore the terrified little community this dispensation? Let us hear, for the *Record* thus proceeds: "But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb: and we humbly trust that the late monitions of Providence—namely, drought, sickness, and storm, which severally have afflicted us this year—may be sanctified to us, and be the means of bringing us, one and all, into a closer communion with our God. May we remember the rod, and who hath appointed it; always bearing in mind, that our heavenly Father doth not willingly afflict the children of men." We envy not him or her who can read this without sympathy and admiration.

Here is a letter from one of the Pitcairn women, which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed in the solemn simplicity and beauty of its piety and gratitude. It is from *Miriam Christian*, and addressed to the Rev. Mr Armstrong, chaplain of H.M.S. *Basisk*, who had been very kind to them all:—

" PITCAIRN'S ISLAND,
" SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
" Lat. 25° 4' S., Long. 130° 8' W.
" Sept. 26, 1844.

" REV. AND HONOURED SIR,—
Please to accept my humble thanks for the interest you are pleased to take in our welfare, and also for the presents you and our other friends in Valparaiso have sent us; and may they and you be rewarded a thousand-fold both in a temporal and spiritual sense. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of

God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your grateful servant,

"MIRIAM CHRISTIAN."

The community, as we learn from Admiral Moresby, * "are strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England;" and Mr Nobbs stated, in a sermon which he preached in London shortly before his return, that "there is but one form of church government, that of the Church of England. The Holy Bible and the Church Prayer-Book are their chief rules of guidance; their motto—'One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism.'"[†]

Divine service is performed in the school-house, a substantial building, fifty-six feet long by twenty wide, with a pulpit at one end. It is amply supplied with desks, forms, slates, books, and maps.

These worthy people, happy in so many other respects, are by no means exempt from the ordinary ills of humanity, and suffer occasionally very severely from prevalent illness, chiefly the influenza, and also the more formidable diseases. There is a painfully interesting account given of the death—perfectly resigned, and even happy—of one of the women, from cancer. On all these occasions, for now a quarter of a century, this exemplary man has acted both as physician and chaplain.

How long this singular and interesting community may be able to remain at Pitcairn, is problematical; for Admiral Moresby tells us, in August 1852, that "the crops on the tillage-ground begin to deteriorate; landslips occur with each succeeding storm; and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains."[†] Symptoms in reality appear of an evil sometimes chimerically apprehended at home—population pressing on the means of subsistence. It will thus become the duty of the British Government to deal prudently and tenderly with the

little community; not tearing them all, with bleeding hearts, from the land of their birth, and the seat of their sweets, and sympathies, and associations, but assisting them from time to time, as they themselves perceive the inevitable necessity for so doing, to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality—each family, and each member of it, becoming a radiating centre of Christian civilisation. At present, they themselves fondly declare—but it must be often with a heavy sigh, as they behold their steadily diminishing resources—that "they will not remove elsewhere whilst a sweet potato remains to them;" and as for their chaplain and pastor, he is rooted to the spot. As he told Mr Murray, "as long as two families shall remain at Pitcairn, I will remain also."

We know not how our readers may have been while perusing the foregoing pages, but we ourselves, in writing them, have felt as though freshened and cheered in spirit, by a brief sojourn in this little paradise in the far Pacific; as though we had glided for a while out of the glare and hubbub of the great world—its fierce rivalries, ambitions, covetousness, and ostentation—and been at peace in Pitcairn. It is a small type of a state, having its laws and constitution appropriate to its position and exigencies; but, at present, almost necessarily free from those subtler and fiercer temptations which so incessantly, and only too successfully, assail highly civilised communities. Both, however, have had the pure light of Revelation to guide them—with what different results, while man conjectures, God *knows*. But no thinking person can read the history of Pitcairn, without being profoundly affected by contemplating the results flowing directly and indubitably from the presence of the Holy Volume in which is enshrined the Revelation of God to man. It sufficed, indeed, to make the rough places smooth, and made the wilderness blossom as the rose.

We cannot part with the little

* P. 261.

† P. 199.

volume,* to which we have been exclusively indebted for so much instruction and gratification, without again expressing our thanks to its excellent author. We feel as if we had been suddenly led by him out of a thick cloud into the blessed sunshine, and walked hand in hand with him through a sort of happy valley. It is a book written without pretence of any kind, but breathing throughout, as we have already said, a spirit of manly piety and benevolence. The style is plain and vigorous—admirably adapted for its writer's purpose. It is calculated to do great good among all classes; and as for sailors, had we our wish, half-a-dozen copies should be presented to every ship in Her Majesty's service, that Jack might see what

comes of mutiny, and that captains and admirals may see how their brethren manage matters in the Pacific.

Mr Murray truly states, in his preface, that "the eventful history connected with Pitcairn, proves that real life may be as romantic as fiction." We have, in these few pages, the romance of reality, and many shadowings, in the annals of this distant speck amidst the waters of the Pacific, of the grandest truths which can concern nations or individuals, as relating to the sources of vice and virtue, with their attendant misery or happiness.

And thus we say, in a kindly spirit, adieu to the *Paradise in the Pacific!*

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Curate was now at the summit of human felicity. To have suddenly raised him to a bishopric would have been a mere distracting impertinence. Ah, would Time now but stand still, satisfied with his work, and content to rest on his scythe and look at it! For the summer was come, warm and glorious—and the Curate was as full of out-door plans and pursuits as the fields were of flowers, the trees of singing-birds, the grass of creeping things;—pursuits which he need not enjoy without full sympathy, for they were shared by his friends male and female; and the Curate was never visited by an idea that was not communicable to one or other of them, or both. Since Fane had come, his happiness was complete. Though so different, they had much in common; and the Curate's reflective mind derived great benefit from contact with the masculine one of his friend. Communion with a too gentle and complying nature is like walking on a feather-bed, but from a firm uncompromising spirit you bound with vigour.

Fane, too, felt these new scenes in charming contrast with the life he had hitherto led, which had been too changeful and eventful for much reflection.

"I never did believe, Josey," he said one day at the parsonage, "that these enervating influences could ever have gained such power over me. I find myself constantly impelled either to visit that Castle of Indolence, the Heronry, or else this smaller branch or offshoot from it—this Sleepy Hollow, of which you are the Archimage. Masculine attire is a reproach to a man who leads this sort of sauntering life: next week you will see me in robes and a chaplet."

In fact, there was something seductive about the atmosphere of the Heronry which it was difficult for any but very strong-minded people—i.e., the petrifications of humanity—to resist. Setting aside the enchantresses whose abode it was, and whose fascinations, I trust, I need not enlarge upon at this time of day, the place itself had a touch of dreamy enchant-

* It contains several plates, including an excellent daguerreotype likeness of Mr Nobbs, and another of John Adams, the last of the mutineers, and finally the patriarch of Pitcairn. There are also several views of the island, and of the houses, school-house, &c. &c.

ment about it; so that although there never was a house in the world where less of constraint was exercised, yet those who went there often found it very difficult to go away. As you entered the grounds the busy world seemed to recede, and its humming to grow faint and insignificant—the forms and ceremonies and struggles of life seemed the merest vanities; while you, divested of work-a-day thoughts and cares, stepped at once into the Georgian era.

In spite of modern inventions, and rare shrubs and plants unknown to the horticulture of the ancients, the gardens and shrubberies had an antique air—owing partly to some remnants of the taste of former days in cleft yew and box trees, and pleached alleys, partly to the venerable presence of many mossy ancient gods and goddesses, whose time-worn figures lurked amid the bushes and fountains—but most to their prevailing air of shelter and seclusion. That garden, which was Lady Lee's favourite, and where she spent a good deal of time in fine weather, had so much of these qualities, that you might easily miss it altogether, unless previously acquainted with its whereabouts. It was sunk in a kind of ravine, the shady slope of which was covered with grass and wildflowers, the sunny one with strawberry plants, while above stood a sheltering grove. All sounds finding their way in here were dull and remote, except the songs of the thrushes and blackbirds in the neighbouring trees. Passing along the middle path, a flight of steps led up to a turf walk, bordered by a row of yew trees, looking like a rich cathedral aisle, beyond which appeared a more extensive and less sequestered garden, having at one end a row of greenhouses. Curious and expensive plants flourished there;—rare ferns from Australia; brilliant tropical flowers, maintained in life and lustre by artificial heat; water-lilies, whose ancestors grew by the Nile, floated on the surface of tanks, with gold fish darting underneath the broad leaves;—in fact, the ends of the earth sent tribute to that compendious conservatory.

No wonder that the Curate enjoyed his visits here, and thought himself in

Paradise—no wonder that Fane felt attracted to the Heronry—no wonder that Lady Lee felt a shock given to her acquired *pococurantism*.

Intellectual women sympathise more with ambition than with content, and value a strong mind above the finest disposition in a man. They like something to lean against, with assurance of finding firm support; they like a nature round which their own may twine upward. Many gentle, worthy ladies could have loved the Curate, while they would have shrunk timidly from the more independent nature of his friend, that broke through conventionalities, and thought for itself: to them, contact with such a nature would have seemed perilous. But Lady Lee, loving the Curate as her good and wise brother, had not found in him much of shelter or support; while the less reverential and more aspiring mind of Fane had touched her long-dormant sympathies, and renewed the youth of her heart. Pope stood, now, once again unopened on the book-shelf, and Madame de Stael reigned in his stead.

One evening the two friends were seated together on the grassy bank above the garden already described, in company with Rosa and Lady Lee—the latter conversing with them, the former preferring the society of Julius—Fane had been talking of his Indian campaigns.

"What would you say, O peaceful, philanthropic Josey," he said, after describing a sanguinary affair he had taken part in, "if I were to tell you that I, all pacific and amiable as I sit here, have felt, in the heat of conflict, an actual thirst for blood—a desire to slay?—such as filled those whom history execrates as 'sparing neither age nor sex'—or as 'putting all to the sword, old and young?'"

"Why, of course, I should not believe you, Durham."

"Fact, nevertheless," said Fane. "I wish I could flatter myself that 'twas Milton's 'deliberate valour' that I breathed; but, unfortunately, it was something altogether more tiger-like: It is a phase of human nature bordering, I'm afraid, on the diabolical side."

"Happy are we," returned the Curate, "who can walk among these

peaceful scenes, knowing nothing of such terrible feelings."

"Now, there, I think you are wrong," returned his friend. "If there are such hidden corners in our souls, 'tis as well to be aware of the fact. If we have still connections on the infernal side, why should we disown our kindred? To have experienced such feelings even makes me more tolerant and humane; for while you look on sackers of cities, and perpetrators of the accompanying horrors, as so many incarnate demons, I see in them merely brethren given over to their natural passions."

"I've no desire to look into such black abysses," quoth the Curate. "Finding plenty of pleasant chambers in my nature wherein to enjoy myself peaceably, I should deserve the fate of Bluebeard's wives if I sought to pry into forbidden corners. Why, I could be content," Josiah went on, "to sit here as we are now, and look upon this landscape till the world had struggled itself into the next half-century—till our beards grew to our waists, and Rosa's and Hester's hair to their feet, like the Sleeping Beauty's."

"I've no fault to find with the landscape," said Fane; "in fact, 'tis quite after my own heart—and the figures in the foreground are unimpeachable" (with a side-glance at Lady Lee). "But, considering the useless life I've led of late, I don't feel as if I had earned the right to enjoy the scene."

"But to leave one's-self no time for reflection or enjoyment is a worse error than the other," said Lady Lee. "I pity those who have no duties or incentives to action" (with a sigh); "but I pity more those who rush through a pleasant world with their eyes always fixed on something in front. There are some who, in their eagerness for turning everything and every moment to practical account, grudge even libations to the gods as wasteful."

"Of the two courses our friend Josey's is the more seductive, and I even think the more respectable," returned Fane. "But how one's sense of tranquil enjoyments would be heightened, if they came to refresh after the excitement of a bust-

ling campaign or a stormy session!"

"But if we of simple tastes can relish nature without your *sans piquante*, Durham?—and as for action and the struggles of life, why, we can read about them. When I want excitement, can I not plunge into the world of books—history, poetry, romance, what not? After reading a well-written book," said the reverend Josiah, taking a short flight from the subject in hand (for a literary quarry would always lure him away from any other), "the halls of my brain are thronged with a goodly company. I wish I could bid them stay, and make that house their home; but in a short time they depart, as from the roof of a stranger, and the place thereof knows them no more. It is these transient visits from the children of genius that gives me such a respect for genius itself. I cannot help reverencing and envying spirits which can, almost at will, evoke images of such grace and power that a mere glimpse of them suffices to make a humbler nature happy."

"You are the most enviable of ecclesiastics," said Fane, "and I wish I could imitate you; but I can't. Inaction is to me a perpetual reproach."

Contrasts of sentiment like these were, to Lady Lee's mind, rather unfavourable to the Curate. Full of goodness, simplicity, and a certain mild wisdom, his mind, contrasted with Fane's, seemed characterised by an inglorious softness. In him was wanting the power that most of all allures an imaginative woman—the power to excite and interest her imagination. The Curate was amiable, excellent, worthy of all esteem; but she could include him, and see the boundary of all the tracks of his thoughts, while Fane's seemed to lead boldly out into regions such as Bunyan saw in his dream, peopled with tremendous forms. Under other circumstances, and in other days, the Curate might have made a patient and excellent martyr, but he would never have been a leader or discoverer. Fane's capacities of thought and enjoyment lay more in the regions of the unknown and untried, and therefore it was at once less easy and more exciting to follow him.

Then, if we consider the difference of outward form in the two men—Fane tall, robust, upright, with a far-seeing glance—the Curate somewhat loose, shambling, given to supine attitudes, and with his reflective look turned to the earth—Ah, Josiah, what evil spirit brought your friend to Lanscote, or fixed your simple heart on Lady Lee?

As they walked back to the house in the cool of the evening, the sight of the lodge, near which they passed, reminded Lady Lee that she intended to ask Fane concerning the previous history and character of the dragoon Onslow, who lay sick there, in order to discover, if possible, some clue to the yet unaccountable fancy of Orelia.

In reply to her questions, Fane said that Onslow had, from the first, particularly attracted his notice.

"Without being at all morose," said Fane, "he has always kept aloof from the rest of the men—'among them, but not of them.' And, though this kind of demeanour, implying conscious superiority, is exactly what would most have roused their resentment and excited ill feeling, if shown by one whose pretensions were unfounded, yet he always seems to have commanded a remarkable degree of respect. His manners and language are singularly good, and there is a good deal of pride about him. In the last town we were quartered in, his appearance had so fascinated a rich widow, that her partiality for him, which she took no pains to conceal, became quite notorious, and she did not scruple to acquaint him with it. But though she was not only rich, but by no means wanting in beauty, he, in his usual easy half-scornful way, rejected her offers as if she had been an old applewoman, or he a millionaire. I intend to look in presently, and see how he is getting on, for I confess I am greatly interested in him."

Lady Lee did not know whether to be glad or sorry at receiving this information. On the one hand, she rejoiced to find that Orelia's taste had not gone so far astray as had at first appeared; on the other, she feared that it might prove something more than a mere passing fancy which the young lady had conceived for this conquering dragoon.

Fane, on reaching the lodge on his homeward way, entered. As it could not be seen from the Heronry, nor the Heronry from it, there had been no occasion to build it in any particular style. Accordingly, it was a long, low, somewhat irregular cottage, with an overhanging thatched roof, and deep casement windows clustered with flowers; looking very pleasant and snug, with its background of foliage, as you approached the arched ivy-covered gateway. Onslow lay in an inner room, on a sofa, drawn close to the open window. He was reading, and laid down his book on the window-seat as Fane entered.

"Well, Onslow," said Fane, seating himself on a chair close by, "how are you getting on? Well, I hope."

"This is very kind of you, Captain Fane," returned Onslow. "Yes, I am almost well, I think; nothing ails me now but weakness."

"'Twas an ugly tumble," said the Captain. "I was close behind you, and saw it. I'm not sure, though, whether I wouldn't undergo just such another, to be picked up in the same way you were."

The dragoon flushed a deep red, and turned his eyes from Fane's; he seemed to have heard something of the scene that followed his mishap.

"However," said Fane, "you will, I see, be shortly on your legs again, and I hope, in a few days, you will be fit to resume your duty."

"I shall never resume my duty," said Onslow. "I am no longer a soldier. Not half an hour ago, I received a notification of my discharge from the service."

"On what grounds?" asked Fane, with surprise.

"By my own desire," returned Onslow.

"I am sorry for this," said Fane. "We shall lose a good soldier. And it seems a pity, too, when you were rising fast, and might have looked forward to a position more worthy of you: for I have long been of opinion that, whatever may have been your motives for enlisting, you quitted your proper place in society, and must, in your present one, have suffered most disagreeable constraint."

The ex-dragoon did not reply.

"Without wishing to intrude into your affairs, or pry into your secrets, I will hope," Fane went on, "that you are either about to resume your proper station, or else that you are exchanging your late path to it for a more promising one."

The dragoon shook his head. "So far from that being the case," he said, "he had as yet formed no plans for the future."

"Onslow," said Fane, after a pause, "I frankly own that you have excited in me much interest and esteem, and therefore, if I can be of service to you, as I probably can, you may command me. And I say this not as an empty form—but if you will accept an advance of a sum which I can very well spare, to the extent of purchasing you a commission in a regiment where you might renew your career under better auspices, you shall have it at a word."

The dragoon's nerves were probably shaken by his illness, for his eyes filled, and his voice was unsteady, as he answered.

"Captain Fane," he said, "it is a noble offer. But though there is not a man in the world whom I esteem more than yourself, you are the very last from whom I would accept a favour."

"That's puzzling," said Fane. "But I will not take an answer now; you shall have time to think of it. In the mean time, is there anything I can send you?—books, or comforts of any kind?"

Onslow was amply supplied, he said, with all, by the kindness of Lady Lee.

The dragoon's hand that lay on the edge of the sofa had a signet-ring on the little finger. Fane, noticing this, could not help glancing curiously at it. It was shield-shaped, of white cornelian, and having a crest cut deeply on it; but at that distance Fane could not distinguish the device. Onslow, catching the direction of his eye, quietly turned the stone inward on his palm.

"Well," said Fane, smiling as he rose, "I see you are resolute in your secrecy. Heaven forbid I should be impertinent, even in my wish to serve you. I will leave you now to think over what I have said." The dragoon warmly pressed the hand that was extended to him. "Again I thank you," he said, "but it is impossible."

"Proud fellow that," thought Fane, as he wended his way homeward. "I will devise something to do him good in spite of himself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I'll tell you what, my boy," said Bagot to Seager, "money must be had. Besides what I owe you, just look at these pleasant communications that the post brought me. That black-guard tailor refuses to supply me till his account's settled—bootmaker, £75—hotel bill, in town, £60—(threatens me, this fellow,)—and I owe Tindal two or three hundred. Besides, I must have a little tin to go on with, for I am running precious short."

"Try her ladyship," said Seager, who was smoking a cigar.

"I'd see her—(&c. &c.)—first," quoth Bagot. "Gad, sir, I hate that girl worse every day. She gets loftier and more sarcastic every time I see her; and if I could bring her down a peg or two, I would with all my heart; but I wouldn't take sixpence from her if I was starving."

"There I entirely differ from you," returned Seager. "That's the very reason I'd get all I could out of her. I'd put my pride in my pocket: however, every man to his taste. You don't know any little boy in the neighbourhood that's beginning with the smallpox or typhus fever, do you?"

"Why so?" inquired the Colonel.

"Why, you might bring him up here to play with the young baronet," said Mr Seager.

"Oh, curse your foolery!" returned Bagot. "If you can't talk sense, we'll drop the subject."

"You're a peppery old beggar," rejoined Mr Seager, who had a pleasant way of charging his intimates with mendicancy. "You're not the brightest fellow I know at taking a joke. But, seriously, if the little chap would take himself out of the way in

a decent manner, 'twould be a deuced fine thing for you. Sir Bagot, you know; and, how much a year is it?"

"I must try Dubbley again," said Bagot, gnawing his nails—"deuced soon, too, after the last five hundred. He'll kick, I know he will; but my float tells me he's been nibbling, and I must hook him before he breaks his hold."

"You've a splendid game on the balls," said Seager, rising in his excitement, and standing on the hearth-rug, with his cut-away coat-tails hanging through his arms, and his back against the chimney-piece. "A splendid game, if you only knew how to play it—and leave yourself safe too."

The Colonel's bloodshot eye turned half inquiringly, half dubiously upon him, as if he wasn't quite sure whether this wouldn't turn out to be another of Mr Seager's playful jokes.

"That fellow Sloperton's here every day," said Seager, knocking off the long grey ash of his cigar against the corner of the chimney-piece. "Why shouldn't he bleed as well as Dubbley?"

"But he's not such a fool as Dubbley," said Bagot. "Puppy he is, but no fool; on the contrary, sharp enough about money. Besides, I couldn't borrow from him with any face."

"Who wants you to borrow from him?" returned Seager; "you shall give him value. You see, I've already put matters in training, by telling him that nothing was to be done with Lady Lee without your consent. Now, suppose I go to him, and talk in this way: You're a man of the world, Sloperton, says I, and therefore I'll talk plainly with you. Everybody sees that you and her ladyship are fond of one another—excuse me, you know, for plain speaking, but no offence. Well, the Colonel sees it as well as the rest, and likes the idea uncommonly; for, between you and me, he's deuced fond of you. But what can the Colonel do? He's deuced hard up, as all the world knows. Here are two or three rich fellows in love with the lady, trying to buy his consent from him; and, you know, a man may be deuced honourable, and virtuous, and all that, and yet, when the duns come in, and he's got no money to pay 'em,

why, what *can* he do? I ask you as a man of the world. Very well, upon this Sloperton asks me what I am driving at? I say directly, Bid for the consent, and you'll get it, for you're the favourite."

"But suppose he should think his chance with Hester a bad one," urged Bagot; "and, 'pon my life, I don't think he's got the ghost of one."

"Trust his vanity for that," returned Seager. "Between what I shall say to him, and what you shall get that devil of a girl—what's her name? Kitty—to put in his head—and his own conceit, I'll engage he shall feel quite sure of success before dinner-time."

"Well, there's no harm in trying," said Bagot, "and I shall be greatly obliged to you, old fellow. You see, it isn't a thing I could very well do myself."

"Certainly not," agreed Seager; "that would look very fishy. But as to being obliged to me, nothing of the sort; perhaps I shall have to ask the same service of you."

After a little more discussion, the increasing brightness of this project beginning to shed more and more light upon poor Bagot's dreary circumstances, he went off to give Miss Fillet her instructions with regard to Sloperton; after which, he purposed paying a visit to Mr Dubbley, without delay, for purposes of assessment.

"While I'm away," said Bagot, "you can tackle Sloperton, who'll be here to-day, in the billiard-room or stable, or anywhere you can catch him by himself; and I shall be out of the way all the morning."

Seager nodded, and applied himself to another cigar, while Bagot went to talk to Kitty.

Now Kitty, as already hinted, had, after the interview with the Squire last chronicled, conceived an ambitious idea—an idea altogether traitorous to Bagot. She had not failed to notice the admiration with which she had inspired the Squire; popular report had made her acquainted with the weakness and inconstancy of that gentleman's heart; and she had enough confidence in her own wiles and attractions to think she could secure it.

Instead, therefore, of artfully keeping the Squire's passion for her ladyship at a proper temperature, by judiciously applying or withholding encouragement, she had proceeded as fast as possible to reduce it to zero, merely leaving so much doubt about his prospect of success as would cause him to continue his interviews with herself. And during these interviews Kitty was so lavish of her wiles, so adroit with her flatteries, and so resolute in refusing to allow his advances and gallant attempts at small caresses, that she was gradually tormenting him into a strong fancy for her.

"Bless you, sir," said Kitty to the Squire, in pursuance of her designs—"bless you, sir, my lady can't do anything without me. It was only this morning she says, 'Kitty,' she says, 'what do you say? Shall it be matrimony or not?' 'My lady,' says I, 'there's a good deal to be said of both sides.' 'Well,' says she, 'Fillet, you never spoke a truer word; but with regard to the matrimony side, now, what's your candied opinion?' 'Your ladyship knows,' says I, 'what I've said, over and over, about the Squire. He would be the man for my money.'"

"Did you say that?" said the Squire. "'Pon my life, you're the best girl I ever knew. She must be uncommon fond of you to consult you in that way."

"Fond!" said Kitty. "Ho! well she may be! What could she do without me at her elbow, I wonder! If I was a missenary person, Mr Dubbley," (Fillet did not mean a missionary, but a mercenary person,) "I might raise my celery ever so high, by constantly giving warning, and being bribed to come back."

"Well," said the Squire, "and what answer did she make when you said that about me?"

"She didn't make answer immediate," returned Kitty. "She leaned her head upon her knuckles jocosely, and then she said, 'No, Kitty, no, he's not the man for my money; and I'll tell you for why. I've noticed,' she says, 'that the man's got a

will of his own, and that's a thing I never was accustomed to, and, what's more, I never shall be. No man,' says she, 'if he was fifty husbands, should ever set his shoe on my neck.'"

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Squire, secretly a little flattered at the imputation of imperiousness; "who could have put that in her head? I'm sure I've always been as quiet as a lamb to her. If I am a little fond of my own way, I'm sure I never showed it to her."

"As I said," resumed Kitty—"as I said to her, 'What's a man who hasn't a will of his own, my lady? I'd as soon have a barber's dummy for a husband, as a man who couldn't take care of himself and me too.' But 'twas no good, Mr Dubbley; she's got the fancy into her head, and all parliament wouldn't persuade her to the contrary."

Although the reader may perhaps think that Kitty's dramatic renderings of the sentiments and conversational manner of Lady Lee were not remarkable for truthfulness, yet the Squire never doubted her in the least; for the poor Squire, with all his cunning, was terribly deficient in sagacity. Accordingly, at each interview with Miss Fillett, Lady Lee's image receded farther and farther from the poor Squire, till it was now quite lost in the mists raised by her faithful handmaiden.

If Bagot had been aware of this, he would, probably, not have given himself the trouble to ride over to Monkstone. Before setting out, he waited in the hall till he saw Kitty pass by, and then beckoned her into the drawing-room.

Miss Fillett, questioned as to the Squire's affections, answered ambiguously, and was glad when Bagot adverted to another topic, viz., his instructions as to what she was to say to Sloperton. In this matter, too, she faithfully promised her assistance, and declared nothing would be easier than to persuade the Captain that Lady Lee was violently in love with him; "for," said Fillett, "he thinks all women is a-dying for him."

CHAPTER XXV.

Thus, in the interview with Mr Dubbley, to which Bagot now proceeded, he had, as we have seen, lost the power over him which he possessed in the former one. The Squire's manner in greeting the Colonel was marked by a nervous mixture of distrust, and a wish to appear as friendly as usual; for his awe of Bagot, from habit and ancient association, was great, though the immediate cause for deference had vanished.

After the first greetings, Dubbley, having from old experience a secret misgiving that Bagot's manner indicated he had come a-borrowing, poured forth upon him a flood of questions and remarks more or less absurd and trivial, rather in the hope of delaying than of preventing the request he saw forthcoming. He expressed an astonishing and altogether inadequate interest in the state of Bagot's health—inquired after all the horses individually—pressed him to take a variety of refreshments—and then fell back upon the weather.

But however conversationally a man may be minded, he can't very well sustain a dialogue by himself; and Bagot contributed so little towards keeping up the ball, that Mr Dubbley was constrained, after supernatural efforts, to let it drop, and sat nervously silent.

"In two words, Dubbley," said Bagot, "I'm come on a little business. I needn't tell you I'm tremendously hard up." (Mr Dubbley groaned, and perspired visibly.) "Now, you'll hardly believe it's all from looking after your interests in a certain quarter."

"'Pon my life—no really! Is it though? How's that?" inquired the Squire.

"How!" repeated Bagot. "Haven't you heard what a run there is in that direction just now? And I've stood up for you, Dubbley, like a Trojan."

"Monstrous kind, 'pon my life," said Mr Dubbley, without, however, much real appearance of gratitude.

"Yes," said the Colonel—"yes, I've stood by you like a trump, though,

between you and me, I've had some deuced handsome offers to join the other interests."

"Have you, though?" said the Squire. "Take 'em, Colonel; take all you can get."

"What, and go against you!" cried Bagot.

"Never mind me," said the Squire, rubbing his head with both his hands. "Don't you think about me! Take all you can get. I've rather changed my mind about that business."

"Changed your mind, sir!" said Bagot, sternly. "Do I understand that you think yourself at liberty to meditate alliances with my family, or give up the idea, just as the whim suits you?"

"No, no," said the Squire; "quite a mistake, 'pon my life, quite. I was constant and true—constant and true; but she didn't fancy me, and there was an end of it."

"How do you know she doesn't fancy you?" asked Bagot, sharply.

Now Miss Fillett had carefully impressed upon the Squire the necessity of keeping her agency in the matter a secret; so the Squire had a little fib prepared for the occasion.

"Suppose she told me so herself," said the Squire; "suppose I had asked her, (quietly, you know, without saying anything to anybody else,) and she had said no—what would you say then?"

"I should say," growled Bagot, savagely, "that you deserved a refusal for your cursed folly and rashness. Why couldn't you be ruled by me, and wait till I told you 'twas time? Don't you know you're not fit to manage matters of this kind? and didn't I always tell you you'd fail if you tried it? We shall have some trouble to set this right again."

"I don't want it set right," said the Squire, with a spasmodic effort; "I'd rather leave it just as it is. I give it up altogether. And, Colonel," added the Squire, gathering courage, after this piece of mutiny, to follow up the blow, "do you know, I was just wishing to see you about another little matter? You couldn't make it

convenient to let me have some of the money I've advanced to you, could you? I've great occasion for it just now."

"Haven't I just told you I'm infernally hard up?" roared Bagot; "and yet you ask for repayment. No, it wouldn't be convenient—downright impossible at present—now there!"

This kind of bearing would have been judicious, doubtless, if Bagot had retained his former hold upon the Squire. The Colonel did not as yet quite appreciate the change in their positions.

The Squire was far from expecting repayment when he asked for it; but he had thus anticipated Bagot's fresh demand, and put it out of the question. Therefore, satisfied with the measure of success he had achieved, he resolved to put an end to an interview that was getting more embarrassing, and, opening the door, called out, "You may come in, Randy; we've finished our business"—for the Squire had been closeted with that gentleman when Bagot was announced.

Mr Randy entered, greasy and majestic, and made a bow to Bagot, who scarcely deigned, in his ill-humour, to notice the salute. But Mr Randy, not to be repelled, drew out his snuff-box, and, having taken a pinch himself, made a conciliatory offer of the box to Bagot, who set it aside with so little courtesy, that some of the contents were spilt on the proprietor's shoes. Then the Colonel, feeling himself baffled in his designs, departed

sullenly, and in deep mortification; for the sting of defeat is felt most sharply when the victor is despised by the vanquished.

Mr Randy, holding in his hand the rejected snuff-box, glared after him in high indignation, breathing hard through his mouth, partly from wrath, partly because his nostrils were stopped with snuff, while his large red underlip advanced and receded loosely with his puffings.

"That per-r-son," said Mr Randy to the Squire, "appears to be ignorant of the usages of society. Had he not been standing on my friend's hearthstone, I should have taken the liberty to tell him a piece of my mind."

"Never mind him," said the Squire; "I'm very glad he's gone." And Mr Dubbley, exulting in his own skill, did not fail to acquaint Mr Randy with the circumstances under which it had been exercised; and by the advice and with the assistance of that gentleman, (whose resentment caused him to enter warmly into the matter,) sat down and composed a letter on the spot, praying Bagot for speedy repayment.

"Send it to him in a day or two," said Mr Randy, "and if he takes no notice of it, I'll write another more formal one; and, after that, if he doesn't pay you, you can commence proceedings for the debt." And, in matters relating to the law of debtor and creditor, Mr Randy, from habitually figuring in the former character, was excellently qualified to advise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bagot, riding homewards in very ill humour, came into the grounds by the back entrance, and, having left his horse at the stables, was going towards the house through a bypath of the shrubbery, when he was waylaid by Kitty Fillett, who came simpering up to him to report progress with Sloperton. She had fulfilled Bagot's instructions very faithfully, having intercepted the Captain on the stairs; and by a few mysterious hints and half-assertions, which she left it to his vanity to put in shape, had convinced him that Lady Lee's attachment to himself was evident to

all the household; and he had been so pleased that he had presented her with a sovereign on the spot.

"All very fine, you jade," returned the unmollified Colonel. "You're deuced clever, I daresay; but you've let that fool Dubbley slip through your fingers, for all that."

Miss Fillett feigned the greatest astonishment. "Would you explain yourself, Colonel Lee?" asked Kitty, with an injured air.

Bagot briefly told her of Mr Dubbley's rebellion, adding, "This is exactly what you ought to have prevented."

"If he has spoke to my lady," said Kitty, with uplifted hands and eyes, "there's no truth in man. He took oaths, Colonel Lee, of that blasphemious kind, that it made my blood run cold to hear his offle words, that he wouldn't speak to my lady till I told him 'twas time. No," repeated Kitty; "after that, there's no truth in man."

Now Kitty had acquired, or thought she had acquired, a piece of intelligence likely to be interesting to Bagot. She had held some mental debates with herself as to whether she could turn her knowledge to best account by communicating or withholding it; and, thinking the latter course might serve to reassure the Colonel of her fidelity to his interests, she resolved to adopt it.

"What would you say, Colonel, if I was to tell you that my lady really had a preposition in favour of a certain gentleman?" said Kitty, mysteriously.

"Ha, yes," said Bagot. "What! that handsome puppy Sloperton, eh? She's kept it devilish close. It's him, is it?"

Miss Fillett, sucking her under lip into her mouth, compressed it with her upper teeth, and stared intently at Bagot, shaking her head the while.

"Not him!" cried Bagot; "who then? Speak out, can't ye, baggage, without so much cursed mystery?"

But Kitty was rather fond of mystery, and it was not till Bagot's impatience broke out in a few imprecations that she consented to discover it.

"Well, don't swear, Colonel, and I'll tell you—for I can't bear prefane language," said she. "You must know, sir, what between my own experiences and perusing of love-tales, which I've always been fond of, I can read the signs of parshality as well as another. Now, you know, Colonel, if there is a beloved one whose imidge occupies a shrine in our inmost 'art," ("Bother!" muttered Bagot,) "we can't listen to that imidge's name with the same indifference we feel towards other imidges. I've noticed lately that when"—(here Kitty approached within half a foot of Bagot, and lowered her voice to a proper pitch of mystery)—"I've noticed

lately that when Captain Fane's name has come up—or when he's been present—or even when my lady's been looking on his visiting-card on the hall table—there's been a little tremulous sort of blushing appearance, as if she'd been caught telling a fib—not that she could tell one for the world, I'm sure, but I merely use it as a simly. Well, this morning, when I was doing her hair, thinks I, 'I'll try how she'll look now when I talk of him.' So, says I, while I stood behind her, 'What a handsome gentleman that Captain is, my lady, who was here yesterday—I forget his name.' So I could see down over her shoulder that she caught her breath at this, and her neck got all scarlet, but she never spoke. So, says I, (just to try her, you see, Colonel,) 'I think they call him Sloperton,' when she got as cool as a cucumber directly, and says quite haughty, as usual, 'Never mind handsome gentlemen, Fillett, go on with my hair.' So, after a minute, I says—'No, Captain Sloperton's the dark one, but the fair man's more to my taste—they call him Fane, I think.' Well, sir, I saw her catch her breath again at this, but I couldn't see the colour of her face or neck, because her hair was all over it, and you know my lady's got hair enough to hide half-a-dozen faces—so I just parted it in front with the comb, and, looking into the glass, I saw she was as red as a rose. So I went on telling her how a sergeant in the regiment had told Noble the day of the review what a good gentleman he was, and how the men would all do anything for him—and she never interrupted me once, but listened as still as a mouse, though, if I'd been talking of any one else, I should have been sent down stairs for my pains."

Bagot leaned for some moments with his back against the trunk of an acacia, frowning deeply, and protruding his lips in profound meditation. Then he stood up, and saying, "Kitty, you're a sharp girl, and no mistake, and if you go on helping me to play my cards it shall be all the better for you," he passed onwards to the house.

Bagot thus found himself the centre of a little knot of intrigue. Intrigue was not a thing he particularly de-

lighted in; he would have disposed of the situation, with all its promise, to any enterprising person for a moderate sum of ready money down upon the nail. But as this was not practicable, he resolved to do the best he could for himself.

While still cogitating, he saw Fane, who had been to the Heronry on a visit, crossing in front of the house, leading his horse by the bridle on his way homeward. The sight of him put the finishing stroke to Bagot's meditations. His trains of thought had all pointed towards the expediency of laying Fane under contribution. Here was the man, and he had only to decide upon the mode.

What with Seager's hints, his own private ideas on the subject, and his first success with Mr Dubbley, Bagot had gradually begun to look on Lady Lee as Mr Barnum looked on Tom Thumb—as an opera-manager looks on a musical star from the Continent—as a Manchester orator looks on his principles—viz., as a promising speculation. Accordingly, Fane appeared merely in the shape of another chance of turning her ladyship to account.

Bagot had scarcely ever spoken to Fane, beyond the commonest salutations. They had held aloof from each other for opposite reasons—Bagot, because he didn't understand Fane—Fane, because he did understand Bagot. The latter, therefore, was not quite sure of his best mode of coming to an understanding with him on the subject of his thoughts. One thing was quite clear, that this was not a case for Seager's management. When a man had to be browbeat or inveigled, Seager was a capital agent; but Bagot had an intuitive perception that neither process would answer with Fane. He resolved, therefore, to manage the matter for himself, the points to be kept in view being, 1st, to make his meaning plain; 2d, to leave a loophole to creep out of, in case his meaning should prove distasteful to his auditor.

Indecision or slowness in action were not among the Colonel's deficiencies. In fact, I take it to be one of the great advantages of a sporting, betting life, like Bagot's, that it develops a talent for prompt decision on chances, and quick action thereupon.

While Bagot, as I have said, was totally unable to appreciate Fane, Fane was quite capable of seeing through and through Bagot. Had he chosen, he might have been the leader of a whole army of Bagots. As it was, he rather despised him and the like, and was not, perhaps, duly careful in concealing his contempt: for contempt, however just, is more powerful when latent than when manifest. However, Fane, seeing in Bagot a somewhat dissipated and not particularly respectable elderly gentleman, and not perceiving any points they were likely to occupy in common either of sympathy or repulsion, had hitherto taken very little notice of him. He was, therefore, not altogether prepared for the sudden appearance of friendship with which the Colonel now joined him, and took his arm.

"Fane, my boy," said Bagot, with a charming paternal frankness, "lead your horse down as far as the lodge. I haven't met with anybody worth speaking to this whole day before, and I shall be glad of a few minutes of respectable society."

This opening Bagot intended to be flattering and propitiating. Fane responded with his usual civil indifference.

"I never see much of you," Bagot went on. "You're always otherwise engaged. I suspect you find other society more attractive, eh!" and Bagot administered a facetious poke in the chest.

"I do, certainly," answered Fane, simply.

"Why, there, now!" said Bagot, "I was just the same when I was a young man. Damme, sir, show me a petticoat, and the best fellows in England might go to Jericho for me. Ah, ha!—gad, sir, we're all alike, and I don't blame you for it."

"That's a most cheering assurance," returned Fane. "But might I ask what your delicate inuendos point at, Colonel?"

"Inuendos!" quoth the Colonel. "Not a bit of it. I'm all plain and above-board. I was only thinking of what I was myself when I was a young man. And now I've just time, between this and the lodge, to tell you something that happened to a

friend of mine, who was a young man, fond of ladies' society, just as you might be. Well, sir, he fell rather in love with a widow lady—young, rich, handsome—devilish rich and handsome, sir—and she seemed to like him. Well, sir, it so happened that the widow had a relation, a deuced good sort of fellow, who had some control over her second marriage; if she should think of such a thing. Now, though he was, as I say, a deuced good sort of fellow, yet you know good fellows may be unfortunate in their circumstances as well as bad ones, and the said relation was particularly hard up. So, seeing, as I say, my friend's partiality for the widow, and seeing that it was returned, he, like a frank, honest fellow, as he was, went straight to my friend, and said plainly, 'I like you—I'm fond of my niece, or sister-in-law, or whatever she might be—and you like each other. If I could afford it, I'd say at once, Take her, and all happiness to you—but my circumstances won't allow me to do what my feelings dictate. But if you, knowing my circumstances, enable me to do what I would wish by coming to a friendly arrangement, then, sir, you have my consent.'

The beginning of this speech was scarcely attended to by Fane; for he preferred his own thoughts, the subject of which was, naturally enough, the visit he had just paid to Lady Lee, and which he had found especially charming. But something in the Colonel's ingenious parable attracted his attention, though, being quite ignorant of the real circumstances which that gentleman was thus shadowing forth, he never suspected his own personal interest in the subject. Bagot, however, fancied he had put the case in a manner at once delicate and transparent.

So he repeated, "If," he said to my friend, "if you, knowing my circumstances, enable me to do what I would wish, then, sir, you have my consent."

"He meant, I suppose, in plain words," said Fane, "that he had some power or influence in the matter, and was ready to sell it."

"Exactly so," said Bagot—"exactly so. Now, my friend being a

sensible man, and a man of the world, what do you think was his reply?"

"That," said Fane, "I should think, depended entirely on your friend's temper. If he was a choleric man, he probably kicked the scoundrel."

"What, sir!" thundered Bagot. "Do you mean to —. Excuse my warmth; I forgot that you didn't know the persons I speak of: the fact is, both were friends of mine, and I naturally dislike to hear anything to the disadvantage of either. But you look at the thing in a wrong light. The lady's relation was an honourable man, and a gentleman, yet, as I say, under the circumstances he did not hesitate to make the proposal."

"I'm really sorry to have been obliged to express such a strong opinion of any friend of yours," returned Fane, quite coolly, "but allow me to suggest that in future you might select some more favourable trait in his character to enlarge upon, if you don't wish to hear him abused."

"I see we differ on the point," quoth Bagot. "But, whatever opinion of the proposal my friend may have entertained, he was sharp enough to see that he couldn't carry his point with the lady without the other's consent, and, therefore, was glad to agree. If he hadn't agreed," said Bagot, significantly—"if he hadn't agreed, he might have said good-by to her at once."

"Really," said Fane, "if one might judge of the lady by her connections, the sooner he took leave of her the better."

"Ah, well! every man to his taste," said Bagot, in a calm tone, but with a somewhat diabolical expression of face. "Some are nicer than others; however, we won't pursue the subject, as we're not likely to agree. Here we are at the lodge, and I think I'll turn back. Good morning; good morning!"

"Eccentric old gentleman that," thought Fane, as he mounted and rode away. "He must have got drunk rather earlier than usual to-day."

"Curse the fellow!" thought Bagot, indignantly. "What a fool I was to give him an opportunity of insulting me, when I couldn't resent it. Damn him! I'll be revenged on him yet."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Bagot having thus failed on two points, his sole resource was Mr Seager. He had great confidence in that gentleman's diplomatic talents, and was not disappointed.

"All right, old boy," said Seager; "I've managed it. Sloperton perceived the sense of the matter directly, and came to terms at once."

"No!" exclaimed Bagot; "did he, by Jove! Well, how much did he offer, eh?"

"Why, I manœuvred for a long time," said Seager, "in hopes of getting more, but at last I fixed him for a thousand. When he gets the consent written and signed, he'll give you a check for the money."

"Not bad," said Bagot; "not bad! I wish I had been as successful. What d'ye think that fellow Dubbley said?" And here Bagot recounted his interview with the Squire, but concealed his attempt upon Fane and its result. Mr Seager listened to the details of the former failure with a look of grim satisfaction, thinking, probably, how much better he would have managed the matter.

Afterwards Bagot listened to the account of Mr Seager's interview with Sloperton, and entirely approved of his friend's proceedings. Then Seager, feeling sleepy in consequence of being up late for two or three preceding nights, and not finding Bagot disposed for *ecarté*, retired early to bed, and Bagot remained drinking his brandy-and-water by himself.

With each successive glass, Bagot's sense of injury from Fane and desire of revenge increased. To have been insulted to his face—securely insulted—told he was a scoundrel who deserved to be kicked—for Bagot never doubted that Fane perfectly understood his meaning, and availed himself of the form under which it was conveyed to be severe upon him)—this went revolving round and round perpetually in Bagot's mind like a toothed wheel, each point lacerating him as it came uppermost. It appeared to him, too, that Fane was braving him—daring him to do his worst. Perhaps he and Lady Lee had come

to a private understanding, and were ready to defy him. In that case, he would make them change their note.

Presently it began to dawn on Bagot's mind, rendered luminous by brandy-and-water, that he had now an opportunity of at once revenging himself on Fane, and repaying her scorn to Lady Lee. He would tell her, at the first opportunity, that he knew her feelings for Fane, and he would dare her to indulge them. Opportunity! Why wait for it?—why shouldn't he make it?—why shouldn't he execute the idea at once? At any rate, he would find out whether she had retired for the night. So he rung the bell, and desired his servant to inquire from Lady Lee's maid if her ladyship was still in the drawing-room. The answer was, that she was there alone, the two young ladies having gone to their chamber. Now, then, was the time—he felt quite up to the mark, and he was not sure of finding himself so in the morning, for, somehow, he felt always cowed and nerveless in her presence early in the day. But now, he was firm, resolved, and didn't care a straw for the airs, or the sarcasms, or the contempt of the grandest woman in England. Afraid! no, by Jove, he'd tell her a piece of his mind.

In this happy frame of temper Bagot finished his glass; and, without other external signs of his potations than a hardness of breathing, an additional flush of face, and a certain fixedness of eye, repaired to the drawing-room.

Lady Lee, sitting reading alone there, was somewhat surprised at the Colonel's entrance. She very rarely beheld him after dinner; and he had never before, after dining in his own apartment, made his appearance in the drawing-room at this hour. So, laying down her book with some little impatience at the unseasonable interruption, of which she could not divine the cause, she waited to be told the reason of the visit.

Bagot did not find it so easy to begin as he had anticipated. Sitting alone sipping his grog, and carrying

everything, in imagination, his own way, nothing could be simpler;—arrived in the presence of her calm ladyship, it appeared quite another thing. After saying good evening, he seated himself on the other side of the table, and looked fiercely into the fire.

"I daresay you didn't expect to see me to-night," said he, at length.

Lady Lee said she certainly had not anticipated the pleasure of a visit from him; and asked to what cause she was indebted for it?

"Not for any pleasure to myself or you," answered Bagot, who wished to work himself up to a proper pitch of sternness by a recapitulation of his injuries—lashing himself with his tail, as it were. "No, ma'am, I'm too well aware of your dislike to me—which you seem to take a pride in showing—to expect any pleasure from an interview between us."

"I protest, Colonel," said Lady Lee, laying her book on the table, and looking at him with surprise—"I protest, Colonel, I don't know how I've offended you. If you will point out the imaginary cause of offence, I will do all in my power to remove it."

"Too late, ma'am—too late," returned Bagot, waving his hand majestically. "A little timely consideration of my feelings, and of your own interests, might have made me a friend;—you have thought proper to make me a foe, and must take the consequences."

"I shall regret very much any difference between us," said Lady Lee; "and none the less for its being apparently causeless; but as to any further consequences than this regret, which one naturally feels at disagreeing with family connections, I confess I do not foresee them."

"Perhaps I may open your eyes, then," said Bagot. "You and I know very well that, so long as you live here as you have hitherto done, I have no hold upon you, and you can continue to enjoy all the pleasant things which the foolish fondness of my poor nephew Joe lavished upon you, unmolested. But there was a little clause in his will, my lady—a little clause about a second marriage—wherein I become a rather more important person."

Bagot uttered all this in a hard unmodulated tone, like one repeating a task; and, having got thus far, wiped his forehead and went on, still without looking at her ladyship.

"Therefore, as I say, so long as you continued to amuse yourself with your poems, and your science, and your music, and any other harmless silliness that might please you, you were quite right to treat me according to your will and pleasure; but, when you began to think of more serious pastime, prudence might have dictated a little civility. I'm aware who the person is that you've honoured by your partiality, and I tell you now, that you shall never come together with my consent. Damme, ma'am, he's a man I hate!" cried Bagot, turning furiously upon her ladyship, who sat gazing at him with wide eyes. "He has insulted me, and I shall have double pleasure in stopping the business."

"Colonel! how dare you talk to me in this way!" said her ladyship, with forced calmness. "Will you leave the room of your own accord, or shall I call in the protection of the servants?"

"Never mind the servants," said Bagot, flourishing the pocket-handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead with—"you won't need their protection. I'm talking of a matter I've a legal right to talk of, and you had best not interrupt me."

"Has any one dared to say there has been word or thought of such an event as my marrying?" said Lady Lee.

"I don't know about thoughts," said Bagot, "nor whether any words of your intentions have passed as yet; but, I ask you, whether you do or do not feel a fondness for that fellow Fane? And he!—what does he come here for so often, d'ye think? curse him. D'ye suppose all the world's blind?"

Lady Lee had turned very pale, and sunk back in her chair. But, recovering herself, she said—"Colonel, the state I perceive you to be in will, perhaps, to-morrow, be some excuse for these insults—but don't repeat them; and, to prevent that, either you must now leave the room, or I will."

"Not till I've told you the consequences," said Bagot, "and I'll do that in two words. If you marry him without my consent—and, by the Lord, you shall never have it—I'll use all the power the will gives me against you. You shall moult all these fine feathers very quickly, my lady. And, not only that, but the boy, too—I shall take my right as guardian, and bring him up myself. He shan't be a milksop then; no, I'll squeeze the milk clean out of him, and make a man of him—though, perhaps, his education won't be conducted after a manner that's quite agreeable to your ideas. Now, you know what you've got to expect."

Here Bagot rose, and glancing for a moment at Lady Lee's frightened look, and marking the shudder that stole over her at the mention of his intention to train Julius up, and "make a man of him," he walked away to the door, muttering, as he opened it—"Checkmated, by G—d."

And, as he went stumbling along the passages towards his own room, he kept muttering—"Not mated—no, damme, not mated, but checkmated—ha, ha!" chuckling immensely over the exquisite humour of this conceit, and repeating—"Not mated; no, damme, checkmated," till the door of his room closed upon him.

With a pale face and heaving breast Lady Lee sat looking at the door through which he had made his exit. His unexpected coming—the lateness and loneliness of the hour—the succession of new and unpleasant sensations which his words and demeanour excited—and his sudden departure, leaving her once more to her solitude—all, when looked back upon, wore the aspect of an ugly dream. Indignation was at first the predominant feeling; but she was conscious, too, of an under-current of conviction that his drunken spite had not vented itself in groundless assertions.

She tried to recall the terms of the will. Her affliction for Sir Joseph's death had, at the time, caused the clause in question to pass almost unnoticed. Yet now she remembered the purport of the words to be nearly what Bagot had stated. She had thought them mere words of form; the idea of the possibility of her

being in any way affected by them had never crossed her mind; and if it had, she would never have suspected that Bagot would really attempt to use a power thus given him. But now his unexpected behaviour showed that he had long been a secret enemy, only waiting an opportunity to wound her. Had he indeed obtained this opportunity? Was it possible that this man, for whom she had hitherto felt nothing more than careless scorn, had indeed, or could ever have, any power over her, Hester Lee?

At the mention of Fane's name she had lost all power of reply, and had let the Colonel go away under an impression that the allusion was correct. She wished she had detained him for a moment while she contradicted this. But, then, *could* she contradict him truly? This set her thinking on a point she had never before closely considered. She felt that to lose Fane's society would not be like losing the society of anybody else; that she had begun to watch for his visits, and could now scarcely face the idea of relinquishing them. Yet they must now end; for, if the half-formed idea that had sometimes presented itself was true—viz., that Fane felt as much pleasure in her society as she in his—the only honest course left for her was, to put an end at once to expectations that could never have a result.

Anger, regret, injured delicacy, and a host of complex feelings—some of them merely combinations of these—followed Lady Lee to her pillow, and when at last she slept, arranged the phantasmagoria of her dreams. In these last Bagot figured in a variety of agreeable characters—from a simple nightmare occupied in strangling her, to no less a personage than his infernal majesty himself—a look of baleful and fiendish joy giving terror and dignity to the scorbatic countenance of the Colonel, and lending awe and mockery to the tones of his voice. And the intervals of wakefulness in the watches of the night were scarcely less dreary. No comfort appeared—not even the comfort of confiding her griefs to a friend—for the subject was such as could not be mentioned to any one.

Fane, then, coming next day, (for

his visits were now daily,) only noticed at first an unusual paleness of complexion, and seriousness of aspect—traces, perhaps, (he thought,) of some slight indisposition, mental or bodily, which would be quite sufficient to account for the coolness of his reception. But when, instead of the look of interest, the animated reply, the frequent appeal on matters of taste and opinion, to which he had of late been accustomed, he found only averted looks and cold answers, he became at first sorely puzzled, then silent; and, at last, with his pride roused into something like resentment, he rose to take leave.

Lady Lee had reddened beneath the inquiring glances he had cast at her, and traced afterwards, with deep pain, the feelings which her constrained behaviour was exciting in him. But now, as he was about to depart, she could scarcely restrain her tears, though luckily she did restrain them. But she could not restrain a warm pressure of the hand he doubt-

fully extended to her at parting, and an appealing look cut suddenly short as she turned away to the window.

Had Lady Lee possessed a character the most foreign imaginable to her own—that of a finished coquette—she could not, by her wiles, have produced half so decisive an effect on Fane as by this conduct, the natural effect of the struggle of feelings with new and hard resolutions. It set him thinking about himself and Lady Lee as effectually as Bagot's behaviour had turned Lady Lee's thoughts in the same direction. He, too, began to question himself as to the degree of esteem in which he held her, and as to his capability of readily relinquishing her society.

The result of his cogitations on this head will come to light in due time. At present, he resolved to be not rash in his resentment at her coolness, but to wait till her ladyship was in a better humour before questioning her as to what had put her in a bad one.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bagot's drunken exultation at night was exchanged next morning for a feeling of shame and contrition. So far as he could derive satisfaction from annoying Lady Lee, he had been successful enough, but he was not quite certain that this declaration of his was likely to advance his interests in other respects. He had made his position at the Heronry an awkward one, and he had placed Hester on her guard against him; and he had gained nothing but a feeling of gratified revenge, which he did not find half so satisfactory as he had expected.

Thinking two heads would be better than one in retrieving this false step, he communicated his plans to Mr Seager at breakfast. That gentleman's opinion did not disappoint the Colonel.

"You know, Lee, it was a deuced thing of you, and no mistake," said his adviser. "Why, you wrung the neck of your decoy-duck; but, now it's done, you must make the best of it. If properly represented to Sloperton, it might be made to look like extreme zeal for his interests

that induced you to dish his rival. We needn't tell him that you suspected Lady Lee of liking Fane, but only that Fane liked her; and if cleverly put, it ought to screw another five hundred out of him."

This appeared to Bagot not at all a bad idea. Decidedly Seager was a sharp fellow.

"As I have managed all the preliminaries," Seager went on, "and Sloperton understands the business perfectly, you can mention this to him yourself. And, while you are speaking with him on this subject, I want you to manage a little matter for me at the same time. I told you I wasn't helping you for nothing," added Seager, with an amiable grin.

"Well, old fellow, what is it I can do for you?" inquired Bagot.

Mr Seager, who had finished his breakfast, lit his cigar before replying.

"I got a letter from the vet this morning," said he, after a puff or two, "about the mare."

"Yes," said Bagot, "yes. Well, what does he think of her?"

"Just what I always said and

thought," replied Seager. "Navicular, and no mistake."

"You don't mean that?" cried Bagot, drawing a long breath. "By Jove—then it's all up with her."

"All up with her," echoed Seager, quite calmly.

"And you—why, God bless me, you're in for £1500—gone without a chance!"

(I should explain, for the benefit of lady readers, that the "navicular" disease is a disease of the bones of a horse's foot, producing lameness, always tedious, and mostly incurable.)

"'Tis a sort of thing, too, that you'll be obliged to pay up at once," Bagot went on. "Why, sir, its ruinous. I can't see any way out of it."

Mr Seager still smoked away, apparently as much at his ease as if he had won, instead of being on the point of losing, the money.

"How do you propose to manage about it?" asked Bagot.

"That's exactly the point I've just said I wanted your assistance about," returned Seager, re-twisting a tobacco leaf that had got loose round the wet end of his cigar. "What was it you saw the mare do when you timed her?"

"Four miles in twelve minutes and fifty-eight seconds," said Bagot, promptly. He had a capital memory for such things; most people have for what interests them; and when persons complain of having weak memories, we may generally conclude they don't take much interest in anything.

"Exactly," said Seager. "Now, suppose you were to mention that to Sloperton."

"What good would that do?" asked Bagot. "You know she couldn't do it again."

"But you needn't mention *that*," said Seager. "You needn't tell anything more than you actually saw."

"Well," said Bagot, wiping his forehead—for he actually perspired as he caught a glimpse of Mr Seager's meaning. "Well, what then?"

"Then you might, in a confidential way, hint that, considering what you saw the mare do, the event seemed to you a certainty; and, in the form of a bit of friendly advice, you could mention, that you thought Seager himself (a denced fair, liberal kind

of fellow, your friend Seager, you know, about such things) was rather ashamed of such a hollow thing, such a regular certainty, and would, perhaps, let him off for two-thirds of the bet. Our friend Sloperton would be glad to do that, if he thought himself certain otherwise to lose the whole."

"But, sir, this would be swindling!" cried Bagot.

"Not doing it will be ruin," quoth Seager, puffing away at his cigar.

"No, by Jove, no!" said old Bagot, his lips trembling with agitation. "In all my transactions, sir, I've preserved my character as a man of honour; I could not consent to forfeit it by making a false statement."

"Who the devil wants you to?" asked Seager, in the same quiet tone as before. "Don't jump before you come to the fence, old boy. All the statement I want you to make is a statement of what you actually saw—you can't object to that; and if you choose to add a hint of the sort I mentioned, why, in my opinion it will do the business."

"And suppose he finds out that the mare's dead lame all the time, what'll he think of me then?"

"I'll take care he shan't—but, if he should, who can blame you?" retorted Seager. "You were only giving him a piece of friendly advice, founded on your own knowledge of the circumstances. You were not to know the mare was lame. Why, sir, so far from blaming you, I say he'll be grateful to you."

Bagot got off his chair and walked nervously up and down the room, his hands and lips trembling.

"No, no, Seager; this mustn't be. In anything honourable I'd help you, with all my heart and soul; but this is too dirty."

"Nobody, now, would suppose I'd just been doing dirty work for *him*," said Seager, addressing an imaginary personage, and motioning with his head towards Bagot. "Very well; please yourself, old gentleman. I'm afraid, then, I shall have to come down on you for that little debt, to help me to pay up."

Bagot winced at this. "Well," said Bagot, "I can't help it. I hope I shall be able to give you the money whenever you demand it."

"Ab, you're cursed independent now," said Mr Seager, wagging his head. "But you forget who made you so. You'd never have managed that business, of the consent with Sloperton, by yourself."

Just then Bagot's servant entered with a note for his master. Bagot took it, and, after reading it, cast it down on the table, swearing he was the most unlucky poor devil in existence.

"What's the matter now?" said Seager.

"Read that," said Bagot, pushing the note towards him. It was from Mr Dubbley, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR COLONEL,—I have let my affairs get into such confusion lately, from want of care," ("lying, stingy rascal," muttered Bagot; "he careless indeed!") "that I've been obliged to put them into my lawyer's hands for arrangement. On seeing your promissory notes (amounting to £770, 10s.) he wanted to commence proceedings at once for the sum,—but as we've always been great friends, Colonel, I wouldn't hear of such a thing till I had made application to you for payment in a less disagreeable way. Hoping sincerely there may be no occasion for such harsh proceedings, which would cause me deep regret, I am, dear Colonel, yours faithfully,
J. DUBBLEY."

"I should like to know who wrote that note for him," said Bagot. "His lawyer, most likely, and that shows he's in earnest. 'Pon my life, if I can't bully the fellow out of this intention, the business will be serious."

"Seven hundred and seventy, and that little debt of mine, will pretty well swallow up Sloperton's thousand pounds, when you get it, without reckoning tradesmen's bills," remarked Seager, quietly.

"It won't leave me a penny," said the Colonel. Mr Seager walked away whistling to the window.

"Talk of the devil, you know," said he. "Here comes Sloperton." Bagot followed him to the window, and beheld the Captain riding towards the house.

"I'll tell you what, old fellow," said Seager, "'tis nouse your attempt-

ing to kick. You must just put the matter to Sloperton, as I said. There's no other way out of the mess for you. You can manage it perfectly well, without compromising yourself in the least; and if you do manage it for me, why, instead of dunning you, I'll lend you another hundred or two. Send for Sloperton up here; first tell him how you have put Fane's pipe out, and when that has put him in a good humour, and made him think you're as good as a father to him, put in a word for me in the other business."

"But, gad, sir, he'll believe everything I say, like gospel," said Bagot. "He knows my character as a man of honour."

"Then, for once, your character will be of some service to you," returned Seager, grinning. "What's the good of it, if you can't turn it to account? I'll leave you now to talk to him alone."

"He'll do it," muttered Seager, with a chuckle, as he walked along the passage. "Here, Wilson" (calling to Bagot's servant), "run down and tell Captain Sloperton the Colonel will be glad to see him in his own room."

The task that Seager had imposed on his unwilling associate was very much simplified in the interview that followed, owing to the circumstance that Sloperton had for some time suspected himself of having made a rash bet. Two or three trial gallops had not confirmed his confidence in Bonquet, who was not a fast horse, and who, though he improved greatly in condition by training, was of so uncertain a temper that he could not be depended on to do his best. Besides, Mr Oates, whose connections with the sporting world were very numerous, had privately set some of his friends to find out what they could about Seager's mare, and the result of their inquiries rather heightened than diminished the reputation Seager had given her; so that Bagot's monitory hints, far from being received with suspicion, only chimed in with Sloperton's own misgivings, and caused him to think that the Colonel's good offices should be by all means accepted to get him out of the scrape.

The worthy associates did not meet again till dinner-time. Seager

did not say anything, but cast an inquiring glance at Bagot, which the latter answered by throwing a note on the table, saying, "There—you'll see by that what I've done for you. By heaven, sir, I wouldn't have done it for myself, nor for any other man living; but you had me at an advantage."

The note was from Sloperton :—

"Dear Seager (it said,) Lee and I have been talking over that bet I have with you, and he seems to think you wouldn't mind compromising it for two-thirds of the stakes, but that's too much. My horse Bouquet is in capital condition—never better—but, at the same time, I don't want to run my head against a post. Therefore, if you like to take the enclosed check for £750, and let the bet be off, well and good—if not, you can return the check, and I'll trust my luck to win yet.

"P.S.—Bouquet is as hard as a nail, and gallops better than ever I saw him."

Mr Seager chuckled over this note like a magpie over a stolen jewel.

"Of course, he engaged your good offices, Lee, to palaver me into the bargain," said Mr Seager, as Bagot ladled out the soup. "Why don't you use your eloquence to persuade me? I don't think I shall take his check,—oh, no,—nothing on earth would persuade me, Colonel, certainly not!—throwing away such a capital chance, you know, with the mare in

such splendid condition for her match,"—and Mr Seager, laying down his spoon, leaned back in his chair and laughed uproariously.

"I tell you what it is," said Bagot, looking fiercely at him over the soup tureen. "This is no joking matter, and we'll change the subject, if you please. I feel, sir—by heaven, sir, I feel like a scoundrel!"

"That's wrong, Lee; quite wrong," said Mr Seager. "If that feeling came first, and prevented you from doing a thing, 't would be all very well, but, coming afterwards, it can only make one uneasy. We'll drown it, old boy, without delay, for the sight of that careworn visage of yours takes away my appetite. What d'ye say to a glass of champagne instead of sherry? Here, Wilson, bring champagne!"

The champagne had the effect which Seager anticipated, of blunting for the time the prickings of Bagot's conscience, (what was left of it,) and rendering him a more cheerful companion. But the next morning, when the enlivening effects had evaporated, the Colonel was lower in spirits than ever, and so savage, at times, that Seager began to think it high time to quit his society for a while. Accordingly, packing his portmanteau, he went off, having first written a note to Sloperton making a great favour of accepting his check.

After this, take the next chapter, good reader, as an ounce of civet to sweeten your imagination.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I'll tell you what, Reley," said Rosa; "but 'tis a great secret, and, besides, I may be wrong, you know; but I don't think I am."

"What is it, you little plague?" asked Orelia.

(They were walking to Josiah's parsonage, a day or two after the incidents just narrated, and were now near the lodge-gate on their way thither.)

"Why, you see, Reley, you are so occupied with your own—a—tender passion," said Rosa, glancing cunningly up at Orelia's face, and then shrieking aloud, for Orelia pinched

her arm in return for her impertinence.

"I declare, Reley, if I were a man, I'd as soon make love to a she-panther as to you," said Rosa, getting away to the farther side of the path, and rubbing the injured arm with her other hand. "You will certainly scratch your lover's eyes out in some of your fits of affection."

"Come here, you plaguey little creature," quoth Orelia, "and go on with what you were going to tell me."

"But if you pinch me again I'll not tell you," retorted Rosa. "What I was going to say is, that you are so

occupied with your own—affairs, only affairs,” cried Rosa, darting out of reach, “that you can’t see anything else going on under your very eyes.”

“Why can’t you speak out without all this mystery? If there’s a thing in the world I detest, ’tis mystery,” said Orelia, masking her curiosity under this rebuke.

“Haven’t you noticed,” said Rosa, confidentially, “that Hester seems to think a great deal of a certain person? I have.”

“A certain person! what person?” inquired Orelia. “You know I never could guess a riddle in my life. But your delight is to tease one.”

“To be sure, I didn’t suppose she’d ever allow herself to be fond of anybody,” continued Rosa. “But she is—oh, certainly, she is—and, do you know, I’m rather glad of it. Yes, I give the matter my entire approbation.”

“I solemnly vow,” said Orelia, stopping short, and bringing her parasol with such violence against the path, that it penetrated an inch and more into the gravel—“I solemnly vow that, if you don’t say what you have to say at once, without any more nonsense, I won’t walk another step with you; I’ll go straight back to the house.”

“No, you won’t, though—no, you won’t,” said Rosa, silyly. “You won’t go back to the house just yet, I’m sure,” and she pointed down the road.

Just emerged from the lodge, and coming towards them, was a figure, the appearance of which made Orelia start as her eyes followed the direction of Rosa’s finger. The dragoon Onslow, in plain clothes, his face thin from recent illness, but with a deep flush on his cheeks, was rapidly approaching. Orelia gave a little start, and then, half involuntarily, drew aside from the path a step or two to where a huge beech trunk interrupted the view from the lodge. As he came close, he took off his hat and bowed without speaking.

Orelia, stilling by an effort the momentary agitation that had fluttered her plumes, “hoped he had quite recovered from his sad accident;” while Rosa, fancying, perhaps, that her own part in the interview

might not be either interesting or important, went onward to the parsonage.

“I had intended to depart without again venturing into your presence,” said Onslow. “Had I still worn a military dress, I should, at all events, have stolen quietly away. But seeing you so near, I could not forbear making a last appearance in my own character.”

Orelia glanced at his dress, which was plain, but in excellent taste. She had thought him handsome in uniform, but his present costume was a better test of his pretensions to breeding; and she inwardly decided that his air would fully have maintained them had he been a Chesterfield, (I mean of the last, not of the present century.)

“And why do you not still wear a military dress, Mr Onslow?”

“Because,” said Onslow, “I am no longer a soldier. Lately—only very lately—the sense of degradation attached to my position became greater than I could bear, and, rather than prolong it, I have preferred to cast myself on the world again.”

“And—and—are you going to quit this neighbourhood, Mr Onslow?”

“I am now quitting it, probably for ever. In doing so, I have but one regret; and I take with me but one cheering thought and pleasant remembrance.”

If Orelia had, as is the duty of young ladies in like cases, affected ignorance of his meaning, she might have asked him, in an innocent inquiring way, what this regret and this remembrance might be. She might have suggested various causes of sorrow—such as, quitting an agreeable neighbourhood—fine scenery—losing, perhaps, pleasant acquaintances in the town—all with an indifferent lightsome air, like that with which many an object of adoration loves to survey her parting worshipper as he wallows in the mud of his own embarrassment; rather poking him deeper in, than stretching a helping hand, while all the time she is, perhaps, longing to see the struggling mortal extricate himself and come floundering to her feet. But Orelia’s nature being too ingenuous for that sort of dissembling, she made no

inquiry on the subject, but merely hoped, in a low voice, "that his regret was not caused by his future appearing less hopeful than his past had been;" and, considering her somewhat fluttered state at the time, the question was cleverly enough put, for it gave him a good opening to talk about himself, if he were so disposed.

He paused, as if considering whether he should his tale unfold; but, looking up, said—"For my future, I must trust only to Fortune and myself, for I have no better securities. But I am most unwilling to leave you with the idea that one whom you honoured with more notice and kindness than he deserved, was beneath it; and will therefore confide as much to you as Cesario did to the Countess Olivia, saying, that 'my parentage is above my fortunes—I am a gentleman.'"

Orelia, if she had followed her impulse, might have answered in the words of the Countess—"Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;" but pride would not let her give so much encouragement to one who had been so little explicit. She only murmured (unconsciously sketching the while a gigantic classical profile in the gravel with the point of her parasol) that "she wished she had the pleasure of knowing she could be of any possible service to him in his future career."

"She might—indeed she might!" Onslow warmly assured her.

Finishing the profile, and putting an elaborate beard to it, she asked him, "would he show her how?"

"By saying," he replied, "that, in

any struggles—any misfortunes—or any gleam of success that may fall to my lot, I may be assured of your sympathy."

"Yes," she said, "yes—of her warmest sympathy; but," she added, "the aid she alluded to was of a more real and practical kind."

The ex-dragon smiled. "When I rode that race," he said, "the prize that allured me, and which I should have valued more than ever Olympic victor esteemed his crown, was your glove. I lost the prize then—may I now carry it with me as a solace?"

During this speech Orelia had made as many profiles as the space of ground at her feet admitted of—finishing off by the great straggling initials "O. P.," with a flourish beneath them, as was her custom in making her autograph. Then she drew off her glove, and, the act being quite in character with her usual queenly demeanour, she presented it to him, with the native loftiness of her air quite restored to her.

He took it—and, with it, he clasped the ends of the fingers that gave it. Lifting them to his lips, he kissed her hand—once—twice—thrice; and, before she had quite made up her mind to snatch it away, he was half-way down the road. Then, with a flushed cheek, she turned away from the shade of the beech beneath which they had been standing, and, forgetting Rosa, parsonage, and all, in the more interesting thoughts that had intervened, went slowly back to the Heronry.

FINLAY'S BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

WE cannot but sympathise—even in our humble office of reviewer—with Mr Finlay in the unpopular character of his subject. Few persons, we suspect, care to know more about the Byzantine Empire than what they have learnt from the pages of Gibbon, and what is necessarily brought before them in every history of the Christian church. Were it not, indeed, for the place which the Greek Church holds in the records of our common Christianity, there would be as little general interest felt in the narrative of the Byzantine empire as in the succession of sultans or great moguls in some Eastern despotism. There is the same wearisome iteration of intrigue and crime, of valour that ends in tyranny and provokes assassination. History can either gratify us by its description of great men and great deeds, or by revealing to us the slow development from one state of society or of government into another. The Byzantine empire has its curiosities of crime, and some few of heroism, but these alone are not sufficient to sustain a permanent interest; and it is only on the side of religion, or of ecclesiastical affairs, that we in Europe feel ourselves united with it in the great series of historical events. As a form of civil or political government, it has long ago belonged entirely to the East, and has diverged, so to speak, from the great line of human progression.

Notwithstanding all this, we still venture to recommend Mr Finlay's book. Its author has one quality of mind which will fully justify this recommendation, and which rarely fails to throw an interest over the subject, whatever it may be, on which it is brought to bear. He thinks and examines for himself. His is an active intellect, ever on the look-out to see that it has not been imposed upon by respected authorities, or by those traditional opinions which we often find transferred from one text-book to another, apparently with the sole

solicitude not to disturb or derange them. A general impression, or current sentiment or report, is rather suspicious with him than otherwise. Occasionally we have thought him a little wayward, somewhat capricious, in his assault upon some old and traditional article of historical belief, but he is never censurable for committing the duller fault of following too implicitly the opinions and statements of popular authorities. Nor does he limit himself to the quite beaten tracks of history, nor keep his eye exclusively on emperors and archbishops. He expatiates over the whole of the existing society, and with a special view to its economical, financial, or commercial condition. Mr Finlay always carries his political economy with him, and from time to time reviews the system of national taxation and the state of trade and agriculture, and, as it were, places himself in the position of a chancellor of the exchequer of the Greek empire. In all this he fully participates in the historical spirit of our present times, for we are now as desirous of getting an insight into the state of the people—how they lived and suffered, wrought and prospered—as our predecessors were to unmask the intrigues of a court, or to adjudicate on the crimes or merits of the individual rulers of mankind.

Mr Finlay does not make his first appearance as an historian in this volume. He has already published *A History of Greece under the Romans*, which was followed by *A History of Greece from its Conquest by the Crusaders to its Conquest by the Turks*. Still lingering about the old ground, with which his course of reading must have rendered him thoroughly familiar, he here takes up the history of the Byzantine empire from the accession of Leo III. or the *Isaurian*, to the dethronement of Michael VI. It is probably his intention to carry on the work still further, otherwise its termination would appear even more abrupt

and arbitrary than the point selected for its commencement. Some point, however, was to be chosen; and though we cannot draw any distinct line to mark out what shall be called the Byzantine empire, we recognise a period in the history when Constantinople was still the seat of a Christian, but hardly in any sense of a Roman empire, and when, therefore, the title of *Byzantine* falls in very opportunely.

It is, perhaps, impossible to fix upon any satisfactory date when the Roman empire may be said to be transformed into the Byzantine. The institutions of the West had been transplanted to the East, and a second Rome established on the Bosphorus. But changes of religion are accompanied by changes of race in its shifting population, and the city of Constantinople gradually assumes before our eyes the appearance of an Eastern, and at length of a Mahometan metropolis. Mr Finlay has fixed upon the accession of Leo III. for his landmark, and he has done so, not because the symptoms of decay or degeneracy become more conspicuous at this period, but for a quite contrary reason. He finds that the downward tendency of things, the lapse into corruption, and the approach of conquest by the Saracens, were arrested by the vigorous hand of Leo the Isaurian, and that the administration under his reign underwent such reforms and such remodelling as infused new life into the empire, thus enabling it to start, in some measure, upon a new career. It is right that on this important preliminary Mr Finlay should explain his own views.

"Leo III. mounted the throne, and under his government the empire not only ceased to decline, but even began to regain much of its early vigour. Reformed modifications of the old Roman authority developed new energy in the empire. Great political reforms, and still greater changes in the condition of the people, mark the eighth century as an epoch of transition in Roman history, though the improved condition of the mass of the population is in some degree concealed by the prominence given to the disputes concerning image-worship in the records of this period. But the increased strength of the empire, and the energy infused into the administration, are for-

cibly displayed by the fact that the Byzantine armies began from this time to oppose a firm barrier to the progress of the invaders of the empire.

"When Leo III. was proclaimed emperor, it seemed as if no human power could save Constantinople from falling as Rome had fallen. The Saracens considered the sovereignty of every land in which any remains of Roman civilisation survived as within their grasp. Leo, an Isaurian and an Iconoclast, consequently a foreigner and a heretic, ascended the throne of Constantine, and arrested the victorious career of the Mohammedans. He then reorganised the whole administration so completely in accordance with the new exigencies of Eastern society, that the reformed empire outlived for many centuries every government contemporary with its establishment.

"The Eastern Roman empire thus reformed is called by modern historians the Byzantine empire; and the term is well devised to mark the changes effected in the government after the extinction of the last traces of the military monarchy of ancient Rome. The social condition of the inhabitants of the Eastern empire had already undergone a considerable change during the century which elapsed from the accession of Heraclius to that of Leo, from the influence of causes to be noticed in the following pages; and this change in society created a new phase in the Roman empire. The gradual progress of this change has led some writers to date the commencement of the Byzantine empire as early as the reign of Zeno and Anastasius, and others to descend so late as the times of Maurice and Heraclius. But as the Byzantine empire was only a continuation of the Roman government under a reformed system, it seems most correct to date its commencement from the period when the new social and political modifications produced a visible effect on the fate of the Eastern empire. This period is marked by the accession of Leo the Isaurian."

The epoch he has chosen has this advantage, amongst others, that it is contemporaneous with great historical events transpiring in the West—the establishment of the Frank monarchy under the Carolingian dynasty, and the complete transformation of the Bishop of Rome into his twofold character of temporal prince and head of the Western churches. The Mahometans also receive at this period a check in their career of conquest, both from the Franks at the

Pyrenees, and from the Byzantine emperor under the walls of Constantinople.

We wish that Mr Finlay had been contented with vindicating the claims of Leo and the Byzantines on our gratitude, for driving back the Saracens, without disparaging our old friend Charles Martel, and the similar service he and his Franks rendered to us in beating back the Arabs and the Moors. "The vanity of Gallie writers," he says, "has magnified the success of Charles Martel over a plundering expedition of the Spanish Arabs into a marvellous victory, and attributed the deliverance of Europe from the Saracen yoke to the valour of the Franks. A veil has been thrown over the talents and courage of Leo, a soldier of fortune just seated on the imperial throne, who defeated the long-planned schemes of conquest of the caliphs Welid and Suleiman. It is unfortunate that we have no Isaurian literature."

The defeat of the Saracens on the Bosphorus would have helped us nothing against the inroads of the Arabs on the borders of Spain. This barrier was kept by the Franks. We think, indeed, it would have been too bad if they had *not* kept it. Their great accomplishment was to fight, and they had not been allowed, like the Goths of Spain, to sink into the indolence of peace; though they had *rois faineans*—the feeble offspring of a sacred race whom superstition preserved upon the throne—they were not sluggards themselves; numerous enemies, as warlike as themselves, had sustained their martial spirit, and given constant exercise to their courage. But they did keep it, and there can be no foundation for depriving them of this honour. We may suspect some exaggeration in the accounts we have received of the seven days' battle with the Mahometan forces, but we have no other account by which to correct them. Charles Martel—the *hammerman*, famous for his weighty and irresistible blows—who had been fighting against the German and the Gaul, was the very man one would expect to find engaged in good hard service of this kind. His great battle would not be mere child's play: besides, the issue

proves that it could not have been a light or trivial engagement. If it had been a mere "plundering expedition," it would have been soon repeated, both for fresh plunder and for revenge.

This was one of the few instances we had in our mind when we said that Mr Finlay could be occasionally wayward and capricious in his treatment of old historical faiths. But though we do not think he shows any ground for his disparagement of Charles Martel, we are quite willing that he should exalt the military fame of Leo, and of the army of Byzantium. We suspect that Gibbon and others, in their accounts of the siege and defence of Constantinople, have assigned too prominent a part to the *Greek fire*, and not given sufficient credit to the general skill, tactics, and military discipline of those who defended the city. The possession of the Greek fire is spoken of as the security of the Byzantines; the secret is said to have been most jealously guarded, and to have been actually kept for four hundred years. The very fact that the secret was kept so long, would prove to us that it could not have been of vital importance; nor is it consistent with experience, that an enemy, generally inferior in point of bravery or discipline, should obtain a permanent advantage by the mere possession of some peculiar weapon of offence. It is soon either wrested from his hands, or imitated, or overmatched by some counter invention. "In the two sieges," says Gibbon, "the deliverance of Constantinople may be chiefly ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the Greek fire. The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis in Syria, who deserted from the service of the caliph to that of the emperor. The skill of a chemist and an engineer was equivalent to the succour of fleets and armies; and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period, when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigour of the

Saracens." We are not told, but cannot help conjecturing, that this Callinicus had at first offered his invention to the caliph, and, being treated as an adventurer and a charlatan, had indignantly withdrawn with his chemistry and his engineering to the emperor of the Infidels.

Mr Finlay, without by any means ignoring the existence or the services of the Greek fire, gives us a much higher impression than we have been in the habit of receiving, of the armies, equipment, and general state of military science amongst the Byzantines. We shall quote here a passage which occurs in a later part of the volume, in a chapter devoted to a general review of the state of society during this epoch. It appears to us worthy of attention :—

"Historians generally speak of the Byzantine empire at this period as if it had been destitute of military power. Events as far removed from one another in point of time as our misfortunes in India at the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the massacre of Cabul, are cited to prove that the Byzantine government was incapable, and the Byzantine army feeble and unwarlike. The truth is, that the Byzantine empire was a highly civilised society, and consequently its tendencies were essentially defensive when those of the rest of the world were aggressive. The Saracens, Franks, and Bulgarians, were nations devoted to war, and yet the Byzantine empire effectually resisted and long outlived these empires of warriors. No contemporary government possessed a permanent military establishment so perfectly organised as the emperor of Constantinople; nor could any bring into the field, on a sudden exigency, a better appointed army. The caliphs had the power of deluging the frontier provinces with larger bodies of light troops than could be prevented from plundering the country; for the imperial armies were compelled to act upon the defensive in order to secure the fortified towns, and defensive warfare can rarely protect all the assailable points of an extensive frontier. Whole provinces, therefore, were often laid waste and depopulated; yet, under the Iconoclast emperors, the Byzantine territories increased in prosperity. The united attacks of the Saracens, Bulgarians, and Franks, inflicted trifling evils on the Byzantine empire, compared with what the predatory incursions of small bands of Normans inflicted on the empire of the successors of Charlemagne,

or the incessant rebellious and civil wars on the dominions of the caliphs."

Leo the Isaurian not only repulsed the Saracens from the walls of Constantinople, he has the merit of resisting the tendency of the Greek church to debase its worship to something very like idolatry. In the language of our historian, he used his utmost efforts "to stop the development of a quasi idolatry in the orthodox church." We must confess at once, that the horror of the Iconoclasts against images, appears to us, in general, to have been of quite as superstitious a character as the reverence or worship paid to them by the opposite party. Nevertheless, if, at this distance of time, we are compelled to side with either of the factions, there is no doubt that we should range ourselves with the Iconoclasts; if the contest must take place, we should wish success to them rather than to their antagonists. There is much in their temper and spirit we do not admire; but it is impossible to say to what length this "quasi idolatry" might not have been carried, but for the timely resistance and violent protest they made against it.

This controversy upon image-worship is not the least curious that has vexed the church; and as it runs through several reigns in succession, and is, indeed, the prominent subject of interest in the epoch which Mr Finlay has selected, it becomes imperative on us to take some notice of it. Let it be the clue to guide us through such portion of the volume before us as our space will allow us to traverse.

Church controversies are, for the most part, of a subtle character: they are conducted by learned men, and involve historical research, or summon up, on the field of theology, the interminable disputes of the philosophers and the metaphysicians. It is the sacred canon to be determined on, and what shall be apocryphal and what shall be divine; or, it is the mystery of the Trinity, or of grace and predestination, that is to be cleared up, or to be enforced. The sound of the combat passes from the schools into the market-place, and the people range themselves as zeal-

ous advocates on one side or the other, but the contest is really sustained by the learned chiefs of either party. Not so in this controversy of image-worship. The people are here the chief controversialists, or such of the clergy as, in intellectual standing, are nearest to the people. The appeal is made to the senses; the hammer and the axe become the polemical weapons of one party, whilst the other find an inexhaustible fund of argument in the palpable miracles wrought daily, publicly, unquestionably, by the sacred image!

Over the entrance of the palace of Leo the Isaurian stood an image of Christ, which shared largely in the popular veneration. Leo began his Iconoclast proceedings, as was just and proper, by reforming his own house: Neander shall relate to us with what result. "A soldier of the imperial guard placed up a ladder for the purpose of taking down the image and burning it, when a collection of women gathered round, and begged that the image might be spared to them; but, instead of attending to their requests and representations, the soldier struck his axe into the face of the image, thus wounding to the quick the pious sensibilities of the women, who looked upon this act as an insult done to the Saviour. Maddened with indignation, they drew the ladder from under the soldier's feet, who, coming to the ground, fell a victim to their fanatical rage. The emperor now despatched more soldiers to the spot, who quelled the tumult by force, and carried off the image." Can any one be in the least surprised that these angry women, standing round the foot of the ladder should presently take to shaking it, till the hapless soldier fell? It seems to us but the ordinary way of conducting such a controversy; the soldier should by no means have given his opponents so palpable an advantage. If he must needs climb a ladder in broad day, and so advance to his conclusion, he should have seen that his major proposition, the foot of the ladder, was securely placed. Gibbon is very indignant that these poor women, who lost their lives in a manifest breach of the law, were converted into martyrs by their

fellow-citizens. There are worse martyrs, and worse saints, in the Greek calendar. No jurist would class these women amongst ordinary criminals. To see the soldier strike his axe into the face of the sacred image, was more than flesh and blood—more than feminine flesh and blood—could possibly endure.

When Christianity was first promulgated, it came into direct conflict with every species of idolatry, and for some time there was a strong repugnance to admit the arts of painting and sculpture, in any manner, into the service of religion. But when the antagonism between the two faiths had ceased—when the city, with all its arts, its buildings, its music, its sculpture, was left in undisputed possession of Christianity, and Paganism became, what its name signifies, the religion of the villages, and of rustics—then a reaction as naturally took place. The dominant faith could with perfect safety rally round itself all those arts which were now purified from their old alliance with heathendom.

It is a natural impulse to seek for some visible representation of the power we worship. In Greece, before the statue was known, a block of stone set upright did its best to represent the absent god. Apollo and Mercury, we are told, received divine honours, in this form, in the land of Phidias. It was not likely that after the arts of sculpture and painting had been long practised in Greece and Rome, they could be constantly excluded from the Christian temple. First we find the cross everywhere displayed as the symbol of the faith. This is not an object of worship, but rather the sign or standard under which men are to live and conquer, and carry on the spiritual combat of this world. The visible emblem becomes universal; "we see it everywhere triumphant," says Chrysostom; "we find it in houses, on the roofs and the walls; in cities and villages; the market-place, the great roads, and in deserts; on mountains and in valleys; on the sea, in ships; on books and on weapons; on wearing apparel, in the marriage chamber, at banquets, on vessels of gold and silver;"—in short, everywhere—consecrating, as

well as it could, either the object itself, or the heart of the beholder, to the service of religion. The transition from the symbol to the image is easily made; and the sacred statue once raised before the eyes of the multitude, the reverence accorded to it insensibly augments into a form of worship. To the imagination, especially of an Eastern populace, the image becomes endowed with consciousness, and a species of vitality. It is partially animated by the being whom it represents; it hears and answers prayer—it works miracles—it is the present god.

In the Greek church there grew up, during that period of its history with which we are concerned, some very curious practices, denoting how strong a hold on the imagination of the people the statue and the picture had taken. Sometimes these were chosen for godfathers and godmothers at the baptism of children. The efficacy of the sacramental wine was supposed to be increased by mixing it with paint scraped from the figures of saints, and the consecrated bread was placed on the hand of the image, either that it should be a partaker of the sacrament, or a more blessed distributor of it than the priest himself. In one case, a contemporary ecclesiastic regrets, with some pathos, that the living friend should be set aside in favour of the senseless stone or wood. When, in obedience to her religious vows, the virgin, before entering the cloister, cut off her hair, she was in the habit of placing the severed locks in the hand of a chosen friend, or of her spiritual guide; it was now contrived that they should fall from her head into the bosom of some sacred image. (*Giesler*, vol. 2.)

Mr Finlay speaks of the Emperor Leo as the representative on this subject of the intelligent class of the laity; we think the impression which Neander conveys is more likely to be the correct one—that the Isaurian represented an opinion still prevalent in some of the provinces, though not in the city, which regarded with a superstitious aversion the sacred picture and the sacred image, and would have banished art entirely from every connection with religion. However that may be, Leo proceeded—not with

violence, yet with a certain arbitrary manner—to enact laws which were contrary to the feelings of his people and the conviction of the church. Not only the Patriarch protested, but Pope Gregory II. wrote in the most condemnatory strain. And we may remark, that the Isaurian emperor must have been regarded as an ignorant intruder into these subjects; for the Pope's letter is full of such taunts as an ecclesiastic would only address to a rude and unlettered antagonist. Our impression is, that the Isaurian emperor was himself the mere soldier, moved by such religious convictions as he had brought with him from his own country, and that there was, in fact, no such thing as an intelligent party of iconoclasts amongst the laity, which he could by possibility represent. Throughout the controversy, superstition was either assailed by a counter superstition, or a merely rude gross spirit of mockery and irreverence.

“Leo commenced his ecclesiastical reform”—we are quoting from Mr Finlay—“by an edict ordering all pictures in churches to be placed so high as to prevent the people from kissing them, and prohibiting prostration before these symbols, or any act of public worship being addressed to them. Against this moderate edict of the emperor, the Patriarch Germanos and the Pope Gregory II. made strong representations. The opposition of interest which reigned between the church and the state impelled the two bodies to a contest for supremacy, which it required centuries to decide; and both Germanos and Gregory were sincere supporters of image-worship. To the ablest writer of the time—the celebrated John Damascenus, who dwelt under the protection of the caliph at Damascus, among Mohammedans and Jews—this edict seemed to mark a relapse to Judaism, or a tendency to Islamism. He felt himself called upon to combat such feelings with all the eloquence and power of argument he possessed. The empire was thrown into a ferment; the lower clergy and the whole Greek nation declared in favour of image-worship. The professors of the university of Constantinople, an institution of a Greek character, likewise declared their opposition to the edict. *Liberty of conscience was the watchword against the imperial authority.* The Pope and the Patriarch denied the right of the civil power to interfere with the

doctrines of the church ; the monks everywhere echoed the words of John Damascenus, ' It is not the business of the emperor to make laws for the church. Apostles preached the gospel ; the welfare of the state is the monarch's care ; pastors and teachers attend to that of the church.' "

The battle of liberty of conscience is fought strangely enough over these images of the Greek church. But, in substance, we have at Constantinople, in the eighth and ninth centuries, the same mingled controversies—political and religious, of church doctrine and of civil power—that we find in so many European states in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Arbitrary rule asserts itself in theological persecution, and rebellion or patriotism makes alliance with heresy. The war is now carried on under a double standard. It is always in the choice of the dominant power to kill or burn its captive, either as a rebel or a heretic, whilst the partisans of the vanquished can either applaud him to the skies as a patriot or a martyr. In this controversy the monks fearlessly denounced the emperor as a tyrant and an infidel, while the emperor vindicated his cruelty on the monks by proclaiming them traitors as well as fanatics.

As the imperial power was almost unlimited in the appointment and deprivation of the higher clergy, the emperor could, in general, calculate on their subservieney ; but the lower orders of the clergy, and especially the monks, who had the ear of the populace, and were themselves the most terrible portion of the populace, were in constant and unappeasable hostility to the Iconoclast. Probably there never was a time when so much servility in the higher orders of the church was accompanied by so much fanaticism in the lower. Giesler, in reviewing this period, says in his Text-book—" During these controversies, in which the orthodox doctrine was determined always by the caprice of the court, the Greek clergy became to the last degree venal and corrupt ; whilst the monks, on the other hand, were driven by oppression to the most fearful fanaticism, before which everything had to bow whenever their cause was triumphant."

Leo III. neither succeeded in his attempts to reform the worship of the Greek church, nor did he recede from them ; he left the Iconoclast controversy to be carried on by his son and successor, Constantine V. One conspicuous result of his efforts had been the severance of the last link that bound Rome and its bishop to the imperial government at Constantinople.

After having subdued a rebellion, of which this religious controversy was either the cause or the pretext, Constantine proceeded to assemble a council of the church. A general council this cannot claim to be, as not only the Pope and the Western churches, but even the Patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, were not represented ; and the bishops of the empire were too directly under the influence of the court to allow us to regard it even as a fair representative of the church or people of Byzantium. Yet one thing is evident, that servility to the emperor, or any merely civil or political motive, was not the only element in this Iconoclast council. There is betrayed a genuine conviction against the use of images, which itself borders on a species of fanaticism. Neander says, " To the fanatical zeal of image-worship this council opposed a no less fanatical hatred of images and of art." Mr Finlay's account of this council is worth transcribing.

" Its decisions were all against image-worship, which it declared to be contrary to Scripture. It proclaimed the use of images and pictures in churches to be a pagan and antichristian practice, the abolition of which was necessary, to avoid leading Christians into temptation. Even the use of the crucifix was condemned, on the ground that the only true symbol of the incarnation was the bread and wine which Christ had commanded to be received for the remission of sins. In its opposition to the worship of pictures, the council was led into the display of some animosity against painting itself ; and every attempt at embodying sacred subjects by what it styled the dead and accursed art, foolishly invented by the Pagans, was strongly condemned. The common people were thus deprived of a source of ideas, which, though liable to abuse, tended, in general, to civilise their minds, and might awaken noble thoughts and religious aspirations. We may fully

agree with the Iconoclasts in the religious importance of not worshipping images, and not allowing the people to prostrate themselves on the pavement of churches before pictures of saints, whether said to be painted by human artists or by miraculous agency; while, at the same time, we think that the walls of the vestibules or porticoes of sacred edifices may with propriety be adorned with pictures representing those sacred subjects most likely to awaken feelings of Christian charity. The council, however, deemed that it was necessary to sacrifice art to the purity of religion. 'The godless art of painting' was proscribed. All who manufactured crucifixes, or sacred paintings for worship, in public or private, whether laymen or monks, were ordered to be excommunicated by the church, and punished by the state."

As the controversy proceeded, the zeal of both parties became inflamed, till we hear, at length, of an Iconoclast bishop being accused of having trodden under foot a sacramental cup, because it was ornamented with the figures of Christ and the Virgin Mary.

The most arbitrary part of these proceedings, whether of the council or of the emperor, was the prohibition of the use of sacred images in private houses, and in quite private worship. It was in the usual order of things, at this period, that a council should prescribe one public worship for the whole empire; and when we find it excommunicating all other sects and churches, and all foreign prelates opposed to its decrees, we are not surprised. But it might have stopt there; it might, without sacrificing its character for zeal and energy, have left the household and the privacy of life undisturbed. Sacred paintings were not only removed from the walls of the church, or sometimes washed over, and "fruit-trees, animals, and the sports of the chase," substituted in their stead, but these forbidden aids to devotion were sought for in private houses, and those who concealed them were punished as transgressors of the law. Of course, the persecution had its usual effect, and the owners of these spiritual treasures, especially those of the female sex, only clung to them with the greater tenacity, and felt for them the stronger attachment. When the monk Stephen (we are borrowing an anecdote from Neander)

was thrown into prison at Constantinople, on account of his zeal for the images, the wife of the keeper, who honoured him as a martyr, came secretly to the prisoner, and begged to be allowed the privilege of waiting upon him, and of furnishing him with food. The monk would not consent, supposing that she belonged to the party of the Iconoclasts; but the woman declared that she was ready to convince him of the contrary to his own eyes, if he would but conceal it from her husband and the other keepers. She then brought from her chamber a casket locked, in which was concealed an image of the Virgin Mary, holding the child Jesus in her arms, and images of Peter and of Paul. Prostrating herself before these, and performing her devotions, she then gave them up to Stephen, that he might pray before them, and in so doing remember her. Thus we see pious and devout women locking up in caskets those new and Christian Penates, which became doubly precious from the danger incurred in preserving them. Irene, the future empress, was first discovered to be of the party of the image-worshippers, by having some little sacred figures deposited under her pillow; though, perhaps, in this case, they were placed there more to obtain good slumbers than for the sake of concealment.

"Many of the clergy," continues Mr Finlay, "boldly resisted the edicts of Constantine to enforce the new ecclesiastical legislation against images and pictures. They held that all the acts of the council of Constantinople were void, for a general council could only be convoked by an orthodox emperor; and they took upon themselves to declare the opinions of Constantine heterodox. The monks engaged with eagerness in the controversy which arose. The Pope, the Patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, replied to the excommunication of the council, by condemning all its supporters to eternal perdition. The emperor, enraged at the opposition he met with, enforced the execution of his edicts with all the activity and energy of his character. . . . The use of relics, and the practice of praying to saints, was prohibited. Many monks, and several members of the dignified clergy, were banished; stripes, loss of the eyes and of the tongue, were inflicted as legal punish-

ments for prostration before a picture, or praying before a relic."

Three hundred and forty-two monks, we are told, collected from different districts, were thrown together into one prison in Constantinople; they were publicly scourged, they were deprived of their noses, ears, or hands, or had their eyes bored out. On the other hand, the unconquerable monks insulted the emperor, and multiplied miracles for their saintly images. It was a vain and cruel contest. By a course of despotic measures, carried on through a long reign of thirty years, Constantine may have flattered himself that he had struck at the root of those superstitious observances which had so grievously offended him. Every citizen of Constantinople had been placed under an oath never again to worship an image. It was all in vain. His successor—for so the Empress Irene may justly be called—convoked her council of the church. Everything was reversed; the use of images was found to be in accordance with Scripture and apostolic tradition; miracles wrought by them were publicly rehearsed from the lives of the saints; some present declared they had been witnesses of such miracles; one that he himself had been the subject of a miraculous cure wrought by an image of Christ. Individual bishops, one after the other, came forward and renounced the errors of the Iconoclasts, and desired to be reconciled with the Catholic church. Numbers of them at once exclaimed, "We have all sinned, we have all been in error, we all beg forgiveness!"

The romantic story of Irene—how ambition struggled with maternal affection, how it won in the strife, how she entered into a cruel and unnatural contest for power with her own son, and how, in spite of all, she gets canonised by the Greek church for the aid she brings to the saints and their saintly images—all this loses nothing in the hands of Mr Finlay. But we must pass on.

We pass on to Theodora, wife of Theophilus, and afterwards empress and regent. The battle for the images had been again lost, and was again won by her. She has the credit of bringing the controversy (for one sea-

son) to a close. Theophilus her husband was a kind of Haroun Al Rashid. His administration and his wild capricious justice remind us of the Eastern caliph; and all his history has over it an air of romance. The manner of his marriage our readers doubtless remember, and how, with a golden apple in his hand, he walked amongst a bevy of beautiful maidens assembled at the palace, and gave the apple to the most fair. Mr Finlay relates it well:—

"Theophilus entered the rooms, and walked forward with a golden apple in his hand. Struck by the grace and beauty of Eikasia, he stopped to address her. The proud beauty felt herself already an empress; but Theophilus commenced his conversation with the ungallant remark, 'Woman is the source of evil;' to which the young lady too promptly replied, 'But also of much good.' The answer or the tone jarred on the captious mind of the emperor, and he walked on. His eye then fell on the modest features of the young Theodora, whose eyes were fixed on the ground. To her he gave the apple without risking a word. Eikasia, who for a moment had felt the throb of gratified ambition, could not recover from the shock. She retired into a monastery which she founded, and passed her life, dividing her time between the practice of devotion and the cultivation of her mind."

The moralist may perhaps think that Eikasia was the happier for not having received the golden apple. "She composed some hymns," it is added, "which continued long in use in the Greek church." Retirement and the cultivation of her mind, poetry and devotion, were better, we suspect, than Theophilus and the empire. Theophilus was an Iconoclast, and during his life Theodora was compelled to conceal or to moderate her own religious zeal. His character, as drawn for us by the hand of the historian, displays a strange mixture of arbitrary and generous but fitful impulses: he is severely just at one moment, cruel at another, and even in his cruelty manifests something of the reflective character. He is riding in the streets of Constantinople; a man steps forward, lays his hand upon the bridle, and says, "This horse is mine, O emperor!" and the emperor listens patiently; and finding that the man's

story is true, and that the horse has been taken from him by the courtier who had presented it to the emperor, he punishes the culprit, and restores twofold the value of the horse. The same Theophilus, by no means always wise, can, out of puerile vanity, issue the following edict: "That all his subjects shall wear their hair cropped short, under pain of the bastinado"—because his own head was bald! And now look at him at the last moment of his life. Anxious to secure an undisturbed succession to his wife and son, he gives orders that Theophobos, his brother-in-law, who might raise some claim to the throne, should be beheaded. He commands that the severed head be brought to his bedside; he gazes long and steadily at its features. Very simple is the remark he makes, yet it carries a wild pathos with it. At length he slowly exclaims, "Thou art no longer Theophobos—and I am no more Theophilus." They were the last words he uttered.

Michael, the son of Theophilus, was between three and four years old at his father's death. Theodora was regent and empress. Her first care was to reverse all that the Iconoclastic policy of her husband had effected. A council of the church was assembled, and the final victory of the image-worshippers was celebrated by the installation of the banished pictures in the Church of St Sophia. Previous to this council being convoked, it was necessary to appoint a new patriarch in the place of John the Grammarian, an Iconoclast. "He was first exiled to a monastery, and subsequently, on an accusation that he had picked out the eyes in a picture of a saint, he was scourged, and his own eyes were put out."*

Theodora was a good wife, if she was not a very intelligent divine.

"A singular scene was enacted in this synod by the Empress Theodora. She presented herself to the assembled clergy, and asked for an act declaring that the church pardoned all the sins of her deceased husband, with a certificate that divine grace had effaced the record of his persecutions. When she saw dissatisfaction visible in the looks of a majority of

the members, she threatened, with frank simplicity, that if they would not do her that favour, she would not employ her influence as empress and regent to give them the victory over the Iconoclasts, but would leave the affairs of the church in their actual situation. The new Patriarch, Methodios, answered that the church was bound to employ its influence in relieving the souls of orthodox princes from the pains of hell; but, unfortunately, the prayers of the church had no power to obtain forgiveness from God for those who died without the pale of orthodoxy. The church was only intrusted with the keys of heaven, to open and shut the gates of salvation to the living—the dead were beyond its help. Theodora, however, determined to secure the services of the church for her deceased husband. She declared that, in his last agony, Theophilus had received and kissed an image she laid on his heart. Although it was more than probable that the agony had really passed before the occurrence happened, her statement satisfied Methodios and the synod, who consented to absolve its dead emperor from excommunication as an Iconoclast, and admit him into the bosom of the orthodox church, declaring that, things having happened as the Empress Theodora certified in a written attestation, Theophilus had found pardon from God."

Thus we leave all parties satisfied for the present. One great question is, for the time, set at rest. But, alas! our Theodora, to whom we are at first introduced as a modest beauty, with eyes cast down upon the ground, is seen, before the close of her reign, involving herself in a new persecution against new heretics, the *Paulicians*; whilst her own life and character are troubled and tarnished by unhappy contests for power. Like Irene, she is accused of having rather prompted than checked the vicious and profligate passions of her son, in order that he might be devoted to pleasure, and leave to her the reigns of government.

Mr Finlay remarks, as the result of this hapless controversy upon image-worship, a great relaxation of morals and piety. Such a result might well be anticipated. One party in the contest brought prominently forward, as eminent acts of devotion, practices and

* Gibbon tells us that the sentence of the Iconoclast Patriarch was commuted from the loss of his eyes to a whipping of two hundred lashes.

rites which, at the very best, can be only regarded as permissible in a Christian church; whilst the other party indulged themselves in a spirit of mockery, and were more occupied in ridiculing the faith of their opponents than in acting consistently upon their own. If, on the one hand, we have frivolous superstitions, or mere ceremonial, insisted on as the vital and essential duty of religion, and, on the other hand, a spirit of mockery, and a ridicule of objects and rites held sacred by the church, we have a state of things the most unpropitious imaginable for the cultivation of true Christian piety.

Mr Finlay gives the following summary of the controversy, in which we think he is rather too favourable to the early Iconoclasts, but which otherwise is indisputably correct, and conveys a lesson not altogether needless in our own, or in any time.

"The great struggle between the Iconoclasts and the image-worshippers was terminated during the regency of Theodora, and she is consequently regarded by the orthodox as a pattern of excellence, though she countenanced the vices of her son, by being present at his most disgraceful scenes of debauchery. The most remarkable circumstance, at the termination of this long religious contest, is the immorality which invaded all ranks of society. The moral and religious sincerity and strictness which, during the government of the early Iconoclasts, had raised the empire from the verge of social dissolution to dignity and strength, had subsequently been supplanted by a degree of cant and hypocrisy that had become at last intolerable. The sincerity of both the ecclesiastical parties, in their early contests, obtained for them the respect of the people; but when the political question concerning the subjection of the ecclesiastical to the civil power became the principal object of dispute, official tyranny and priestly ambition only used a hypocritical veil of religious phrases for the purpose of concealing their interested ends from popular scrutiny. As usual, the people saw much farther than their rulers supposed, and the consequence was, that, both parties being suspected of hypocrisy, the influence of true religion was weakened, and the most sacred ties of society rent asunder. The Byzantine clergy showed themselves ready on all occasions to flatter the vices of the civil government; the monks were eager for popular distinction, and acted the part of demagogues; while

servile prelates and seditious monks were both equally indifferent to allaviating the people's burdens."

Accordingly, we find that whilst pictures, images, and relics, were installed as great objects of veneration, there prevailed amongst the pleasure-seeking part of the community—the gay, and volatile, and dissolute—an open mockery of the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church. No Christian capital in Europe, however sunk in vice and profligacy, ever exhibited such a scene as was witnessed in Constantinople under the reign of Michael, the son of Theodora. An emperor is seen publicly burlesquing the solemn ceremonies of the church. A celebrated buffoon, arrayed in the patriarchal robes, and attended by eleven of his companions dressed in the full costume of metropolitan bishops, walked in mimic procession through the streets, Michael at the head of them. Choristers followed, singing ribald songs to church music; the censor swung, and the most sacred rites were parodied. On one occasion this masquerade, which seems to have been frequently repeated, encountered the real Patriarch, whom the buffoon, nothing abashed, could treat with indecent jests without exciting any reproof from the bystanders.

Such an exhibition is not only an unheard-of violation of decorum, but contradicts all the political traditions of western Europe, where the monarch is supposed to have at least a personal interest in surrounding his throne with the respected institutions of religion. But, indeed, the imperial power seems to have depended very little for support on religion or the church; it was upheld by military force, by custom, and that ever-present want of a civil government, which even the most unreasoning people constantly recognise. They never looked for any other government than that of their emperors. It is when a people begin to remodel their political institutions that the restraining hand of religion is so necessary for the safety of the monarch; or rather, we should say, perhaps, of the monarchy.

We have accompanied Mr Finlay through the first book of his History, which closes with a chapter on the general state of society at this epoch

We cannot venture to launch farther into so wide a subject as the Byzantine Empire.

One observation it is incumbent on us to make, or to repeat; more especially as Mr Finlay may, perhaps, justly accuse us of favouring a popular impression which he is desirous of correcting. The controversies of the Church occupy the foremost place in the contemporary annals of this period, and we ourselves are naturally disposed to pay an almost exclusive attention to them. Thus our information on many important topics is very scanty, and, such as it is, we do not seek for it with any great assi-

duity. We seem to conclude that there is little else deserving of our study. Mr Finlay seeks to correct this undue preponderance given to ecclesiastical affairs, by bringing forward to our attention the civil and military institutions of the empire, its laws, its administration, its commerce, finances, and agriculture. On these topics he has been anxious to glean whatever information lay within his reach. This will make his book valuable, we apprehend, to the student of history; while his clear and succinct narrative of events of general interest will render it acceptable to readers of every class.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE MALAYS.

IN the year 1511, the great Portuguese commander, Albuquerque, cast anchor before the city of Malacca. He came to revenge the death of some Portuguese sailors. But, upon his arrival off the port, he learned that a dear friend of his own, Arunjo by name, was in the sultan's hands, and he delayed attack, lest it should be the signal of his death. Then there was privately brought to him a letter, worthy of the Portuguese hero's companion in arms. "Think not of me," wrote Arunjo, "but of Portugal's glory and gain. If I cannot aid your victory, at least let me not impede it." The assault was given—the town was taken. For upwards of a century it flourished greatly under Portuguese rule. It was the first point in Malaya occupied by Europeans.

Europe can show no more striking instances of the rapid decline and degeneracy of nations than are afforded by Spain and Portugal. Scarcely credible is it, when we consider the present condition of those two nations, that they ever should have been what they were but three centuries ago. Behold Spain in the days of her grandeur, when she victoriously battled with the gallant and highly civilised Moor, and won new worlds by her children's daring enterprise; when she was the nursery of chivalry and of art,

the land of great kings, valiant conquerors, and wise counsellors; and contemplate her now, fallen, feeble, and degraded, bankrupt in means and reputation, without weight or influence in the European family, with knaves for statesmen, braggarts for generals, and a queen who is a scandal. Not less curious, in the case of little Portugal, is the contrast between past and present. It is even more remarkable, when we consider the diminutive extent and resources of the country, whose mariners and warriors achieved such a position in southern Asia that, for sixty years, the barbarian powers, Arab, Mameluke, and Indian, from Ormuz to China, trembled at their name. They were but one to a hundred, but everywhere they made their flag feared. Fine fellows they must have been, those Portuguese men-at-arms and man-o'-war's men of the sixteenth century—as different from their descendants, whom Beresford had such trouble to mould into soldiers worthy of the name, as were the Cortès and Pizarros of those days from the Cuestas and Cordovas of ours. Glorious adventurers, seeming demigods to the Indians, whom they constantly vanquished, and—it must in truth be added—mercilessly slew, until the poor wretches piously thanked Heaven

for its goodness in having made but few of such fierce conquerors, even as it had made but few lions and tigers, since, had they been numerous, the human race would quickly have been exterminated.

That genial and diverting Frenchman, Dr Yvan, whom we lately accompanied upon his rambles in Bourbon and Brazil, begins a second volume by landing at Malacca. Four times has he visited that town, and there gladly lingered, tracing the footsteps of successive conquerors. Every stone of the now peaceable city awakens a warlike reminiscence in the mind of him who is versed in its history. Here are spread about the ruins of that fort which again and again resisted the efforts of infidel fleets. Here are houses whose thresholds the puissant rajahs of Malacca's Straits never crossed but with the humble mien and bated breath of vassals. These streets, now so tranquil, were once noisy with the traffic of treasure-carts; and yonder crumbling walls, erected by Albuquerque's command, have heard the eloquent discourse of St Francisco Xavier.

Malacca was Portuguese from 1511 to 1641. At the latter date, Dutch merchants bribed the governor to deliver it up to troops of their country. The Portuguese soldiers, who were not in the secret of the vile transaction, flew to arms on the approach of the Dutch, and fought bravely, but were overcome. Meanwhile the traitor received his reward. The perfidious Dutchmen stabbed him to death—a cheaper mode of settling his claim than by payment of the promised hundred thousand dollars. When the captive commander of the Portuguese troops was brought before the Dutch chief, the latter insolently asked him when he thought his countrymen would recapture Malacca. "When your sins are greater than ours," was the sententious reply of the Portuguese. It is to be presumed that the sins of the Dutch have increased, but that those of the Portuguese have not diminished, since the flags of both nations are now replaced by that of Great Britain.

Dr Yvan, well disposed to look kindly upon every variety of the human species, whatever its tint, sym-

pathised at first sight with the Malays. The *Sirène* had scarcely cast anchor when she was surrounded by light pirogues, hollowed out of a tree-trunk, and manned by small yellow men, naked, save for a waist-cloth and a bamboo hat, and with resolute and intelligent countenances. The Doctor felt convinced that they had been calumniated by those who had represented them as treacherous and vindictive, and he observed them with strong interest. On learning that the frigate would remain for a couple of days at Malacca, he hurried ashore with two other members of the embassy. After a passing glance at the town, where a few European dwellings are lost in the number of Chinese and Malay houses, the three Frenchmen looked out for an inn where to pass the night. Some Malays showed them a handsome house of European build, assuring them that there they would be treated like rajahs. They knocked at the door, and were introduced to the host, a dingy little Indo-Portuguese, who conducted them into a very large room, entirely without furniture. It was clean; and when three beds and some chairs had been placed in it, it would do, the strangers said, very well. The innkeeper stared. Had they not brought their furniture with them? He regretted he could not supply them; but a night was soon passed, they could buy three mats to sleep upon. This they agreed to do, and requested to be supplied with mosquito-nets, very necessary in that climate. For a full year, replied the unselfish descendant of Portuguese, he had intended buying one for his daughter's bed, and another for that of his son, but the intention had not been realised; and as yet his own bed alone had defences against the bloodsuckers. The Frenchmen, who, in all probability, had got inured, before attaining that latitude, to entomological disagreeables, made up their minds to be bitten, and desired that supper might be prepared. Consternation on the part of the host. Did they really want to eat? They confessed that such was their desire, and began to feel exasperated. The master of the house blessed himself, in dire perplexity. They would require, he calculated, a plate, a glass, a fork,

perhaps even a napkin, a-piece, and before he could obtain all those things (by borrowing from his neighbours), midnight would be close at hand. "Take my advice," he concluded. "I am a man of experience in such matters. Go and walk about in front of the governor's palace. If he meets you, he may possibly invite you to dinner. It is your only chance of getting anything to eat to-night." There was nothing for it but to laugh heartily at this specimen of a Malacca hotel, and to seek shelter and food elsewhere. With slight variations, the same reception awaited the hungry *attachés* at sundry Dutch and Portuguese houses to which the Malays conducted them. The Malays themselves, strict Mussulmans, could not be induced to harbour Christians. They were thinking of following the innkeeper's advice, and repairing to the governor's palace, when a lad, in blue jacket and tarpaulin hat, accosted them in bad English, introduced himself as a native of Malacca, Melo by name, serving as sailor on board an English brig, and proposed to take them to his mother's house, where they would find beds, and might possibly get a dinner. The habitation in question was of miserable aspect. The walls were crumbling, the roof was of palm-leaves. But in the principal room was a long table, with benches on either side; and this tavern-like arrangement gave hopes of provender to the travellers. Melo jabbered a few Malay words to the eldest of two ugly old women, demanded three Spanish dollars from the Frenchmen, and advised them to take a stroll whilst he purveyed them a dinner such as the sultan of Borneo rarely ate.

"Quitting the town, we presently reached a delightful orchard, in which stood numerous houses, hidden amidst hundreds of sorts of trees, all yielding fruit of delicious flavour. Beneath those domes of verdure no trace of man's hand was perceptible; we seemed to have fallen amongst a frugivorous people, upon whom the gates of terrestrial paradise had not yet been closed. We approached one of the charming Malay dwellings; beneath it were collected an enormous quantity of those handsome Indian canes in which there is considerable trade in

that country. The house was entered by an external staircase, and was surrounded by a balcony and its veranda. A woman and two men were upon the balcony, the former manufacturing a coarse mat out of green palm-leaves, the latter detaching, with a small iron instrument, the kernel from the cocoanut. Some fowls were pecking about—pretty Malay hens, smaller than ours; their plumage is brilliant, and their eggs are of a nankeen yellow. On some manure which lay in the sun we found a number of cocoa-trees just springing up. The cotyledonous leaf was completely developed, and the little stem already escaping from its embrace. It was a fine opportunity to study the phenomena of germination; but, when travelling, one observes, one does not study. We counted more than twenty kinds of trees in a small space around this little dwelling, and all in full bearing. The fruit they produce upon this old soil is sweet and of fine flavour, and in no way resembles the harsh fruit of Young America."

This sunny sketch gives a pleasant idea of Malay life. But, whilst rambling in the suburban orchard, Dr Yvan and his friends came to a miserable stone house, in lamentable contrast with the pleasant aspect of the Malay dwellings. There came forth from it an old Portuguese woman, clothed in rags; she held in her hand a copper coin, smaller than a farthing, and grumbled as she walked. The travellers followed this poor creature, who betook herself to a wretched shop, kept by a Chinese, and constructed out of a few planks, by the side of a road. There was for sale a scanty store of rice and pimento, and other articles of food; and there, upon a rickety table in front of the booth, was displayed a splendid fish, such as Grove or Chevet might have been proud to exhibit. With the graceful smile peculiar to the traders of his country, the Chinese received the bold-dame's bit of copper, and gave in exchange a hand's-breadth of his enormous fish. Thus, in the course of a short walk, Dr Yvan had seen typified the three races who make up nearly the whole population of Malacca; had witnessed Malay vegetation, Chinese industry and commercial persever-

ance, Portuguese penury and wretchedness.

"That old woman," he says, "is certainly descended from the ancient conquerors of Malaya; her name perhaps is Albuquerque, Souza, or Vasco; in her youth she pertained to the high aristocracy of the land—now she lives neglected, in misery and degradation. The cunning Chinese is a poor devil from Fo-kien; he came to Malacca without a halfpenny in his pocket, and with the enterprising spirit of his race for sole resource. By dint of toil, frugality, and perseverance, he succeeded in establishing his miserable shop. That done, his fortune is certain; he will pursue the Malays with his mercantile obsequiousness, until he has transferred a comfortable competency from their pockets to his. Then he will pass the remainder of his days quietly at Malacca, and will be buried in his favourite cemetery. Here, as in many other countries, the conquering race, the high aristocracy, disappears, and is replaced by the laborious races."

The compassionate Frenchman had just bestowed some silver upon the needy scion of Lusitanian nobility, when they saw Melo's mother running to meet them, vociferating and dismayed. During their absence, she said, a band of pirates had seized their dinner, and were then devouring it. This was too much for the endurance even of these long-suffering wanderers.

"Your son," they said, "should have died in defence of our dinner."

"My son!" repeated the canary-coloured hostess, in tones of huge indignation—"my son! Do you mean the scamp who brought you to me? Did the son of a female dog tell you he was *my* son? Why, he made me give him half a dollar for your custom?"

This was a climax to the day's mishaps and deceptions, and the Frenchmen could not help roaring with laughter as they scampered back to their inn, to rescue, if possible, some fragments of the feast. Alas! but little had escaped the sharp-set warrant-officers of the *Victorieuse* sloop of war. The Malays are reputed prodigious liars, and their assertion that the dinner was for French gentlemen

had been utterly discredited by the hungry tars. Fortunately, Melo's adopted mother had hidden a chicken curry, a piece of meat, and a fine fish cooked with tomatas—no despicable fare, upon which, in the shade of a great orange tree in the garden, Dr Yvan and his companions joyously banqueted, resolving, when next they found a dinner in Malacca, not to lose sight of it until eaten.

After dinner came a ramble through the town. In a street of the Malay quarter the Frenchmen met Melo, who coolly inquired if his mother had treated them well, and, on receiving an affirmative reply, proposed to introduce them into a Malay family. Ascending a wooden staircase, they reached a balcony, where an old man, his wife, and two daughters were lying upon mats. Although rather surprised at the visit, the good people hastened to light a lamp, trimmed with cocoa-nut oil, and whilst the father conversed with his guests, the daughters prepared betel-nut, and offered it them to chew. It was midnight before Dr Yvan and his friends returned to their lodging, through the Chinese quarter, which was still lighted up with immense silk lanterns, having flowers, birds, and fantastical dragons painted upon their panes. On reaching the house where they had dined, Melo authoritatively inquired if the beds were ready. In a horrible garret, strewn with vegetable refuse and old furniture, four mats were spread—the fourth being for Melo, who would not quit his new-found friends. The place swarmed with rats; the moon shone in, rendering it as light as day; nocturnal insects flew about; sleep was impossible. The indefatigable Doctor rose, summoned Melo, and went forth to perambulate the town. In several Chinese houses the outer door was open, and the vestibule illuminated. The occupants, Melo said, were probably celebrating one of the numerous rites of their religion.

"I paused upon the threshold of one of these dwellings. A young Chinese, about twenty years of age, dressed in a long gown of dark-blue silk, adorned with glass buttons, invited me to enter. Before a great image, representing the patron genius

of the family, he burned scented matches, contained in a square bronze vessel, covered with arabesques, and supported on four feet. Two coffins, of massive wood, decorated with gilding and arabesques, stood on either side of the ancestral altar. Melo asked the young man whose remains were contained in the coffins.

" 'This one,' replied the Chinese, pointing with his finger, 'contains my father, and that one my mother. For more than two years I have preserved these precious remains in my house, but the good things they have brought me are so numerous that I have no longer room for them. Tomorrow I propose placing them in the tomb I have erected for them upon the mountain.'

" Melo interpreted this reply, commenting upon it like a pirate and miscreant as he was.

" 'The Chinese,' he said, 'are so avaricious, that they always fear dying of hunger. And so they bucanier (dry) their father and mother, to make use of them in case of scarcity. If this were not their motive, I should like to know why they keep them in the house; as soon as they get rich they get rid of them. This man, for instance, had not a farthing five years ago, and now he is as wealthy as Palmer of Calcutta.'

Dr Yvan was so fortunate as to exchange Melo for a more congenial guide, a Roman Catholic missionary, who took him to dealers in birds, animals, and natural curiosities. Their first visit was to a Malay of Dutch descent, a man of fifty, rather tall, and of a delicate canary tint. There the doctor was dazzled by a superb collection of the gaudy-feathered family of Malaya. But the bird in all the aviary that most fixed his attention was the fancier's daughter, a young girl of fourteen, with a beautifully fair complexion, who sat in a corner, her eyes timidly cast down, her abundant light hair falling in masses over her brow and shoulders. The missionary looked curiously at her.

" How many children have you?" he then said, turning to the Indo-Dutchman.

" I have three," was the reply.

" But it seems to me," said my com-

panion, "that when your wife comes to church, she is accompanied but by one young man."

" True, *senhor padre*, by Vicente de Paulo, the only one of my children who is a Catholic."

" And the others, what are they?" inquired the priest, rather surprised. The man of birds reflected a little before replying to this question.

" There is good in all religions, *padre*," he at last said. " Vicente, who is the eldest of our children, I brought up as a Catholic, like his mother and myself (for I am a Catholic by my mother, although a Dutchman), because it is right that the eldest of a family should be of the same religion as his parents. Of my second son, John, I made a Protestant, out of respect to the English, who govern us. I thought, too, that in consideration of his religion, the Protestant ministers, who are very powerful, might be useful to him. As to my daughter, I was much embarrassed to decide what religion I should give her, when one day, as I was walking with the *iman*, he proved to me that Mahometanism is the best religion for a woman, and accordingly I made a Mussulman of her."

This singular confession, at which Dr Yvan had all the difficulty in the world to restrain his laughter, excited the pious indignation of the missionary, who quitted not the easy-going Dutchman until he had made him promise to take John and Fatima to him for baptism and religious instruction. This point gained, he took the doctor to the house of a Portuguese half-breed, at the bottom of a garden planted thick with shrubs, around which twined the betel-pepper. It was a mere hut, built upon the ground (instead of being raised, like the Malay houses), and consisted of three small rooms, on entering the first of which, the visitors found a beautiful little monkey, of a tail-less species, which bears, after the ourang-outang, the greatest resemblance to man. Its hair was perfectly white; its little black face, surrounded with silky wool, gave it the look of a young negro with a fair wig. At sight of the strangers it fled, shrieking; and, at its cries, a young girl appeared, round whose neck the creature forthwith

clung. Dr Yvan, who has a great tenderness for monkeys (although this did not prevent his shooting a pretty good number when occasion offered), was so struck with the little beast's beauty, and with its affection for its mistress, that he mustered his Malay, and inquired its price. Whereupon the monkey, apparently understanding, set up such a diabolical chattering, and showed such intense despair, that its mistress's heart was touched, and she demanded thirty dollars, that being a trifle more than the market value of house, garden, and inhabitants. The Doctor regretfully resigned his pretensions, and was afterwards sorry he had not allowed himself to be imposed upon. On quitting the premises, a Malay boy offered him a brace of monkeys—one tail-less, the other dog-faced, which he purchased at a more reasonable rate, and took on board the frigate, where one of them, Manis, the tail-less, who habitually walked upright, and was of bland disposition and gentlemanly manners, became the pet of the ambassador's infant daughters.

"Both monkeys wept upon quitting the shore. I consoled Manis with kind words, as best I could: as to Simon, the dog-faced, whom I left to his grief, he was disconsolate. When we were well out at sea, Mr Fernand de Lahante untied him. As soon as the poor beast was at liberty, he threw himself overboard to swim back to his old master, who had addressed to him, from the shore, the tenderest farewell. Man, in that part of the world, has not broken the compact which originally bound him to animals; he speaks to them a language which they understand; he loves them as friends, and has not constituted himself their persecutor. They, on their part, are grateful that he respects their independence, and they submit to his sovereignty, convinced that he will not abuse it. In that beautiful region, man and brute seem to have a vague remembrance of Eden, of that happy garden, where man communed, through love, with the whole of nature."

We turn the page, after reading this pastoral description, and find the inconsistent Doctor, armed with a blow-pipe and sharp bamboo darts, wantonly

picking off the yellow-tufted macaws, who gaze wondering at their stricken comrades, but, hearing no noise, fly not from their fate. And by and by we are horrified by his confession of monkey murder. Seated in a forest near Singapore, at the foot of an aged tree, he was listening to the songs of the birds and to the echoes of the wilderness, when an unlucky ape showed itself amongst the opposite branches. The report of the Doctor's gun was followed by a cry of pain, and he saw, through the smoke, the animal falling from branch to branch, clutching right and left with his hands. The poor creature had not strength to retain its hold, and it slid down the tree-trunk to the ground. The Doctor ran to the spot, but, to his surprise, the monkey was gone. Guided by a trace of blood, he found it crouching under a neighbouring bush, one hand upon a grievous wound in the side, and wiping, with the other, the tears that flowed from its eyes. "I shuddered from head to foot," says the Doctor, "for I felt that I had committed a murder. One of my guides approached the victim, and examined the wound. The monkey neither resisted nor complained. The wound was inevitably mortal, and I held out my gun to the Malay, telling him to finish the poor animal; but the honest fellow rejected the weapon with horror. Just then the monkey fell upon its side, stretched out his limbs, turned its eyes upon me, and expired. I walked sadly into Singapore, ashamed and repentant, and vowing thenceforward to respect the life of every creature." Dr Yvan devotes a whole chapter, and a very amusing one, to a memoir of an orphan ourang-outang he adopted at Singapore, and which accompanied him all through the Malay archipelago, to China and to India. The animal had been brought from Borneo, where his father and mother had been slain during a foray in a plantation. The Doctor called him Tuan, a Malay word signifying My Lord. He was a monkey of extraordinary intelligence, who sat at table, took his meals with a spoon and his wine like a gentleman, went regularly, when on board ship, to draw his rations with the sailors, and did everything, except speaking, with as much intelligence

as any young human savage of his years. He was three years old when the Doctor got him, and as tall as a Malay child of the same age. At Bombay an Indian woman of low caste took a great affection for him, carried him with her wherever she went, and would not be persuaded but that he was a son of Dr Yvan's, and would soon begin to talk. Poor Tuan's health was delicate and his death premature. The Doctor gives a tear to his memory.

Malacca has about thirty thousand inhabitants—a mixture of Portuguese, Dutch, English, Malays, and Chinese. Of the three European races, the Portuguese are the most numerous. They are chiefly descendants of the old conquerors. Their forefathers were the followers and brothers-in-arms of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque. They are now an ugly and degraded race, inferior to the pure Malays, with whom they have long since allied themselves. In company with a missionary, Dr Yvan went to visit a hamlet far in the jungle, in the direction of Mount Ophir, inhabited by these half-breeds. After five hours' ride through rice-fields, jungle, and vast tracts covered with palms, they reached the foot of the little rising ground upon which the village stood. No trace of cultivation, no cheerful sounds—not even a wreath of smoke—announced its proximity. The paths leading to it resembled the tracks of wild beasts rather than roads used by men. The so-called village was a collection of ruinous huts, around which the women were squatted, chewing betel and nursing sickly infants. Most of the men were absent: those who remained were stretched at length upon the ground, smoking large maize-leaf cigaritos. They were all of small stature and puny frame, and naked, or nearly so. Their language was a mixture of Portuguese and Malay. The missionary dismounted and questioned them. They displayed an utter lack of intelligence, knew nothing of their origin, and had no names, except those derived (as amongst the North American Indians) from particular qualities or defects. Thus, one was called the One-eyed, another the Strong, and so on. They knew

not what marriage or baptism meant, and they had no account of time. These were the descendants of the victorious Portuguese. In the course of a very short time—perhaps of little more than a century—they had lost or forgotten everything—religion, morality, language; even tradition, often the consolation of degenerate races. It was frightful to behold the children of civilised and Christian men thus reduced lower than the untaught savage. The Portuguese of the city, if not equally degraded, were in miserable plight enough. As the Doctor and the missionary rode into Malacca, the latter was accosted by a young man, whose garb and features betrayed his origin, and who drew him aside and spoke to him in a low voice. The priest, without replying, furtively slipped his hand into his pocket, and held it out to his interlocutor, as in sign of friendship. Rapidly and adroitly as this was done, Dr Yvan comprehended that the stout healthy young man had received an alms, and he asked his companion if he could not work instead of thus humiliating himself. "He could, certainly," was the reply; "but his dignity would not allow him. He is a gentleman of the place. His parents were formerly merchants, but have not a dollar of their fortune left. And so little is required to live in this country, that it is quite as easy to beg as to work. With the exception of a few families, all the Portuguese live from hand to mouth, without certain resource for the morrow." The Dutch, less numerous than the Portuguese, have not allowed themselves to sink so low. Most of them are traders, and purchase the produce of the country from Malay agriculturists. At the house of one of them Dr Yvan saw a diamond from Mount Ophir, as large as a very large filbert. This stone appeared to have been rolled in the bed of a torrent; the surface was worn, like ground glass, and it was difficult to recognise a precious gem in this pebble of a milky white. The owner had purchased it, for a very small sum, of a Malay from the interior of the country, and he had great expectations of profit from its sale. I confess that the more I examined this rough diamond, the less I was inclined to

credit the fabulous value set upon it; and when the worthy Dutchman calculated, in my presence, the gain he was to derive from his treasure, he reminded me of an alchemist and his crucible.

"There are not above three or four hundred Dutch creoles at Malacca; their providential mission in that peninsula seems to be to maintain the honour of European beauty by begetting children totally dissimilar to the little, monkey-like Portuguese. I saw young girls of Dutch origin with fair hair and blue eyes, and with complexions of beautiful freshness and delicacy, whilst their tawny mothers (Portuguese Malays), seen beside them, resembled those mulatto women whom our Bourbon colonists employ as nurses for their children."

The task of breaking in the stubborn Malays, and accustoming them to the European yoke, devolved upon the Portuguese and Dutch, and the English reap the benefit of the harsh means they employed. Religious fanaticism was the motive of Portuguese persecution. But the sermons of St Francis Xavier, and the authentic miracles he accomplished before the heathens' eyes, proved as inefficient for their conversion as the tortures inflicted by the saint's lay predecessors. The Dutch, who came afterwards, were little solicitous about the salvation of their vassals, and suffered them to practise what religion they would, so long as they brought in plenty of pepper at a cheap rate. Failing this, the Dutchmen often proved rough taskmasters; but, upon the whole, their rule was lighter to bear than that of the bigoted Portuguese. "Remembering the past," says Dr Yvan, "the Malays must bless the English government. There is no pressure of authority upon them; they are completely free in their actions; they believe what they please; and I know a good many European states, in the year of grace 1852, that would gladly content themselves with as liberal an administration as that which rules this colony. The religious propaganda of the English is limited to the distribution of a few Bibles printed in the Malay tongue. The holy books are readily accepted, but I am quite sure they are very seldom

read." The Malacca Malays are for the most part agriculturists or artisans—tailors, workers in metal, and some few carpenters. These are the only occupations that are not monopolised by the Chinese. There are no rich Malays in that country; they almost all work to live, but their work is light enough. The Chinese compose the wealthy portion of the population of Malacca: many of them have considerable sums embarked in trade. Some of their families have been settled there for more than two centuries. The liberty they enjoy under British institutions is doubtless one reason of their partiality for Malacca. But there is another, and a rather singular one.

"So great is their predilection for Malacca that, when a Chinese has made his fortune in the Straits, and does not choose to return to his own country, it is invariably in that city that he finally settles. I one day asked a Chinese merchant the reason of this preference: 'Ah!' he replied, with a smile, 'there is such a beautiful cemetery at Malacca!'

"The Chinese cemetery at Malacca is in reality very beautiful and very curious. Upon a vast hill, covered with a profusion of sweet-smelling shrubs, the tombs are erected. These monuments have the form of a horse-shoe: the inner enclosure is covered with a granite flag, upon which characters are engraved. Thither pious sons annually repair to perform the ceremonies prescribed by their religion. The tombs are far apart, and are shaded by violet *ipomea*, and by the rose-coloured *cytusus*, which entwines around them its flexible boughs. The foot of the hill is reached by a road along the sea-shore, shaded by cocoa trees, whose sonorous leaves repeat the harmonious noise of the waves. After seeing the cemetery at Malacca, one understands how it is that Chinese, who, during their lives, love to be well clothed, well housed, well fed, have chosen that smiling spot to repose in after death.

"The first Chinese who established themselves at Malacca married Malay women. At the present day these families invariably intermarry. By strictly adhering to this custom, these strange mortals have succeeded in

producing women perfectly similar to those of Fo-Kien and Kuan-Tong, with the sole difference that they do not oblige them to compress their feet. In short, they have founded a miniature China at Malacca, just as they grow a forest in their sitting-room with dwarf trees; and the Chinese colony is not the least curious thing to observe in that country."

Some travellers have a peculiar talent for picking up oddities upon their road. They can go nowhere without stumbling upon originals, just as some persons cannot stir fifty miles from their fireside without encountering adventures. Dr Yvan has a quick eye for the novel and characteristic, and constantly makes strange acquaintances and gets into unusual situations. One night at Singapore, after a ramble amongst those opium-houses where the Malays go to squander their earnings and smoke themselves into paradise, he entered the London Hotel and found most of his fellow-voyagers puffing cheroots, drinking beer of malt or ginger, and particularly cursing the country and the mendacious travellers who had spoken well of it. "Twenty pounds," exclaimed an exasperated Parisian, "would I at this moment willingly give for a stall at the opera!" Dr Yvan, less extravagant in his desires, declared he should be perfectly contented to pass his evening as English bachelors, settled in the colony, were wont to pass theirs—in whatever way that might be. Upon hearing this declaration, an Englishman, who was silently smoking in a corner, accosted him and offered to gratify his wish. An open carriage swiftly conveyed them to Campon Glan, the Capua of Malacca, where the Briton had his *petite maison*. A long story follows—the story of a Malay damsel, who, disguised in male attire, had accompanied an officer to Europe, had learned French at Paris and Brussels, and had gone through sundry romantic adventures, until, disgusted with the chilly climate of France, she had gladly returned to the ardent sun and perfumed valleys of Malacca. The Campon Glan episode is like a scene from the *Decameron*, but told with all propriety and reserve. By amusing episodes of this kind, Dr Yvan not only fetters the reader's attention, but

conveys, better than by mere description, a vivid notion of the character and habits of the races he meets and associates with. Then he passes on to Penang, the Prince of Wales' Island, where he finds every advantage and attraction combined. "It is here," he says, "that God realised the dream of perpetual spring, isolating it at the same time in the midst of the ocean, that it might not be invaded by a greedy and vulgar crowd. The poetical Indian races—Parsees, Javanese, Hindoos, industrious Chinese, and a few select Europeans—priests of foreign missions, and English, those kings of the known world—possess this domain. For them the privileged soil ripens the fruits of every tropical zone, from the banana of the old Indian world, to the *litchi* of Fo-Kien. For them it decks its bosom with flowers of every country; the sweet-scented camelia, the frangipane, the lotus, and the rose." And of climate there is every variety, according as you ascend the volcanic mountain that crowns the little island, whither invalids from India resort to recover their health, as European sick betake themselves to Madeira or Hyeres. The town of Penang, advantageously situated on the sea-shore, is inhabited chiefly by Europeans and Chinese; the Indians and Malays preferring to dwell in the country under the shade of flowers and fruit-trees. Dr Yvan took up his quarters with a French friend, the chief of the foreign missionaries in Malaya. A most hospitable mansion was that of the Rev. M. Bigandet, and much frequented by French residents and visitors to Penang, especially at meal times. All that the worthy missionaries asked in return for a kindly welcome and good fare was that, once in the week, their countrymen should follow the example of English, Indians, and Chinese, and attend the service of their church. Even this modest desire was not always complied with by the irreverent Frenchmen, some of whom were of a class that seldom darkens the doors of a place of worship. Of such was a savage little Corsair, whose acquaintance Dr Yvan made, a mate or boat-swain, who had deserted from his ship to seek his fortune amongst the islands of the east. His name was Martin;

he had bestowed upon himself the rank of captain; he was a short, square-built, powerful fellow, red-faced and red-bearded, with quick cat-like grey eyes. He was noted for his intrepidity, was neither sober nor prudent, and commanded a small vessel, manned by ten Malays and Lascars, with which he traded between the islands and the mainland. He had a particular dislike to shortening sail, and usually kept his canvass spread till it was blown out of the bolt-ropes, or brought down upon deck by the hurricane. Many were the tales told of his perils and prowess.

"Upon one occasion," Dr Yvan relates, "Captain Martin was returning contentedly to Penang, in fine weather and after a profitable trip, when his partner called his attention to a suspicious-looking proa, bearing right down upon them. His experienced eye at once made it out to be a Malay craft, carrying small guns, full of men, and whose intentions were most unlikely to be friendly. It was useless to think of getting away; the breeze was light, the merchantman moved slowly, the proa flew over the sea. Without loss of time the captain assembled his crew, and informed them of his intention to resist the pirates, whatever their number, to which end he would at once serve out the few arms there were on board. To this project Lascars and Malays vehemently objected. They had shipped, they said, to work the ship, not to fight it, and had no notion of getting themselves killed in defence of the captain's dollars. And, having said that much, they lay down upon the deck.

"Captain Martin did not condescend to argue with his crew. He assembled a council of war, consisting of himself and his partner. After brief deliberation, the council agreed to fight to the last cartridge. Then, without further words, they went down into the cabin. There Captain Martin took down two double-barrelled guns, which he handed to his partner, with good store of ammunition. Then he took in one hand a bar of iron, about three feet long, and in the other an enormous cudgel, which had already made acquaintance with the backs of most of the crew. Thus armed, the two friends returned upon deck.

" 'Load the guns in these fellows' presence; station yourself aft, and listen to what I say to them.'

"The partner obeyed; then the captain threw his iron bar upon the deck, grasped the cudgel with both hands, and thus harangued the crew:—

" 'You will not fight,' he said; 'you have a perfect right to refuse, but I have a right to beat and belabour you until you obey my orders. I will make you dance a famous jig, and if you dislike the music, and climb the rigging not to hear it, you shall be picked off with musket balls.'

"Without another moment's delay, he assailed Malays and Lascars with a storm of blows. The men were so terrified by the suddenness and vigour of the attack that they thought of nothing but escape from the terrible cudgel which drew blood wherever it fell upon them. They ran in all directions, some to the shrouds, some to the masts; one threw himself into the sea, and nobody thought of picking him up. In ten minutes time the entire crew, with the exception of the man who was drowned, were prostrate at Captain Martin's feet, wiping the dust from his shoes with their faces, and swearing to defend the ship till they were all killed.

" 'Very good, my lads,' said the Captain; 'I see that gentleness is all that is wanted to bring you to a sense of your duty; but have a care; if you forget yourselves again, it will be a more serious matter.'

"He dropped the cudgel, and took up the iron bar. The crew thought it better to try and kill the pirates than to be inevitably killed by the Captain; so they armed themselves with hatchets, pikes, boat-hooks—with whatever came to hand, in short—and made ready to receive the foe. Their preparations were scarcely completed when the proa was alongside. A Malay grappled the merchantman with a boat-hook, and six well-armed pirates sprang upon her bulwarks.

" 'Let none stir!' shouted Captain Martin. And, with his terrible iron bar he struck down the first two Malays who set foot upon the vessel's deck. At the same moment his partner shot the man who held the boat-hook, and the proa drifted from the ship's side. This daring resist-

ance startled the pirates; they faltered, uncertain what to do; their hesitation was fatal to them, for two more shots fell amongst them, each hitting its man. Then they spread their sails, and fled from the ship as swiftly as they had approached it, leaving the boarders to their fate. By that time Captain Martin had but three opponents left: he had killed two, and a third lay upon the deck with both legs fractured; the others yielded themselves prisoners.

"Satisfied with his victory, Captain Martin, like a humane man as he was, first had the Malay with the broken legs thrown into the sea, to save him unnecessary suffering; then he had the prisoners brought before him. He did not keep them long in suspense. After a physiognomical examination, he ordered two of them to be hung by the third, who was a youth of nineteen. According to his expression, he gave this young man the benefit of the French law, and considered him to have acted without discernment.

"The Captain returned to Penang with two lanterns hung to his masts, as he said. He made his report to the English authorities; an inquiry was instituted, and it was unfortunately proved that his Malay sailors were in league with the pirates. Two of them were accordingly condemned to be hung. Upon the day of execution, the Captain and his mate put on their best clothes, and stationed themselves opposite to the gallows.

" 'I had to see it,' cried Captain Martin, when all was over, 'before I could believe that Englishmen would do justice to a Frenchman!'

"That was his way of expressing his satisfaction."

Captain Martin had an intense horror of priests. In France he would have gone a mile out of his way to avoid meeting one, and he made a ludicrous complaint to Dr Yvan of the hardship of having to enter a missionary's doors to have the chance of finding a countryman. He was careful never to go there at meal-times, because he would have to hear grace and cross himself, and he never attended mass on Sundays, although he took care always to have one said

before he sailed. There was no luck, he said, for the seaman who lifted his anchor on a Friday, or without hearing mass. But, in the main, and in his own way, the Captain was an honest fellow, much attached to the hospitable priests, of whom it would have been unsafe to speak ill in his presence. The mission-house, however, is not the only French establishment at Penang. There are several French planters and merchants, and amongst the former, a M. Donadieu, a friend of Dr Yvan's, who settled in Prince of Wales' Island, says the Doctor, "full of confidence in the efficacious protection of the British flag—a flag which, in those distant regions, is truly the vigilant guardian of the civil, religious, and commercial liberty of all it shelters, without distinction of nationality." Dr Yvan is one of the most unprejudiced French travellers we ever met with in print. He is totally free from that smouldering envy which causes most of his countrymen, when on British territory, to expose and sneer at small defects, rather than to accord just praise and admiration to the general administrative wisdom that has secured so vast and flourishing an empire to a little European island.

"M. Donadieu has long since abjured that foolish, superannuated enmity to perfidious Albion which still lingers in some of our remote provinces. He lost no opportunity of convincing me that the English nation is, in its colonial establishments, the representation of the strictest equity, and that by far the happiest portion of the population of India is that which is governed by its agents. I was with him in the warehouse of a Chinese merchant at Penang, who, like Wampou at Singapore, sold and bought everything in creation, when two Malays came into the shop. One was a man of forty, the other a young fellow of twenty-five. The first had for sale the magnificent skin of a black panther, a fantastical animal, brought into fashion by Eugene Sue. The vender had more than one point of resemblance with the brute whose spoils he offered. He was thin, and of small stature; he crawled rather than

walked—his body bent nearly double—and, at every step he took, his restless eye cast mistrustful glances right and left. The younger man brought two beautiful birds, confined in a spherical cage, such as the Malays alone know how to make: he walked proudly, his hand resting on the hilt of his kreesse; he had a cheerful, kindly expression of face; his look was gentle, but confident. The two men had nothing in common but the characteristic features of their race—in every other respect they differed completely; the nature of their merchandise was not more dissimilar than the expression of their physiognomy."

M. Donadieu bade his friend attend to what was about to occur. It would afford him, he said, an *Impression de Voyage*. Then he addressed the man with the black panther's skin.

"Where did you kill that animal?" he said.

"I do not know; it is not I who killed it."

"You bought the skin, then?"

"No."

"Then how did you become possessed of it?"

"It was given me to sell."

"Where are you from?"

"From the other side of the sea."

"What is the name of your village?"

"What matter? Will you buy the skin?"

"Yes; but tell me, shall I accompany you to your country? You shall take us out hunting, and we will pay you for your trouble."

"I do not go out hunting; will you buy the skin?"

"How much do you want for it?"

"Six dollars."

"I will give you four."

"I must go and ask the owner if he will sell it at that price."

Thereupon the timid dealer left the shop, and M. Donadieu turned to the young man with the cage of birds.

"Where are you from?" he abruptly asked.

"From Koulet Tambon, in the Company's country," was the ready reply.

"Will you take us to hunt tigers and elephants with the men of your village?"

"Give me a gun, and we will chase the elephants to Siam."

"How much for your birds?"

"Two dollars."

M. Donadieu asked Dr Yvan in French if he really wanted the parrots, and then offered a dollar for them. But the ear of the intelligent Malay was caught by the foreign tongue, and, neglecting his trade, he overwhelmed M. Donadieu with questions. He could not understand that the French were governed neither by the English nor by a rajah, but by a king of their own. His curiosity was so great, his inquiries were so numerous, that to satisfy him it would have been necessary to deliver a long lecture on politics and geography. M. Donadieu got rid of him by promising to answer all his questions another day. The two gentlemen paid him for his birds, and left the shop.

"At the door," says Dr Yvan, "we found the man with the panther skin. He held it out to us, we handed him four dollars, he silently received them, and ran away, looking anxiously about him to see if nobody had seen him take his money."

"Well, doctor," said M. Donadieu, "do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly," replied I; "one of the two Malays is a British subject; the other, the poor vassal of one of the King of Siam's tributary rajahs."

"The skin-seller," said my friend, "dirty and miserable though he looks, is very probably a rich man in his own country. He carries on a small clandestine trade, and carefully conceals his prosperity. He well knows how ready his honourable sovereign is with decrees of confiscation; and he is uneasy and suspicious, because he and his countrymen are surrounded by spies, and for ever in dread of the master's eye. He dares not answer a question, lest he should in some way compromise himself, and is in that constant state of salutary terror which is the sole security of despotic governments. The young Malay, upon the other hand, is a British subject, has none of those reasons for alarm and anxiety; he is cheerful, alert, frank, and free-spoken; he knows he has nothing to fear from his masters. Under their protection he

enjoys the fruit of his toil, and he laughs at the petty tyrants before whom his forefathers trembled.'"

During his pleasant walks about Penang, to which he more than once returned during his stay in the East, Dr Yvan often amused himself by erecting, in imagination, in one of the charming valleys that furrow the mountain slope, a pleasant hermitage, where to end his days in the tranquil study and enjoyment of nature. In fancy he planted his little domain with the fragrant fruit-trees of India, and peopled it with every inoffensive animal, including a few Malays, that Providence has placed upon our earth. One day the captain of a steamer, who had brought him to Penang, took him to see an English army surgeon, resident in the island. The Englishman's grounds were the realisation of Dr Yvan's day-dream. There, magnificent trees were inhabited by monkeys of every kind, by parrots of every hue; on the thick herbage grazed deer, and a beautiful species of antelope, peculiar to Malaya, and not larger than a hare. Water-fowl peopled a piece of water as clear as crystal, and, at its master's voice, a young tapir emerged from a clump of reeds, and caressed him with its little trunk. The two doctors were soon the best friends in the world. Their tastes and pursuits were identical, and sympathy was quickly established between them. Both were passionate naturalists; both had in horror the system of filling glazed cupboards with the stuffed skins of birds and beasts. The Englishman, especially, was a fanatic in this particular, and foretold that, at no distant date, zoological gardens would everywhere replace dusty museums. Then, in the ardour of his love for the brute creation, he uttered fierce censures upon those men of science who, under pretence of physiological studies, annually commit thousands of murders. "The most polite and gentle nation in the universe," he said, "pays honour to a certain number of rogues, whose only merit consists in having perpetrated innumerable assassinations, to prove that a mutilated animal suffers and complains, and cannot act and live as if it had undergone no operation! Believe , there is no great differ-

ence between these abominable maniacs and a Papavoine or a Cornier (noted French murderers); they are horrible madmen, and deserve to be brought to the scaffold." To calm the irritation of this worthy monomaniac, Dr Yvan took up the defence of the men of science thus furiously assailed and sweepingly condemned—men, he says, whom he himself personally knows and esteems. But the Doctor is a bit of a satirist, and his defence hardly leaves his friends in better plight than the Englishman's accusations. "You are too severe, my dear sir," he said. "The learned men in question are not so guilty as you would make them out to be, they are only stupid and ambitious. An ambitious man, without talent, has no moral sense; to succeed, he would slay his own father and mother. These men have discovered, in one of the recesses of spurious science, an occupation which the hangman would disdain, and they have taken it up. It is through impotence and stupidity that they have become ferocious and infamous. Death is too severe a punishment for such people; a good bastinadoing would suffice to recall them to better sentiments."

This reasoning usually calmed the army surgeon; and then the two doctors held long confabulations concerning the intelligence of animals, comparing notes, establishing gradations of understanding in the brute species, and making, Dr Yvan assures us, more useful and conclusive observations than ever were made by cold-blooded experimentalists guilty of vivisection.

On his arrival in the Indian seas, M. de Lagrené, the chief of the mission to China, to which Dr Yvan was attached, sent a sloop of war to the archipelago of Holo, to seek an island, unoccupied by Europeans, which he might take possession of in the name of France. Captain Guérin, the officer commanding the sloop, pitched upon the island of Basilan, and, under pretext of hydrographical observations, sought a good point to found an establishment. He had nearly satisfied himself in this respect, when one of his officers, a young man of great promise, begged him to let him explore the banks of a river which

supplied the ship with water. Captain Guérin unwillingly consented, on the express condition that he should not land, or lose sight of the corvette, and that he should return on board at the first signal. The officer set out, accompanied by one sailor, who steered—two boys, as rowers—and a young Dutch interpreter. Every one of these five persons had a gun; but their arms, which they had no expectation of using, were stowed away under the benches, and the one belonging to the officer was even left in its bag. When the boat entered the river, a number of the natives went down to the water's edge, protesting their amicable intentions. At their urgent request, and forgetting his promise to the captain, the young officer approached the shore, and took two of them into the boat. These were thorough-bred Malays, and apparently chiefs. One was young, the other apparently about fifty years old, judging from his grizzled mustachios. They were armed with kreeses—not the slender Malacca kreesse, but large and formidable weapons. After some conversation through the interpreter, the officer took his gun out, and showed it to the elder of the Malays, who examined and admired it, and asked it as a gift. It was refused, and restored to its bag. By this time the boat was some way up the river, which was very winding, and fringed by gigantic vegetation.

“We are out of sight of the ship, sir,” said the cockswain, “do you think it is safe to go farther?”

“What have we to fear from these two men?” replied the imprudent youth. “We are five against them. Go on.”

“As he spoke, the boat received a violent shock; the old Malay plunged his kreesse into the young man's breast, and his companion split the cockswain's head. Both wounds were instantaneously mortal; the two victims did not even utter a cry. The three lads would have seized their guns, but the younger Malay, his legs straddled, held them under his feet. It was in thus taking possession of them that he had given the boat the shock which had been the signal of the double murder. This frightful

scene passed in an instant. The three boys, seeing resistance useless, jumped into the water and reached the shore; but the Malays pursued them, and took them to their village as prisoners.”

The news of this catastrophe soon reached the corvette, through some of the numerous chiefs who divide amongst them the sovereignty of Basilan. The murderer of the officer was a certain Youssouf, king of part of the island. The sultan of Holo being considered the legitimate ruler of Basilan, Captain Guérin, after recovering the three prisoners, by payment of three thousand dollars, sailed for Holo, in company with another French corvette, then in those waters, to demand satisfaction. At his first summons, the sultan himself came on board, declared that his subjects at Basilan had long since emancipated themselves from his rule, that he was unable to reduce them to submission, and that he should be delighted to see them chastised by the French ships. So the *Sabine* and the *Victorieuse* returned to Basilan, sent their boats up the river, and peppered the Malays with grape-shot, killing a score of them, and blowing off one of Youssouf's hands. There they were joined by the *Sirène* and the *Cléopâtre*; and the little squadron, under the command of Vice-admiral Cécille, prepared for a cruise amongst the pirates of the archipelago of Holo or Soolon. They first explored Basilan, and opened negotiations with some of the indigenous chiefs hostile to Youssouf. Basilan is so completely covered with trees, from the summit of its mountains down into the very water that surrounds it, that it resembles a great basket of foliage, whose interwoven branches completely conceal the object on which it rests. No naked peaks or barren crags tower above the mass of rich verdure. The cone-like summits of the hills are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and the plains are entirely covered with trees, which bear flowers and fruit the whole year through. In the lowlands are large plantations of rice and cotton; and the island possesses a harbour, protected from the two monsoons by a promontory and by the little island of Malawami, affording

anchorage to the largest craft, and capable of containing two hundred sail of all sizes. Concerning the population of the island, here is a passage from Dr Yvan, coinciding exactly with certain parts of M. de la Gironière's book on the Philippine Islands: "It would appear that the island is inhabited by various races. Thus the mountainous parts are said to be occupied by *négritos*, similar to those found in the interior of Luzon, and which have great points of identity with the Papuan negroes; whilst the centre of the island is peopled with a race that is almost white (like the Tinguianès described by M. de la Gironière), and the coast is inhabited by the Malays." The whole population of Basilan consists of about ten thousand persons, divided into petty tribes, constantly at war, stealing each other's oxen and horses, and revenging themselves by horrible reprisals. Old Panglamet Tiram, chief of a tribe friendly to the French, went on board the flagship, and offered to sell two women, whom he had taken from a hostile tribe which had lifted his cattle. By means of these two women he had hoped to get back his four-footed beasts; but, after a good deal of parleying, the ladies' husbands came to the decision that it was just as well for each party to keep its prey. This was a dead loss to Panglamet, for the women were old and ugly, and neither useful nor saleable. Panglamet was one of three distinguished Basilanians who favoured the French admiral with their visits. He was a dignified old pirate, seventy-seven years of age, and of Arab physiognomy; and he was father-in-law to Tuam Baram, an iman of great renown, who long delayed to honour the French frigate with his presence. Arac, the iman's son-in-law, accompanied Panglamet on his first visit. He was a pure type of the Malay race; small in stature, but admirably formed and strong-limbed. Energy and mistrust were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance. He was almost black, and wore a rose-coloured robe, given him by some European, and which set off his delicate complexion to the best advantage. As to Tuam (Lord) Baram, when he at last condescended

to visit the *Cléopâtre*, the French were greatly disappointed with his appearance. He was a common-looking savage, with a face and manners the very reverse of aristocratic. He had girded himself with a French sabre, wore shoes—a rare thing in Basilan—and had his fingers covered with rings set with coloured glass. "Such as they were," says Dr Yvan, "these three men realised the types which imagination summons up, when, under the impression of a course of reading more or less romantic, we picture to ourselves the pirates of the straits of Sunda, of the Holo archipelago, and of the coasts of Borneo. These are the courageous, cruel, treacherous mariners who, with kris in girdle and lance in fist, confront the most imminent dangers with a fantastical energy. Their countenances, naturally harsh, assume a formidable expression when, through the long hair that half conceals their features, one discerns their blood-red lips and black teeth." To this abominable family belong those hardy-used adventurers, in whose behalf Mr Joseph Hume has repeatedly made such stubborn fights, and heaped so much abuse on Sir James Brooke. The perusal of Dr Yvan's second volume would enable the honourable and particularly obstinate member for Montrose to form a juster estimate than he has hitherto done of the occupations and deserts of the corsairs of the Eastern Archipelago. Admiral Cécille stood on very little ceremony with them. On reaching Soulou, M. de Lagrené went ashore and had an interview with the sultan, who received him in a most unpalatial wooden house, and conversed with him through the medium of a fat Tagal half-breed, whom the squadron had picked up at Manilla, and who went by the name of *Mucho-Calor* (much heat), because these two words were never out of his mouth. His fan in one hand, his handkerchief in the other, the obese *Mucho-Calor* walked the deck, communicating, fifty times a-day, to all his acquaintances, his opinion as to the sultriness of the atmosphere. To the sultan, who was surrounded by his *datous* or nobles, *Mucho-Calor* explained, in few words, the errand on which the French had

come. A Basilan chief, he said, had killed two Frenchmen, and taken three others prisoners. The sultan was called upon to punish the guilty, or to resign the sovereignty he claimed over Basilan. If he refused compliance, the French would revenge themselves, and, if it suited them, take possession of the island as though it had no owner. The reply, enveloped in flowers of Holo rhetoric, and in phrases highly complimentary to the French, was to the effect, that they were perfectly at liberty to chastise the people of Basilan; and that if, within the space of six months, the sultan's rebel subjects had not returned under his paternal yoke, he would sell them the island for fifty thousand dollars. Nothing was concluded at this interview. In the course of the following night, the sentinels on board the French ships gave the alarm. People were swimming round the vessels, and making signs that they wished to go on board. One of the mysterious swimmers was permitted to do so, and as soon as he put foot on deck, he threw himself on his knees, and made the sign of the cross. He was a Christian slave, whom the Soulou pirates had made prisoner on the coast of Manilla. The other swimmers were in the same plight as himself. Ropes were thrown to them, and they were taken on board. They were all Christian Tagals from the Philippines. There were also European slaves, they said, detained at Soulou, but on the arrival of the French ships they had been sent up the country. At daybreak the *Cleopatra* hoisted a red flag, with a white cross, and fired a gun, as a signal to the captives. The

following nights, a still larger number of slaves came off, and amongst them were a Spaniard and an Indian from the Malabar coast. Probably the asylum thus afforded to these unhappy slaves was offensive to the sultan, for he did not attempt to renew negotiations, and in a few days the squadron returned to Basilan. There an attack was made upon the enemy's palisades, which were captured, with some loss on the part of the assailants; a village was burned, as was also a very large quantity of rice in stacks and warehouses, and a thousand cocoa trees were cut down. Youssouf's dwelling was amongst those destroyed, and Youssouf himself died of his wounds a few days later. A considerable number of Malays were killed. The example thus set by the French has since, as the reader will doubtless remember, been followed by the Spaniards, who had long patiently endured the insolent aggressions of *los moros de Iolo*, but who at last mustered resolution for an expedition against them, and the piratical archipelago is now submissive to the flag of Spain.

Dr Yvan concludes, in his second volume, the narrative of his Malayan rambles, and commences the third part of his work—an account of his residence in China. With this he makes but little progress, and apparently intends to devote to it a third volume—which, judging from the two we have already noticed, can hardly fail to be of strong interest. It is long since we have met with a more amusing book of travels, or one in which the interest is more equally distributed, and thoroughly sustained from the first page to the very last.

A FEW WORDS ON FRANCE.

THE hopes founded on the recent situation of the lady who, with a fortune not less extraordinary than that of her husband, sits upon the imperial throne of France, have for the present been disappointed, and there is little doubt that, with all his trust in destiny, his faith in the duration of his power, and in its survival in his descendants, Napoleon III. has severely felt the disappointment. That trust, that faith, never failed him in the most adverse circumstances; they have been the source of much of his strength, and are almost justified by the vicissitudes and triumph of his life. Were he overthrown to-morrow by some new revolution as complete as that which raised him to his present eminence, he would recommence his work with the same patience, the same tenacity of purpose, the same indomitable will, which have hitherto characterised him. His confidence in his destiny is unbounded, and it will quit him but with his latest breath.

The present moment, when France is tranquil, and not unprosperous—when her sovereign, elected by the voices of the immense majority of her population, is acknowledged by all the powers of Europe—seems no unfit time to take a short glance at the condition of a country which, within the last sixty years, has passed through every form of government, from the wildest democracy to the sternest despotism. Without at present discussing the nature of his claims, or the means by which he has attained power, we note the services he has rendered to social order. These ought not to be forgotten, as they cannot be denied. One fact is manifest and indisputable—never during the early period of a new regime has France enjoyed such tranquillity as now. But we hesitate to go further; we dare not look too far into the future; and we doubt whether the warmest partisans of Louis Napoleon regard it without misgivings. While health and vigour of intellect are spared to him, he may continue successfully to repress the revolutionary spirit, and be more than a match for

any competitor who would dispute his throne. But in one respect at least, his position is similar to that of his uncle—he is alone. Neither a common misfortune nor a common prosperity has cordially united the members of the Buonaparte family; and, with the exception of Louis Napoleon himself, not one has shown capacity for command. It is true that the Emperor had long been considered as equally deficient. To the world he seemed an idle dreamer, haunted by a morbid desire for notoriety, and tormented by a vague and wild ambition. Many laughed at him, a few who believed him in earnest pitied him; but his attempts to realise his aspirations, and to overthrow the power of a man who had already spared his life, drew upon him general reprobation. Failure is not necessarily a proof of imbecility. Had the escape from Elba proved disastrous from the beginning, as was predicted by many, who fancied that the army had forgotten its old commander, few would have doubted that the mighty intellect which once swayed the destinies of Europe had been extinguished amid the horrors of the Russian campaign, or annihilated by the reverses of the subsequent period. Had Ney made his promise good, or had accident arrested the flight of the eagle from Cannes to the towers of Notre-Dame, Napoleon would have been ranked with the merest adventurer that ever, with stupid obstinacy, rushed upon his fate. In all such daring undertakings, success is everything. There are persons who believe that Louis Napoleon's chances at Strasburg and Boulogne were not so wretched as were generally supposed. Had either attempt succeeded—and the events of February proved what little root the Orleanist dynasty had taken in the country—none would have ridiculed Louis Napoleon, and he would have dated his reign from 1836 or 1840. But the incapacity of the other Buonapartes is not contested, and we believe it to be incontestible. The age of the only surviving brother of the first Emperor would preclude his playing any part more distin-

guished than the one he now fills. His son Napoleon pretended to a leadership among the most violent of the revolutionary faction, though his name must have made him an object of suspicion to the Mountain. He was foolish enough to embroil himself with the chief of his family, whilst he failed in obtaining the confidence, or winning the respect, of any political party in the state. His cousin, distrustful of one on whom in fact none can depend, has, with consummate dexterity, quietly extinguished him as a public man. A few soothing words, a complimentary phrase, the rank of Lieutenant-General, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, for the present, and, for the future, the prospect of succeeding to supreme power, have cooled the fervour of the republican chief, destroyed him in the opinion of the few who believed him sincere, but have not placed him in a better position with moderate men. He is mistrusted or disliked by all; and, in fact, so strong is the feeling of repulsion, that we believe his accession to power, under any circumstances, or with any denomination, would be the signal for a fierce and general resistance. The revolution of the Roman States brought the Prince of Canino into public notice; but his conduct in that crisis was not of a nature to recommend him to the French people. Pierre Buonaparte, after two or three not very reputable displays in the National Assembly, seems to have disappeared altogether. His brief military career in Africa is no addition to his fame. Of the other surviving sons of Lucien Buonaparte, two are very favourably spoken of; but as public men they are unknown. Their tastes and pursuits, however correct in private life, are not such as fit them for a high and arduous station. Their conduct may be irreproachable, but they do not possess the qualities requisite in such critical times as the present. Should the career of Louis Napoleon be suddenly closed, who is there of all his relations that could fill his place for a month?

What we have said of the Buonaparte family, and its want of influence, is applicable to most of those who were the actors in the revolution of February. Of those who have van-

ished from the scene as of those who remain, we doubt if there be one who is competent to the task of government. The most formidable opponents, or competitors, of Louis Napoleon were swept away on the 2d December, with scarce an effort. No hand was raised to save or to avenge them; for the events which followed the *coup d'état* were not occasioned by his treatment of Thiers, Changarnier, Baze, or Lamoricière; and the men of Clamecy did not slay or pillage to avenge the fate of the dispersed or captive members of the Assembly. This, perhaps, is as good a comment as any other on the revolution of February. The more we reflect, the more we are astonished how a nation like France, with its intelligent and brave population, should have submitted to that degradation; and how men can at this day look each other in the face and not blush for very shame and indignation, when they remember how they trembled at the nod of such creatures as those who then ruled over Paris, and whose follies they tolerated when they did not applaud them. It proves to us, if any doubt on that head yet existed, that France is still unfit for constitutional liberty; and we believe that some eminent and experienced men in that country hold the same opinion, although they dare not express it. The experiment was made under favourable circumstances from 1815 to 1848, and it failed, not so much on account of the opposition of the party avowedly opposed to liberal institutions, as of the strength of the democratic faction, and of the intrigues, the jealousies, the selfishness, and the blunders of the constitutional party itself.

We are not the admirers nor the apologists of Louis Napoleon. His desire to keep on pacific terms with foreign states, and particularly with this country, we believe to be mainly inspired by a wholesome regard for his own interests; but there is no reason why his declarations should be less entitled to credit than those of Lamartine, when he was at the head of public affairs. The best guarantee for peace is to be found in the vigilance and strength of the governments of Europe. Republican France could not long exist without propagandism,

and the attempt on the Belgian frontier, known as the expedition of *Risquons-Tout*, was but a foretaste of what the republic would have done when it had acquired stability. Propagandism was, in fact, the essential condition of its existence; and had the coterie, whose rule then disgraced the country, been allowed time to seat itself firmly in power, we should have seen inflammatory proclamations addressed to the "oppressed populations," and defiance flung in the face of every sovereign in Europe. Thanks, not to its sincerity, or to its pacific disposition, but to the terror inspired by the ferocious rabble which paralysed the energies of the new republic, and kept the government in constant alarm for its existence, no more serious attempt was made to invade other states. The editors of the *National*, and their friends and followers, were too much occupied in looking to their own interest, or taking care of their own throats, to rescue other nations from slavery. Had matters continued in that condition for some time longer, the government must have yielded, or have perished; the torrent would have swept away every obstacle to its fury, and we should soon have found how hollow was the moderation of a system which in reality depended on its revolutionising every state in Europe. We should have soon found what we were to expect from universal suffrage in the hands of desperate adventurers, for the few moderate but incapable men among them would have disappeared in the tempest.

One of the gravest charges brought against the French emperor is his treatment of the public press. The existence of the press depends, in fact, on his single will. The power intrusted to the government functionaries in the provinces, and sometimes capriciously exercised by them, of suppressing, after three warnings, a journal that, without in the least overstepping the limits of fair discussion, contains a statement displeasing to those persons, places the journalist at the mercy of the executive. Were the times we live in ordinary times, such a system could not be defended nor palliated. But if the press of France has been all but silenced, the cause is to be found in its own un-

justifiable excesses. The right to publish opinions on all subjects is one of those blessings which can only be appreciated by a people who have served a long and patient apprenticeship to liberty, and who know by experience that the freedom which deserves the name, or which possesses the elements of durability, is not the unbridled license which all at once succeeds a state of servile prostration. It was not thus that we have won that liberty. We had long laboured to find the point which is equally remote from prohibition, and from license, and we resolved the problem. We have ascertained the amount of freedom and the nature of the restraint which secure to public writers the greatest extent of discussion consistent with public order, and with respect for private character. Yet even with us the freedom of the press was not always what it now is; and not very long since productions would have been prosecuted as mischievous, or treasonable, which now pass as harmless dulness. "My government," Cromwell boasted, "is not worth preserving, if it cannot stand against paper-shot." The Protector did not, it is true, prosecute the libeller, but he trusted to the strong arm of power to keep him down. It is a long time since periodical publications were the systematic purveyors of gross slander, or ministered to the vitiated appetite of the vulgar; but the change is owing to the increased refinement of the reading public, to its improved taste, and sounder judgment. The lampooners are few and obscure who still gratify a morbid curiosity for scandal; who are not ashamed to subsist upon that base traffic; who find nothing too humble to escape notice, nothing too exalted for their audacity, nothing too sacred for their rapaciousness. All such excesses are, with us, brought to their proper level; and thanks to our good sense and love of justice, there is little fear that the press will lose its proper influence, and its claim to respect, or that it will ever fall before the hand of power.

In France, the freedom of the press has been, like everything else that is valuable, abused by that reckless people. The Revolution of February was the signal for the disruption of

all the bonds that kept society together; and liberty was only understood as giving to each man the power of acting as he pleased, without the remotest reference to, or regard for, his fellow-citizen. Scarcely had the barricades disappeared from the streets of Paris, when a crowd of publications appeared in every form, style, and denomination, and of every imaginable doctrine. No people have a more acute perception of the ridiculous than the French; none are more witty in exposing the weaknesses or the prejudices of others; none more sensitive when their own foibles or vices are held up to derision, or to censure; and yet few afford so much material for both. Were these incomprehensible eccentricities of a harmless nature, they would be simply amusing; but the world is sometimes made to pay too dearly for its laughter. The press could not escape the discredit into which every other institution had fallen. A patient writer has taken the trouble to enumerate and describe the new publications, daily and weekly, which started suddenly into existence immediately after the insurrection of February, and which expired before the Dictatorship of 1851. The curious list counts not less than twelve hundred newspapers for Paris, most of them published under the strangest titles, and advocating theories the most incompatible with order, such as it was even then understood—theories so wild that, if carried into practice, they would transform the most polished nation in Europe into a land of savages. It must not be supposed that these effusions were unheeded by the public. They were addressed to the most ignorant and brutal part of the populace—to men who had arms in their hands, and were reeking from the insurrection in which they had been victorious; and who were only too desirous to be let loose on the aristocrat or the capitalist—that is, on every man who did not wear a blouse—who had a house over his head, or who had anything to lose. For months the excited populace were told, day after day, that they, and they alone, were the real sovereign of the nation—that they had

hitherto been enslaved by heartless, unprincipled, and cruel tyrants, who trafficked in their blood—that the moment had now come for the restitution of the civil rights of which they had been cheated, and of the property of which they had been plundered. All who belonged to the upper and middle classes were pointed to as the plunderers of the people; for, in revolutionary phraseology, that comprehensive term does not apply to those classes; and “the people” were exhorted to enforce restitution. The result of all this was what might naturally be anticipated. The theories preached by the Socialist journals, which mocked at all law, and defied all restraint, were soon after tried on the barricades of June. The titles of some of those publications were often as grotesque as the doctrines they defended were hideous. More than one respectable and moderate organ of opinion was hurried away by the current. The *Gazette de France*, the oldest of the French newspapers, and the supporter of legitimacy, changed its name, and advocated, under a revolutionary title, doctrines more suited to the wild humour of the moment. In the hope that the restoration of Henry V. would be effected in the general confusion, it supported the “appeal to the people,” and, to attain its object, descended to flatter the passions of the mob, under the alluring title of *The Banquet Social*. The *Sans Culotte* represented the ideas of the notorious Blanqui, now or very recently a prisoner in the fortress of Belle-Isle, for the part he took in the insurrection of the 15th May. The *Sans Culotte* was founded by a journeyman tailor named Hilby; all aristocratic privileges—including, of course, that of wearing the necessary article of clothing from which the journal derived its name—were denounced in its pages. The *Lunettes du Père Duchesne*, originally *La République des Femmes*, excited the revolutionary spirit in women, not only in political, but in domestic concerns. The *Journal des Cotillons*, also for the use of the sex, kept up the republican flame by means of poetical effusions, one of which, the *Marseillaise des Cotillons*, exhorted

them to throw off the matrimonial yoke, and proclaim the superiority of women over their tyrant husbands. The *Règne du Diable* (or *Devil's Reign*) was illustrated by a frontispiece displaying the Devil. In the foreground was a panther, holding in his claws a toad and a serpent; to the left, brother Leotand, of the Christian fraternity of Toulouse, strangling his victim Cecile Combettes—Louis Philippe and a Capuchin; on the other side were grouped a member of the order of Jesuits, the Duke of Praslin murdering his wife, and the Pope encouraging him, while Proudhon looked joyously over all in the form of a winged spirit. The *Robespierre* was another whose title sufficiently indicated its principles. It professed social reforms after the manner of and by the same means as its prototype. Its articles were a dilution of the speeches of the terrible Dictator in the Convention. "The people"—that is, the Sans Culottes, "were," it said, "the sole sovereign; the representatives were but the people's clerks." It demanded the abolition of the penalty of death for political crimes, and "the abolition of misery—perfect liberty, equality, fraternity, solidarity, unity. The *Robespierre* was founded with the twofold object of indicating the remedies for social misery, and holding up to public execration the reactionists who lull the people to sleep, and the mountebanks who flatter it for their own selfish purposes. The *Robespierre* will not fail in its mission," &c. &c. One of the "reactionists" thus denounced was no less a personage than the patriotic tailor who had given such proofs of disinterestedness, by denouncing as an aristocratic privilege the use of breeches. The *Lampion Républicain* commenced its task of enlightening the public by an article entitled "The Massacre of June, or the Tomb of Liberty;" and it deified the insurgents who made that month so memorable in the revolutionary annals of Paris. Such are a very few, but not the worst specimens, of the newspaper press which flourished in those days. Each journal pretended to be the only true expounder of the people's rights. Religion, respect for legitimate authority, the domestic

virtues—all, in fact, which men had been accustomed to regard with reverence, were denounced as the prejudices and errors of a barbarous age and a corrupt society, and on the ruins of which a new system would be organised, when man could gratify his passions without restraint, and free from the tyranny of laws, human or divine. In some the worship of the Almighty was scoffed at, and characterised as a degrading superstition; and, in others, Heaven was appealed to, to sanction the most blasphemous ravings. The abolition of all fiscal rights enabled the dealers in this mischievous trash to sell it at the lowest price, and to circulate it in every corner of France. Every low wine-house—which supplied liquors as brutalising and noxious to the body, as those effusions were to the mind—was converted into a reading or debating-room. At break of day the venders of these papers were seen dogging the steps of the workman as he proceeded to his daily labour. For the smallest coin the labouring classes, already inspired with hatred against the upper ranks, had this moral poison administered to them. The excesses of the press in the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe had been of such a nature as to require the application of the stringent laws known as the *Laws of September*; but, at the period of which we speak, the *National* itself, the well-known organ of the republican faction, was deemed as reactionist as the temperate and monarchical *Débats*. It is quite clear that no government, and no society, could possibly exist in such conditions. Those who had denounced those laws as a wanton act of oppression, soon felt the necessity of putting a stop to the increasing evil. General Cavaignac, who was regarded as the personification of republican virtue, though of moderate opinions, treated the press, when he was in power, with very little ceremony indeed. It is true he was accused of acting so out of regard for the party to which he belonged, and from undue partiality towards its chosen organ, which he desired to raise on the ruin of a rival journal; but, whatever was his real motive, it is certain that, on the plea

of public safety, he suppressed several journals by his sole authority, and shut up their editors in solitary confinement, without form of law or judgment of any kind.

The recklessness which characterised the press of that day was surpassed, if possible, by the clubs, when the right of meeting for the discussion of political topics was uncontrolled. In those permanent associations, soon organised in every quarter of Paris, the same exaggerated doctrines which were enunciated in print were proclaimed with all the additional stimulants that fluent and impassioned language, theatrical gesticulation, and exciting incident could supply. Rhetorical flights which, in our country, would have been received with derisive laughter, were seriously listened to, literally interpreted, and rapturously applauded by an admiring audience. There might be heard the apostate priest taking his revenge for the restraints imposed on him by his previous profession, and often surpassing, in indecent violence, the most depraved of his hearers. Some restraint was placed on the clubs after the June insurrection, but still violent harangues continued to be delivered in those places of public resort where the audience was principally composed of the lower classes of society; and the notorious agitators and conspirators of the time—the Barbés, the Blanquis, &c. — were described as martyrs in the cause of true freedom, and as models of civic virtue. The question was familiarly discussed, whether a private citizen had not the right to take the law into his own hands, and become the public avenger the moment the conduct of a government became suspicious in his eyes; and, on an occasion of election for some municipal office, or for promotion in the national guard, a candidate was summoned to give a pledge that he would strike down, with his own hand, the chief of the government, whenever he suspected him of designs unfavourable to the republican cause. The right of insurrection was admitted, as a matter of course; and each citizen was free judge of the proper occasion. In little more than a month after the revolution of February, 250 clubs were permanently sitting; and

in three months, 450. These, like their predecessors in the great revolution, soon menaced the National Assembly itself. United at first, they soon broke out into hostility with each other. Each aspired to be predominant, and to represent the nation. Each maintained that it alone was the body from which representatives, public functionaries, ministers, and even dictators, should be selected. To the populace was offered the most fulsome adulation. The workman's blouse was alone the badge of virtue. Criminals who had spent years in prison or at the hulks, were held up as objects for popular enthusiasm; and the slightest penalty paid for a political offence was considered sufficient to purge the moral guilt of a life. The proceedings of these assemblies were conducted with much external form. They had their presidents, their vice-presidents, and secretaries; their questors, their ushers, their tribunes for the speakers, their regulations, their orders of the day, after the most approved fashion of regular deliberative bodies. All this vast organisation was further aided by the secret societies, of which it is not our intention now to speak. The wretched government of the day was incessantly harassed by messages and delegations from these clubs, communicating their respective resolutions, and commanding their execution, under pain of displeasure, within the shortest possible period. Their mandates were issued to the whole of France; and not alone to France, for they likewise pretended to dictate their will to the people of foreign countries. On one occasion a member of a club happening, in the course of some wild harangue, to express his sympathy for the Turks, it was proposed to send delegates to Constantinople, and summon the inhabitants to raise barricades, and establish a Byzantine republic on the model approved by the club. From these bodies issued emissaries to every part of France, to propagate hatred against the upper classes; and the triangular cards were displayed in the hats of those agents of discord with the same ostentatious insolence that the tricoloured scarfs were exhibited as signs of authority by the commissioners

sent to the armies under the first republic. Independently of the clubs where general propagandism was organised, each trade, each calling, had its own association, similarly constituted, for its special purposes. Women, too, regardless of the modesty without which they lose all title to respect, and almost to protection, exhibited themselves at the tribune or on the platform, harangued nightly audiences, and dwelt with rapture on the new era, when the narrow ideas and prejudices of another age, respect for religious and moral obligations, should no more be heard of, and supreme felicity would be found in the pleasing facilities of communism. In these hotbeds of impiety and sedition, the refuse of foreign countries—men whom crimes, other than political, had driven into exile—were to be found. Vagrant artists—obscure and discontented *litterateurs*—*condottieri* belonging to no country in particular, but whose trade was to disturb all, and who saw, in the approaching convulsion of Europe, that their services would soon be in demand—operatives from the faubourgs of Paris, or the provincial cities, of abandoned habits, too slothful to work (though "*travail*" was eternally in their mouths), but not too proud to subsist on the labours of the few who were mean-spirited enough to submit to the griping capitalist—the scum of society, in fact, might be found congregated in these places, where plunder and extermination were the order of the day. By day and by night, endless processions traversed the streets, shouting the Marseillaise, and marching to the beat of drum, with banner displayed; and the peaceful citizen looked on, helpless and in silent dismay, at the dark masses of scowling patriots, who marked in their mind's-eye the houses of the "rich" for the hour when the "rights of the people" should no longer be only a theory. The men who had attained power by such terrible agency were struck with terror at their monstrous creation, which now menaced their own existence. It is true that they made an effort to conjure the danger; but the police agents and spies, who were charged with watching and repeating

the proceedings of the clubs and secret societies, and who had to be increased to ten times their ordinary number, could only disclose the immensity of the peril, without being able to avert it. Grief and terror were in every heart, desolation in every house, for the life and property of no man were worth a week's purchase. Even the leaders of the revolutionary party felt and acknowledged the general alarm. "The people!" cried Mathieu de la Drome in the National Assembly, himself a member of the Mountain, and a Socialist; "we must not confound the *people* with that vile rabble, that filth which rots and diffuses its pestilence over society, nor with the degraded and abandoned things that wriggle in the mire, intent on destroying all society, and bringing about some dreadful catastrophe, to profit by the general disorder, and give free scope to their hellish passions. These wretches are known. They bear on their brows the brand of infamy! These are the men who want to be electors; but they are not those who have given heroes to our armies: they furnish heroes only to the scaffold!" True; but in such times as these we speak of, they form the material for the professional revolutionist, and they are the men whose energy makes them masters after having served as instruments. We now ask whether the "rights of the people," so understood, and so practised, are these, the loss of which is to be deplored? We have the firm conviction, that were the House of Bourbon restored to France to-morrow, the same restrictions that at this moment exist, would be maintained, for without them no government could last six months; and we are justified in repeating our assertion, that neither at present, nor for a long time to come, will France be fit for a manly, moral, and regulated liberty.

In noticing the career of the man whose firmness has repressed many of the excesses, of which we have presented but a very slight and hasty outline—though, as must happen in such cases, liberty has suffered in the operation—we confess that we have been more surprised at his first election to the presidency of the French republic than at his subsequent success.

With scarcely any advantages in his favour, he presented himself as a candidate for the important and perilous office, not only in opposition to lesser competitors — such as Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, and the like — but against one of another stamp, and of a better order.

The mere personal merits of General Cavaignac were not very remarkable. His talents, though respectable, were far from commanding. He had the weakness to submit to be the tool of the paltry *coterie* of the *National* newspaper. But, such as he was, he had indisputably one advantage to which his rival had no pretensions — he had just rendered an immense service to Paris, to France, perhaps to all Europe, by his repression of the sanguinary insurrection of June. His politics, or rather those of his family, were not of a nature to tranquillise men of order with respect to the future, when once the fear of general pillage and massacre was allayed. He had, in his place in the National Assembly, professed the highest admiration for his father, and that father had been one of the Terrorists of the Convention; and it could not be forgotten that his brother Godfrey passed many years of his life in plotting against the government of Louis Philippe. His own conduct, however, during the tremendous crisis when France was on the brink of ruin, outbalanced, with the party of order in the capital, all these considerations. On such occasions, men are not apt to be very particular, and they who still trembled at the possible revival of a Convention and of Committees of Public Safety, were ready to cling to any one who had showed the will and the power to save them. The June insurrection was, as we have observed, an event not soon to be forgotten. The marks of that bloody contest were still present; the remains of barricades still blocked up the way; the streets were not repaved; the houses where the deadly struggle was carried on with the greatest desperation, still showed the ruin caused by shot and shell; the blood-stains had not as yet disappeared from the public places. But while these signs proved the extent of the insurrection, they also testified to

the valour which had defeated it. That was a service not easily to be forgotten, and it deserved reward; and though exceptions might be taken to Cavaignac's conduct, in a military point of view, they were all absorbed by the universal feeling of gratitude. Popular enthusiasm was carried to its height; General Cavaignac's services were pronounced to be greater than those any man had ever rendered to his country; and he, whose name, a few short months before, had scarcely been heard out of the division of the army of Africa to which he belonged, was hailed as the deliverer of Europe. At that moment, everything was within his reach, every one bowed before him. The dictatorship was conferred on him by unanimous consent. His title to the admiration of the nation seemed as lasting as it was then undisputed; and when the period should arrive for the nomination of a chief of a republic that had twice received its baptism in blood, few in or out of France doubted that he who had shot down by thousands the combatants of the barricades, would receive the recompense to which he had so fair a claim.

Were the pretensions or personal merits of the rival who then started on the scene to dispute that prize, equal to those of Cavaignac's? Were they similar to them? Could he also point to honour protected from violence, life and property saved from destruction, to the repression of rebellion against the law? Nothing of the kind. The only incidents in his previous life which redeemed it from obscurity were, his adventures at Strasburg and Boulogne, and their miserable failure; and adventures of such a kind were not of a nature to recommend him at that moment to the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, but rather confirmed the opinion, which had been pretty general, of his utter incapacity. In such unpromising circumstances, the idea of Louis Napoleon becoming a candidate for the presidency of the republic, in opposition to General Cavaignac, was at first received with derision, and the individual who ventured a conjecture in favour of his success was reckoned in the general estimation quite as imbecile as the candidate himself. Means

of bribery he had none; *then*, at all events, he could neither corrupt nor intimidate. He was powerless, and we doubt whether he was not almost penniless. It was said that, in those difficult days, he was obliged to draw frequently on the resources of a few persons who had in other times been connected with his family. Among his electioneering friends there was scarcely a name that carried influence with it, and he could not count upon a single man in the army. During his canvass in Paris, there was no moment, by day or night, that he was not under the *surveillance* of the police. Every movement was watched, every act noted, every word that fell from his lips was at once set down in the tablets of police spies, and communicated to the government, the head of which was his popular rival. That rival was at that same moment the dictator of France, and with the whole of the vast machinery of an administration that places the nation in the hands of the central government, with its prefects, its sub-prefects, &c., at his absolute disposal. All this machinery was used against the pretender; and no means of opposition, short of imprisoning or banishing him, were spared. The hostility of the National Assembly to him grew actually to madness. The Legitimists, who believed that their hour of triumph was at last approaching; the Orleanists, whose king had finished his career so shamefully; the Reds and the Socialists, who had so recently lost the opportunity of establishing a regime of terror and of general spoliation,—all hating each other, but united in their common hatred of Louis Napoleon, whose personal claims to be at the head of the republic were so few, but whose name, they had some misgivings, was not so completely eradicated as was supposed, from the memory of the French people. The bare mention of that name roused to fury the nine hundred legislators who were congregated in what was once the Palais Bourbon. It is true that, in a short time, several of the party of order agreed to take him under their protection, until such time as their own projects were ripe for execution. But, in the commencement, the prospects of Louis Napoleon were gloomy

indeed. Day after day the reports of the government functionaries and agents of every class, and who were supposed to be accurately acquainted with the state of the public mind, announced the certainty of General Cavaignac's return by a triumphant majority, and of the third and final failure of the ex-prisoner of Ham in his attempt to force himself on a country that detested him.

In addition to the more legitimate means employed by the government for its own chief, an agency of another, and a more questionable kind, was set to work. Scurrilous lampoons, vile caricatures, gross libels, were transmitted to the departments. They penetrated everywhere. They were to be found on every way-side, in the remotest hamlet, in the meanest hut, in the most obscure corner of the territory of the republic. Those were profitable times for the whole crew of libellers. Neither the living nor the dead were spared, neither sex nor age. Louis Napoleon's entire life was raked up, and exposed to the derision of the populace. Nothing was deemed too mean or too bad to crush a rival who was at first scorned, but whom his opponents soon began to fear. And those fears were soon realised; for the obscure and contempted adventurer, the baffled conspirator who had neither weight, nor prestige, nor money, nor men—whose past career had no service nor merit to show—polled six millions of votes, and did so at a moment when the heart of every Frenchman was panting at the recollection of the death struggle a few months before, and had not forgotten whose hand it was that saved them.

The ratification of the choice of the nation was wrung from a hostile Assembly, and it envenomed the feeling which it had repeatedly exhibited against Louis Napoleon: that body was defeated and humiliated. The 47th clause of the Constitution specified that, if the candidate for the presidency did not obtain a certain number of votes, or did not fulfil certain conditions also described, the nomination of the chief of the state was vested in the National Assembly; and there was no doubt on whom its choice would in such case fall. It

was, therefore, with repugnance that it received a president thus forced upon it; and from that moment till its agitated existence was brought to a sudden close, the new chief of the government and the legislature were, with a brief interval, in a state of disguised or open hostility. We believe that neither the one nor the other was sincere from the beginning. Those Royalists who had at first equalled, if they did not surpass, the "republicans of the eve" in clamorous enthusiasm for the new order of things as founded by the Revolution, were as false in that respect as they were in giving their votes to Louis Napoleon. Their real intention was to obtain breathing-time in order to maintain their own places. They were not unwilling to grant a lease of power for six months or so to the man they affected to take under their protection, and they reposed on the hope that, when the opportune moment came, they could effect a bargain with the temporary occupant of the place which of right belonged to the legitimate sovereign; and that he would give it up on a fair consideration. They never thought that he would have the power or the will, so soon as the popular delusion had passed off, to resist such tempting offers as had, for instance, been vainly pressed by the Count de Provence on the First Consul. As for any chance of his being able to maintain that place against them, no one dreamed of such a thing. The republicans of every colour determined to renew the contest in the streets on every favourable occasion; and as they still believed that the president was utterly incapable, their design was deemed easy of accomplishment. The general opinion of his deficiency in moral courage, energy, and intelligence was greatly in favour of those views. His near relationship to the Emperor did not imply that he possessed a particle of the great administrative qualities which, in addition to his talents for war, distinguished that wonderful man. His intellect was supposed to be far beneath mediocrity, and the chief of each political party felt confident of moulding him to his own purpose. These parties were not less insincere towards each other than

they were with respect to Louis Napoleon. Whenever they affected the language of respect or conciliation to him, or to each other, distrust, hatred, and desire of vengeance were in their hearts. Each had for ever in view his own separate object; and whenever there was an appearance of unanimous feeling it was directed against him. It is not our intention to go over the history of the period between the election of the 10th December 1848, and the *coup d'état* of 1851; but we believe that few impartial men will pronounce our opinion of the state of parties inaccurate, or will entertain any reasonable doubt of what was planned when the term of the Presidential office should have arrived.

It is now proved that, as respects Louis Napoleon, all parties had calculated falsely. What was believed to be deficiency in moral qualities was the result of habitual reserve or profound dissimulation. The first Brutus never masked, under the exterior of a fool or a buffoon, the qualities which have perpetuated his name, more successfully than the President concealed the real energy and determination of his mind. Reserved and taciturn even with his intimates, or those who were believed to be such, few supposed him to be otherwise than weak in purpose, and hesitating in action. Nothing that was reported of him was too gross for belief. He was described as a vulgar voluptuary, with a head turned by unexpected success. His moral obtuseness and insensibility were believed to be so great that every whipster thought he could insult him with perfect impunity in the Assembly or in the streets. He was too callous to feel injury, and too timid to resent it; and his patient dissimulation accredited the general opinion. The matter, however, is easy of explanation. His mistrust of those who had access to him may be traced to the peculiarity of his situation, long previous and subsequent to his elevation to power. For years he had brooded, with the conviction of a fatalist, on the part he believed that he was one day to fill before the world. Throughout all the vicissitudes of his life he never lost sight of that object. When traversing the Atlantic on his way to the country to which

the government he had vainly sought to overthrow banished him, he is said to have declared to the captain of the vessel, that all the trouble taken by Louis Philippe was to no purpose; that his destiny was to rule over France; and that, when his hour came, no human force could prevent it. His life was one conspiracy in thought, if not in deed; and we do not doubt that he shared the fate of all conspirators, and that, with all his caution, his counsels were occasionally betrayed. It is certain that his project of the descent at Boulogne was known for months previous to the French police, and he fell into a snare laid for him by the government of the day. "It is clear," observes M. Regnault, in his *Histoire d'Huit Ans*, "that the Cabinet of the Tuileries was accurately informed of all that passed in London, noted all the preparations, directed them, and received day by day, and hour by hour, information as to all the proceedings and all the acts of the prince. There were in the despatch-boxes of the Minister of the Interior—and we do not know if they are not still there—reports containing minute details of all the movements of the prince, both at home and abroad: 'He rose at such an hour; went out at such an hour; visited at such a house; returned home, and went out again to visit at another; had a conference with such a personage,' &c. &c. In a word, information was communicated of the most intimate and uninterrupted relations he had with any one. The French ambassador in London also received exact and minute intelligence, even without being at the trouble to seek it; and when he was written to from Paris, not to spare money in making himself acquainted with the plot, he replied, 'I do not want money, information is brought to me without my asking it.'" The disappointment of these attempts must have rendered him suspicious of all who approached him then and afterwards. And it would indeed be surprising if, taking into account the state of parties in France, and with enemies in his very Cabinet, and probably while still cherishing designs of future grandeur, he were otherwise than suspicious and reserved. Nor did his

countenance betray his thoughts; his unexpressive features, and his dull sleepy eyes, aided that power of dissimulation, and made him appear what not merely superficial people, but even acute physiognomists thought he was, but what it is now admitted that he is not. His first attempt at public speaking in the National Assembly kept up the delusion. His talents were believed to be most contemptible, and another pen got the credit of the political pamphlets published in his name. His habit of listening in indolent silence, without reply, or comment, were ascribed to the same cause; and the very clever intriguers, and even the practised statesmen who, asked or unasked, tendered him their advice, or their admonitions, quitted him in disgust, shrugging their shoulders, and pitying the country that selected to rule over it the inglorious bearer of a glorious name. The official messages he communicated to the Assembly, or the speeches he read at banquets, or railroad inaugurations, were placed to the account of some discreet and clever friend. He was thought no more capable of composing, or even dictating, a state paper, than of speaking extempore in public; and no more capable of either than of planning or executing a successful *coup d'état*, until he put the one and the other beyond all doubt.

We are not of opinion that, since his elevation to the imperial throne, the policy of Louis Napoleon has been at home and abroad a signal failure; or that on all occasions, where he has made a step in advance, he has been obliged to draw back. Eighteen months have now elapsed since the decisive blow was struck, and the first period of no preceding government has passed in greater tranquillity. The frequent political changes that have taken place in France; the practice of holding up to public admiration every bold adventurer who revolts against the mildest regime; the contempt and hatred excited against all invested with authority, from the king to the sub-prefect, or commissary of police; the sympathy manifested towards all who disturbed public order; the habit of glorifying the conspirator, and of giving the name of martyr to the assassin; the

systematic calumny against all in power, have long since eradicated affection or enthusiasm from the breasts of many Frenchmen. Warmth of feeling may still be found in those parts of the country which are remote from the scenes of political agitation, and from the contagion of revolutionary cities; but France, we rather think, is still the France of the *Fronde*, as it was in the days of Cardinal de Retz. Of the three monarchs that preceded Louis Napoleon, not one of them stern or cruel, and with qualities that entitled them to respect, none could win popularity, though they all may have deserved it.

In Louis Napoleon's relations with foreign governments, his success in the most important act of his life, and the one that was most displeasing to them, has been beyond what few indeed ventured to anticipate. It is well known that the main object of the treaties of 1815 was the perpetual exclusion from power in France, not only of Napoleon I., but also of his family. To that object were directed the efforts of the powerful sovereigns whose collective strength crushed him; and in its attainment they believed that they had fully succeeded. That a Buonaparte would ever govern that nation with any title, or under any form of authority, would have been deemed one of the wildest dreams that ever haunted the imagination. When the question of the present empire was at first seriously agitated, the man who believed that Louis Napoleon's elevation to that dignity could be tolerated by northern Europe, would have been regarded as not much better than a fool. It was unwillingly admitted that a Presidency or a Consulate for ten years, but only in virtue of a new popular election, and by way of recompense for the general services he had rendered in putting down the Socialists, was the utmost those powers would suffer. The imperial dignity for life was of course out of the question; and as for the idea of hereditary authority, with a title derived from the great usurper, whom all men's hands had beaten down, it was too absurd to be even noticed. Everything was against him; the

memory of the many wrongs which every nation in continental Europe, the weakest as well as the mightiest, had endured from one Buonaparte; the coalitions of great potentates; the solemn treaties formed for common defence, and against a new usurpation. Louis Napoleon was, nevertheless, elected Emperor of the French, not merely for life, but with power to transmit his title to his successors; he announced himself the continuator of a dynasty which was thought to be extinguished for ever, and, with an audacity not surpassed in history, *supposed* a reign which had no existence in fact; maintained what he dared to term the rights of the Duke of Reichstadt, and proclaimed himself by the style and title of Napoleon III. We really do not see how a man who has done such things can be said to have failed, or to have been baffled in all he has undertaken. In some points of his policy he may have been unsuccessful, as older and more firmly established governments occasionally are. But he has, under every adverse circumstance, won the greatest prize of all—the one which had been the ambition of his life.

Of the duration of the power thus obtained in despite of every obstacle, we hesitate to say more than we have already said. Of the manner in which it is exercised, we repeat that the French people have shown themselves, after repeated trials, to be unfit for a liberal government, such as that which exists in this more favoured country. What has taken place is of their own doing, their own seeking. They have not appreciated, nor supported, a mild and liberal rule; and for a long time to come they will only be fit for a strong one. But the merit of the imperial government—and it is one that ought not to be undervalued—is to have known how to tame the spirit of revolution, a task under which the Bourbons succumbed. The real danger is to suppose that that spirit is definitively laid at rest. It has shrunk before a strong hand and a determined will. It has not been wholly destroyed, but it has been driven from the streets: and that at least is something gained.

THE SHADOW ON THE WAY.

"The angel of the Lord stood in the way."

LIGHTED by daylight mild and fair,
I see my path a little way ;
There is no fairy brightness there,
But the blue skies of quiet day—
The morning light, the common air,
Are over it alway.

I have my griefs, I have my fears—
Share of the storms that come to all ;
But the strong arm of love upbears
My heart, whate'er befall.
My soul is prodigal of hope,
My life doth sit and watch intent
To see some special blessings drop,
Whence all good things are sent.
Yea, of such wishes, giant-strong,
Some one or two lay hands on me ;
Hard would the combat be, and long,
My heart from their close grasp to free,
Even though God's voice, the strife among,
Sent its last call to me.

O quiet days, O gentle life,
O love, most dear and kind of all !
Mercy and hope, and blessings rife,
Make shadows slow to fall.
Yet sometimes clouds, a frowning line,
Will steal across those kindly skies ;
And now and then some tears of mine,
Under this fair and soft sunshine,
Make rainbows to mine eyes.

I see my path a little way,
Unburdened upon any hand,
And smiles of April's coming day
Steal, gleaming, o'er the land.
What is it, then, amid this light,
That stands upon the road afar,
Both in the day and through the night,
Outwatching every star ?
A thing of dimness and of shade,
The hidden face I cannot see ;
But only feel my steps waylaid,
And know he waits for me.

Nor voice, nor speech, nor any sound,
Comes through this softening air of spring,
No forward footsteps o'er the ground
On the still echoes ring.
No haste—O heaven ! faint grows my heart,
To see the calm of this sure fate :
We haste on our uncertain part,
But God's fixed will can wait.

Morning and night, and joyous noon,
 Unchanging here his place he holds,
 Hiding his form from sun and moon,
 In these great mantle folds.
 My thoughts have failed in every wile;
 No choice is mine; faint as I may,
 I cannot 'scape one lingering mile,
 I must not bate one timid day;
 My path is on, till, frown or smile,
 I meet him in the way.

Death has ne'er crossed our household gate,
 Nor ever once come near to me;
 Methinks it were a happy fate,
 To know him first, if this were he.
 While yet no vacant place is here,
 While yet no hope is hopeless grown,
 Shadow, if this be thou, appear
 In thine own shape—I will not fear
 To go with thee alone.
 O ye who know his mien of old,
 Who have looked in, with bated breath,
 Within his mantle's solemn fold!
 Tell me if this be Death?

I see thee in the evening glooms,
 O shadow of my onward way!
 Clouding these quiet household rooms
 Through many an undawned day:
 There is weeping on some dearest faces,
 Some hearts are sad and silent grown;
 And out from these familiar places
 Myself am past and gone.

Yet are my thoughts not always thus;
 I see thee in another time,
 Thy veil'd hands full of flowers for us,
 Gifts of life's flush and prime.
 Sometimes, while one may draw a breath,
 An angel, gliding on the way,
 Holds back thy veil, and, lo! beneath
 Thou art not grief, thou art not death,
 But in thy mantle grey
 Dost only shroud and hoard awhile,
 Such gifts of price, most sweet and bright,
 As make thee fain to veil with guile,
 Through many a lingering day and night,
 The beaming of the conscious smile
 With which thy face is bright.

O shadowed form! O hidden face!
 Thou mak'st no haste approaching me,
 But day by day, with steady pace,
 Nearer I draw to thee;
 And whatsoe'er thy name may be,
 Whitherso'e'er thy coming tends—
 Or if my pathway passes thee,
 Or at thy fated station ends—
 Thou know'st what 'tis thou bring'st to me,
 I know who 'tis that sends.

M. W. O.

SYRIA.

WESTERN ASIA has been the scene of the most remarkable events of empire, and the most striking triumphs of civilisation, since the origin of society. The earliest associations of man, the earliest inventions by which man has dominion over nature, the earliest statesmanship, the earliest heroism, the earliest science, the earliest legislation, and even the earliest poetry, all belong to this magnificent, lovely, and illustrious region. We are beginning at length to comprehend the grandeur, of which the Scriptures had only given the outline, in the capitals of the East; and Babylon, Nineveh, Persepolis, and probably a multitude of other buried monuments of the slavish power and lofty conceptions of man, are yet to remind us, even in the ruins, of the superb beauty combined in Asiatic genius and Asiatic opulence.

Yet this vast and teeming territory has, for almost a thousand years, been lost, if not to the human eye, to the human contemplation. The Mahometan invasion, in the eighth century, swept away its civilisation, destroyed its efforts to share in the progress of Europe, and, like the lava, cooling from a torrent of fire to a covering of stone, left the soil barren until our time.

At the close of the last century, the French expedition to Egypt, under Napoleon, revived the attention of Europe; and from that period it has been almost an anxious object to the policy of the great European powers. The defence of Acre, one of the most noble achievements even of British bravery, awoke a national feeling to the fortunes of this memorable soil; and the seizure of Syria by Mehemet Ali in 1831, and in reserve by a great European Convention, brought the condition of Eastern Turkey immediately before the general eye.

The question of Turkish decay is too large for our inquiry at present; but there can be no doubt that it forms an important topic in the councils of

the leading cabinets. The chief object of the French invasion of Algiers in 1830—a desperate breach of faith, which has already cost the ruin of two dynasties—the Bourbon at the instant of its commencement, and the Orleans at the instant of its completion—was probably the future possession of Egypt, on the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. France had found the peril of attempting its seizure by sea, and had designed the safer conquest by a march overland. But whether this is truth or conjecture, Egypt, for the last hundred years, since the memoir of Savary and the projects of Sartine, has been an especial object of French ambition. The protectorate of the Wallachian and Moldavian provinces by Russia, and their possession in the first shaking of the Sultanry, is as regular a conception in the Russian heart as its daily bread, and the seizure of the provinces bordering on Austria is regarded as a kind of political necessity.

Under the present circumstances of Asiatic affairs, the whole territory at the head of the Mediterranean must demand the strictest observation, and the most accurate inquiry. And those objects ought not to be left to the reports of mere travellers, probably unfurnished with knowledge, and as probably biassed by private considerations. England ought to have agents in those countries, expressly prepared and commissioned for the purpose, and thus place herself in a position not merely to protect her ally in the hour of danger, but to prevent their possession by an enemy—for on Syria must depend, in a great degree, the safety of the Indian empire. A hostile power in possession of the Euphrates, and the road through the Desert, would soon cut off the route through Egypt, and reduce us to the circuit of the Cape once more.

But the policy of England is honest and true. It will take no part in the fall of an ally, and will respect the faith of treaties. We say this as a

Mount Lebanon, a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852. By Colonel CHURCHILL. Three Volumes. Saunders and Otley, London.

mere matter of principle, for we do *not* contemplate the fall of Turkey. She has *thirty millions* of people, and that people divided between strong attachment and humble submission. The Greek may murmur, but he will obey; the Turk will cling to the mosque and the throne till he is hacked from them by the sabre. He has no revolutionary follies in his head; he hates change; he despises European innovation, and he looks upon his European neighbours only with the recollection that his fathers once made them slaves, and the conviction that, if well led, their sons would make them slaves again. European politicians have predicted the fall of Turkey for the last hundred years, and it has baffled the prediction. When it falls, it will not be by the power of man. Barbarism will be shattered by a superior blow, and *then* the European kings may rush in and fight for the fragments. We altogether doubt the decay of Turkey. We cannot discover it in the decay of her national spirit, in the timidity of her councils, in the mutiny of her troops, in the disaffection of her people, or in the bankruptcy of her commerce; on the contrary, the spirit of improvement is giving evidence of action in all those sinews of national strength: and while we deprecate the infinite guilt and reckless ambition which tempts imperial power to look upon all within its reach as its prey, and, like the heathen, makes the name of neighbour equivalent to that of enemy, we cannot doubt that principle as well as policy will prompt England to maintain her own honour in maintaining the honour of her treaties with the Sultan.

We proceed to give a sketch of the history and circumstances of Syria—perhaps, for deliciousness of climate, beauty of landscape, and richness of production, the *finest territory* of the globe. The origin of the name has been, of course, an old subject of antiquarian discussion. Some suppose it to be derived from the ancient name of Tyre (Sur); some, with greater probability, from Assyria, of which empire it once formed a part, and which was named from Aashur the second son of Shem. In the Hebrew it is called Aram. Syria formed an

important feature in the Jewish history, from the time of David (B.C. 1056), by whom it was conquered, till the division of the empire of Alexander. The next masters were the Romans, in the general conquest of Western Asia. In the middle of the seventh century, the Saracens rushed on it like a whirlwind, and swept the Greek throne from the land. After three hundred years of possession, the Turkish invasion burst over the borders, and swept in its turn the throne of the Saracens. In the sixteenth century, Syria was united to the throne of the Sultan, under Solim the First. In 1799, it was invaded by Napoleon, who was beaten out of the country by the English, fled from his army, and left them to defeat and captivity.

In the year 1831, Mehemet Ali, who had assumed the sovereignty of Egypt, invaded and reduced Syria, routed the Turkish army at Homs, pressed on to the defiles of Mount Taurus (the key of Asia Minor), again beat the Turkish army at Rouah, taking the Grand Visier prisoner, and threatened to expel the Sultan, and finish the war at Constantinople!

The European cabinets stopped his march, and commanded him to retire, making a treaty by which he was left in possession of Syria. War again commenced in 1839, and an English fleet and army drove Ibrahim, his son and general, out of the country, which was finally restored to the Sultan: Mehemet Ali receiving the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, though as a vassal of the Sultanry (1841).

The names Syria and Aram are equally unknown to the natives, whose name for it is Esh-Sham (the country to the left), in contradistinction to Arabia, Yemen (the country to the right), as looking towards the east they take their bearings. Ancient Syria generally included the whole country from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and between the Taurus and the borders of Egypt.

If western Asia should ever become the theatre of war again—which it would unquestionably become in case of any attempt to dismember the Turkish dominions—Syria would be the chief field of battle, and its

possession would determine the fate of the whole. While Turkey stands, Syria must not be shaken; but if this great contingency should come, it is difficult to set any limit to the power, prosperity, civilisation, and opulence, for which it seems to have been designed. Commanding the head of the Mediterranean, the route by the Persian Gulf and the desert between India and Europe—abundant in fertility—possessing minerals, marbles, and forests—guarded by mountains and sands from surprise—and having a compact and vigorous population, which might be augmented to any number (for the land, under proper cultivation, might feed a hundred millions, and even then have a surplus for feeding Europe), Syria, under an intelligent government, equal laws, a rational religion, and a free monarchy, would be a model to the East, and a glorious highway for the progress of man.

But from what supremacy could we look for those magnificent results? Russia has her own task to fulfil in the deserts of the north; Germany has to sustain her own struggle in the midst of vast, active, and ambitious military powers; France *never* colonises effectively, and has the violent and difficult experiment before her of keeping Algiers in submission, to say nothing of progress. England alone is the power from which the full development of Syria could be derived. But England is an enemy to European extension of territory, has no ambition, and comprehends the weakness, the cares, and the political hazards of distant government too well, to desire the possession of territory which she could not control, and would not conquer. Thus its prosperity must rely on a native government, founded on freedom, possessing an enlightened faith, and giving to every man that power of advance, and that right of possession, which places a whole people under their own vine and their own fig-tree. There is no single event which could give a more effectual impulse to those noble regions, or to the general prosperity of the world, than an independent government, equal to its duties and worthy of its inheritance, in Syria.

But we must now limit our obser-

vations to a single province of this mighty country.

Mount Lebanon (the white mountain) designates a portion of the great range of hills on the northern border of Palestine. The Greek name is *Libanus*, which enables the geographer to distinguish its *two* portions or parallel ranges, the Libanus and Anti-Libanus—the former being the western ridge, facing the Mediterranean, and the latter the eastern, facing the plains of Damascus. These ranges include a fertile valley, about fifteen miles in breadth, called of old Cœlo-Syria (hollow Syria), but now El-Bekar (the valley). The Anti-Libanus again separates into two ridges, the eastern forming the Scriptural Mount Hermon.

Libanus is chiefly limestone, whose colour is visible at a great distance, and from which it probably derives its name; though the snow, which lies through the year on the highest summits, may have some share in the appellation.

Burckhardt's account of those celebrated ranges is interesting. The side of the Libanus exhibits nothing to the distant eye, but a barren extent of hills. Yet portions of the range are noble. On approaching the coast of Syria, the voyager is struck with the elevation of Mount Sannin, shooting up nearly two miles from the level of the sea, and exhibiting all the various aspects of an immense mountain clothed in snow, or crowned with clouds coloured by an Eastern sun. The view from the coast, extending over a range of thirty miles, shows every shape and shade of scenery; and villages and convents planted on the declivities give animation to the grandeur of the outline.

It is singular to find the peaceful production of the silk-worm among the chief employments of a people of warriors; but silk has, from time immemorial, been the chief resource of the Syrian mountaineer. For probably a thousand years the silk of Lebanon has been known in the Eastern markets for its rich yellow, and for the fineness of its thread. The wine is the next valuable product of the mountain. The vineyards are remarkably luxuriant; the grapes form an important portion of the peasant's

food, make good wine (in some instances excellent), and, by inspissating the juice, make syrup or treacle. The entire of the range is productive up to a certain distance from the summit. In the middle regions of the mountain are large groves of the olive, producing the finest quality of oil; and in this sheltered spot abound all the plants of the tropic and temperate zones—the lemon and orange, pomegranate, sugar-cane, banana, and coffee. Every plant which in Europe requires the aid of the hothouse may be ripened in the open air. The potato is remarkably fine, and *never* rots. Three successive crops of this most important root may be raised within the year, in the same field! The pea pods in two months, and may be reared both in summer and winter.

To the florist, Lebanon is one garden in the spring. All the garden-flowers of Europe grow wild in the valleys and the mountain clefts, and all in full fragrance and beauty.

Every peasant plants his own tobacco, and they are *connoisseurs* in its flavour. The prevalence of this taste is among the most curious anomalies of the human senses; but the peasant of the Lebanon has it in its highest indulgence. He distinguishes it by the various flavours of its *manure*! that of the goat being the *favourite*!

Nor are the bolder ornaments of the landscape wanting: forests of wild oak and fir cover portions of the region, tenanted by tigers, wolves, hyenas, jackals, and foxes. Nor do the honours of this noble territory end with its living productions; the Lebanon is an exhaustless quarry of the finest marble. At the foot of the hills the marble is reached by digging; but, as we ascend the mountain, large blocks start out, gradually increasing in number and compactness, until towards the summit they bed themselves in solid masses, displaying all sorts of fantastic shapes, and shooting upwards into pyramidal and castellated forms. There is no province of the earth which more strikingly gives the answer to all questions of the value of good government. Here the Creator stamped happiness upon the hills and valleys. Even the grandeur of human character was not wanting,

for the mountaineers are a brave, an honest, and an intelligent people. The land might be a paradise. But a Mahometan government implies poverty, tumult, and perpetual war against the bounties of nature.

In the Libanus villages abound, and their position is generally picturesque—either sheltered in the huge clefts, or perched on the shelves of the hills, as if they had been dropped from the skies, and might be swept into the valley. The hills are chiefly terraced, the grounds sustained by stone walls, and even the mould carried up to those hanging gardens. But all Oriental life is a struggle: the rapacious governor of a province carries off the fruits of a year's toil; the peasant, of course, contents himself with the scantiest labour that will produce his scanty harvest—and mere existence is the extent of his possession, or perhaps of his claim. The temperature is singularly even. In winter it rarely falls to 30°, and it as rarely ascends to 75°. Frost is almost unknown. Geraniums, dahlias, and all kinds of vegetables, stand out in all the winter. The winters of the lower declivities are like an English spring. The harvest begins in July, and is over by the end of August. Lebanon has no malignant or epidemic diseases. The peasantry are liable to fever and ague, from imprudent exposure to heat and cold; but the cholera, though raging in the plains, has never tainted the mountaineer.

There are no paupers; but among the Maronites there are mendicants, and their mendicancy is a *profession*. There are two villages, named Shenaneer and Murtaba, wholly tenanted by the "profession." In winter they live at home, and live well; in summer they equip themselves in the professional costume, take staff in hand, and *practise*. Of this the peasantry tell many a tale, in this style:—

A merchant of Beyrout, happening to be benighted in Murtaba, solicited a lodging. A hospitable householder, standing at his door, invited him in. Everything had the look of affluence; furniture, domestics, supper, all were on a scale equally pleasing and surprising to the traveller, who felt himself fortunate in his good quarters.

Supper being ended, the master of

the entertainment asked the traveller whether he did not recognise him. His memory was searched in vain; at last the Maronite told him, that he was the individual beggar whose greasy wallet he had so often filled with the scraps of his kitchen! He then took his astonished guest into another apartment, and showed him a hundred bales of silk!

The Maronite excuse for this imposture is, of course, *piety*. They profess to follow *His* example "who had not where to lay his head." And this is the excuse for a career of laziness and lies! But whether the Maronite or the monk began the profession, the practice and the pretence are the same.

The chief division of the Lebanon is the Bisberry, containing a population of 50,000 Maronites—brave, but furiously bigoted. Of this they gave a late example. Among the villages to which strangers generally remove in summer, there is one whose rich chestnut trees and fresh springs give it a peculiar charm. About two years ago, the American missionaries settled at Tripoli moved to the village, intending to reside for some months. The whole party arrived in the evening, and the Americans proposed to enjoy the cool air. But the mules had scarcely been unloaded when the whole village was up in arms. The priests were seen hurrying about, crucifix in hand; the village bell rang incessantly; the villagers were in universal agitation. The Americans sallied forth to know the reason of the uproar. They were met by a shout of "Down with the Bible men! Not an hour in the village! Away with you; this is no place for heretics."

The Americans attempted to make terms: "Let us stay for the night, and we shall be gone in the morning." But the priests would hear of no delay. The villagers threatened to burn them in their house; the torches were already lighted. The missionaries, of course, had only to submit. The mules were loaded again; and, in the midst of a roaring rabble, they set out at midnight and returned to the plains. In the eyes of the Maronites, the priest is everything.

But God is not left "without witnesses;" and there are few countries

of Christianity, however degraded, in which, from time to time, some remarkable man is not raised up to give evidence of the truth. The convent of Kanobin, a huge building in one of the wildest gorges of the hills, has a striking interest attached to it from a remembrance of this kind.

Assaad Shidiak, a Maronite, of a respectable family in Beyrout, having accidentally met with a Bible, and comparing it with the doctrines and practices of his countrymen, was prompted to attempt their reformation. He loudly denounced the national errors, inviting his hearers to read the Bible for themselves. His family warned him, the priests threatened; and all in vain. At length he was summoned before the patriarch, who resided at Kanobin. Assaad was first reasoned with, from the fathers and the national traditions; he answered from his Bible. Further measures were soon adopted: he was placed in a dismal vault, where his only provisions were bread and water. Weeks thus rolled on; but he was still unconverted. And, whether assisted or not, on one tempestuous night he contrived to leave his prison walls behind him.

After a march through rocks and precipices, he found himself bewildered in a forest, and told his tale to a goatherd. The man cruelly captured him, and brought him back to the convent. From that time he disappeared. Deprived of light, living on the most meagre food, and fastened down with chains, under the pretence of lunacy, the martyr soon died!

Among the Maronite convents, the principal is Kashaya, built at the extremity of a deep and gloomy gorge. But the fertility of the climate, and the labours of the monks, have filled the sides of the glen with natural beauty; the mulberry, vine, and all the varieties of flowers and vegetables, flourish in their utmost luxuriance.

The convent is dedicated to St Anthony. The Saint's virtues having been demonstrated by his own resistance to Satan, his office now is to drive the demon out of others. Crowds of pilgrims haunt the vicinage of this holy exorcist. On arriving, they are placed in a large apartment, hewn out of the rock, in advance of the convent.

The monks are instantly in attendance, performing all the offices of hospitality; supplying refreshments and everything necessary to comfort mind and body. They converse with the pilgrims during their refreshment; the conversation naturally turns on the merits of St Anthony. The monks rehearse his miracles; and, after their hearers have been brought to the proper pitch of credulity, propose the trial of faith—the *iron lock*. This is the simplest of all miracles. The iron lock is a dog-collar, fastened by a slip noose. St Anthony is to undo this collar, while the patient sleeps. Should the sleep be restless, the collar is generally found open in the morning, for a slight movement of the head and shoulders is enough for that purpose. But it is a sign of St Anthony's favour; and the patient, whose complaint is generally caprice, nervousness, or nothing, is informed that he is cured!

If the patient sleep so soundly as not to move, and the collar remains closed, the fault is not St Anthony's, but the patient's: he has evidently wanted *faith*; and we presume that the remedy is, to try again.

But some of the cases are actually lunatic. In those instances, the regimen is real and severe. The lunatic is instantly thrust into a wide, subterraneous cave, extending far within the rocks; he is chained heavily to the wall, left in darkness, and delivered over to the tender mercies of St Anthony.

We are told that this harsh measure of cure succeeds, and that in a few weeks the raving madman is delivered over to his friends "as quiet as a lamb;" the wonder having been effected by "cold, solitude, and starvation, the three *unspiritual* remedies employed by the saint." We are unfortunately not told how many die in the operation, or how many are discharged more furious than ever.

But we turn gladly from this painful subject to the general state of this most interesting and (in case of European war) most important country. The Libanus is divided between the two populations of Maronites and Druses. Even Turks and Arabs are still to be found among them. The whole population of the mountain is about 400,000, of which the

Maronites, who are Christians, and of the Church of Rome, form the greater number.

The traditions of their religious history are obscure, but they owe their name to one Maro, a monk, who in the fifth century took refuge in the hills from an imperial persecution, relative to the doctrines of Monothelitism. Some writers have charged them with the heresy itself, others have defended them from the imputation. Such is the value of controversy, when both parties are equally ignorant. At length, in the year 1736, at a great synod, the Maronites formally acknowledged the Canons of the Council of Trent, retaining the mass in the Syrian language, and the marriage of the priests, but abandoning the giving of the cup to the laity, in which respect they had previously retained the Greek custom. At mass the priest turns to the congregation, and reads the gospel in Arabic. The people are generally honest, moral—at least according to the morality of the East—and martial. They could send 50,000 men into the field. They are handsome and athletic, and, unless when they are tortured by the Turkish government, loyal and hospitable. They look on arms as their right, and insurrection as their inheritance.

The Maronites still maintain a considerable connection with the Papacy. At Rome they have a convent, which is also a college for the education of the young Maronites who come to take orders. The conventual system is preserved with great zeal and great inveteracy among the Maronites, and their convents have been occasionally (as might be expected) the scenes of frightful excesses. In the convent of Bekeske, now the residence of the patriarch, was transacted the following hideous succession of crime. Colonel Churchill observes, that the mind involuntarily shudders at the reflection, that the system of vows of virginity and apparent sanctity which the Romish Church encourages, may be continually giving birth to actions resulting from the passions of mankind, and which the veil of secrecy *foments* at the same time that it conceals." The observation is true of all conventual life; its condition is unnatural, and therefore presumptuous. Presumption is *always* hazardous, and though the

severity of discipline, or fear of public discovery, may prevent actual offence, yet where the eye of the world *can* be avoided, as it may in foreign countries, the most desperate crimes may be produced by the opportunities combined with the secrecy of the convent.

About the middle of the last century, a Maronite female, called Hendia, attracted the notice of the people by her extraordinary pretensions to sanctity. In the superstition of her church, sanctity implies suffering. Accordingly, Hendia assumed the hair-cloth, and performed the routine of apparent mortification essential to saintship in Popery. By degrees the rumour spread that she had the power of working miracles. She now aspired to be the foundress of a new order. She appealed to the people, and though the Maronite means were narrow, she succeeded in erecting two large stone buildings, at an expense enormous for the country, amounting to about £5000 sterling. So far all was success. The site of the conventual establishment was chosen with the skill for which monachism is always famous, whether it means to strike the heart with awe, or delight the eye with the picturesque. Situated on the ridge of a hill, its view extends to the Mediterranean on the west, and over the vast plains to the south. It is not surprising that an easy life, the reputation for sanctity, and the exaggerations of monkish miracles, had their results, in alluring the idle, the superstitious, the knavish, and the vain. The houses soon became crowded with monks and nuns. The patriarch was the director-general, but Hendia was the "lady superior," or abbess, and in this *sovereignty* she continued for twenty years. All went on smoothly, though the rumour spread that many of the nuns had died suddenly, but this was imputed to the air or accident; and as all things in nunneries are kept secret, and no coroners' inquests are held in nunneries in Syria, nor even in vigilant and rational England, there was no public investigation into the mortality.

At length, one night, a stranger, travelling from Damascus to Beyrout, asked for a lodging in the convent; but the gates were already shut, the hour was late, and he was forced to

content himself with lying down in the outer court till the morning.

After a few hours' sleep, he was startled by a sudden noise of opening doors and bolts withdrawn. There came forth from the house three women with spades, followed by two men bearing a heavy white bundle, which they carried into an adjoining place of weeds and stones; a hole was dug, the burthen was deposited in it, and, after treading down the earth with their feet, the party returned to the house. The work of the nuns, the sight of the heavy bundle, and the general mystery of this midnight transaction, kept the traveller awake, and he set out for Beyrout at the first glimpse of day.

It happened that he was acquainted with a merchant in Beyrout, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the convent, with a portion of £400 sterling. On naturally asking some questions about the journey, the sleep in the courtyard was mentioned; and in the course of the conversation the mysterious burial (rather reluctantly on the traveller's part) transpired. The merchant was alarmed; he knew that one of his daughters had been taken ill, and he could not but remark that many of the nuns had died.

He immediately mounted his horse and rode to the convent, where he demanded to see his daughter. The request was refused. He repeated it still more urgently. His suspicions were roused by the sternness and insolence of the refusal. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he rushed to the dwelling of the emir, and detailed his complaint to the *kohib* (secretary), who ordered a body of horse to follow him, and, if necessary, to force open the convent. The grave was uncovered, the body was taken up—it was the merchant's daughter! He then inquired for his remaining daughter; she was found confined in the convent, but almost *dead*, and her narrative revealed scenes of the most frightful iniquity.

Of those topics we say no more; but the sequel was, that the saint was seized, and the patriarch and priests were prosecuted. The whole subject was finally referred to Rome, and the process before the College "De Propaganda fide" disclosed the

most extraordinary cruelties, combined with the most extraordinary profanations. It was proved that many of the nuns were murdered, to get possessions, and others in consequence of objects still more atrocious, if possible. All the artifices of sanctity, such as it is among monks and nuns, were, of course, in regular requisition, Hendia herself consecrating the wafer and saying mass. Holes were found under her bed, in which perfumes were burned during her pretended ecstasies, while she was receiving the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and her followers declared that she was the Mother of God, once more visiting the world. Hendia, after all, was comparatively unpunished. She was, of course, superseded in the government of her convent, and even put in confinement; but, whether by fear or favour, she always contrived to make her escape. In 1783 she was at liberty, had still a party, was still held by them to be a saint, and her adventures and atrocities are still the subjects of recollection in the land of the Maronites.

In the expressions of Colonel Churchill, the development "has not had the slightest effect on the conventual system, which is supported in this country as much as ever. The doors of the nunneries are impenetrably closed on their occupants, but whether God or the devil reigns within, must always be a matter of conjecture."

This utter scorn of the lessons of experience is one of the predicted characteristics of false religion. Rome never reforms. The heaviest calamities, the most startling exposures, the most palpable detection of follies, artifices, and crimes, never produce the slightest change. The Papacy at this moment is as besotted with fable and prone to imposture as if the world remained in the sullen credulity of the dark ages, or in the barbarous tyranny of the thirteenth century.

"And the rest of the men, who were not killed by these plagues, yet repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils (dead men), and idols of gold and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood, which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk. Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries,

nor of their thefts."—(Revel. ch. ix.) But that convents should be suffered to subsist, and even grow in England—that when we punish a wretched being, who in distress and despair attempts to drown herself, we should suffer a foolish girl of fifteen, who knows no more of herself or the world than an infant, to bind herself by a frantic vow for life, and leave monks and priests to keep her to that vow, however she may long to abandon the slavery that consigns her to misery for the rest of her days—is among the most monstrous contradictions to the spirit of human liberty, and even to the law of moral obedience, that the artifice of man, and the cruelty of a sullen and terrible superstition, has ever conceived. It is said that a large proportion of the nuns in foreign convents die raving mad; and another proportion of them perish by the penances and severe punishments of the convents. There are no coroners' inquests in convents: even here the Habeas Corpus, which makes the pride of English liberty, and is the safeguard of every English peasant, offers no protection to the unhappy nun; her life is unprotected, her death is unaccounted for, her rights are refused, and her wrongs are unavenged. How long is this offence to God and nature to be perpetrated in England?

The Druses (the secondary leading population of Lebanon) are a people of mystics, living among, yet not intermarrying with, the Maronites, wearing a peculiar and fantastic dress; brave, industrious, skilful workmen, and habitual warriors. Their prince, the Emir of the Druses, is the nominal sovereign of the mountains. They are divided into three classes with reference to religion—the ignorant, the partially initiated, and the fully initiated. They forbid conversions to Christianity or Mahometanism, on penalty of death. They conceal their sacred books, but are disciples of Hakem, one of the caliphs of Egypt, who, being probably mad, proclaimed himself an incarnation of the Almighty, and, as fanaticism is never so popular as when it is outrageous, made himself the head of a religion. Hakem disappeared in the neighbourhood of Cairo, probably being murdered; but though his death occurred in the eleventh century, the Druses

expect him still. The more improbable, childish, and contemptible the fables of fanaticism are, the more certain they are of acceptance; their only failure is moderation.

These volumes abound in brief biographies, and romantic and sometimes frightful incidents, which might make the foundation of many a modern novel.

The Emir Heider is head of the House of Kaidbey, and now governor of the Maronites. In the tumults of 1848 he was charged with being a sharer in insurrection against the paramount authority of the well-known Emir Beshir. He was invited to the residence of the Emir, with every assurance of friendship and security; but he had no sooner arrived than he was thrown into irons, and sent on the road to Egypt, with other exiles.

One of the most curious characteristics of Oriental high life is, the facility with which the whole race of pashas, emirs, &c. &c., are duped. Leading lives of perpetual treachery, they seem totally incapable of precaution. The most crafty creature in existence, the Oriental is entrapped as easily as a child. With his whole existence falsehood, he believes every lie; and, laying snares for every man above and below him, he trusts his life to a compliment.

Heider and his companions in chains had no sooner reached Sidon than the officer of the escort ordered them to be drawn out in a line on the shore, and his soldiers to level their muskets at them. Heider fainted. Whether this parade was meant to frighten, or for execution, is not known, but the captives were remanded. His voyage of two months up the hill was constant ignominy and suffering, chained to another, and "goaded on by the incessant kurbash." He would probably have never returned but for the interposition of the British Government. He returned at last, threw off his fetters and his ill-fortune together, and now holds the sceptre, precarious as it is, of the Maronites.

One of the residences occasionally inhabited by the consuls is the castle of Kurneille, commanding an extensive prospect over forest, and a view of Beyrout in the distance. It was the scene of a melancholy catastrophe

a few years since. In the family of the Prussian consul residing in Kurneille, there was a governess, handsome and young, engaged to the Prussian consul at Jerusalem. One of the domestics, or officers of the consulate, who had been attracted by the young governess, resolved on revenge. To prevent disturbance, the consul had intended to send him out of the country. He, however, suddenly appeared with a double-barrelled gun in the drawing-room, where the lady and her intended husband were talking at the window. The ruffian fired at her, and the shot passed through her heart. The murderer fled, but, being closely pursued, he blew out his brains with the other barrel. The lover became deranged—was sent to Europe for his recovery—returned to his post—but never recovered the shock, and some time since died at Jerusalem.

From the various intrigues of the Emirs, and anecdotes of Osmanli invasions, which, however important to the history of the province, have but slight interest for us, we turn to the characteristics of the country life.

At one of the villages there is a preserve for the Emir Heider, and the only one in the country. The red-legged partridge is found abundantly here, but the game is pursued with Oriental laziness. In the Emir's sporting, keepers are sent a fortnight before to entice the birds to come and be shot: for this purpose, barley is sprinkled on flat boards placed on different parts of the field. A hut of loose stones, barely to contain one person, and him crouching, is built at one end of each board, and covered with furze, and with a loophole directly commanding the range of the board. The partridges gradually come to the barley, and when they make it a regular feeding-place, the Sheikh prepares to take the field. Before day breaks, he proceeds to the hut alone, and watches his opportunity for slaughter. The partridges come to their morning meal, and the plank is full. The muzzle of his weapon is now cautiously raised to the loophole, the piece is discharged, and from five to fifteen brace may be the prize. The Emir is congratulated on his superior skill—perhaps, also, on his heroism. The sport is renewed daily for about a month, until it may be fairly conceived that the coveys

are worn out. The Europeans deprecate this murder in an arm-chair, and the remonstrance has had some effect, for certain of the mountain sportsmen already have "the *courage* and *perseverance* to take flying shots!"

We then have a Druse magician. The Sheik Bechir is a personage of acquirement; he has a store of history and literature; his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen; and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonder-worker, and the advantage of interviews with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages, taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders! A stick, at his bidding, will move, unaided, from one end of a room to the other! A New Testament, suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself! An egg, boiling in the saucepan, will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance! A double-locked door will unlock itself! But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room—the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came!

Colonel Churchill evidently believes in the performance of these things, but attributes them to some unknown power of nature called into operation. We should rather attribute them to the extraordinary dexterity of the operator. All the world of travellers knows the dexterity of the Alexandrian necromancers in our day; and the general opinion for a while was, that they possessed some secret of nature hidden from the rest of mankind. But when the travellers ceased to be few, and began to be sceptical, the magician was shorn of his beams. Tippoo Saib, Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and George III. would no longer be sufficient for the exhibition of his demon. A sailor for Herschell the

astronomer, or a negress for Madame Rachel, showed that the magician's store of the supernatural was exhausted, and that the great lions of this world were no longer to be seen in a patch of ink in the hand of a boy called in from the street.

But the Sheik Bechir is not limited to amusing wonders: he cures diseases by magic. In correspondence with something more, or less, than man, previously to the cure, he shuts himself up in darkness, and is supposed to devote his time to prayer and fasting. This regimen sometimes lasts a month. At length one of the genii (whom he describes as much resembling human beings) appears before him, and asks his purpose. He answers by stating the nature of the disease. The genii reply that the request is granted. He then proceeds to lay his hand on the patient, and the cure, even if lunacy, is instantly effected! It is possible that the imagination of the patient, highly excited by the thirty days' delay, and the idea that the case is under the consideration of genii, may have a powerful influence in expediting the removal of nervous symptoms. The practice of mesmerism seems to have been known to the East (as what was not known?) in its early ages. At all events, the facts of those cures ought to give ground for European inquiry.

The Sheik has no hesitation in affirming the intercourse with spiritual agency. The belief in magic is universal among the population, and some of their Christian priesthood affirm that the Psalms of David contain a series of necromantic passages, which, properly used, would place the whole world of spirits at the command of man.

From the first ages of the world there has been a belief in magic. Can a universal belief be altogether without foundation in this instance, and in this instance alone? Can the most improbable of all conceptions, by nature, have become the most general in practice, yet have no foundation in fact? Of the nature of spirits man can have no conception. Of their existence, their powers, their faculties, or their forms (if forms they have), the human mind is wholly incapable of conceiving a determinate idea. And

yet every nation, from the brute ignorance of Africa to the subtlety of the East, and the vigorous intelligence of Europe, has believed, and still believes, in them. Of course, we are not about to believe all the absurdities of fancy or frenzy on the subject. We give up the "haunted houses," ghosts on permanent duty in churchyards, the lucrative "rappings" of our American brethren, &c. But the Mosaic law speaks of the influence of demons with a distinctness which it would be infidelity to doubt, and assigns punishment to the commerce with them which it would be profanation to suppose, in the case of an imaginary crime: to deal with "a familiar spirit" was death.

In the days of our Lord's mission, possession by evil spirits, though the first and most hideous of all inflictions, appears to have been almost as frequent as any disease of Palestine. The distinction is fully made between demonism and frenzy in the cure of diseases: "And those that were possessed of devils, and those that were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and he healed them."—Mark, iv. That the powers of the Egyptian scorcerers might have been aided by evil spirits, is not to be now ascertained; but the author of the Pentateuch evidently records their works as supernatural. The Jewish demoniacs declare the Messiahship of Jesus—a doctrine above any unconverted of the time, and scarcely ventured on even by the apostles during his mission. The spirits of the possessed deprecate punishment *before their time*, which implies knowledge of things above men; and the demons inhabiting two human beings madden *three thousand* swine! We are told in the Apocalypse that the doctrines of the great European heresy are "the teaching of demons." Those intimations, sufficiently intelligible to fix our faith, yet sufficiently obscure to temper our imagination, must be left to the experience of a higher state. Still, the subject is admissible, infinitely curious, and, if followed in a rational form of inquiry, may help us to some solutions of things which have hitherto much perplexed mankind.

The city of Beyrout has begun to assume an importance in European eyes, within the last ten years, from

the English invasion of Syria. Its commerce has increased rapidly. A new quarter, consisting of substantial and elegant houses, has been lately built. Building is constantly spreading through the garden grounds, through the mulberry plantations, and the wooded acclivities which rise behind the city. Those are the fruits of English commerce, as that commerce is the creation of peace.

But to the scholar and the antiquarian Beyrout has still higher attractions. The digging for the new foundations has everywhere exhibited ancient remains, sometimes of the most interesting nature. Wells and reservoirs, vaults filled with relics of earthenware and other materials of very striking workmanship, are frequent discoveries.

The whole plain appears to have been covered with buildings, even to the foot of the hills. A solidity and breadth of masonry characterises the style, and gives evidence of the wealth of the ancient city. Not long since an aqueduct was discovered, conveying a broad stream round the walls.

It is to be regretted that the author of these volumes has not given us some more extended information on the subject of those discoveries. Nineveh may be more important from its connection with Scripture, but it is in *Asia Minor* that we now look for taste combined with opulence, the vigour of cities, and the ancient pomp of kings. The late discoveries should excite pilgrimages of the professors of the European arts, and above all arts that of architecture, to the scene of perhaps the greatest splendour of the ancient world.

But we must close. All the features of Lebanon are of the highest order of picturesque beauty; its history is of the most curious kind—a mixture of Arab romance, Indian mystery, and stately superstition. Its men are brave, faithful, and intellectual. We neither anticipate nor desire the collision of the great military powers; but if it must ensue, Syria is the field whose possession constitutes victory, and of which Lebanon is the citadel.

We understand that Roberts's Sketches of this memorable country are to be republished, and we wish a publication so interesting, and so appropriate to the time, every success.

KILIMANDJARO.*

I.

HAIL to thee, Monarch of African mountains!
 Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone,
 Who, from the heart of the tropical fervours,
 Lifest to heaven thine alien snows,
 Feeding for ever the fountains that make thee
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

II.

The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
 Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen snows;
 Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
 Of man un beholden, thou wert not till now.
 Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
 Giving a soul to her manifold features,
 Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
 The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
 Knowledge has born thee anew to Creation,
 And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
 Take, then, a name, and be filled with existence,
 Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,
 While from the hand of the wandering poet
 Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

III.

Floating alone on the flood of thy making,
 Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
 Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
 I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
 And thou art revealed to my purified vision.
 I see thee supreme, in the midst of thy co-mates,
 Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
 Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
 Upheld on thy knees and thy shoulders of granite,
 Zone above zone, like the steps of a temple,
 The climates of Earth are displayed, as an index
 Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
 There, in the gorges that widen, descending
 From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
 Gather the threads of the ice-gendered fountains,
 Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
 And giving each shelvy recess where they dally
 The blooms of the North and its evergreen turfage,
 Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
 There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics,
 Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of cold;
 There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,
 His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
 And the pine-tree looks down on his rival, the palm.

* Kilimandjaro is the name of the great snow-mountain discovered in Central Africa in 1850, by Dr Krapf. It is in lat. 3° S., and is supposed by geographers to contain the sources of the White Nile.

IV.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
 Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
 Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
 Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
 Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
 Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
 Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—
 Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
 Chasms and caverns, where Day is a stranger,
 Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
 The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

V.

Sovereign mountain! thy brothers give welcome—
 They, the baptised and the crowned of ages,
 Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth—
 Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
 Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
 Hails thy accession; superb Orizava,
 Belted with beech and ensandal'd with palm;
 Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday,
 Mingle their sounds, in magnificent chorus,
 With greeting august from the pillars of Heaven,
 Who in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
 Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
 Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

VI.

Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
 Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth:
 Each in his awful supremacy forces
 Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
 Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
 None has a claim to the honours of story,
 Or the superior splendours of song,
 Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
 Thou, the sole Monarch of African mountains,
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

On the White Nile, Central Africa,
January 1852.

MINOR MORALS.

Not very long ago, a gentleman, who answered to the lofty name of Frederick Plantagenet Fitzarthur, was, in compliance with the barbaric usages of this country, compelled to appear before a police magistrate to answer to a charge of swindling. The sympathising reporter, who witnessed his *début* at the bar, described his appearance and demeanour as highly aristocratic and fashionable. Stulz and Hoby had no doubt contributed materially to the decoration of his outer man; and, as he wiped the cold drops of agony from his brow with a perfumed cambric handkerchief, the glitter of a magnificent diamond was visible on his little finger. Fitzarthur, indeed, if we may judge from the evidence adduced, was an individual of no ordinary genius. He rose like a meteor, and so vanished. Of his antecedents and previous career there were few or no traces. It is true that one apocryphal officer, who was largely gifted with the imaginative faculty, was strongly of opinion that he had seen this radiant apparition a long time before, when he was clad in fustian, and popularly accosted as Gubbins. A lordly smile of disdain flitted over the lips of Fitzarthur when he heard this disparaging opinion—for, in truth, it was nothing more. Z 43 would not venture upon the strong step of clinching his impression with an oath—and no wonder; it would have been as easy to depone to the identity of a butterfly from a casual inspection of a chrysalis. Even as the origin of some old families is lost in the mists of antiquity, so that heralds cannot venture to specify what handicraft the founder of the race had followed, in like manner did the biography of Fitzarthur, before his appearance as the occupant of handsome rooms in Piccadilly, remain an utter mystery. That he had high notions of what was due to his rank and position in society, appeared from the largeness and universality of his orders. His taste in jewellery was superb—he was a perfect connoisseur in wines. The tradesmen, whom he honoured with his custom, were unanimous in declaring that they were

amazed by his judgment and knowledge; and the readiness with which they contributed to his collection of movables was really creditable to the mercantile character. But, somehow or other, Fitzarthur's museum was not of a fixed nature. Certain articles were constantly disappearing, to make way for others; and at last it became but too evident that the Plantagenet was himself a trader. Such, at least, was the only rational construction—for how else came that exquisite service of plate into the custody of the pawnbroker—how happened it that his cab had been disposed of for little more than half its value? Fitzarthur indeed said something, in his splendidly indifferent way, about the caprice of fashion, and the impossibility of retaining things after they had lost the gloss of novelty; but the magistrate (a commonplace individual, who contented himself with one coat in the year and fed with his grandfather's spoons) did not appear to understand the relevancy of the explanation; and so Fitzarthur was remanded for further evidence. What became of him we know not. About that time we were called away to the country, did not see the papers for a month, and lost all trace of his history. He may be in the hulks, for anything we know to the contrary, or picking oakum in a penitentiary, or contemplating the heaving wave on his romantic passage to the Antipodes. But we do not care to imagine these things. Even as the bard of the *Odyssey* leaves Ulysses in Ithaca, nor alludes to his subsequent wanderings, so follow we no further the fortunes of Frederick, whom we beheld as the Star of Piccadilly. He dwells in our heart as a glorious vision—an incarnation of genius in the highest and most creditable branch of swindling.

Now, what was his crime? We apprehend that it fell to be ranked only in the catalogue of false pretences. He had forged no man's name—he did not assume the title of any member of the House of Peers—he did not even represent himself as having formerly held a commission in

the army. He stood simply upon his name—Frederick Plantagenet Fitz-arthur, which was to him a spell of power. Then, again, who shall dare to say that that august nomenclature was fictitious? Even if it were so, is a man not at liberty to alter or change his name? Successful Smith, in the second generation, invariably appears as Smythe. The son of Chumney, the rich drysalter, answers unblushingly in the higher circles to the name of Cholmondley. Saxon Cutler, worth a plum, becomes Norman Coteler. Lowland Muckle-wrath abjures the paternal gutturals, and appears in glowing tartans as the Celtic chief M'Laureth. If Tibbs and Tunks, high-minded apprentices both, have the noble ambition to perform upon the stage, is it to be ascribed to them as a sin if they announce themselves as Villiers and Vernon? Then, as to the more pecuniary question, is every gentleman whose orders exceed his means, liable to be charged with crime? We hope not, else to many of us Christmas would cease to be a merry season. We are rapidly reasoning ourselves into the conviction that Fitzarthur was an injured man.

The truth is, that it is difficult to take a deliberate survey of all that is going on around us, or even to look into the mirror of conscience, without arriving at the conclusion that, on some points, all of us are but indifferent honest. Do not be offended, dear reader—we mean not to include you in the category of the Fitzarthurs. We admit that you are no swindler; and believe that, in cash matters, you are as punctual as a bum-bailiff. But if you never have in the course of your life committed an act which may, without any stretch, be denominated a false pretence, you are indeed a pattern of purity, and faultless as an unfeathered phoenix. Let us ask you a few questions—Have you not, over and over again, attempted to pass yourself off in society for a much cleverer fellow than you really are? Have you not affected to know a great deal upon subjects of which you are utterly ignorant—to have read books which were absolutely unknown to you by name—and to recognise and appre-

ciate quotations in foreign languages whereof you knew no more than the Medes did of malt liquor? Have you not, in order to suit yourself to your company, feigned to have a horror for things which, in private, you enjoy with the keenest relish? Hypocrite that you are!—why did you, when dining with the Marquis of Tokay, join in the general denunciation of beer as brutal, at the time when your whole being was possessed with an intense craving for stingo? With our own ears we heard you, in one circle, avow your admiration of the opera as the grandest of intellectual delights; and not an hour afterwards, at the Ducrow's Head, you gave it as your deliberate opinion, that a fine British spectacle at Astley's was worth all the foreign cater-wauling in the universe. Dare you go up to that dowager, and tell her that you smoke six cigars every day of your life, or that you are addicted to brandy and water? Not you. You wish her to suppose, and do your utmost to encourage the delusion, that you are a most agreeable, amiable, faultless young man, without any of the vices which are unfortunately too common, and that you never are otherwise than you seem when discoursing mellifluously upon the poetry of art. Heaven and earth! if she could only see you afterwards in the Club smoking-room! Well—we don't blame you for wishing to maintain a good character, and for keeping the cloven hoof concealed in the tidiest of possible boots. Only be charitable; and let the sense of your own weakness teach you not to press over hard upon others. In this age of ours, there is a good deal of the Pharisaical spirit abroad, which we take to be somewhat akin to the cruel impulse which leads animals to attack the wounded of their kind.

How touching, for example, is the present spectacle of Parliamentary purity! What intense horror do noble lords and gentlemen, sitting in committee, manifest at the revelations which assail their unsullied ears! The Tory gasps at the idea of shameful Whig treating—the Whig almost swoons at the disclosure of abuse of government patronage. A

veteran, whose election, somehow or other, cost him six thousand pounds, is convinced that bribery must have been resorted to by an opponent, because it is proved that he expended two. The gentleman who, contrary to his general line of conduct, supported the Ministry in a dangerous crisis, and whose son received a commission the week afterwards, holds that the promise of a place in the Customs to a voter, shows a whole constituency to be corrupt. Mighty fine all this; but the worst of it is, that nobody believes in the professed sincerity, and that a great deal of indifferent acting is absolutely thrown away. These public washings of the hands are but sorry sights. We have ever stood up for the purity of Parliament, and are willing that it should be enforced to the utmost; but we must needs say that, of late, we have often had occasion to think of the parable of the mote and the beam.

But you will ask if we are going to preach a homily? Such, indeed, is our intention; and we request that, like the Queen in *Hamlet*, you will take a chair, and listen to what we have to say.

There are many breaches of minor morals, which, though constantly committed, and even excused on account of their commonness, ought to be brought forward, were it only to check the Pharisaical tendency to which we have already alluded. First of all, let us make a few remarks upon those that are of an amiable kind.

It is a singular circumstance, considering that eminent men are not particularly common, that there never does occur an instance of a vacancy in a post or situation, be it political, literary, professional, or scientific, but there appears a host of candidates, each armed with certificates to show—not that he is eminent, for that is a matter of course—but that he is pre-eminent, and that nature has evidently designed him for that especial office. Not long ago we had occasion, in reference to a matter of this kind, to peruse the testimonials of no less than sixteen candidates, and we really were petrified at the amount of dormant and suppressed talent which the

land contained. One candidate, in particular, issued about six sets of certificates, with the appetising promise of more; and we were really sorry when he had exhausted his stores of printed panegyric, for we found that they made admirable matches, and were in request in the lower region for the purpose of singeing fowls. We doubt whether the Dalai Lama had a greater number of implicit worshippers. At least a hundred and twenty gentlemen, of various shades of obscurity, with all the capital letters in the alphabet appended to their names, had written letters to their friend, or to those to whom the patronage was intrusted, in terms that an historian would blush to apply to the admirable Crichton. Never was there such a fellow as that! Of all the race of Adam, alive or dead, he was the only one competent to do justice to the subject. No draw-well or Artesian boring could equal him in profundity. He had a genius that carried him on its soaring pinion beyond the limits of the stars. Some worthy attestors averred that the chief joy of their lives had been the privilege of his conversation—and very disinterested persons they appeared to be, since his election must necessarily remove the darling planet from their sphere. Others pledged their reputation—no very great stake, after all—that he would do what never man did before, and pathetically entreated the electors not to lose that opportunity of reflecting some lustre on their own names, by appropriating this red-hot paragon. But for his quiet adoption and indorsation of all these compliments, we should have been inclined to think that the modesty of the honourable candidate was at least equal to his merits, seeing that he had contrived all this while to keep his light under a bushel, in so far as the public was concerned. Until we received his testimonials, his name was as unknown to us as that of the architect of the pyramids. Our amazement was immensely increased by the discovery that this vacancy had drawn from their retreat a dozen other paragons, whose witnesses, if not quite so numerous, were as obscure and laudatory as the batch who gave thundering testimony to the

first. And it was very curious to remark, that such of the candidates as were really known to fame put forth the smallest number of certificates; also, that the men who granted these, having reputations of their own, cautiously abstained from dealing in strong hyperbole. This is but one instance, out of many, of the modern system of puffing, which amounts to rank dishonesty. We shall not suppose that the writers of such testimonials are conscious that they have no title whatever from their own intellectual attainments to offer an opinion on the subject; for the predominant feature of a ninnyhammer is the enormous development of his self-conceit. But not one jackass of the hundred and twenty believed in the truth of what he was writing. His vanity was tickled by being appealed to as an authority; and, knowing well that it was not the custom of his brother idiots to spare butter on such occasions, he deliberately set himself down to be as fulsome as the dictionary would allow. We do not insinuate that the creature was not actuated by a certain instinctive feeling of friendship. Possibly he had the recollection of numerous hours of dreary driveling consumed in the company of his friend; and we have nothing to say against bonds of alliance so formed and ratified. But the fact remains, that the certificate system has become an intolerable nuisance, and ought at once to be put down. We have far greater respect for the man who puffs himself than for the man who puffs his neighbour. In the former case there is something of a sublime self-reliance—a noble trusting to unsupported valour. To enter the ring alone, without backers, is at least a proof of courage; and as to self-vaunting, have we not the authority of all the Homeric heroes? In the *Iliad*, no man butters another—each anoints himself, and that most liberally. Why, in the name of all that is candid, should a great man affect depreciation? Look to Moses and Hyams. They don't own themselves inferior to any in the trade; on the contrary, they take up the Jew's harp and twang it in their own laudation. What would be the effect if Nibbs, in the coffee line, announced himself in his advertisements as in-

ferior to Husks, who deals in the same department? Why, he might shut up shop next term, for he would be playing into the hands of his rival. Nibbs does nothing of the kind. He avers that his is the sole establishment in London where genuine coffee can be obtained; and, as confidence begets believers, he is a thriving man. Husks, if he pleases, may insinuate that Nibbs lies; indeed, if he does not, he will hardly secure an adequate share of the public patronage. Sometimes a brace of obscurities attempt to rise to reputation by puffing each other. Nothing more contemptible can be imagined than two blockheads engaged in mutual slavery. Blaw-weary writes an essay, in his usual unintelligible style, upon the genius and characteristics of Popjoy. Popjoy reciprocates, in the next number of the same periodical, upon the tendency of the writings of Blaw-weary. The unhappy confederates conceive that they are covering one another with glory—they are not aware that whatever comes from their hands is foul, and must necessarily defile. Not originally over-sweet, they become still more redolent of the jakes. Yet this is no unusual phenomenon in literature; and it is the more remarkable, because, in nine cases out of ten, the allies entertain at heart an intense hatred and contempt for each other. Mutual interest is all that binds them together; and they would, if they dared, discharge, with the utmost zest, a broadside into the ribs of the friend whom they have puffed so highly. Real literary talent stands alone, and is altogether independent of coteries. Whenever we see a man looking about for props and extraneous support, we entertain a suspicion that his foundation is really unsound. He would not do so, if he had a well-grounded faith in his own powers: for it is the destiny as well as the prerogative of genius to work alone, and to struggle upwards without invoking assistance. We never knew any good result from these reciprocal puffings. They remind us of the two tourists, who, in ascending Ben-Nevis, had recourse to one another's flasks for a little stimulant energy, but who broke down half-way, each attributing his failure to

the exorbitant swallow of his comrade. The fact was, that they had shared quite fairly, but that either should have kept his own supply to himself. There is always danger in such co-partnery. Laban tried to cheat Jacob, and Jacob cheated Laban. Jaffier sold Pierre; and Tresham divulged the Gunpowder Plot. On the whole, then, we maintain the doctrine that it is better, wiser, and more satisfactory for a man to puff himself, than to assign that task even to his most intimate friend. He cannot reasonably quarrel with his own self-laudation; let the most sympathetic of his admirers write for him, and the odds are that he will consider the praise to be miserably stinted.

But other branches of minor morals, which are not of an amiable kind, occur. In society there are many persons of whom Sir Benjamin Backbite may be taken as the modest type; and they are not only endured, but courted. The dread of ridicule is even greater than its power; and thousands who would face personal danger without flinching, shrink in craven terror from the carplings of a malicious tongue. Men there are of no great wit, but of supreme audacity, who have conquered for themselves a place in society, and enjoy the good things of this world simply on account of the unbridled license of their speech. They are moral gadflies, detested and feared by all; and yet, somehow or other, they have the privilege of settling where they please. Now it is one of the most potent evidences of the corruption of our nature, that we are all of us too ready to be amused with a joke at the expense of our friends. Let the man who has been to you as a brother make a slight slip, which, without anyway affecting his character, places him in a ridiculous point of view, and the odds are that you chuckle at the story. We shall do you the justice to believe that, if seriously assailed, you would defend him vigorously and truly; but you don't think it worth while to interpose in his behalf, simply because a satirical insect is attempting to puncture his cuticle. Now this is—excuse the expression—rather base upon your part. There is said to be, in Norway, a minute fly called the

Furia infernalis, the bite of which is so painfully venomous as to drive a man distracted; and you may rely upon it that many a satirist of society can inflict a wound as torturing as that of the Scandinavian pest. You are indeed very foolish if you omit any opportunity of taking a slap at the gadfly. All the while that he is buzzing about, amusing you by aggravating the raws of others, he is keeping his small, sharp, microscopic eye upon you; and, sooner or later, you are doomed to feel the insertion of his proboscis. And with what show of reason can you complain if he makes free with you in your turn? Did you not snigger and cacchinate when he exposed the weakness of your luckless friend; and did you not own with a touching candour, that, though a good fellow in general, his conduct, on that particular point, could not be defended? And that you call backing of your friends! Even though you don't know anything about the people whose frailties are so unmercifully handled, why should you become a pleased partaker of this harpy banquet of scandal? What matters it to you that Tomnoddy, who never did you any harm, has made himself supremely ridiculous, or that there is a scandal abroad about a certain stately dowager? Are folly and vice so very rare in the world that these details can interest you? Is there no virtue in the divine precept which ordains us to speak evil of no one? If there is, what man alive but must take shame to himself for participation in the scandals of a malicious coterie?

It would really seem as if we required some new apostle of charity, for, practically, it has disappeared among us. Why is it that, almost invariably, we put the worst construction upon the conduct of our neighbours? Why should we seek, with such amazing avidity, to infer guilt from equivocal circumstances, and reject, with a certain fiendishness of purpose, all extenuating matter? That is a very common but a very bad feature of the age we live in. It implies a low state of the general morals, for real purity is without guile, and is not usually suspicious. The Pharisee offers profane thanks

that he is not as other men are, and is always ready to listen with assumed horror, but with inward zest, to the tale of scandalous insinuation. The really good man grieves over every instance of aberration, doubts the truth of a malicious story, and never lends his aid to its currency. And yet how much more numerous is the former than the latter class. It is told of one of the old heroes of chivalry, that when some rascally pickthank brought him the tale of an enemy's personal dishonour, he exclaimed, "Thou liest! Foeman as he is of mine, he hath ever been a good knight and true; and as he is not here to answer for himself, I will defend his quarrel with my body, if thou darest to maintain the charge!" How many of us, in modern times, would go such lengths for an enemy? We entertain a strong suspicion that not many would go so far for a friend—for an opponent, not one.

Jealousy is one of the meanest, but not the least powerful of the unclean spirits that infest modern society. How rarely is it that we hear sincere unqualified praise flowing from the lips of a rival! In order to beget hatred, it seems only necessary that two men should start on the same path. They may be friends at first; but in a very short while afterwards we are sure to find them foes; the success of the one being gall and wormwood to the other. Do you doubt this? Then look around you. Who are the most unmerciful critics of works of art? Artists. Who tomahawk incipient poets? Poetasters. Moot but a point on theology, and you straightway have reverend doctors abusing each other with a heartiness that would do credit to Billingsgate, and indicating in no disguised language the future destination of their compeers. Let a medical practitioner start a new theory, and his brethren are instantly down upon him. He is a quack—a rogue—an ass—an impostor. Even though the life of a patient be at stake, they scorn to hold consultation with one who is a disgrace to his order. Better that Mrs Jones should die unaided, than that the noble faculty should be profaned. Furnish a couple of rival tragedians with real Andrea Ferraras—let them

fight it out in the last act of *Macbeth*; and to a moral certainty one of them will be pinked or hideously slashed. Did you ever know a reigning beauty who looked kindly on a young debutante? If such a spectacle was ever seen, you may be sure there was mortal venom beneath the smile. Men say that the lawyers, as being constantly pitted against each other, are the least jealous of all professionals, but we have heard of such things as systematic snubbing from seniors. Let no man charge us with inconsistency in these remarks. We expect not that professional competitors shall go about trumpeting each others' praises—that were, perhaps, a stretch of liberality beyond the power of human nature. But there is a wide difference between that, and deliberately running down your rival. Why hate a man because he sells twice as many copies of his book as you do of yours? Has he injured you thereby? Not one whit. Has he depressed your genius? Clearly not. Even though he never had existed, you would not have achieved a greater success; then, why hate him? An early chapter of the Book of Genesis is suggestive of the reason. The first murder arose from hatred engendered by jealousy; and jealousy, at the present day, is as active and vigorous as ever.

Nay, young sir! you need not throw up your cap, nor cheer us so lustily for our noble and independent sentiments. You have lately published, it would seem, a volume of verse—have been cut to pieces in a provincial periodical, and you attribute that attack to jealousy. Before doing so, it would be proper for you to ascertain, from some impartial friend, whether your gifts are really of such a nature as to inspire a jealous feeling in any one. You refer us to your book, which we remember to have seen; and we have no hesitation in allowing that the typography was good, and the binding far from execrable. But, as to the merit of the contents, the less that is said the better. We agree with you that the critic was a very savage fellow; that he used you rather harshly, or rather, abused you in a cruel way; and we doubt not that your feelings were lacerated. But did that arise from jeal-

ousy? We are inclined to think not. In all human probability the critic never heard of you before, and never perpetrated a single verse in his own individual person. He was simply out hawking when you rose before him. Undoubtedly we think he would have acted more humanely by letting you alone; but, if you wished to escape notice, why was it that you sent copies of your book to all the reviews? Come now—confess the truth. Would you not have felt yourself greatly aggravated, if no notice whatever had been taken of your work—would you not have ascribed that neglect also to jealousy? You seem inclined to admit that you would. Well; such being the case, have you any reason to blame the critic for having exercised his independent judgment, even though that was unfavourable to you? Do not, we beseech you, argue the case on the merits, or ask us to be judges of appeal. Tender-hearted as we are, and ever indulgent to youth, we have got a duty to perform; and we cannot conscientiously aver that you have suffered outrageous martyrdom.

Jealousy is a mean vice; but not so mean as envy, which is, on the whole, the lowest attribute of the Satanic character. To be jealous, implies rivalry—to be envious, presupposes inferiority. A thoroughly envious man has no purpose to serve in his attack: he is simply throwing stones out of hatred at those above him. We regret to be compelled to say that there is a great deal of this odious feeling apparent in our current literature. Loud complaints have been made, from time to time, that the profession of letters was not sufficiently esteemed or recognised in this country. Some deplorable dunderheads even went the length of insisting that there should be a literary parliament; for which, we presume, a certain number of paragraphs and stale jokes, picked out of the kennel like half-gnawed bones, would have been considered the proper qualification. Well—it did so happen that, very lately, an eminent literary man became a Minister of state. Were these sticklers for the honour of letters delighted at this? If so, they took a very odd way to testify their joy; for the whole pack opened

at once upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer. So far from there being any exhibition of *esprit-de-corps*, it really appeared as if they had considered his elevation an insult to themselves; they hunted up his earlier works, affected to sneer at their tendency, and practically did everything in their power to prove that literary genius was incompatible with administrative talent. The attempt was a singularly silly one; it could not injure Mr Disraeli, but it hurt the literary cause. It is painful to observe in how many cases distinction seems to provoke enmity. All know that, in this age and country, no one can attain distinction in any department of letters without vast pains and real desert. No reputation can be made on a sudden, and signal success must be taken as the just criterion of merit. But no sooner does an author, after years of labour, attain a pinnacle far above his fellows, than he is assailed by a hooting from below. The men whom he has distanced feel themselves aggrieved by his superiority; and as they cannot attain a like eminence, they resolve that his place at least shall not be a pleasant one, and assail him with a shower of missiles. It is not uncommon, in the interval between the announcement and the publication of a new book by some author of celebrity, to hear a rumour in the literary circles, that an expert gladiator has undertaken to do a slashing review for the purposes of demolition; and there are plenty of the tribe of Spartacus, well trained to cut and thrust, who have no objection whatever to be engaged in such respectable employment. Indeed, there is a certain set of literary gentlemen whose only talents and occupation lie in decrying those above them. Even as certain portions of the Nile are infested by crocodiles, whilst others are entirely free, so an author may proceed a certain length towards distinction without being molested over much. But when at last he arrives at the broad reaches, where the monsters are wallowing on the mud-banks, he must make up his mind for an unwieldy wallop and a charge. The crocodile, however, with all his ferocity, is but a cowardly creature. Shy but a rea-

sonable brickbat at him, or point a rifle, and he sinks sullenly to the bottom, with something between a snarl and a grunt. There is fear as well as malice in the glitter of his wicked little eye; nor would he dare to approach but for his confidence in the thickness of the water, which is at once his refuge and his screen.

But, to recur to our old friend Fitzarthur, in whom, we are not ashamed to say, we feel a lingering interest, we cannot for the life of us understand how his culpability was greater than that of thousands who never were charged with a crime. If a peer's son or grandson can, on the strength of his name, get credit anywhere, why should not our ingenious acquaintance be allowed the same privilege on account of his *nom-de-guerre*, and highly aristocratical appearance? It is no sin to contract debt; and, if we are informed aright, most tradesmen make provision for unfortunate transactions of this kind, by an additional percentage levied on their more substantial customers. We humbly venture to think that the breach of morals lies the other way. It is hard that we should be mulcted in an additional sovereign for our surtout simply because Herr Merino, who condescends to cut for us, has risked his broadcloth on the backs of various fashionables, with no reasonable security for payment. At any rate, if Merino loses, he has no right to complain, seeing that he has recovered a sufficient indemnity from the purses of his more punctual subsidées. The system altogether is a bad one, and we wish that our commercial reformers would devise some plan for materially contracting credit. There are, in London, thousands of men—accredited Fitzarthurs—who live in magnificent splendour and luxury without any intelligible means of existence. True Epicurean philosophers are they, for they deny themselves nothing. They have rooms and servants, cabs and horses, such equivalents for purple and fine linen as the fashion of the day prescribes, and they have always cash in their pockets, and bet freely on the Derby. Whence, in the name of Cræsus, do these fellows derive their supplies? We apprehend solely from credit, and it is extremely improbable that the

tradesmen are the ultimate sufferers. If so, it just comes to this—that a swarm of brilliant butterflies are supported at the general expense, and we never stroll through the Park without feeling a right of property in some of those gorgeous effulgences. They are the real tithe-takers. Yonder mustachioed gentleman wears your hat—his caracoling brother beside him is apparelled in my waistcoat; and yet the ungrateful miscreants do not condescend to acknowledge, by word or sign, the extent of their obligation.

Can this be vindicated on the score of honesty? We rather imagine not. Well, then, here is a grievance most worthy of the attention of our lawgivers. Let the sphere of swindling be so contracted that the apparition of the treadmill may loom from every point, and we shall very soon get rid of a number of those splendid condottieri. Force tradesmen within a certain period to realise their debts on pain of nullity, and the paying portion of the public will be relieved from an impost by no means the least grievous in our system of indirect taxation. And, moreover, some such measure is needed to check the reckless extravagance of the age. It is no mere myth or fanciful idea that the strength and morals of a nation may be as surely sapped by luxury as by any other cause. We are very rapidly approaching that point. The house of a trader is now more luxurious than was the dwelling of a nobleman fifty years ago; every appliance that can minister to effeminity is procured; what formerly were deemed almost forbidden indulgences are now denominated necessities, and a decidedly Sybaritic tone pervades the whole surface of society. In matters of taste, we are gradually approximating to the gewgaw tendencies of the time of Charles the Second; even in literature there is anything but a healthy growth. How far this may be owing to the centralising system, which each successive government seems to adopt as a matter of course, and which our improved internal communications have tended so materially to foster, is a question which ought to be seriously considered. The yearly growth of London is absolutely aston-

ishing, and as it increases, so do the importance and prosperity of other places decay. It is curious to observe that when, in point of time, the communication between Edinburgh and London was protracted, the tediousness of the intercourse was alleged as the reason why Scottish business should be transacted in the metropolis of England. Now we are told that, on account of the virtual annihilation of time, it is the most convenient method to centralise everything in London.

We are glad to observe that a strong feeling hostile to this forced concentration has arisen in the north, and we shall take an early opportunity of reiterating our views upon that subject; in the mean time, and apart from the question of national justice, we may remark that the lessons of history convey an emphatic warning against provincial neglect, and over-concentration in one capital. It is not good that there should exist such overwhelming temptation for the drafting to one city of all the rising talent, intellect, and ability of the kingdoms, nor is it wise to concentrate the power which would be developed more freely if spread over a wider space. Let centralisers say what they will, there can be no doubt that the great stride in arts and literature which Germany has taken during the last sixty years, is mainly attributable to the existence of its independent capital cities. Had it been possible to transport our modern British system there, and to concentrate everything in Vienna, where, we ask, would have been the fame of Berlin, Munich, or Dresden? A wholesome rivalry between cities is of the utmost advantage to a nation in stimulating energy, promoting industry, and equalising expenditure. But if the greater city is made to absorb the intellectual wealth of the smaller—if from the latter are studiously withdrawn or withheld all incentives to learning and art, and all rewards for mental accomplishment—assuredly the hand of decay is already laid upon it. It may survive, but it must dwindle; and, in the end, but one enormous city will be left to dictate to the kingdoms.

Enough of this, however, for the present. Now, pray take up the *Times*, and run your eye, not over the leading

article, but the advertising columns. Are you a capitalist? If so, surely you will not be foolish enough to leave your money in the funds, with so many magnificent offers open for your acceptance. The Ontario Mining Company proposes, without the slightest chance of risk, to give you a minimum of thirteen and a half per cent. They have broken ground on the banks of the Chip-chow-cherry-chow River, and anything like the abundance of minerals has not been seen since the days of Tubal-Cain. If you despise the baser metals, and are inclined to have a dab at gold, the Agna Calida Company has purchased the freehold of an auriferous mountain from the Pechipontac Indians; you can see a specimen of the matrix, containing nearly three per cent of pure ore, at the company's offices; and there are still a few shares to be disposed of to really eligible persons. But in order to be admitted into the number of that fortunate band, all of whom within three years are to be millionaires, it is necessary that you should give the most unexceptionable references. Or if you, being philanthropic, wish at the same time to gratify your avarice and to minister to the wants of the diggers, there is the Australian Block-tin Ready-made House Company, which purposes to send out tenements of three stories, cast-iron hotels, and all the apparatus necessary for erecting a meteoric city. Don't laugh; nor assume a look of superlative sagacity. If you had not burned your fingers some seven years ago, rather smartly in the rails, you would have been in the thick of such speculations at the present moment; and if the country has a further run of prosperity, we should be sorry to insure your prudence for a twelvemonth. Now, have the projectors of these schemes real faith in the fidelity of the pictures which they present to the cupidity of a grasping nation? Judging from past experience, we should say that their faith is precisely of the same description which the angler reposes in the fidelity of his bait. If you are gudgeon enough to take it, there it is for your acceptance; and you need not be violently outrageous when you feel the strain upon your jaw. But let us suppose that you, warned by

experience, avoid that snare. Look a little farther down. A gentleman, who has succeeded in bringing to perfection a most important invention in a branch of mechanics which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of the most eminent scientific men, is desirous of meeting with a monied partner. The invention is of a nature to create an instantaneous and overwhelming demand, and large sums have already been offered to the discoverer for an assignment of his patent. These he has refused, as no sum could tempt him to part altogether with such a lucrative source of revenue. But he is quite ready to communicate a portion of his gains; and, for the sum of £3000, you may go halves. The advertiser, who wishes to be moderate, calculates that you will be repaid within six months. How say you, our dear sir? That appears to be a tempting proposal. Or if you are an idle man, even a lesser advance will make you a partner in a well-known manufactory in the midland counties, realising large profits, in an article of unlimited demand, where a small capital only is required. Why, heaven bless us, you may rise to the level of a Cobden in less than no time, and it will be your own fault if you finally fail to eclipse the brilliant Bright! It may be, however, that you are not a capitalist, but, on the contrary, stand in need of an immediate advance which your expectations justify you in borrowing. Here, again, you meet with philanthropy in a most amiable shape. X Y will furnish you with any sum of money, at the current rate of interest, simply on being satisfied of your respectability, and on your own personal guarantee. This advertiser must be a good man, for he admits that he will always give the preference to the working clergy; and he hints that his only motive for taking interest at all is to guard against that imposture and deceit which are unfortunately too rife in this wicked world. In this case let us presume that you resolve to borrow. You write to X Y, and receive by return of post an answer from that sympathising enthusiast. He likes your frank manner of address, and clear statement of your circumstances—is well-inclined towards you,

but must, for his own sake, make some particular inquiries. A week elapses, in the course of which you are probably informed by a church-warden that he has received a letter containing some courteous questions as to your character, which have been most favourably answered. X Y, having thus ascertained that you are no impostor, writes you again, inclosing a bill, which he requests you, as mere matter of business, to sign and return. You are not initiated in the mystery of bills; and, being naturally averse to disobey the instructions or to thwart the arrangements of so excellent a man, you perpetrate the last folly that can be committed—that of adhibiting your name to a stamped slip of paper. The day next but one you go down to the post for your letters. X Y is silent. How unlucky! Can the clerical benefactor have been taken ill? For several days you repeat the like pious pilgrimage, and then, in bitter anxiety, address yourself again to the initials. They are dumb as death. You then begin to think you have been hoaxed, and that the whole affair has been a scurvy joke. Not so thinks a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, of the name of Leone Leoni, who writes to you some three months afterwards, informing you that your bill has become due, and demanding payment. In agony you rush to your lawyer, who, while he expatiates in a most gratifying manner upon your softness and simplicity, admits that you have fallen into a trap, and that he does not see how you are to get out of it. You write to Leone explaining that you never touched the money. That circumstance Leone regrets, but he cannot help it. He received the bill for value from Mordecai Moses, who had it from Judas Levi, who got it from Israel Mendizabel, to whom it was indorsed by Aaron Hiram, with whom Leone Leoni has no acquaintance—therefore pay you must. And as it seems absolutely impossible to connect Hiram with Leoni—who stands upon his high character, and expects one day, when Lord John Russell shall have cleared the way, to be a member of Parliament—you are either forced to agree to the terms of compromise vouchsafed by the consi-

derate Israelite, or plunge headlong into a lawsuit, at the imminent risk of being cast.

It is a crying scandal that, in an age like ours, such frauds can be perpetrated in the face of day. No doubt people should know better than to be deceived by such villanous confederacies; but the fact is, that a large proportion of the public is liable to be gulled, and wisdom, though it cries aloud in the streets, receives but little attention. The daily advertising sheets might furnish the detective police with some very useful hints; and as prevention is better than cure, it is a pity that these rogues cannot be crushed before they have absolutely made victims. Why spare spiders until they can be convicted of murder by the fragments of the unfortunate flies? It is not now the fashion to tar and feather, but we own that it would gratify us extremely to behold a rogue in full plumage; and as the process is simple, picturesque, and humane, we are not without some lingering hope that it may receive the sanction of the Legislature.

There is a great talk at present about art, and that in every department. We are all artists, from Sir Edwin Landseer down to the meanest button-maker. The gentlemen who furnish for the Surrey side those romantic melodramas, in which ruffians, bandits, pirates, and British seamen appear in so agreeable a melange, discourse raucously of first principles, and vindicate a murder or a rape on the score of æsthetical necessity. And no doubt art, in our times, has gained a wonderful point, though sometimes in antagonism to nature. It then, strictly speaking, becomes artifice, whereof, both in physics and in morals—in things substantial, and in things intellectual—we have seen a great deal too much. The old Saxon word *craft*, which meant power, is now generally understood to signify cunning; and we apply it as a term of laudation, whereas our fathers would have regarded it with scorn. Men of this generation are not ashamed to confess their adherence to a crafty Minister, using the term freely and openly, as if it were something of which a man might be proud. All the remarkable mea-

asures of our time have been carried by craft. Mr Roebuck has told us pretty distinctly of the juggle which was practised upon William IV. at the time of the Reform Bill, and the Elbing letter is conclusive as to the craft of the late Sir Robert Peel. Now, it cannot be too often reiterated, that these departures from candour and honesty, on the part of public men, are exceedingly hurtful to the public morals. All of us are prone enough to find an excuse for our own particular lapses; and when disingenuousness and bad faith are vindicated in the person of a Minister, it is difficult to understand how the vindicators can blame the falsities of an inferior sinner. All created beings, from the crowned head down to the common beggar, are subject to the same moral laws, and must answer for their infraction. If a man deceives you in private life, you consider it, and it is, your duty to drop his acquaintance with all convenient speed. You have lost your former reliance in his honour, and are not inclined to give him a second opportunity. Is there anything in public life which justifies you in applying a different rule? Candour and sagacity, we admit, are proper characteristics of a statesman; taciturnity and reticence are sometimes absolute virtues. But we cannot admit that any one is entitled deliberately to mislead others. Such, however, is the doctrine which has been preached in high places, without provoking a sufficiently emphatical protest against its tendency; and it is not surprising if, in lower circles, the strictness of honesty should be relaxed. Infection always spreads most rapidly downwards. There is far more in elevated example than the world is aware of; and who shall say what degree of importance, in the adjustment of human responsibilities, may be attached to the conduct of those who from their position are regarded as guides?

Most true is the old adage regarding the policy of honesty. Craft cannot command fortune. The craftiest man of our day, Louis Philippe, after having outwitted every one else, ended by outwitting himself, and died in exile. Craft, under the specious name of policy, breaks down Ministries. To

tamper with a Popish brigade—to purchase, at critical moments, their discreditable assistance by rash promises of future legislation—to procure Irish support by enormous indiscriminate grants, while no provision is made for the maintenance of the northern institutions—such is the policy which for several years has been adopted, until it has become a public scandal. At length matters have come to such a pass, that no one pretends to deny the evil; but there is no attempt to remedy it. In a Parliament constituted like ours, there will always be found a certain number of members who do not attach themselves decidedly to any party, and whose votes may be recorded at one time for the Government of the day, and at another for the Opposition. But not until lately have we seen the audacious spectacle of a Parliamentary league, based upon the principle of perpetual and obstinate opposition, not to one, but to every Ministry, until its demands were complied with. Not secretly, but in the light of day, was that confederation formed; not through private or official channels, but with open daring effrontery, did the Hibernians proclaim their price. To engage their support by unconstitutional concessions, or even through artifice and arrangement to detach one section of the leaguers from the rest, was an unworthy and degrading step on the part of British politicians. Broad defiance should have been cast in the teeth of these men—they should have been dared to do their worst. They had, by their own proclamation, deprived themselves of moral influence. No real triumph of opinion could be obtained through their aid, for they professed not to act as representatives: they ticketed themselves as Destructives; and, with that broad badge on their bosoms, boldly stood out for their hire. Such was their attitude when they were accosted by a smiling satellite of the Whigs. Lord Derby's government was then in power, and the once great Whig party, now sorely dwindled and reduced, meditated a *coup d'état*. They could not effect this but through an extraordinary combination. They might, indeed, depend upon the votes of the Radical and Manchester members, who were in

entire antagonism to Lord Derby. They might be able, through high negotiation, to come to terms with the chiefs of the Conservative secession, who, though individually powerful, could not maintain themselves long without forming some distinct alliance; and whose personal antipathies to the members of the late Administration were all the stronger, because, in reality, upon matters of general policy, there was but little variance of opinion. But the Irish brigadiers—how was their co-operation to be secured? They might possibly, at the last moment, perceiving the tactics of the Whig-Radical-Conservative coalition, refuse to support another league than their own. They might even have been approached by the Government—no extravagant supposition on the part of a Whig negotiator, who must in his day have been privy to many such political adjustments. It was absolutely necessary that some distinct assurance should be obtained; and the prospective non-extension of the Income-tax to Ireland was the bait which was adroitly exhibited. The brigadiers, we presume, were utterly in the dark as to the arrangements which were going on elsewhere. They knew nothing of high contracting parties assembled in secret conclaves—of solemn gatherings of hostile chiefs parcelling out the political map, like Percy, Mortimer, and Glendower. They were not aware that upon them depended the success of a grand attack, all the dispositions of which had been most carefully and elaborately considered; and that they had it absolutely in their power to insist upon exorbitant terms. It was a game between practised craft and reckless audacity; and craft was, of course, the winner. The understanding—for we do not mean to say it was anything more—which secured to the coalition the Irish votes, was to the effect that if the Whigs succeeded in displacing Lord Derby, and in returning to power, Ireland should still enjoy that exemption from the severest direct tax which has ever been laid upon British industry. And as a guarantee for this, the avowed opinions of a very bustling, pragmatical, but conspicuous Whig ex-minister were

appealed to. What was the result? Lord Derby's government was displaced by the aid of the Irish votes, which possibly might not have been procured but for this understanding, which no doubt would have been adhered to had a Whig Cabinet been formed. But the fact is that the Whigs never dreamed that they could form a pure Cabinet. Year after year their ranks had been thinned, not so much from desertion as from the increasing unpopularity of their tenets, the exclusiveness of their arrangements, and their notorious administrative incapacity. The rising generation was hostile to them; for Whiggery, in its present form, has no attractions for the generous or the young. Their old champions disappeared or became effete; and when Palmerston left the Cabinet, the universal impression throughout the country was, that the Whigs, as a ruling party in the state, were doomed. Even the Whig scribes, who, if deficient in talent, are not wanting in impudent assertion, could not succeed, with all their puffing, in elevating two or three exceedingly commonplace individuals to the rank of orators and statesmen. It was in vain to parade Sir Charles Wood as a consummate minister of finance; the public, who remembered his performances, laughed loud and scornfully at the idea.

A cabinet indeed was formed; but it was one in which the Whigs were compelled to take a subsidiary place. Lord John Russell, long the political rival of Sir Robert Peel, succumbed without a murmur to Sir Robert's pupil, and virtually laid down the leading-staff. In that act of abnegation there was much that was highly creditable to the man. He had discovered, but not until after the expiry of many years of political life, that his were not shoulders capable of sustaining an Atlantean load. He had failed in one great point of a statesman's ambition—in rallying around him a host of rising talent, whose motions he might guide, whom he might indoctrinate with his principles, and leave behind him to embrace the trite traditions of his party. He was, emphatically speaking, the last of the eminent men of the Whig school, and his acceptance of a subordinate office

in a mixed cabinet was a decided intimation of the final dissolution of his party. It is impossible but that this acknowledgment must have cost him a severe pang. His only choice lay between the acceptance of an inferior position and entire withdrawal from public life, and he chose the former—more, we believe, for the sake of those who followed him than his own. Some men, in the same position, would have acted differently; but Lord John Russell was not entitled to dictate terms, so he made the best possible bargain. Dire was the wrath, and savage the indignation of the brigade, when they found that their Whig allies were no longer able to procure them the promised exemption. But craft again came into play, and a judicious distribution of patronage had the effect of dislocating the brigade. This is, after all, but a sorry page of history, but it is not without its moral. We see in it the attempt to sway political sections by questionable means; and the result has made it difficult to distinguish between the dupers and the dupes. We have not cast the horoscope of the present Ministry, though we know that its nativity was bad; but this we are certain of, that in order to secure respect, there must be a very decided departure from that tortuous policy which has lowered the character of politicians in the eyes of the public, and made them distrustful of the good faith, candour, and intentions of men in a high position.

We did not intend, when we commenced this article, to touch, even remotely, upon politics; but it would hardly have been fair to the Fitzarthur's had we avoided notice of the now complicated intrigues by means of which their superiors make conquest of office. And while upon this subject, we should like to ask the Manchester men whether they still maintain their theory in all its antiquity? Is it quite consistent with their former views to clap an additional tax upon home-made spirits, and to maintain the duties upon malt? Will Mr Cobden be generous enough to lend that aid which he virtually promised to the agriculturists, by moving for the entire abolition of the latter impost—or has some inexpli-

cable change come over the spirit of his dream? Perhaps it is best not to inquire too curiously. Lovers' vows are proverbially weak, and it is not likely that a manufacturing Strephon will remain long faithful to a rural Chloe.

There is one large department of our subject, which we must treat very briefly. We allude to those frightful hypocrisies which are so commonly practised in private life, and which society does not censure. Some of them may indeed be described as of a blameless character. Although you are morally convinced that Crossleigh and his wife are the most unhappy couple in existence; and that, when alone together, they fight with the ferocity of tiger-cats; it is, we own, rather agreeable than otherwise to find them deferring to each other, before company, in very complaisant terms, and habitually employing the sugared epithets of the honey-moon. There may be, in all that, a deal of false pretence, but no one suffers by it. Very different, however, is the deception which Mrs Crossleigh practises on account of her daughters. The young lady, Octavia, is the incarnation of a vixen; and in her the hereditary bad temper of both her parents is so concentrated, that she has the entire mastery over them. Some glimmerings of common sense have made this amiable virgin aware that an exhibition of these qualities is not likely to win the admiration of mankind—for the taste of Petruchio was decidedly peculiar; and it required considerable self-confidence to undertake the taming of a shrew—and she usually appears abroad in the guise of a meek Griseldis. Nor is she unbacked by her mother, who, in order to get rid of her, has heaped a whole Himalayah of falsehoods upon her soul. Her object is to get Octavia suitably married, and for that purpose she spreads her snares for weak-minded young men only. One milk-and-water curate with a pulpy countenance, and an intense veneration for the excellencies of the Cyprianic age, was very nearly made a victim, and had just made up his mind to pop the question, when the sound of an ill-advised skirmish upstairs, and an assault upon a terrified

housemaid, made him take to his heels as though he had seen the shadow of Apollyon. Most beautiful it is to have a mother piously returning thanks for the comfort she has received from her children, and indicating rather than expatiating upon the extent of their manifold virtues. But mothers are apt to be partial judges, and it is always safe for those meditating matrimony to have recourse to some less interested testimony. Indeed, parents are never to be relied on. Sometimes they are misled, at others they are wilfully misleading; and in either case, perhaps, there is an excuse.

One kind of hypocrisy, however, we denounce as loathsome. It is that of the cold determined fortune-hunter, who, having no wealth of his own, or having squandered it, aspires to make his fortune by a matrimonial alliance. Fools very often entertain this idea, and in them it is less discreditable; for, not being gifted with any strong perceptions, they merely follow an indolent impulse, assume no false features beyond the appearance of a stupid admiration, and, in nine cases out of ten, would be tolerably kind to their wives. Many a fool is by no means a bad-hearted fellow; besides, as he cannot by any possibility disguise his folly, the lady has herself to blame. But the case of the clever fortune-hunter is different. He has not one atom of feeling in his whole composition. He cares nothing for the woman he is pursuing for the sake of her money—he merely regards her as a necessary, and not unfrequently a disagreeable, condition. No art that he will not practise—no disguise that he will not assume, to gain his purpose. Comes she of a strictly pious family? He forthwith approaches her in a methodical garb, attends prayer-meetings, takes an interest in tract-societies, and is eager for the conversion of the Jews. Is she sentimental? The miscreant, though he never previously read a line of poetry in his life, crams himself with Moore and Byron, and expatiates upon the passion of the bulbul for the rose. Whatever be her inclinations, or his tendencies, he tries to adapt himself to these, and not unfrequently succeeds, for he is a clever scoundrel, and gifted with histrionic

power. Many of the deepest tragedies of domestic life—many a sad story of a broken heart, more mournful and melancholy than mere imagination could devise, have arisen from the successful machinations of such cold-blooded villains, and yet society does not visit these offences with any marked reprobation. Hypocrisy, deception, false pretences—all are tolerated within a certain range, or passed over without reprobation, however notoriously they may be exhibited.

There may be nothing new in this. What is acting around us now may possibly be a mere repetition of what has been enacted before, even in a larger measure. We do not think that the world is becoming materially worse, though we should hesitate to say that it has become decidedly better. Many of the things we have alluded to are probably inseparable from society in a highly artificial shape; just as we

cannot expect that large masses of people will be congregated together without the engendering of fever and other contagious disease. However, a little ventilation can do no harm. We have attempted, in the mean time, to open a chink; and we would gladly see our efforts seconded by others who take an interest in moral sanitary improvement. There is no puritanism in our views; nor are we pointing to an unattainable standard. All men are bound to hold truth, honour, and virtue in reverence, and not to give countenance to anything which can be construed into a deviation from their rules. We would fain see less frivolity, and more of a chivalrous feeling, in our social circles. If we possess a degree of polish which was wanting in a ruder age, let us at least not despise those manly virtues which were so becoming to our fathers, nor seek to conceal our faults by the aid of an artificial varnish.

FREE TRADE AND HIGH PRICES.

THERE is a time for all things. There is a time for vehement, and perhaps exaggerated argument, when the question is yet pending, and one for calm reflection when it has terminated, and a decisive step one way or the other has been adopted. As long as there is a prospect of influencing the measures of the Legislature, even in the most remote degree, by the stating of arguments or collecting of facts, they cannot be urged too strongly, or adduced too forcibly. But when the contest is over, and the period of reflection has arisen, the time has arrived for a very different style of discussion. What is then required is not impassioned or vigorous pleading, but calm and deliberate reflection. The orator must assume the style of the philosopher, the partisan of the historian; and the great object to be aimed at is not to alter measures, but to trace them to their legitimate consequences, and prepare mankind for their results.

That the experience we have hitherto had of Free Trade has not corresponded either to the sanguine expectations of its supporters, or to the gloomy predictions of its opponents, is a common observation which you will hear from the candid on either side. We leave it to the Free-Traders to explain how it has happened that it has not come up to all their anticipations, but we can assign a very sufficient reason why it has produced results different from what the majority of its opponents were led to imagine.

That both parties should be puzzled with the results which have ensued, and neither found in them that confirmation of their own opinions which they confidently anticipated, and loudly proclaimed as likely to ensue, is apparent upon the surface of things, and requires no illustration. The Free-Traders avowedly sought to cheapen everything by their measure: it was to reduce the price of the necessities of life, lower, in consequence, the wages of labour, and thus destroy the high prices of production, which were felt as so great an impediment by our manufacturers for the export sale,

that this system was introduced. Unquestionably there was nothing farther from their intention than to raise the price of corn and meat, elevate the wages of labour, and induce, not a competition of operatives to obtain employment, but of masters to find workmen. If it had been foreseen that these effects would follow Free Trade within seven years of its establishment, we suspect Mr Cobden and Mr Bright would have had few followers, and "Free Trade Hall," Manchester, need not have been built of quite its existing dimensions.

The Protectionists have been equally at fault in the chase after a realisation of their predictions. They confidently foretold that prices, especially of agricultural produce, would be ruinously lowered by the effects of Free Trade, and that grain crops would progressively decrease in the British Islands, from the impossibility of obtaining a remunerating price for that species of produce. The grain crops have certainly gone down, and that in a most striking degree; but the want of a remunerating price, though grievously felt for some years, is not now experienced, at least in an equal degree. Wheat, which for the two preceding years had been on an average about 39s. a quarter, is now 41s. and 45s.; and cattle and sheep have advanced in price fully 30 per cent within the last six months. Every species of rural produce has risen in the same proportion; and the consequence has been, that the spirits of the farmers have been proportionally elevated; that the fall of rents, which had set in up to the close of 1852 in a most alarming manner, has been arrested, and in some places succeeded even by a rise; and that, from the general impression which prevails that the present prices will be at least maintained, if not enhanced, the price of land has in many places been very materially augmented.

Had no other causes been in operation during the last seven years but Protection, in the first instance, and its abolition in the last, these results might have appeared not a little per-

plexing to both parties; and possibly they might have been referred to by future writers as affording a striking proof how widely, in a complicated science like political economy, in which so many concurring causes conspire to produce a result, the closest observers and the strongest heads are often misled as to the real consequences of the changes which are most the object of attention and discussion. But it need not be said that another cause of surprising magnitude has come into operation during that period. CALIFORNIA has unfolded its golden veins—AUSTRALIA has outspread its treasure-laden plains. The consequences have been of surpassing importance in both hemispheres; and it is these consequences, acting simultaneously with the operation of Free Trade, which have so entirely defeated the calculations of both parties, and induced consequences of more lasting importance to this country and the world than any that either anticipated from the change which was so vehement an object of contention.

To the readers of this Magazine it need not be said how long and strenuously we have laboured to impress upon them the all-important truth, that, vital as the proposed abolition of Protection was to the interests of industry, one way or other, in the country, it yet yielded, in the magnitude of its effects, to the *changes in the currency* which preceded the alteration in our commercial policy. In truth, these changes were part and parcel of the whole system of Free Trade; they laid the foundation on which the whole superstructure was raised; and had it not rested on that basis, that superstructure, with all its real or supposed consequences, must have speedily fallen to the ground. We are not now about to renew the vexed controversy about the currency, the more especially as the changes we see in progress around us have placed beyond a doubt, to every reasonable mind, the justice of the opinion held by those who maintained that it was in the alteration in our monetary laws that the alternate fluctuations of prosperity and suffering, which have characterised the last thirty years, are mainly to be ascribed. But as the contraction of the currency by the

operation of the laws of 1819, 1826, and 1844-5, was the foundation on which the whole fabric of Free Trade was reared, so it is only by taking a brief survey of its effects that we can clearly discern how vital it was to that system, and what are the results which may now be anticipated from the combination of Free Trade with an expanded currency and rising prices.

As the principle of Free Trade was to admit all the productions of industry, especially those which formed part of the national subsistence, duty free, or nearly so, it was an indispensable preliminary to force down prices in the old and rich state to something approaching a level with what they were in the young and poor one. If this was not in some degree previously effected, it was self-evident that the industry of the old state would be entirely ruined by the competition. Of this a memorable proof had occurred at the close of the war. Wheat had, for the preceding four years, been above 100s. in the British market, and in 1815 it had been as high as 117s.; while in 1816, in consequence of the grain from the Baltic having been admitted, even under a heavy duty, it fell at one time to 56s.; and the average of the year was 84s. So prodigious and rapid a fall excited the utmost consternation among all classes, and involved England in more serious and lasting difficulties than had ever before been experienced.

The bill of 1819, which restored the obligation of the Bank of England to pay its notes in cash, coupled with the suppression of small notes by the bill of 1826, produced a very great reduction of prices, which, of course, was a great benefit to persons enjoying fixed incomes and possessed of realised capital, and a proportional evil to those who laboured under money engagements, and were dependent for their subsistence on the sale of their produce. Before the end of 1822 prices of every article of life had fallen 45 per cent; and although there were great fluctuations in value, and occasional gleams of brilliant, but feverish prosperity, the general character of the period was one of general and progressive decline of prices. This was so much aggravated by the currency

acts of increased stringency of 1844 and 1845, coupled with Free Trade, that the price of wheat fell to 37s. a quarter—just A THIRD of what it had been thirty years before; and so general was this depression, that the great and able money organ, the *Times*, boasted, with reason, that the measures which had been pursued had made the sovereign worth two sovereigns; in other words, it had halved the value, as measured in money, of every article of human consumption.

Although this forcing down of prices, effected by that powerful engine the screw of the *Bank of England*, was attended, while it was going on, with very great distress to the producing classes, and infinite suffering, often for several years together, among those who lived by the wages of labour, yet it was attended with one obvious effect, which, in the opinion of a large and influential portion of the nation, more than compensated all the evils with which it was attended. *It cheapened provisions, and paved the way for Free Trade.* It removed, in a very great degree, that extraordinary difference between the cost of producing the same article in the British Islands and on the continent of Europe, which, as long as it existed, rendered any approach, even, to Free Trade, eminently hazardous, if not impossible. In the various branches of manufactures the advantages which our manufacturers derived from their coal and iron fields, insular situation, near proximity to each other, extensive capital and improved machinery, had already enabled them to compete successfully with their rivals on the Continent; and although this effect had not yet taken place in agricultural produce, from the known impossibility of applying machinery to any considerable extent to its production, yet a very great reduction of price had been effected, and the advocates of the new system were sanguine in their hopes that ere long the discoveries of science, and improved methods of culture, would enable our farmers to compete successfully with their Continental or Transatlantic rivals.

With all these beneficial results, which were the great inducement which led Sir R. Peel to adopt his system of policy, there was one grievous defect, which, ere long,

landed the nation in the most frightful calamities. As prices had been lowered solely by compelling a great contraction of the currency, and this had been accomplished entirely by compelling the bank to pay all its notes when presented in specie, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that any external causes which caused an unusual drain upon the precious metals to set in, necessarily induced a rapid contraction of the currency and limitation of the credit, by which all public and private undertakings were carried on. It was soon discovered that this result was chiefly to be apprehended when a deficient harvest caused an unusually large importation of foreign grain to be required for the subsistence of our people—for this simple and obvious reason, that the grain countries required gold or silver, and would take them to any amount, but did not require our manufactures, and would not take them in exchange to any considerable extent. The consequence was, that the fluctuations of the seasons were watched with more anxiety by the mercantile classes, which were sustained by credit, than even the agricultural, whose produce was mainly dependent on them; and three weeks' rain in August excited a greater panic on the Stock Exchange than a war with France or Russia would have done. And the danger of this terrible calamity of the currency being suddenly contracted by a drain upon its specie, which brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy in October 1847, and compelled a relaxation of the Bank Restriction Act, was much increased by the course which, under the facilities of Free Trade, commerce has taken since that time. Our imports in round numbers, since that time, have been about £105,000,000 annually; our exports, about £72,000,000. The huge difference of above £30,000,000 a-year, of course, required to be paid in specie, or bills representing it, which ultimately had to be retired in cash; and it need not be said how perilous such a state of things necessarily was to a nation, the industry of which was mainly supported by credit, acting by means of a currency which rested entirely on the retention of gold.

Such was the state of matters in the British Islands; and the nation

was slowly recovering from the terrible shock to credit and industry produced by the monetary crisis of 1847—the effects of which were still felt, with severity little mitigated, to the close of 1849—when Providence suddenly opened two vast Banks of Issue for mankind in California and Australia. Unlike the banks of England under our recent monetary laws, these vast establishments of nature were liable to no contraction or variation. No long-continued rain could affect their issues; the merchant could look at the watery sky of August without a fear that his undertakings would be stopped, and his family ruined in consequence. Great, beyond all precedent great—beneficial beyond all that imagination can conceive—has been the effect of this signal and decisive interposition of Providence. It at once provided a currency adequate to the advancing numbers and rapidly enlarging transactions of mankind; it permitted an increase of human beings, and an augmentation of human transactions to go on without involving the existing generation in want, privation, and misery, from the effect of a constant reduction of prices. The wisdom of man had conceived that the best way to secure general felicity was to induce a constant rise in the value of money, and fall in that of everything else. Declining markets, lessening wages, lowered prices, augmented burdens, halved rents, doubled taxes and mortgages, were, according to them, the surest signs of general felicity, and the only way to secure it. The nation, implicitly following the doctrine, went on seeing the price of everything grow

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”

until it was well-nigh starved to death in the search of wealth. Then, and not till then, when it had drained to the dregs the cup of human misery, and the terrible catastrophe of 1847 had demonstrated in what an abyss the cheapening system must necessarily land us, Providence interposed;

“Nor shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

The followers of Sir R. Peel were

in secret panic-struck by the opening of the mines of California and Australia: a secret instinct taught them that, if the effects that were anticipated flowed from it, the monetary policy of their lamented chief would be totally reversed, and prices raised more rapidly than, under his policy, they had been lowered. To do them justice, however, they put a good face upon the matter. They stoutly denied that any perceptible rise of prices would ensue, at least for a very long period from the opening these reserved treasures of nature. They maintained that there was a “*Currency Restriction Act* in nature;” that gold was found only in small veins, imbedded in very hard rocks at very lofty elevations; and that the expense of reaching and crushing it would soon exceed any possible profit to be derived from working it. They derided the plea which we put forth in January 1, 1851, in favour of the “*Currency Extension Act of Nature*.”* Time has enabled us to estimate at their proper value these anticipations. It is now universally known that the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe—which in 1848 had not, even with the aid of the very considerable supplies obtained of late years from the Ural Mountains, exceeded £9,000,000 annually—has, within three years of the discoveries of California and Australia, been raised to above £40,000,000 annually. Such is the working of the “*Currency Restriction Act of Nature*.”

Driven from their stronghold in the quartz rocks, the disciples of Sir R. Peel next denied that any change of prices could, for a very long course of years, ensue from the cargoes of the precious metals which were daily arriving in our harbours from the gold-laden shores of the Pacific. They asked, what proportion did £40,000,000 worth of gold bear to the aggregate of realised property throughout the world, which was estimated at five thousand millions; or even the aggregate of the precious metals themselves, which was rudely estimated at three or four hundred millions? They were with reluctance brought to admit that

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1, 1851.

perhaps *thirty or forty years hence* there might be a perceptible increment of price in consequence of the enlarged supplies of the precious metals, if, contrary to all expectation, they should continue to hold out so long, but in any shorter period no sensible difference could, by possibility, occur. They were deaf to all representations that, within a century of the discovery of the silver mines of Mexico and Peru, the price of every article of European merchandise had quadrupled; and that as gold is *fifteen times* as valuable at present at least as silver, the corresponding change might now be expected to be proportionally more rapid. And now within little more than *eighteen months* from the time when the Australian diggings were begun to be seriously worked, the price of every article of rude produce has been advanced *a third*, and wages, especially in the manufacturing towns, have advanced in a still greater ratio.

Driven by these results, which were so notorious that they could not be denied, from all their defences of the *cheapening system*; seeing prices, in spite of all their predictions, every day rising around them, the Free-Trade organs took a different and still more extraordinary tone of argument. They acknowledged the rise—they adopted it—they *boasted of it*. They said, See what Free Trade has done; what *a rise of prices it has induced*, what an impulse to industry it has given; what has become of all the Protectionate croaking about low prices? To do them justice, they did the thing well. They wheeled about as rapidly as the very best disciplined company in the Guards. None of Lord Hardinge's veterans could have surpassed them. After having for thirty years incessantly lauded the cheapening system; after having paraded the big and little loaf at all elections, and gained not a few by such creditable devices; after having boasted, times without number, the wonderful success of their measures for the reduction of prices, and made it the basis of their whole policy, monetary, social, and commercial; after having, in the pride of their hearts, boasted that they had made the sovereign worth two sovereigns, and the quarter of wheat only 36s., they sud-

denly discovered that the cheapening system was a very bad thing. They became great admirers of the *little loaf*; doubtless they will parade it with flags bearing "The Farmers' Friend—Free Trade and High Prices," at the next election. It is seldom that so sudden and decisive a wheel—even in these days of political tergiversation—has been witnessed; and doubtless, if Sir R. Peel could rise from his grave, among the many wonders which would excite his amazement, none would do so as much as to see the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* boasting of the *rise of prices*, and ascribing it to his policy.

In one respect, indeed, these journals are undoubtedly right. The great rise which has taken place in one essential article—the wages of labour—is, without doubt, to be in a great degree ascribed, though not in the way which they suppose, to their system. The vast emigration which has been going on for several years back, and has now reached the enormous amount of 368,000 *a-year from the British Islands*, is, without doubt, mainly to be ascribed to the Free-Trade system. The great bulk of that emigration, as all the world knows, is from Ireland. From 230,000 to 250,000 emigrants have annually, for some years back, set sail from the shores of the Emerald Isle. What occasioned this prodigious exodus which is now exciting so great an alarm on both sides of the Channel, and threatens, ere long, to leave great part of Ireland desolate of inhabitants, and a desert waste? *It is not the diggings*, let that be carefully observed. Very few of the Irish go to Australia: they cannot afford the passage-money of £15: few of their kindred or connections have preceded them to Victoria or Melbourne. Only 87,000, out of the 368,000 emigrants last year, went to Australia, and they were for the most part the better class of emigrants who sailed from Great Britain. *No less than 280,000 emigrants went from the harbours of the British Islands to America*. They went not to the land of gold, but to the land of labour; not to the land of ingots, but to the land of wheat. They left a country where Free Trade prevailed, and their markets were glutted with foreign produce, to settle

in one where *protection* was established, and thirty per cent import duties sheltered every branch of domestic industry. The growth of wheat in Ireland has declined by 1,500,000 quarters since 1846; that sold in the British markets of native growth had gone down 2,000,000. Thence the emigration of the wheat-growers; thence the two hundred thousand agricultural labourers who sail annually across the Atlantic. The Free-Traders may well take credit for the rise in the wages of labour, for it has arisen in a great measure from their policy. They are in error only in their estimate of the proximate cause of this immense movement. It arose from suffering, not prosperity: the emigrants hastened abroad to leave a land of Free Trade, penury, work-houses, and idleness, to land on one of protection, high wages, comfort, and affluence.

That the prosperity which so generally prevails in all the branches of industry at this time in the country is mainly, if not entirely, to be ascribed to the "Currency Extension Act of Nature," and has arisen, not in consequence of, but *in spite* of Free Trade, is decisively proved by one circumstance, which the journals are every day more clearly showing. It is not confined to Great Britain, where alone that system has been established: it is general over the world, and appears as clearly in the countries where industry is most rigidly protected as in those where it is left entirely defenceless. It is as conspicuous in New York as in Liverpool or London: the vast exportation of our manufactures, which was last year £14,000,000 to the United States, proves how California has vivified them, despite the 30 per cent with which all foreign imports are loaded. The heavy protective duties of the Zollverein have not prevented Prussia from sharing in the general movement of the world; and in France the impulse has been so great, notwithstanding their rigidly protective system, that not only have stocks of all sorts risen to an extraordinary and even alarming degree, but the metropolis has been so cut up with new streets and fresh undertakings, that, in the emphatic words of the *Journal des Debats*, "*Old Paris is disappearing, and a new Paris is rising up from its ruins.*" It is ridiculous

therefore to ascribe to Free Trade, which is a change peculiar to Britain, an impulse to industry, and a rise of prices, which is shared with it by the whole civilised world. It is the vast addition made by California and Australia to the circulating medium of the globe, and the consequent rise of prices which has everywhere taken place, that is the real cause of the universal impulse—just as it was of a similar impulse, recorded by all historians, occasioned by the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru. Free Trade has had nothing to do with it farther than as having produced that prodigious emigration of our rural labourers, which is now telling so seriously on our labour market, and promises to be attended with such important effects on both sides of the Atlantic. *There* its effects have indeed been great, and promise to be lasting.

It may appear paradoxical, but it is strictly true, that, in a commercial community, where the principal undertakings must of necessity be supported by credit, the chief effect of an enlarged, plentiful, and steady supply of the precious metals is, that it tends to *keep out the paper*, and thus not only supports industry and elevates prices, but averts monetary crises. This dreadful evil—more ruinous than plague, pestilence, or famine—is almost entirely the creation of recent times; at least, it never was known in the world before with anything approaching to the intensity which has of late years been exhibited. It arises necessarily from a great and widely-diffused paper circulation being made *entirely dependent on the retention of gold*—the very thing which, under certain circumstances, cannot by possibility be retained. The obvious effect of such a system was, that vast undertakings were set on foot by companies and individuals during the sunshine of prosperity, which were suddenly blasted when the events of war, or the vicissitudes of commerce, occasioned a serious drain upon the metallic resources of this country. At present, on the other hand, as the supplies of gold from the south and west are so abundant, there is no danger of a crisis arising from its sudden withdrawal from circulation; and

as other nations are as well supplied with this essential element in prosperity as ourselves, there is little risk, if any, of its being drained away to meet their wants. Thus we have obtained, from the bounty of Providence in opening the great banks of issue in California and Australia, that greatest of all blessings in a commercial and highly civilised community—viz., a currency at once *adequate and steady*; a blessing easily within our reach under a properly regulated paper system, but utterly unattainable with a paper circulation dependent on scanty supplies of gold. And of the reality and importance of this effect, decisive evidence has been afforded by the bank returns for nearly a year past, which exhibit an issue in the two islands, in round numbers, of £39,000,000; while, before California came on the field, it had not for many years, nor since 1847, exceeded £32,000,000. This addition to the paper circulation of the country, in so short a time, of *nearly a fourth*, is of itself sufficient to explain both the rise of prices which has since taken place, and the general prosperity which now prevails; and to demonstrate how powerfully and immediately, in a mercantile community—where the chief undertakings must be based on credit, and carried on in bank-notes—a plentiful supply of the precious metals leads to an abundant, it may even become an excessive, issue of paper.

We have said that this subject is allied to the principal mistake which, in our humble apprehension, the Protection leaders fell into, in the course of the great debate which has now been terminated. This was the ascribing too much importance, in the production either of general prosperity or misery, to the influence either of Protection or Free Trade, and *too little to the expansion or contraction of the currency*. From the very first we loudly maintained the opposite doctrine, and argued that, without undervaluing Protection, and fully admitting its importance as an essential element in national prosperity and independence, especially in the later stages of civilisation, it yet yielded, as to its influence upon the vital interests of industry, to the all-important matter of providing an

adequate, safe, and steady currency for carrying on its undertakings. Every phase of prosperity, every period of disaster which has been gone through since the Peace, affords evidence of the ceaseless agency of this essential element in the national health. And if any doubt could remain as to the justice of the observations we so often made as to the effects of "Free Trade and a FETTERED Currency," it would be removed by the results we are experiencing of "Free Trade and AN EXPANDED Currency," which are precisely, and in every respect, the converse of the former. And to show how entirely these results are in conformity with our views, and what decisive evidence they afford that it was the want of an expanded and durable currency which, for thirty years past, has been the real cause of our disasters, it is sufficient to observe, that in the Essay entitled "*The Currency-Extension Act of Nature*," published on January 1, 1851, the effects which have since taken place are predicted exactly as they have since occurred, and are now occurring. It is not without reason, therefore, that we feel ourselves confirmed, beyond the possibility of being shaken by a reference to the results, in all our positions; and refer to the period when Protection is said to be "dead and buried," as likely to be pointed to by future ages as the one most demonstrative of its truth, and most prophetic of its future resurrection, and general adoption by mankind.

The world in general, however, has little concern with, and cannot be supposed to take much interest in, the speculations of philosophers, economists, or statesmen, on the Past: It is with the *Present* that they are concerned; and never was a *Present* more fraught with vast changes, with big events in embryo, than this time. Two vast changes have taken place, and are irrevocable—the one by the will of Providence, the other by the will of the English people—and it is under the united action of *both* that the nation is now to act. These events are, an immensely extended currency over the world, and the adoption of Free Trade by ourselves. We take them both as "*great facts*," the reality of which none will dispute;

the importance of which all will, ere long, admit—Happy if many do not feel them to their cost.

As the whole of Sir Robert Peel's financial and commercial policy was based on the *cheapening system*; as he prepared for Free Trade by reducing the paper currency of the two islands from £60,000,000 to £32,000,000—and it was the boast of his ablest followers that he had in consequence rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns; as a reduction of prices still further was the great advantage which he held out to the nation as recommending Free Trade, and which for some years after its adoption was undoubtedly accomplished, it may readily be imagined what a *contre-temps* the opening of the Banks of Gold in California and Australia must have afforded. Based upon, preceded by, boasting of this cheapening system, *how is it to act with the enhancing system?* Intended to bless the nation by making everything cheap, how is it to work when *Nature, by causes beyond our prevention, is making everything dear?* That is the question of questions—the question of the day, which is occupying most of the thoughtful heads, and not a few of the busy hands in the nation, at this moment.

Many persons suppose that it will leave things much as they were, save that, by lowering the value of money, the change will produce general relief, by diminishing the weight of debts, public and private, and taxes. That this effect will take place, and afford a vast relief to debtors and all persons under fixed money obligations, is indeed certain; but a little consideration must be sufficient to show that this is neither destined to be its only nor its most important effect, and that a vast and momentous alteration upon industrial employment must ere long result from those monetary changes which are going forward.

If, indeed, prices were *equally affected* by the change in the annual supply of the precious metals which is now going forward, it would be quite true that all nations would start alike under the new prices, and that none would suffer materially from the change. But very little consideration must be sufficient to show that this is very far indeed from being pos-

sible—that prices *must be far more enhanced* in the rich and the old states than in the poor and the young ones; and that it was not without good reason, and a clear anticipation of its probable effects, that Sir R. Peel rested his entire Free-Trade system on the basis of a previous and forcible reduction of prices. There are three circumstances acting, and which must continue to act daily with increased force, on the labour market in this country, which do not operate with nearly the same force elsewhere, and which *must* ere long occasion a very great difference between the cost at which the same articles can be raised in this and the neighbouring states.

The first of these is, that, being the richest nation, the most industrious, and the most enterprising, we both stand most in need of an enlarged supply of the precious metals and are most able to purchase them. Political economists reason in regard to an increased supply of the precious metals as if it were the rain from heaven, which descends alike upon the rich and the poor—as the sun, which shines alike upon the just and the unjust. But this is very far, indeed, from being the case. The golden stream descends most unequally upon mankind; it flows in by far the largest quantities into the coffers of those who are already rich. Like the London Tavern or the Italian Opera, it is open to all, but very few are able to purchase its enjoyments. Gold, like diamonds, rubies, Italian pictures, or any other costly luxury, will find its way only to the affluent, who can afford to purchase it. A certain quantity will go everywhere, and therefore prices will, to a certain degree, be everywhere affected; but a great deal more will go to, and be *retained in*, the rich and commercial states, than the poor and agricultural. We see this going on every day around us in these islands. Wages and prices have risen within the last six months from *thirty to forty per cent* in the great towns and manufacturing districts; but, except in the rural districts affected by emigration, there has been scarcely any change in the remuneration of agricultural labour. In none has it risen above two shillings a-week, which is in general a fifth only. Had it not been for

the drain by emigration, it would scarcely have experienced any change. Wages have risen twenty-five per cent at Paris; but in rural Germany, Poland, and Russia, they have risen very little, if at all.

In the next place, the influence of an increased supply of the precious metals upon the remuneration of industry and the rate of wages, is more rapidly and immediately felt in the old and rich state than in the young and poor one, in consequence of the former being much more exposed than the latter to the influence of an increased issue of paper. It is an enlarged issue of paper which at once affects prices, because it opens up the credit and enlarges the accommodation which, by augmenting industry, enhance its value. Credit and paper are the two pillars on which all industrial undertakings in a civilised community must rest. Gold is valuable, but it is so chiefly by lessening or removing all apprehensions as to the consequence to the bankers of a large issue of paper. Universally it will be found, accordingly, that the mutations of the currency are felt much more rapidly and seriously in the commercial and manufacturing towns than in the rural districts; and in proportion as they suffered, in general, more immediately and extensively than the landed interest from its contraction, so they are proportionably more elevated by its expansion. Wages and prices must rise a great deal more in the commercial and opulent state than in the agricultural and poor one, simply because the increased supply of the precious metals there acts upon a much longer and more powerful lever.

In the third place, it is worthy of particular observation that the *drain of emigration* is felt with much greater effect upon the labour market of Great Britain and Ireland than that of any other country in Europe, or, indeed, in all other countries of Europe put together. Out of 500,000 emigrants who now annually land from Europe on the shores of the United States, above 300,000 come from the British Islands, with their population of 27,000,000, and only 200,000 from all the other countries of Europe, with their population of 250,000,000. The drain, therefore, is at least *fifteen times*

greater, in proportion to the inhabitants, upon the British Islands than upon the rest of Europe;—a fearful disproportion, when its necessary effect upon the price of labour is taken into consideration. The emigrants from the British Islands in the three last years have been in round numbers—

1850, . . .	280,000
1851, . . .	336,580
1852, . . .	368,000

In three years, 984,580

—nearly a million of men in three years, while in the same period the natural increment by the increase of births over deaths has only been 720,000 in round numbers; in other words, there has been an *absolute decrease* of nearly 300,000 souls. As the emigrants are, for the most part, men and women in the prime of life, it need not be said how great must be the effect of this prodigious and unparalleled exodus, not only upon the present, but the succeeding generations of men; and how seriously, in a permanent way, it must affect the labour markets in this country. And as this effect has taken place, and is now irrevocable, it is poor consolation to reflect that Free Trade is the main cause of the movement, as is proved by the fact that the emigrants to Australia in 1852 were only 87,000, and in 1851 not a third of that number—the whole remainder having gone to America in quest of the agricultural labour which Free Trade had denied them in their own country.

It is from the concurring influence of these causes, so universal in their operation, so unceasing in their effects, that the price of labour has been so quickly and seriously affected in this country, and that our manufacturers, as well as farmers, feel so much apprehension as to their ability to continue the contest with their foreign competitors in the supply either of the foreign or the home markets. We have this attested on the very best of all authorities on such a subject—from the central leaders of the Manchester School. When Mr Hume, with Mr Cobden, and Mr Bright, and the deputation of the Peace Congress from Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, lately waited on Lord Aberdeen, the veteran Free-Trader thus expressed himself:—

"Mr Hume urged upon Lord Aberdeen, as the head of the Government, the consideration of this subject, on the ground of the enormous expenditure, the war establishments costing £17,000,000 per annum. This became specially important from the peculiar circumstances of the country, occasioned by the discovery of gold in Australia. Already the wages of labour began to affect the cost of production so seriously, that the British manufacturer could not compete with his foreign competitor. This was a great mercantile and manufacturing country, and those interests must be preserved. The only practicable way of lessening the cost of production to which he had referred, was by removing many of the taxes which pressed upon industry, and he looked confidently to the present Government to remove such pressure. He saw, however, small hope of such measures being adopted, unless a reduction could be made in our naval and military establishments."—*Times*, Feb. 28.

Not a doubt, therefore, can remain as to the reality of the danger which we have dwelt on, for the leaders of the Free-Trade party have been the first to declare it. Sir Robert Peel was obviously right: a great reduction of prices is the necessary foundation of Free Trade: when prices rise, the old state must necessarily, under such a system, be beaten down by the young one.

Although the great rise of wages—in consequence of the combined operation of Free Trade forcing out labourers and the gold regions forcing

in gold—has taken place in the manufacturing towns, yet a very great change has also ensued in the rural. Our dependence on foreign supplies, the decline of the production of our own soil, is daily increasing. Hear the *Times*, that able Free-Trade organ, on the subject.

"It is well known that an unusually small breadth of wheat has been sown in this country. The extent of land under this crop is calculated by the *Mark Lane Express* to be 20 per cent less than in average years; and Messrs Sturge of Birmingham have published an estimate that the wheat crop of this year will probably fall one-third short, which would oblige us, if true, to double the quantity we have hitherto drawn from abroad."—*Times*, May 5, 1853.

So that, before Free Trade has been in operation five years, we are told by their ablest organ, that 20 per cent of wheat land has ceased to grow crops, and that we must, if we would avoid scarcity and its perilous chances, double our importation of wheat, which already amounts to 3,500,000 quarters, and from 8 to 10 millions of every kind of grain. Our merchants are taking the hint; and the following table, also taken from the *Times*, shows how the rise of price in Great Britain, consequent on the discovery of the gold regions, has augmented the already considerable supplies of the food of our people which we obtain from foreign parts:—

"IMPORTS OF FOREIGN GRAIN.

"The *Gazette* publishes the usual official statement of the imports of grain into the United Kingdom during the month ending on the 5th inst. In transferring the figures to our columns, we place beside them, for the purpose of comparison, the figures for the corresponding months of each of the last three years, as they are stated in the Board of Trade tables:—

	Month ending 5th April			
	1853.	1852.	1851.	1850.
Wheat, ... qrs.,	287,153	187,459	493,954	197,184
Barley, ... "	59,672	50,044	49,018	70,358
Oats, ... "	15,868	69,978	31,644	100,866
Rye, ... "	20,243	...	2,259	4,730
Pease, ... "	1,659	2,863	3,656	9,538
Beans, ... "	30,906	46,699	44,776	46,802
Indian corn, "	214,508	144,782	139,162	132,685
Wheat flour, cwts.,	762,206	334,793	480,228	206,494
Oatmeal, ... "	13	5	163	190
Indian meal, ... "	8	...	466	44

The imports during the first three months of the present year, in comparison with the imports during the first three months of each of the last three years, are shown in the following table, compiled, like its predecessor, from the *Gazette* and the Board of Trade tables:—

		Three months ending 5th April			
		1853.	1852.	1851.	1850.
Wheat, ... qrs.,	864,759	429,587	1,105,182	463,508	
Barley, ... "	166,029	122,386	185,667	118,110	
Oats, ... "	127,766	158,649	130,890	129,975	
Rye, ... "	25,399	59	5,479	7,716	
Pease, ... "	19,625	10,062	15,977	18,705	
Beans, ... "	83,035	141,245	82,660	106,658	
Indian corn, ... "	364,965	275,906	277,814	287,059	
Wheat flour, cwts.,	1,328,797	699,604	1,339,011	673,238	
Oatmeal, ... "	18	146	553	531	
Indian meal, ... "	152	90	2,270	974	

—Times, May 10, 1853.

These tables demonstrate how rapidly, under the operation of *Free Trade and rising prices*, our supply of grain is coming to be derived from foreign countries; and soon we may arrive at the period when, to avert famine prices, we must, *at any hazard*, and under any humiliating circumstances, continue to depend for a half of the subsistence of our people on other and, it may be, rival states.

Meal, butter, cheese, and all the minor productions of agriculture, are rapidly rising in price; and as cattle and sheep were all thirty per cent dearer at the late markets in the north than they were a year ago, it may with confidence be predicted that, before the end of summer, meat will have risen fifty per cent in price. But wheat has only advanced from 39s. to 44s.; the immense importation from the Continent forcibly keeps down the rise of that easily transported and readily sold article. Everything, therefore, announces that the production of wheat in this country will in all probability decline, even more rapidly than it has hitherto done; and that, ere long, a *half* of the food of the people will be derived from foreign states. Long before that is the case, our independence as a nation must, of course, have disappeared, and we must be reduced, like the Venetians in the latter period of their existence, to drag on a precarious and dishonoured existence, by avoiding, at any price, a rupture with our neighbours.

At present the great stay of our manufacturers is the colonial markets and those of America. The colonial exports last year were about £20,000,000; those to America, above £14,000,000. A full moiety of all our exports were to our colonies, and states of British descent. Free Trade itself, which so long decried the colonies, and sought

in the markets of foreign states for the principal vents for our produce, is now *driven to those very colonies* to find a compensation for the declining markets of the former. Our exports to all the countries of Europe from whom we import grain are stationary or declining. But as Free Trade is now a fixed and essential part of our colonial system, it is evident that the rapid advance in the price of labour in the British Islands, in consequence of the influx of gold and efflux of men, will ere long deprive us even of this last advantage; so that nothing may remain to the Anglo-Saxon but to follow, as heretofore, the Celt, and desert the land of Free Trade and High Prices in Europe, for the land of protected labour on the other side of the Atlantic.

In a word, as Sir R. Peel's system was, with a just appreciation of the real state and necessities of our people, based *entirely* upon the combination of LOW PRICES in this country with Free Trade, so it behoves all our people, and especially the authors and supporters of the Free-Trade movement, to consider well how it is to work, and how calamity is to be averted under its action, with prices of necessity higher here than elsewhere in the Old World. The days of daily profit and increasing wealth to the capitalist are past: they were of human creation, and they have met with the usual fate of earthly things. Let the authors of the new system consider whether the time is not approaching when labour in return is to obtain the ascendant, and when the profits of stock are to melt away under the influx of gold and efflux of labour, which CHAINS PRODUCTION TO WAR PRICES, AND FREE TRADE WHICH CHAINS SALES TO PEACE PRICES IN THIS COUNTRY.

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